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THE

AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. LXXIX.

FOR JULY, 1851.

STRAY LEAVES FROM THE UNPUBLISHED HISTORY OF THE NEW WORLD.

Some months since an American gentleman, distinguished for the assiduity and success of his American historical researches, obtained from Europe a consignment of manuscripts referring particularly to the past of Mexico, the West Indies and the Spanish Main. Among them are nine volumes of the papers of Admirals Sir Charles Wager and Edward Vernon, who, in the times in which they were written, commanded his Britannic Majesty's squadrons operating off the coast of the North American colonies, the West Indies, and, generally, in and near the Mexican Gulf. Kindly permitting a friend of somewhat similar tastes to read them and copy such as he judged of peculiar public interest, the latter has placed at our disposal the result of his fortnight's examination, which we here give to the world, as embracing an exceedingly curious development of the spirit of the times and the policy originally governing Britain and Spain respectively, with reference to this continent. They also show conclusively that political morals—of nations—a century ago, were far behind those which now prevail in point of integrity of national purpose, and respect for what were then considered national rights. By way of accounting for the remarkable part our parent government seems to have played in the affairs of which these papers treat, it is but justice to write that her statesmen utterly denied the authority of the Pope to cede to Spain the vast and valuable domain in the New World, which she claimed in virtue of that functionary's grant; that is, to so much as she had failed to colonize. The commercial laws enacted by Spain for her American possessions, nominal and real, were undoubtedly most oppressive to the commerce of other nations; and after finding remonstrance to be in vain, Britain adopted the system of encouraging buccaneering or privateering upon Spanish bottoms and settlements, by way of harassing that government until its citizens should, for the sake of peace, force it to grant the privileges to her citizens for which she contended.

These papers, for the first time here printed, are fifteen in number, and embrace a clearer exposition of the affairs of that quarter in 1738, '9 and '40, than we can present in any other manner; being generally tersely written and replete with facts, very many of which bear most forcibly on international questions which at this epoch most interest the people of the United States. As we are persuaded that they need few comments for their elucidation, or to give them interest to the reader, we shall merely add explanations illustrative of the history of the times in the summary of the manuscripts which we here present.

No. 1 is a copy of the terms of capitulation at the surrender of Fort St. Lorenzo, at the mouth of the river Chagre, to Admiral Vernon, March 24, 1739; Britain and Spain being then nominally at peace.

Admiral Vernon was the relative of the Washington family, after whom Mount Vernon on the Potomac was called, who, it will be remembered, procured the appointment of a midshipman in the British Navy for George Washington when a youth, which he declined. He (Vernon) was indeed the Nelson of his times.

No 2 is a list of certain cargoes arriving in the bay of Cadiz on the 13th of March, 1739, found among these manuscripts, preserved as though the desire to possess themselves of such treasures formed perhaps the greatest inducement for the proceedings of the English in those waters.

No. 3 is a letter from Mr. William Hamilton, bearing date May 14th, 1739, to the government, covering his proposal for taking Cuba, Britain and Spain being then at peace.

This project was carried out (in its essential features) in 1762, when on the 12th of August of that year Havana capitulated to a combined English and colonial force. About $14,000,000 of the money of the King of Spain fell into the hands of the victors. In the first division of this spoil, the English commander-in-chief (of the expedition) was awarded for his share £86,000.

The Lt. General got £17,207 13s. 6d.

The Major Generals each received £4,839 4s. 8d.

The Brigadier Generals, each, £1,382 0s. 9d.

The Field Officers, each, £379 10s. 11d.

The Captains, each, £130 15s. 9d.

The Subalterns and Surgeons, each, £80 15s. 9d.

The Sergeants, each, £6 6s. 10d.

The Corporals, each, £3 6s. 10d.

The Privates, each, £2 17s. 11d.

The heirs of those killed in the action (dying before the 12th) received no prize money.

It is worthy of note, that by an unexpected decision of the law officers of England, the colonists serving on this expedition were deprived of all share in this prize money.

An elder brother of General Washington made one of those participating from the colony of Virginia.

No. 4 is the project of William Hamilton above refered to.

No. 5 is a copy of the instructions from the Duke of Newcastle to Admiral Brown, commander of the Jamaica squadron, dated June 15th, 1739, ordering that officer to war on the persons and property of Spanish subjects. In this paper the Minister justifies this order—the countries being at peace—on account particularly of the failure of the King of Spain to pay £95,000 on the 29th of the previous month, according to the terms of an existing convention. On the 20th of August, 1739, the King of Spain published a manifesto in explanation of his reasons for failing to make the payment; alleging that Britain had neglected to comply with the stipulations on her part, in consideration of which Spain had agreed to pay that sum. In pursuance of these instructions the Chester, Capt. Haddock, on the 23d of September, 1739, captured the St. Joseph, a Spanish galleon, off Cadiz, from Carraccas, acquiring an immense booty. On the 12th of the following month, (October,) the King of England formally declared the existence of the war by proclamation. The expedition against the possessions of the King of France on the Ohio, ending in the memorable defeat of General Braddock, by-the-by, was undertaken by the British Government before declaring the existence of the war which followed.

No. 6 is an interesting memorial to Lord Harrington, (without signature,) bearing date, 18th June, 1739, relative to the proposed renewal of the attempt to colonize at Darien.

No. 7 is Admiral Sir Charles Wager's project for taking Carthagena and Panama, and harassing the Spaniards every where on the coast and waters of the Pacific. This paper bears date, Nov. 6, 1739.

No. 8 is a copy of a letter from Admiral Vernon to His Excellency Governor Dottin, of Barbadoes, complaining of the manner in which his operations were being crippled for the want of proper co-operation on the part of others.

No. 9 is a dispatch, (the particular address wanting,) bearing date, Jan. 28, 1740, relating an account of a sea-fight between six English vessels and four French, (the nations being then at peace,) the former aiming to enforce the right of search, and the latter successfully resisting it.

No. 10, a project for the reduction of the province of Guatemala and securing the trade of Peru, &c., submitted to the English Ministry on the 3d of March, 1740, by Mr. William Lea.

No. 11, a report or dispatch bearing date, April 12, 1740, from Mr. Robert Hodgson, the agent sent by His Excellency, Governor Trelawney, of Jamaica, to take possession of the Mosquito Coast, formally raising the British standard there, for the first time.

No. 12, a letter bearing date, May 7th, 1740, from a Spanish gentleman in Panama to his friend in Carthagena, describing the business condition of those regions, owing to the depredations committed by the British fleets and privateers.

No. 13, an account (dated, May 11th, 1740) of the high-handed, illegal, and cruel proceedings of a New-York privateer, commanded by John Lush, in the vicinity of Porto Bello, being a report or narrative from Lieut. Charles Wimbleton, R. N.

No. 14, Mr. Robert Hodgson's second report to Governor Trelawney, (dated, June 21st, 1740,) describing his proceedings among the Mosquito Indians, the failure of his scheme for surprising and plundering Panama, &c., &c.

No. 15, an addition to the dispatch last above mentioned, written on the 12th of July, 1740.

The style of composition and orthography of the originals were adhered to in making these transcripts as nearly as possible, words being supplied (to perfect the sense) which had accidentally been omitted by the writers.

The publication of these papers has necessarily suggested to our mind the importance of the preservation of the valuable American historical library of Col. Peter Force, of Washington City, which is said to consist of some 30,000 printed volumes and nearly 150,000 manuscript volumes, and important single manuscripts, all of which bear on the history of this continent, north and south, and the islands on its coasts. It is beyond question the most important and valuable collection upon American history in the world, and should be in the custody of the United States, rather than as at present the property of a private individual, kept in buildings which are not fire-proof.

Mr. Force, who is the compiler of the "American Archives," has devoted the greater part of a long and useful life, and the profits from his labors on that great work, in building up this library, which, if not obtained by the Government before his death, will probably be disposed of by the auctioneer "in lots to suit purchasers;" thus entirely destroying its value. It will be almost impossible in such an event to prevent many of the most important works and papers which it embraces from going abroad, as foreign governments and literary societies hesitate not to pay prices for such things, which in this country would be considered enormous. We close this introduction with an acknowledgment of the great value of the historical researches of Colonel Force, the more cheerfully, because, in a late number of this Review, injustice was done to that gentleman, entirely without the knowledge or consent of the proprietor, in an article bearing wholly on a different subject.

I.

Articles of capitulation granted by Edward Vernon, Esq., Vice Admiral of the Blue, and Commander-in-Chief of His Britannic Majesty's ships and vessels in the West Indies, to Don Juan Carlos Gutierez de Zavalla, Captain of Foot and Castillano of the Castle St. Lorenzo, at the mouth of the river Chagre.

1st. That upon His Britannic Majesty's troops being put into immediate possession of the Fort St. Lorenzo, at the mouth of the river Chagre, the said Castillano and all his garrison be at full liberty to march without any molestation, and may retire into the village of Chagre, or where else they please.

2d. That the inhabitants of Chagre may remain in all safety in their own houses, under a promise of security to their persons and houses.

3d. That the Guarda Costa sloops be delivered up to the use of his Britannic Majesty, in the condition they are, and the King of Spain's Custom House.

4th. That the Clergy and Churches in the Town of Chagre shall be protected and preserved in all their immunities.

Given under my hand, on board His Britannic Majesty's ship, the Strafford, at anchor before the river Chagre, this, 24th of March, 1739. E. VERNON.

II.

Immediately preceding a paper dated March 29, 1739 :—

List of the cargoes of three men-of-war and register ships which arrived from Buenos Ayres, in the bay of Cadiz, the 13*th of March,* 1739.

Silver coin, 1,317,520 ps. of eight.
Wrought do., 7,960 marks.
Gold coin, 3,340 pistoles.
Ingots and wrought do., 1,203 ounces.
Hides in the hair, 29,903.
Wool Vicunio, 1,309, } arrobes.
do. Alpaita, 64, }
Elephants' teeth, 61 quintals.
Tallow, 184 barrels.

III.

From Mr. Hamilton, in Strafford street, Picadilly, the 14*th May,* 1736.

Sir :—If ever the heart of man conceived any thing for y^e service of his country and those he honours, I have, in what you receive herewith to serve mine and its gover^t.

I am convinced, from my own knowledge of the people and things of America, that what I propose is to be accomplished.

I will not take upon me to represent to you y^e inconceivable advantages which would accrue to this nation from its being poessssed of the place mentioned, but I will venture to say, were it to be gained at this time, it would be a definite blow to all S^r Robert Walpole's opposers, and render his memory more glorious and imortall than all the ministers that ever served the crown of England.

However, sir, tho' neither you nor he should approve of the designe, yet I can make one part of y^e proposall a means of establishing a general fund in America, w^{ch} will be of great service in several respects. If I could but know that my intention met wth your approbation it would give me a sensible pleasure, but I submit that to your goodness; and whatever you may think of me, I am, with great respect, sir, your most obed^t and most humble serv^t,

J. Hamilton.

[Endorsed on back, "With a proposall for taking Cuba."]

IV.

A proposall to take the Island of Cuba with very little expence to England, by a force raised in the American Colonies.

If the crown of England could become possessed of the island of Cuba, that key of all America, no man of knowledge can denye but that Great Britain, in that case, must become possessed of the whole trade of the Spanish empire there, and if the simple privilege of trading with those people upon very high terms is now become one of the greatest prizes contended for by all the powers in Europe, sure England will not neglect any opportunity w^{ch} is offered of acquiring such a possession as must infallibly secure that whole invaluable trade to its subjects alone, especially since Great Britain is now in a fair way of loosing all the trade she has hitherto had with those parts. ^{Tt} is proposed therefore to take Cuba without putting England to any material expence or trouble, in y^e following manner, viz^t:

For a person of conduct and experience to be commissioned from hence, for the chief command in this expedition to take Cuba, &c.

That as soon as such person is so commissioned and properly instructed, he is to repair with all expedition to America, and at the same time another proper person should be commissioned and sent to America, with instructions to begin at the most northern colony and proceed from one province to another and apply to the governments for each of them according to their respective capacitys, to furnish their quota of proper transports with 6 months provisions in each for as many men as they severally carry; and that each province, according to the number of transports they severally furnish, shall raise a sufficient number of men to fill them, completely armed with ammunition, &c. That the number of men thus raised and armed, shall consist of 10,000; and at the same time if such persons are commissioned and sent away, it will be necessary to send instructions of the same import to the several governors in America to issue orders and give their best assistance to fitt out with all expedition such transports, &c., and men so equipped.

That when each province has so furnished their quota of transports and men, according to their abilitys, these shall immediately repair to one place appointed, which may be at South Carolina, and from thence proceed, under the command and direction of the person to be commissioned from hence.

They may, (if it shall appear advisable,) on their passage, make a feint to take St. Augustine, and having managed that stratagem properly, they are to proceed to the island of Cuba and land in the bay of Matanza, that being a good harbor and not guarded, yet lying the nearest of any other proper one to y^{e} Havana. Here they shall land 7 or 8000 men, more or less, as necessity shall require, and with that force, to march down and pich at a proper distance to surround the Havana and cutt off all manner of provisions going thereto by land; at the same time that some ships shall lye before the town to prevent any provisions or relief coming to it by sea, in which situation that important place must surrender in a very short time. In order to render this conquest both sure and expeditious, it will be necessary to send 6 or 8 sixty gun ships and two bomb keches, with about 2000 troops on board them, which if necessary, may be joined by some of y^{e} station ships now in America.

These ships of war are intended, some to lye before the Havana to play against y^{e} town and cutt off all relief and provisions by sea, while the American forces besiege it by land: and the rest of the ships are to take care of the Gard da Costas.

These 10,000 men being furnished and maintained by y^{e} several colonys in America, will render y^{e} conq^{t} of this important place not only secretly secure, but very cheap to England; for that number of forces being raised there, will with greater certainty conquer that place than 400,000 men would, to be sent from Britain, because they are inur'd to the American climate and will live soberer than Britains can be prevailed to do.

By these forces and by these only, every man of judgment who knows y^{e} situation of that place and will speake with truth and candor, will lay it down as a fact, that it is to be gained with great certainty in y^{e} way proposed; and if it be thus gained upon such easy terms to England, it would be offering an affront to y^{e} understanding of every man of sense, to pretend to recount the unlimited advantages which must accrue to Great Britain from its being possessed of the island of Cuba alone.

If the conquest of Cuba is effected, a small part of the force which does that, may with very little trouble take Porto Rico and St. Augustine, if it shall appear advisable so to do. The British colonies in America lying so near y^{e} object in view, before y^{e} knowledge of the proposed attack can reach to Europe, y^{e} whole designe will be executed.

It may be asked how it is possible to go upon y^{e} proposed expedition without its being known by inquisitive, diligent foreign spies, since ships of war are to be sent from England?

In answer to that, 'tis to be hoped England can be as politic as her neighbors: look one way and steer y^{e} contrary. It may, for this purpose, be given out by some that England is going to re-enforce some of its colonys; by others that she is going to resume the settlement of Darien, &c. In short, there's no human appearance of this attempts miscarrying, if the knowledge of it is confined to a cabinet council, and a fitt person appointed for y^{e} chief command.

The proposer is so well assured his own knowledge, that the American people can be brought, by proper management, to fitt y^{e} transports and raise the men proposed, that he will undertake to accomplish it by his own personal application, without either view or inclination of cuting out or accepting of any place or command of profit in y^{e} whole transaction.

If there be an inclination to attempt this greatest of acquisitions, it is presumed no material objection can be made to the nature of the proposall. It may be urg'd indeed, y^{t} it will be dishonourable to make such an attempt while there's a treaty on foot with Spain; but such an objection must stand or fall by the wisdom and at y^{e} discretion of his Majesty's ministers. Though it is humbly presumed if the word politick be not an empty sound, [*neither*] *that* objection nor none like it can hold.

It is to be observed that if y^{e} preparation of y^{e} transports, and men proposed, is not to be set on foot till it is seen that nothing can be done with y^{e} court of Spain, by treaty, for y^{e} advantage of y^{e} British nation, it will then be too late to begin to prepare and collect them. It is presumed they should be prepared as soon as possible, in order to be collected and ready to go upon the attack when necessity may make it proper: and if it shall appear that there will be no occasion to make such an attack, after they are got in readiness the design may be laid aside, without inconveniency to England in either case.

It may be asked, were Cuba taken, how it would be garrisoned without forces from England?—for 'tis to be understood that y^{e} American people who are proposed to be raised, must not be compelled to stay in y^{e} garrison against their own inclination.

In answer to y^{t}, 'tis sufficient now to say that y^e^ proposer has also conceived a pretty certain method to garrison not only that, but all y^e^ places mentioned, if they are taken without much expense to England, but w^ch^ he begs leave to reserve to himself, it being too long to incert here, till he sees how this proposall will be approved of. J. H.

V.

Instructions to our trusty and well-beloved Charles Brown, Esq., Commander-in-Chief of our ships at Jamaica, given at our Court at Kensington, the 15*th day of June,* 1739, *in the thirteenth of our Reign.*

Whereas, several unjust seizures have been made, and depredations carried on in the West Indies by Spanish Guarda Costas, and ships acting under the commission of the King of Spain or his Governors, contrary to the treaties subsisting between us and the crown of Spain and to the Law of Nations, to the great prejudice of the lawfull trade and Commerce of our subjects: and many cruelties and barbarities have been exercised on the persons of such of our subjects whose vessels have been so seized by the said Spanish Guarda Costas: And whereas frequent complaint has been made to the Court of Spain, of these unjust practices, and no satisfaction or redress been procured: and whereas a convention for making reparation to our subjects, for the losses sustained by them, on account of the unjust seizures and captures above mentioned was concluded, and signed at the Pardo by our Minister Plenipotentiary, and the Minister Plenipotentiary of the King of Spain, on the 14th day of January last, N. S., by which convention it was stipulated that the sum of £95,000 should be paid at London within the term of four months, to be reckoned from the day of the exchange of the Ratifications of the said convention, as a balance due on the part of Spain to the crown and subjects of Great Britain: And whereas the said term of four months from the exchange of the Ratifications of the said convention did expire on the 25th day of the month of May last, and the payment of the said sum of £95,000 agreed by the said convention, has not been made according to the stipulation for that purpose, by which means the convention above mentioned has been manifestly violated and *broken by the King of Spain,* and our subjects remain without any satisfaction or reparation for the many great and grievous losses sustained by them, We have therefore seen fit for the vindicating the honour of Our Crown, and for procuring Reparation and satisfaction for our injured subjects, to give you the following orders and instructions.

You are, with the squadron of Our Ships under your command, either together or separate, to commit all sorts of hostilities against the Spaniards, and to annoy them in every place, and in the best manner that you shall be able, and to endeavour to seize and take, by all forcible means possible, all Spanish ships and vessels, as well ships of war as merchant ships, or other vessels that you may meet with, or be able to come up with: And you are to give orders to all the Captains of our several ships under your command accordingly.

You shall procure the best intelligence you can, what Spanish ships, especially of Force, there may be at any time in the Spanish Ports of the Continent, or Islands, or cruizing on their coasts: and particularly concerning the Galleons which are now at Carthagena or Porto Bello: and what strength they have for a convoy. And if you find yourself strong enough, after having left two or three small Frigates for the protection of our Island of Jamaica and the trade of our subjects in those parts, you are with the remainder of your squadron, to proceed and lye of the Cumanos, or on the coast of Cuba, or at whatever station you may judge to be most likely to intercept the said Galleons: and if you shall be able to take them or any of them, you are to bring them together with their effects, to Jamaica, to be there kept without plunder or embezzlement, till our pleasure shall be known concerning them: And you shall do the same with regard to any other Spanish ships or vessels, and their effects, that you or any of your cruizers shall happen to meet with and take. But in case of perishable goods, you may sell them, and reserve the money arising therefrom for our future disposition.

Whereas, it is our intention forthwith to reinforce the squadron under your command, with a sufficient number of ships to make the same superior to any force which the Spaniards can have in those seas, you are to leave, sealed up, with the Governor of Jamaica, an account of the station you shall be in, and of the several dispositions you shall make of the ships under your command, with a state of the provisions, to be delivered to the commanding officer of such men of war as we shall think proper to send to those parts.

You are to transmit constant and particular accounts of your proceedings, and of what intelligence you shall be able to procure of the motions and designs of the Spaniards, to one of our principal Secretaries of State, and to our Commissioners for executing the office of our High Admiral of Great Britain; and you shall observe and follow such orders and instructions as you shall receive from us under our sign manual, or from one of our principal Secretaries of State, or from our Commissioners for executing the office of our High Admiral of Great Britain for the time being. G. R.

VI.

To Lord Harrington.

JUNE 18th, 1739.

My Lord:—The situation of the Isthmus of Darien and the consequence of making a lodgement there, I think, have been sufficiently shown by my letters to your Lordship of the 12th inst. What now remains is, that in obedience to your commands, I should offer my humble opinion, in what manner and with what force such a lodgement should be attempted.

I should go out of my province if I should take upon me to name the particular number of men of war, transports, victuallers or store ships necessary upon this occasion, or assign the proper places for their rendezvous in case of separatian at sea, and therefore shall content myself with drawing some general outlines only of that designe, leaving the detail to the wisdom and care of those to whom the execution will more properly belong. I apprehend, however, it will not be advisable to attempt the settlement without a naval power equal to that the Spaniards have in those seas, nor with less than two thousand land forces. For great allowances must be made in expeditions to these countries for losses by change of diet and climate; and the success of this affair will entirely depend on the first attempt.

I presume the last rendevous appointed for the fleet in this expedition will be at the Island of Jamaica, where wood, water, refreshments of all kinds, pilots and even a recruit of fresh men may be had from the independent companies if necessary, and where the ships of war from Great Britain may be joined by those on the station of that Island. By this means allso, the enemy may be kept in suspense; for Jamaica is as proper a rendevous for any other [*such*] attempt as that now intended. And the commanding officer of the fleets may have orders not to open his instructions till he shall have left Jamaica, and shall find himself in a particular latitude prescribed for that purpose. But a proper regard should be had to the hurricane months, and I presume it will not be thought advisable to fall in upon the coast till the rains shall be over, which are common to that part of the continent between the tropics, and continue till towards the end of November. There is no reason to apprehend that the King's troops can meet with any considerable oposition upon their first landing at a place so far distant from any Spanish settlement, inhabited only by Indians who do not acknowledge themselves subjects to that nation. But, however, it will be highly necessary for the forces to secure themselves as soon as they can, after their landing, which for the first essay may best be done by a stockaded fort, materials for that purpose being allways at hand in these countries, wherein the fleet also may be exceedingly assisting to the land forces; and indeed, all the conquests we made the last war upon the coasts of Spain were in great measure if not entirely owing to the conduct of the fleet.

And therefore it will be absolutely necessary that a good correspondence should be maintained between the land and sea officers, but more particularly that the commanders in chief should live in perfect harmony. For which reason men of temper and prudence as well as of valor and experience should be chosen for the expedition. Many great designs have miscarried for the want of this precaution.

The choice of the ground to build a fort upon must be left to the officers who shall command upon this descent. Wherein, however, particular regard shall be had in the first place to the receiving relief from sea, and in y^e^ second, to the health of those that shall remain in the country, both which points may be obtained by making two different lodgements, one near the sea, and the other on the higher grounds; for the hills on the north side of the isthmus are not so far distant from the shore but that a communication may easily be preserved with them. The Scots had a look-out upon a height about a mile above their settlement, from whence they could discover near twenty or thirty miles round any point of the compass. The upper lodgement may answer that end, and the garrisons may relieve each other for change of air, which will be exceedingly different in the two lodgements, tho' the distance be so small.

It will be necessary upon this occasion that some engineers and a large supply of ordnance stores of all kinds should be embarked, that nothing may be wanting for the establishment or defence of the settlement.

Though the Indian inhabitants of these parts are certainly the proprietors of the soyle, and it will be infinitely for our interest and security to keep well with 'em, yet to avoid loss of time it will be advisable to build our forts in the first place and purchase the soyle of them afterwards, which may certainly be had at a very moderate rate in exchange for beads, brass rings, knives, hatchets, guns, gunpowder, printed linen, and such other trifles as an Indian cargo generally consists of. This will be the more necessary, because if there are any gold mines in the country, as the Scots were informed, and these were even within two miles of their settlement, the natives only can discover them.

And therefore, though a military force is absolutely necessary, not only for acquiring but also for maintaining of this settlement, yet there should be some mixture of civil magistracy in it, even from its first infancy. Otherways it will never answer the present ends proposed by it, which are the benefits resulting from trade with the Spaniards as well as y^e natives, notwithstanding we are in a state of war with the former.

For this purpose some person perfectly versed in the Spanish trade and language should be employed in the nature of an Intendant or Inspector, who may be a proper check upon the licentiousness of the soldiers; may inspect their musters, and be enabled to give protection as well to the natives as to such civil inhabitants as shall be disposed to settle in the country, either for trade or planting. The want of such a provision in Nova Scotia has been one principal cause why we have no civil inhabitants in that province, (besides the French,) though we have been in possession of it ever since the treaty of Utrecht, and have constantly been at the expense of maintaining a regiment there.

This intendant may also be charged with the inspection of all stores of war and provisions, and with the distribution of the Indian cargo, which at the first outset should be a large one, to engage the natives in our interest; and [*he*] should likewise have a place and vote in all councils held either for civil or military purposes. The two garrisons left in the country should each of them consist of five hundred men. They should be well supplied with military stores, and always have three months' provision in their magazines. At first, it might not be amiss to leave them sufficient subsistence for twice that time, and constant care should be taken to victual and recruit 'em.

The soldiers should be allowed to carry their wives with 'em, and those that have none should be encouraged to marry with the natives, or else this colony, like that of the first Romans, (till they got wives from the Sabines,) *Populus utrius generationis.*

The policy of intermarrying with the natives has been of great advantage to the French in their settlements on the North Continent of America; and we owe our title to some of the islands to the amours of one of our Governors with an Indian woman; particularly that of Santa Lucia, to a bastard of S^r Thomas Warner.

According to the description the Scots have given of the harbor where they settled, it is one of the best, the largest, and most capable of being fortified of any yet discovered in those parts. This is a likely circumstance; for it will be necessary [*that*] the fleet should remain there till the troops are safely lodged and fortified, and [*that*] a competent number of ships should attend this station during the course of the war.

If it should be our fortune to succeed in the settlement, it is not to be doubted but great numbers of people would soon flock to it from all parts of his Majesty's dominions, and then further regulations will be necessary for the cultivating, enlarging and improving this new acquisition.

But at this time I shall offer your Lordship no considerations of that sort, having for the present determined to confine myself to such particulars only as relate more immediately to the acquiring and defending of a settlement upon the Isthmus of Darien: and therefore shall conclude this letter with assuring your Lordship that, &c.

[Backed, "Letter to Lord Harrington, 18th June, 1739, about the settlement at Darien.

"For the Right Honorable Sir Charles Wager."]

VII.

Extract from a paper endorsed on the back, "Sir Charles Wager's paper."

It is also proposed to send the same number of ships to the South See to distress the Spaniards in that part of the world, by taking their ships and all their * * * [*word illegible*] many of which are very rich, especially those which carry the treasure from Lima to Panama. Many places on that coast are weak and defenceless, not having known war except by a few privateers or pyrates, who have formerly done them great damage.

There is also a probability of persuading the Vice Roy and people of Peru to revolt from the Spanish government and make themselves independent of it, especially if a number of troops can be conveyed thither by way of Panama. 1,000 is thought to be sufficient; and 1,000 or more to be left at Panama, to which place they may march over land from Portobel on the river Chagre, from whence it is not above two days' march to Panama, which [*can*] be easily taken, as it is believed, with 2,000 men.

An expedition against Cartagen will require about six ships of the line of battle to be joined to those with Vernon. It will require 4,000 soldiers properly commanded, which number must have at least 6,000 tons of transportation with a sufficient quantity of all sorts of ordnance stores proper for a siege, and such an enterprise.

The strength of Cartagen shall be particularly shown in a day or two.

If the expedition against Cartagen should by any accident miscarry, or that the place should be taken and kept, two thousand men [*will*] probably be thought sufficient for a garrison there; and the rest may be sent to Portobel and Panama as above mentioned.

If the Spaniards should send a strong squadron to Cartagen, to join those of Spain for the protection and security of the galleons in their passage home, so that it may not be thought advisable to make an attempt on Cartagen while they are there, nor to attack the French, though the treasure may be on board them, (for which they must go to Portobel and return to Cartagen.) Cartagen may be attempted the more easily when they are gone, or the expedition to Panama may be pursued: or if the Flota now at Cadiz should get away, they may be destroyed at Vera Cruz.

[Bears date on the back, Nov. 6, 1739.]

VIII.

Burford, in Port Royall harbor,
Jamaica, 1740.

Sir:—I am favored with your excellency's letter of the 22d Oct., with the enclosed informations taken before you in council the same day, of the large French squadron arrived at Martinique, and the great armament they were preparing for some secret expedition.

The arrivall of the squadron I had received advice of, and concluded they were designed as auxiliaries to the Spaniards, for to secure the safe carrying home of the Golden Fleece.

But your obliging intelligence of their drawing every fifth man for a secret expedition, I cannot tell what to judge of; but from our weakness in our Leeward Islands, I cannot but be in pain for them, and do not imagine they will think of attacking you that lie so far to windward of them, and besides difficulty of access have so numerous a militia.

Were Spaniards and French to join in any favorite expedition, I doubt not but this Island would be first in their view. But I think we have here force enough for the defensive; tho' I cannot but be greatly surprised in this criticall juncture not to have heard from England since the 4th July. But I have been prepared for such disappointment, having been before without hearing from them from September was twelve month, to May last.

Coll° Gooch with the forces raised in Virginia and Philadelphia is arrived here, and we may reasonably expect every day those coming from New York, with Coll° Blaheney; and if Lord Cathcart be coming, you must soonest hear of him to windward.

I lament their not letting his lordship sail in the spring of the year, when alone easterly winds were to be depended on for getting out of our channell. Had they come then we might have been masters of Carthegena and the Galleons. But that fatall commission has occasioned a meloncholly change of the scene, and we must rely on God's good providence for a happy issue. With many thanks to you, sir, and the gentlemen of the Councill for the seasonable intelligence, I am

Your Excellencies' most
Ob^t humble servant,
E. VERNON.

P. S.—Our advices here [*say*] that the Spanish squadron is gone for Porto Bello, and one of the French squadrons for Carthegena; so I hope you are in no danger from them.

On his Majesty's service.
To his Excellency JAMES DOTTIN, Esq., at Barbadoes.

IX.

[Endorsed on the back, "28th Jan., 1740. Relation of an encounter with four French ships off of Hispaniola."]

My Lord Duke:—I took the liberty to write to you from Barbadoes, which I hope your Grace has received; nothing of moment has happened since, excepting a conflict between six of our men of war and four French. Jan. the 7th, the Admiral made a signal for the Prince Frederick, Lord Auberry; the Oxford, Lord Augustus Fitzroy; two 70 gun ships; the York, Capt. Coates; the Rippon, Capt. Tolly; the Dunkirk, Capt. Cooper, and the Weymouth, Capt. Knowles, to chase; the four last ships are of sixty guns, and the French ships were two of sixty guns and two of fifty.

We were about six leagues south of Hispaniola when we began to chase. About one the Weymouth fired a gun for them to bring too, but they kept on their course; about three we fired another gun for the same purpose, but they did not mind us, but seeing we were determined to speak with them they hoisted their colours. We came up with them between ten and eleven at night. Lord Aubery being commanding officer, Mr. Knowles asked if his Lordship had any particular commands for him. He bid him speak with the first ship he could, and himself would speak with the headmost, he told him. When we came within half pistol shot, we hailed one of the French ships, and asked what they were. To which question they made no answer, but asked who we were. English men of war, said our Linguist (by whom Mr. Knowles and I stood on the gangway, telling him what to say, Mr. Knowles I mean dictating to him.) And we are French men of war, and what would you have? We must speak with you, said we: They then asked if war was declared? No, not when we left Europe, we told them. Then what would you have? You know we are at war with Spain, and it is our duty to know what every ship is we meet, so pray send your boat on board. We have no boat, said they. Then we will send ours, which words were no sooner spoken but two shot came between our mainmast and foremast from one of the French ships that Lord Auberry had come up with, as we were talking to our French ship.

The French ship my Lord *haled* would give no answer, on which my Lord orderd a shot to be fired ahead of him; that not having the effect that he desired, he fired a shot into him, and then began the battle. We all ran to our quarters and gave three broadsides into the ship we had been talking with. They returned the compliment and then sheer'd off. The Dunkirk likewise gave this same ship a broadside. They were very well manned with small arms which they handled very briskly, and if it had not been dark I believe we should have been very much galled by them, for we were within thirty yards of each other when we began to fire.

After an hour's engagement or thereabouts, Mr. Knowles went on board the Frederick, and advised my Lord to desist till the morning; for he said that he feared we were in a bad cause. My Lord agreed to it, but Mr. Knowles had no sooner got on board his own ship, and ordered her to be tow'd round, but my Lord was obliged to continue the fight in his own defence, being attacked; and the Oxford coming up, ran between three of the French ships which fell on him. But his Lordship cleared himself very well, and continued firing with the Frederick, till past four in the morning. We never lifted up a port after Mr. Knowles came from Lord Aubery, but received several shot. We had two men killed and five wounded, but not dangerous. In the morning we saw the French ships near a mile from us in good order for to renew the fight with their signal-out for that purpose. The six Captains met on the Frederick and agreed to send a boat to know if they were really French or not. The boat was sent with a flag of truce, and the orders that were sent are to this purpose; that we were sorry for the mistake that happened the night before, but that they were the cause of it themselves, their behavior being so very inconsistent with the politeness of the French nation; alluding to their not hoisting their colours when they first saw us chase, and in not laying by for us. The Lieutenant (ours) said he hoped we had not killed them many men; But too many the commodore answered.

The Rippon never fired a gun. The York gave two or three broadsides, and the Dunkirk gave the Oxford a broadside by mistake. The six English ships had about 20 men killed, and most of them on board the Oxford, whose sails are useless by the number of shot going through. About 30 men are wounded and but few of them mortally. Mr. England, a Capt. of Marines, was killed in the Frederick. No other officer was hurt.

I have my Lord given you as faithful an account as my memory and inquiry will admit of, for I am very well acquainted with the six Captains who gave me an account of what had been done on board their ships, and I was a witness of what passed on board the Weymouth.

I shall say no more of the French than what every body must own: which is, that they behaved with great prudence and gallantry.

Brigadier Guise and Wolf were in the engagement, but not at the council of the Captains.

What is said on the affair here is that we had done too much or too little.

* * * * * *

Signed, &c.,
SAML. SPEED.

X.

[The address of the following paper is wanting. Its tenor however shows that it was an official paper, written to a Minister for Foreign Affairs.]

Right Hon^{ble} Sir:—Some time in the year 1738, I laid before your Honor and S^{r} Robt. Walpole, an account of the Province of Guatimala in New Spain, its situation, products and trade, together with a draught (corrected from the best observations I could possibly make during four years residence there, as chief factor to the south sea company) of the whole country, with the coasts, harbors and rivers, both on the north and south seas, and a plan of the easiest and most practicable method of reducing the same under the power of Great Britain, in case of a war with Spain. Since my return from Guinea, having reviewed the said papers, and considering the present situation and number of his Majesty's forces in the West Indies, I take the liberty to lay before you the following proposal, viz^{t}:

That a number of forces now at Jamaica, not less than two thousand men (for which I apprehend the forces raised in America will be the most proper) to be double officered and stationed under the command of a Governor at Sandy Bay on the Muskuito Shore, which is well known to be the healthiest climate in that part of America, being also excellently well supplied with turtle, manatee, and a great variety of fish, food, &c., for the more convenient undertakings on that coast, which will tend greatly to the advantage of Great Britain, at an easie expence. That the first attempt be made up the Lake of St. Juan which lies a little to the southward of the Muskuito Shore, (where the troops are to be quartered,) at the head of which Lake lies a small island, fortified, which commands the channel of the lake.

That a number of our own troops with a great number of Muskuito Indians be sent up in Piraguas and flat bottomed boats (to be built with deal boards to be sent there, with nails, carpenters, &c., there being great plenty of timber there for building the said boats) to take this fort which (as I have been informed by the people of Leon, &c., with whom I traded whilst at Gautimala) is a place of no great strength, and [*which*] when reduced will open a communication with the cities of Leon, Granada and several other great towns well inhabited, and [*with*] the whole province of Costa Rica, to which there is a great trade from Peru—It will therefore be necessary to secure this fortress well, and to keep it, both for a garrison, and [*for*] a magazine of English goods, which will always be in very great demand there, as well for the supply of Peru, as the said Province.

After well securing this fortress, the next attempt ought to be on the city of Comiagua and other towns which lie inland some distance from the sea coast, on the south side of the gulph of Honduras, which are very near the gold and silver mines where is produced the greatest part of the plate which is sent to be coined at the mint at Guatimala.

Here it is proposed to take such money as belongs to the King, but not to molest the inhabitants in their possessions; which will be a means to reconcile them to the English government. The River Looe, where I have several times been trading with the people of Comiagua, is navigable very near up to the city of Comiagua.

The next expedition should be to take the castle of St. Phillip which lies five leagues up the River Dulce, in the bottom of the bay of Honduras, being a castle of about thirty old carriage and Paterero guns, in very bad order, and [*having*] hardly ever more than thirty or thirty-five mulatto soldiers, with four or five whites and a castellan in it. And as to provisions, they are often so distressed that they have only what they take from the sea to subsist on: their dependence being chiefly on Guatamala. When the roads are bad they are frequently some months without any bread kind at all, as I have several times been an eye witness, when I have been down there at the dispatch of my vessels during my residence at Guatamala. This castle is situated on a point of land that stretches pretty far into the river, and wholly commands the channel, and thereby the trade of the great city of Guatamala. And when this castle is once taken and secured, it will open entirely the trade to the city of Guatamala and all the country back to the south seas, which produces in great abundance, gold, silver, cochineal, the best indigo, cocoa, Balsam of Peru, and great variety of useful drugs, with all sorts of dying woods, all which will be willingly exchanged by the inhabitants for our English woollen manufactures, which will necessarily occasion an immense demand for these goods.

N. B.—Vera Paz, where the Indians, the latter end of the year 1734 revolted to the number of 30,000 or 40,000 fighting men, is at about twenty leagues distance from this castle, higher up the same river, and if a greater force be necessary to reduce the city of Guatamala, [*they*] will readily join against the Spaniards, upon their being supplied with arms.

It will likewise be very proper to take the small castle of Barcallao, which lies on the north side of the gulph of Honduras: it being the Barcadero on that side to Merida and Yucatan, which may be done with a small force: which would not only open a great trade to the city of Merida and the province of Yucatan, but would remove the only annoyance to the trade of logwood cutting which is of no considerable benefit to the English nation, and that in the year 1724 I was commodore (in a ship of 400 tons and 32 guns) to forty sail of English vessels then lying there and at the river Belise where we all loaded with logwood, and this would entirely put an end to the power of the Spaniards in the gulph or bay of Honduras, and secure the whole trade of logwood from thence to the English.

N. B.—Logwood is now so scarce in the river Belise that they are obliged to go above a hundred miles up the river to cut it, and then to take what they can get, whereas, at Baccallao it grows quite down to the river's mouth, and is much better in its kind.

As his majesty has now so considerable a naval force at Jamaica, it might be no difficult matter to take the town of Campeachy, which lies on the western side of the Yucatan. It is a wall'd town, and the walls [*are*] of a good thickness, (and in the years 1725 and 1726 when I opened a trade there by virtue of powers from the south sea company) it had about two hundred men in garrison. And next to take the fort on the island of Trise in the bay of Campeachy, which would secure to us the valuable trade of Logwood from thence, which we enjoyed for so long a time, and which was so large in 1711 that I was one of a hundred sail which loaded there at one time. I am persuaded that more than double that number were loaded there within that year—and to this bay of Campeachy [*England*] has a very good claim, as appears from a report from the board of trade, dated in the year 1717, which I well remember to have seen.

To encourage the Spaniards to come in willingly it may be advisable to publish a proclamation in the name of his Majesty, promising them security in their religion and property, and that as to trade they shall be put on the same footing as the English colonies in America. And to the Indians, that they shall be exempt from tribute or any other service than what is voluntary, and shall remain secure in their possessions and free in their persons and property for ever.

But in case the Spaniards should be obstinate in their opposition, it would then be advisable to encourage the Indians in their aversion to the Spanish Government, and to make all possible use of their assistance; and it is not doubted but that if they were supplied with a sufficient quantity of small arms, ammunition, &c., such numbers would gladly join the English, particularly those Indians about Vera Paz who are probably still in actual revolt, (for that in the year 1735, when I passed through their country, they declared publicly that they were resolutely determined never more to submit to the Spanish yoke, hoping that the English of whom they had often heard so much and for whom they had so high a value and esteem, would at length come to their relief:) as might not only subdue the province of Guatamala, but likewise the whole kingdom of Mexico, and enlarge the British Empire in America quite round the bay of Mexico till it joined with Carolina. And as success in such an attempt would be the best method to indemnify the nation for the depredations they have suffered, as well for the expence of the war, &c., the present conjuncture seems the most favorable that was ever offered, or can be wished, or desired. All which is most humbly submitted by

Rt. Hon'ble Sir,
Your Honour's most obedient
and most humble servant,
WM. LEA.
London, March 3d, 1740.

In the August number of the Review we will complete this most curious series of papers. The remaining documents will be found to be still more interesting than those now published.

We know not what other treasures we may be able to bring to light from the rich historical "placer" we have discovered, but hope we may hereafter be able to present to our readers others of no less interest than those now given.

SIR AMELOT DE VERE:

A FRAGMENT.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT,

AUTHOR OF "THE PROMETHEUS AND AGAMEMNON," &C., &C., &C.

"IF thou wouldst win her—mark me well—
Ravenwood's beautiful Isabel,
For the slightest glance of her azurn eye,
Thou must be willing to live or die;
For the lightest smile of her radiant lip,
Or a kiss of her finger's rosy tip,
Thou must be willing to cast away
All that thou holdest dear to-day,
Kindred, and country, and friendship true,
All that is old, for one that is new.
Thou must make her famous o'er land and sea,
By dint of thy dauntless chivalry.
Thou must make her adored by one and all,
Whom thy sword shall save from Paynim thrall.
Thou must make her name a sovereign spell
For all who own Amelot's Isabel,
That they who ne'er saw her shall strike for her fame,
And then render mercy in Isabel's name.

"If thou wouldst win her—mark me well—
Ravenwood's beautiful Isabel,
Thou must be first in the battle's brunt,
When the bravest shrink from its iron front;
The foremost to conquer and first to spare,
Where fame is to win, thou must still be there.
Thou must be first in the courtly hall,
The star of the peaceful festival,
The foremost ever in ladies' grace,
Yet cold as snow to the fairest face.
Men must fear thee, and women love,
But thou must be true as the widowed dove.

"If thou wouldst win her—mark me well—
Ravenwood's beautiful Isabel,
Thou must be hers and hers alone,
In every thought thy soul doth own:
Not an eye for the brightest, an ear for the sweetest,
Courteous but cold unto all thou meetest;
Not a hope in thy heart but still to be near her,
All to worship, yet something to fear her.
And then, when thy fame is on every tongue,
Broad as thy banner in battle flung;
Then, when thy lance shall have given her glory,
And made her the theme of each minstrel's story;
When Europe, and Afric, and Araby
Shall own her the brightest and best to be;
Then, when thy trust is in her alone,
Then, when thy life, thy soul is her own,
Then must thou hold thee guerdoned well
By one cold smile from Isabel.
Like sunbeams on flowers her smiles shall fall,
Lovely and loving on one and all;
And thou shalt win no higher prize
Than leave to look in her lustrous eyes;
Or if she shall give thee her love to-day,
To-morrow's frost shall freeze it away.
And if thou lay thee down to-night,
Blessed with her promise of near delight,
To-morrow shalt find her as cold and as far
As the wintry sheen of the farthest star.

"If thou wouldst win her—mark me well—
Ravenwood's beautiful Isabel,
If thou wilt do all this I have spoken,
Thus, as I rede thee, thy fate shall be wroken.
Thou shalt make her proud herself to see
In the mirror of thy chivalry;
Thou shalt make her to love thy fame as her own;
To live in the light of thy great renown;
In thine absence to blush when thou art but named
To be eloquent, if she hear thee blamed.
Yet then she shall love thy deeds, not thee;
For false is her bosom, and false shall be.
She shall wear thy brain and wring thy hear
Yet from her thrall thou shalt not depart.

She shall work thee woe, she shall work thee shame,
Yet shalt thou worship her still the same.
Thy friends she shall sever, thy peace undo,
Yet still shall thy love be loyal and true;
All but thine honor shalt lose for her sake.
Pause, then, nor rashly the strife undertake.

"If thou wouldst win her—mark me well—
Ravenwood's beautiful Isabel,
Grant her the sweetest child of earth,
The loveliest creature of mortal birth;
Grant, if thou wilt, that she may be won,
As all things may beneath the sun,
By talent and toil, by sorrow and sinning—
Mark me well—Is she worth the winning?"

He started from his magic sleep,
Beneath a cedarn thicket deep,
In a glade of Lebanon.
And was it fancy, was it sooth,
A form of air, or a thing of truth?
Athwart the setting sun,
Clad in a robe of hazy light,
There seemed to float a vision bright
Between him and the hoary height
Of the old sacred hill.
He gazed—it faded from his eyn,
Till he could see the sunbeams shine
Beyond, in many a misty line,
And tip the green with golden hue,
And stream that waning vision through;
And yet could see *it* still.
He bounded forward—it was gone;
And in that haunted glade alone,
With bristling hair, but dauntless breast,
The chosen champion of the West
Stood, like a carvéd stone.
Still in his ears those tones were ringing,
Softer than sweetest human singing;
Still he could hear the burthen float,
Clear as a seraph's liquid note:
"If thou wouldst win her—mark me well—
Ravenwood's beautiful Isabel."

"And I *will* win her, by the grave
We fight from Infidels to save!
Nor might of man nor demon's power
Shall turn me! Is she not the flower,
The pride, the gem of English earth,
Where more of sweetness hath its birth
Than in the world beside?
And whoso saith she hath a peer
Beneath bright heaven, I tell him here,
I tell him, Amelot de Vere—
Let him be man of human mould,
Or fiendish knight, such as of old
With mortal champions vied,

THE RIVAL PAINTERS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

[CONCLUDED.]

III.

When, by the increasing light, the tailor cast a sad glance around him, and beheld the disorder which prevailed in the little chamber, he was unable to repress a heavy sigh, which, as a truthful chronicler, we must confess, was rather an expression of vexation than of grief. To understand and excuse the worthy burgher, however, the reader should have lived for a while in the Netherlands, and have witnessed the love of order which prevails there in all domestic matters; where even the least careful housewife rises at four in the morning, and often passes two hours in washing, brushing and polishing, in order, perhaps, to efface a spot from the bricks with which the floor of her house is laid. Turning his eyes from the confusion, Master Barruello glanced at Netcelli.

The latter was still seated close to the fire, gazing steadfastly before him; neither joy nor sorrow was depicted in his rigid face; he seemed indifferent to every thing that was passing around him. Antonio lay buried in a deep and tranquil slumber. Master Barruello hesitated for some moments to wake him; but it was now broad day; the clock of the neighboring church struck eight, and it was time to think of repairing the disorder occasioned by the sad events of the past night. The tailor therefore passed his hand gently over the boy's face.

"You must get up and go with me, *mio caro*," said Master Nicholas to Antonio, who gazed at him with sleepy eyes; "here is your little hat; come, give me your hand and let us go."

"And father, and mother?" said the boy.

"They are asleep—come, only come."

"But I won't go before I have kissed them."

"Will you be disobedient? Your mother told me to take you with me before she woke," replied Master Barruello; and he drew the unwilling child from the house, and led him towards the Jews' quarter. When he reached the gate, which last evening had remained closed, notwithstanding Netcelli's repeated demands for admission, Barruello pulled the bell with violence. An old woman soon appeared. Although her apparel was that of the wife of an ordinary artisan, yet Barruello knew by her tone and bearing that he stood before the mistress of the house, and he removed his cap respectfully.

"What is your wish?"

"To speak with Master Rembrandt."

"You? and for what? He cannot be seen so early," replied the dame in a harsh tone; "my husband is busy; come again at noon."

"I cannot well wait until noon, and perhaps Master Rembrandt will not be sorry to see me. I bring him—I wish to give him something—something that belongs to him."

"Money?" asked the old woman, as she cast a searching glance upon the tailor.

"It is a treasure!" replied Master Nicholas, enduring her gaze with heroic indifference.

She still delayed for a few seconds.

"Enter," she said at last. "But I can tell you your interview will not continue long if you have deceived me, and you will not have disturbed Master Rembrandt at his work for nothing."

The old woman now slowly opened the gate, which she had thus far held half closed, and gave Barruello admittance; she then locked it carefully again, and crossed the court, directing the tailor by a sign to follow her. As he walked onward he cast a glance at the four large dogs which leaped barking from the kennels to which they were chained, and he could not repress a slight shudder as he remarked their strength and size, and thought of the danger to which he had been exposed on the preceding evening.

After Barruello had ascended a lofty staircase, and had then crossed two large, vacant unfurnished chambers, he entered an apartment which was lighted by a single window constructed in the ceiling. So deep was the gloom that here reigned, that for several minutes the tailor could scarcely distinguish surrounding objects. At last he observed in a corner a man in the decline of life; his head was wrapped in a white cloth, his beard was long, his face deeply furrowed, and his eye shone with that greenish light which reminds the spectator of certain animals, to whose organs of vision it is peculiar. He was painting before an easel. Opposite to him, in the portion of the chamber upon which the light from the window principally fell, sat a man, enveloped in a linen cloth, in the posture of one who had just risen from the grave.

The old man continued to paint for a long while, without appearing to remark the presence of the new comers. The woman, however, who had introduced Barruello, at once took a seat near the lofty chimney, in which a sooty iron pot hung by a hook and chain. Upon a stool near by lay vegetables, which the worthy housewife immediately took in her apron and began to peel.

In the meanwhile the tailor, still waiting for the master of the house to address him, had approached the easel, and, with all his anxiety and embarrassment, he could not refrain from gazing with admiration at the picture which Rembrandt was completing. It was the *Resurrection of Lazarus.* In the foreground stood the Saviour, his eyes moist with tears, saying to the dead man, "Lazarus, come forth!" and Lazarus came forth. A halo enveloped the Saviour's form; the remaining figures stood in that effective half gloom, that dusky light, the secret of which was known to Rembrandt alone.

"Ah! how beautiful that is," cried little Antonio.

At the clear tones of his voice, Rembrandt turned towards the boy.

"Why do you speak of things that you do not understand?" he cried.

"My father is a painter, and then I have an uncle too who paints beautiful pictures! My father has often told me that my uncle was the greatest painter in all Flanders."

"So! you are a nephew of Rubens, then? for, after myself, I know no one who could deserve this name. Tell your father that Rubens is a great painter, but not the greatest in Flanders."

"My uncle is greater than you and Rubens put together."

"And who is he, then?" asked the old man angrily.

"Rembrandt."

"And are you a nephew of Rembrandt? You are a son then of that Netcelli, who married my niece against my will. Begone! I will have nothing to do with you nor your father."

The boy began to cry.

"Must the poor child perish, then, with cold and hunger, like his mother and his little sister, who both died last night?"

"He has his father left."

"His father? Merciful Heaven! sorrow and suffering have turned his brain."

"Ah, my father, my mother, my little sister!" cried Antonio, with loud sobs.

A tear rolled down Rembrandt's wrinkled cheeks.

"Is what you tell me true? How! my sister's daughter!"

"She has received what she deserved," interrupted the shrill voice of Dame Rembrandt, who stepped towards them with her arms akimbo. "If the silly creature had not been disobedient, and acted contrary to your wishes, she would not have died in poverty."

"Master Rembrandt," said Barruello, "your nephew is a maniac, your niece and her daughter are dead! A coffin for these, bread for the father and the son!"

Rembrandt cast a hesitating glance towards his wife. The latter, however, grasped the sobbing Antonio violently by the arm, planted herself before the startled tailor, and cried:

"That would be very fine, indeed! And so my husband must burden himself with an idiot and an ill-bred child, must work day and night, and all to assist wretches who do not merit the least compassion! No, that shall never be while I live! Begone! out with you!"

"Is that your determination also, Master Rembrandt?" asked the indignant tailor, with a firm voice.

Without replying, Rembrandt turned to his painting again. Barruello tore the child from the hands of the rude woman, and exclaimed:

"Come, Antonio! come! If your uncle

deserts you, a stranger will not forsake you. God has sent you to me, and I will not cast you forth. Come with me from this house of wealth, where they refuse your mother a coffin. Shame upon this heartless pair, who have no feelings of compassion!"

When the tailor had uttered these words, that were forced from him by his anger, he retired leading Antonio by the hand, and with a heavy heart retraced his steps towards his dwelling.

While walking onward, Barruello's anger gradually subsided, and he mused seriously upon his situation; but let him ponder as he would, he could find no means which seemed likely to aid him in his embarrassment. Suddenly a band of horsemen came spurring towards them with such speed that Barruello was scarcely able to reach the side of the street, while Antonio, whom he dragged onward violently, fell to the ground, uttering a loud cry. The leader of the train at once checked his horse, dismounted, and asked in a compassionate tone whether the child were hurt.

When he had convinced himself that his fears were groundless, he slipped a piece of money into the boy's hand, mounted his horse again, and asked the tailor to direct him to the dwelling of the painter Rembrandt.

"His house stands at the end of the second street to the right, in the Jews' quarter, near the churchyard. You are wealthy, Sir Knight, and you will meet with a good reception."

"Do the poor find no compassion from him?" asked the stranger.

"Compassion! Merciful Heaven! In yonder accursed house they have no compassion for the grandson of its master's sister."

Nicholas now related to the stranger all that had passed, and the latter listened with the liveliest attention. When he had ended his narrative, the unknown drew out a purse full of gold, took four pieces from it, and gave them to the tailor.

"Here," he said, "is enough to bury the dead, and to procure the necessaries of life for the maniac and his child. Write down your name and the place of your dwelling upon this tablet. I will pay you a visit this evening, and consult with you as to what is to be done. You seem a worthy man, and your conduct pleases me. God be with you! This evening!"

The stranger struck his spurs into his horse's flanks and soon joined his companions, leaving Master Nicholas Barruello overwhelmed with joy and astonishment.

IV.

After Dame Rembrandt had succeeded in getting rid of our friend Barruello, and in removing the impression which his reproaches had left upon her husband's mind, the old man approached his easel again, and took up his palette and brush. But it was in vain that he endeavored to proceed with his work; his trembling hand refused its office, and, busied with reflections of a different nature, he was unable to devote his attention to the unfinished painting. Twice or thrice he endeavored to complete the head of the Saviour, but as often he drew back in dissatisfaction. At last, angry with himself, he cast his brush aside, and folding his arms, gazed steadfastly at the canvas, and by degrees sank into deep thought. Soon his fancy brought before him the days of his childhood. A forsaken orphan, what would have been his fate without the maternal care of his sister Louise? Had she not been a second mother to him; had she not watched over him like the angel who guided the young Tobias through the dangers of a long journey? And now, closing his ears to the voice of duty and compassion, he had turned from his door the grandson of a sister! It is true, Margaret had done wrong in having married an Italian painter, a man without money and without talent, but was it not too cruel to punish her children for her disobedience? "True," he thought, "the misery of this family is but the consequence of their own fault, but still it is inhuman to refuse them assistance."

He rose quickly, thrust his hand into the wide pocket of his doublet, and drew out a large leathern purse. He counted out five or six florins, examining each piece accurately, and then called to his wife. The latter, not without murmuring, left the chimney corner, where she was attending to her culinary duties; but when she saw the money in the painter's hand, she could no longer control her anger, for from Rembrandt's embarrassment, she at once divined the use to which he intended to apply it.

"Ah, ha! you mean to pay insults and injuries with hard money! Very fine, indeed!

you will not want customers when it is once known. If you are at a loss to know what to do with the money, instead of giving it to wicked and ungrateful creatures, buy your own son a doublet with it, for he is running around with holes in his elbows."

Rembrandt contracted his brows gloomily, and his glance quickly silenced his wife.

"When I took a peasant girl, a maid servant for my wife," he replied, "I did so that my commands might always be obeyed. You will, therefore, without delay, carry this money to Master Barruello. Quick! I wish that my niece should be decently interred, and that her son and her husband should not suffer want."

Dame Rembrandt saw that it was necessary for her to obey without replying. Muttering angrily, she put on her cap, and changed her shoes, in order to go out. Rembrandt took up his palette once more, and gathered his brushes together, with which a large ape had been playing. With a heart somewhat relieved of its burden, and with an easier conscience, he sat down to his work again. At this momentt he house bell was pulled with a violence that threatened to break the cord. Rembrandt was so startled at this unusual noise, that his trembling hand involuntarily drew a large streak across the head of the principal figure in his picture. The oath with which the painter accompanied this accident was answered by Dame Rembrandt with a cry of indignation.

The bell was pulled anew, and if possible more violently than before.

The old woman, with a bitter invective upon her tongue, darted out to open the gate. But her rage was suddenly changed into astonishment, for he who had pulled the bell with such violence was a young page of pert and presumptuous mien, while before the house a numerous band of horsemen, with a young dame in their midst, were waiting for admission.

The horseman who seemed to be the chief of the train now said:

"Inform your master that a stranger from Antwerp, who wishes to purchase some pictures of him, requests to be admitted to his presence."

Softened by the courteous and dignified manner of the stranger, Dame Rembrandt opened the great gate of the court in order that the horsemen might enter. When she had closed the gate they dismounted, and with the exception of the page, who remained behind to take care of the horses, the train followed Dame Rembrandt through a labyrinth of corridors to the studio of the renowned artist.

When Rembrandt saw the numerous retinue enter his studio, his features assumed an expression of ill-humor, and he replied to the greetings of the noble stranger in a rude and surly tone, directing his glances at times, with evident discontent, at his interrupted task. The latter unceremoniously took a chair and seated himself near the painter, while the rest of the train remained standing respectfully in the background of the chamber, that they might not disturb the conversation of the two men.

It was a most interesting spectacle to watch those two individuals, who differed so singularly from each other. The one, tall, elegantly formed, and of most prepossessing manners, seemed to have lost nothing of the advantages of youth, although he was perhaps fifty years of age. He wore a rich doublet of embroidered velvet, and his lofty brow was surmounted by a large hat adorned with a jet-black plume. His glance was penetrating, his smile in the highest degree seductive, and his soft white hand might have excited the envy of a woman. The other, on the contrary, exhibited all the tokens of premature old age, accelerated by toil, sorrow, and indulgence in the passions. Short in stature, with a considerable stoop, dressed in a coarse, threadbare doublet, he seemed destitute of the most ordinary regard for cleanliness. His hair, held together in disorder by a comb that had once been white, was already turning gray, and his face was furrowed by a thousand wrinkles. The spectator soon remarked, however, that deep sagacity lay concealed beneath this rude exterior; the piercing glance of his greenish eye was almost insupportable.

While Rembrandt played with his ape, a hateful beast which, with the help of a little superstition, might have been taken for the familiar demon of the magician who inhabited this apartment, the new comer gazed with great attention at the unfinished painting, uttering words of astonishment and admiration.

"What magical colors! what freshness, what life in that flesh! The Venetian school has produced nothing that can vie with this. Master Rembrandt, that picture must be mine."

"It is impossible! I have painted it at the command of the Princess Clara Eugenia, and she is to pay me a thousand florins for it."

"I will give you four thousand. By St. Paul! my gallery were put to shame, if such a master-piece, instead of gracing my dwelling, adorned the palace of the Queen Regent of the Netherlands. Van Dyck, count out four thousand florins to Master Rembrandt."

"Van Dyck!" replied Rembrandt, in astonishment; "who are you, then, that Van Dyck serves you as a treasurer?"

"I am Peter Paul Rubens, and I have come from Antwerp to visit you."

"Rubens!" exclaimed Rembrandt, gazing at his rival from head to foot. "Well, then, since you are a brother artist, you know that time is precious; I will continue my work. A man must earn his bread," he added, with a hypocritical sigh. "Ah, me, I have no money to buy paintings at the rate of four thousand florins apiece!"

These dissembling words were uttered by a man who, as was discovered on the day after his death, had three millions of gold in his cellar.

Rembrandt took up his brush again, and in less than an hour the picture was completed, while all present stood around, in deep silence, and Rubens leaned, scarcely breathing, over the artist's chair. He devoured the palette with his eyes, and endeavored to penetrate the secret by which the old man produced those admirable effects of light and shade which distinguished his pictures.

When the painting was finished, Rembrandt rose and said:

"It is not yet noon; I can complete a new work before evening, therefore accept this as a mark of the esteem which I feel for you. If I have at times passed a sleepless night, it has been owing to the success of my rival."

"I am not your rival, Master, but your pupil. To convince you of this, permit me to to take yonder new canvas, and the brush which you have used. I will attempt to imitate your style. Helen, come hither, and sit in that part of the studio where the light falls most directly; place that straw hat upon your head, and be a good and docile model. Master Rembrandt, I introduce to you my dear wife."

Rembrandt glanced at the lovely creature with a sarcastic smile; he then called the old woman who was crouching near the chimney, took her by the hand, and returning the courtesy of his guest, he said:

"This woman here is my wife, Master Rubens; permit me to present her to you."

In the meanwhile Rubens had begun his work, which he continued without entirely interrupting the conversation.

"I was very anxious on your account a few weeks since," he said; "the rumor was prevalent in Antwerp that you were dead, and a dealer in paintings even showed a letter from your son which confirmed it."

Rembrandt smiled with an air of satisfaction, and said:

"I needed six thousand florins to complete the sum necessary for the payment of my house; the trick was successful; I sold my paintings for twice their value. But pardon me, the hour for my dinner has struck. I will not venture to invite you to partake of it. Your train also is too numerous for so scanty a meal. Ay, ay, all painters cannot be ambassadors and princes. I have never received the slightest favor from the Kings of Spain and England, I belong to no order of knighthood, and my whole train consists of my ape, my wife, and my son Titus, when he is in Amsterdam. Catherine, bring me my dinner."

Dame Rembrandt, who readily divined her husband's thoughts, at once joined in the cynical humility which he seemed resolved to display before the pompous train of his guest. She spread a table that stood in the middle of the studio with a coarse white and blue checkered table-cloth, placed two earthen plates upon it, and from a dish of the same material she took, with a large wooden spoon, a thick soup prepared of vegetables and bread; she completed the dinner with a piece of lean beef, pickled herrings, cheese and small beer.

Rembrandt dispatched his meal with a hearty appetite. When he rose from the table, Rubens had finished the head upon which he was employed; it was the celebrated *Straw Hat*, painted under the inspiration of Rembrandt, a picture in which Rubens had displayed the vivid colorings, and the mysterious blending of light and shade, which characterized the works of that old master.

Rembrandt gazed at the noble painting

with constrained joy, in which both admiration and jealousy were visible.

"We are now quits, then," he said; "or rather I am a gainer by the exchange."

"We are not yet quits, Master. But for you, but for the lesson which you gave me in permitting me to look on while you were painting, I could not have executed this portrait, which is perhaps my best. Permit me, therefore, to present you with this casket, containing a set of silver ware, which I have had made for you, and marked with your name. As often as you use it, remember your admirer, your pupil—your friend, if you will allow me this title."

Rembrandt glanced with indifference at the costly gift, while Dame Catherine, with eager curiosity, examined the various pieces of richly embossed silver work which the casket contained.

"You are a great lord, Master Rubens, and it is the duty of a poor artist like myself to receive the gifts with which his patron, his Mæcenas honors him," replied Rembrandt, not without a shade of bitterness. "That is a different thing from our tin spoons, ha, Catherine! But now dispatch, and lay all quickly aside, for the time approaches when I cease to be a painter. After the clock strikes two I am a mere man of business. The Jews and merchants with whom I have dealings then visit me, and I already see Levi Zacharias, the silk mercer, below in the court. At what inn do you lodge, Master Rubens, that to-morrow morning, or this evening, I may pay my respects to you?"

"I lodge with the Count Penaflor. Farewell, Master, until this evening."

"Until this evening," replied Rembrandt, bowing humbly to the ground.

At a sign from Rubens, Helen and his train retired. All mounted their horses, and the splendid cavalcade set off at a full gallop.

Rembrandt followed it, for a while, with his eyes.

"That is a prince!" he muttered; "a king! He enjoys his life in splendor! Perhaps he is right, perhaps I am a fool to live in poverty and seclusion. Poverty!—yes, I am poor, in spite of all my wealth. But what of that? In yonder vault, locked with a key that never leaves me, I hold sums that could content the caprices of a king! Lavish in folly the fruits of thy labor, Rubens! I have here my happiness and my joy."

As he said this, he took a key from the bundle that hung at his girdle, and having looked carefully around to satisfy himself that no one, not even his wife, was watching him, he opened a door which was constructed in the wall, and which led to a narrow stairway. He then lighted a lantern, locked the door behind him, cautiously descended fourteen damp steps, and at last reached a second door, which he opened like the first. He now found himself in a vault, in which stood numerous casks filled to the brim with gold coin. He stopped before one of these casks, suffered the rays of the light to play upon the pieces of gold, and after he had gazed upon them for a while, and thrust his fingers to and fro among them, so that the bright metal rang clear and sharp upon his ear, he exclaimed:

"Rubens, thou art a vain and foolish mortal! Out upon thy pride and extravagance! The highest of earthly pleasures, after all, is the possession of a treasure."

Suddenly a slight noise was heard. Rembrandt's delicate and mistrustful ear at once recognized the creaking of the gate of the court-yard. With a bound light as that of a youth he hastened up the stairs, rushed into his studio, drew the tapestry quickly before the place where the secret door opened, and hastened to meet his visitors.

"I greet you, Master Solomon Lirch, and you, Master Samuel Netscham! You are welcome!" he cried, almost out of breath. "Is it aught good that procures me the honor of this late visit?"

"I, for my part," replied the former, "have come to propose a loan to you. The merchant Lannan needs a thousand florins."

"I will lend them to him at twenty per cent.; but he must place in my hands as a pledge double the amount in wares."

"I will inform him of your conditions," rejoined Master Solomon Lirch.

"And I," said the other, after the latter had taken his leave, "wish to purchase a picture from you for Marshal Isenghien."

"I can content you. Here is the portrait of a rabbi, who was unable to pay for it after it was completed."

"What price do you set upon it?"

"A thousand florins."

"A thousand florins!"

"You have heard me promise them to Samuel Netscham. If you will not pay the sum, I must procure them from another, for I have not a stiver in the house."

"I will pay you within three months."

"Not so, Master; I must have the money on the spot. How can a poor artist like myself wait for his daily earnings? He must live from day to day, and you demand that he should tarry for the payment of a painting for a space of three months! Pay down the sum at once, then, Master Solomon, or I shall take the picture to the auction of my engravings, which is to commence at seven o'clock."

"A singular idea, to sell objects of art at auction at such an hour."

Rembrandt smiled.

"If you were a man of judgment, my dear picture-dealer, you would know that the faults of any single copy cannot be remarked by lamp-light, and they sell equally well with the good ones. I tell you of this only because you deal in pictures. But I have wasted time enough; I must now see how matters are going at the auction. Will you take that portrait for a thousand florins, ready money?"

Master Lirch made a few further remonstrances, to which Rembrandt refused to listen, and at last paid down the required sum. He took the picture with him, and left Rembrandt alone.

When the latter had satisfied himself that the door of the vault that held his treasure was well secured, he led one of his large dogs from the court-yard into his studio, to protect it during his absence; he then wrapped himself in his mantle, covered his head with a wide slouched hat, and left the chamber, after having extinguished the lamp which he had lighted during his interview with the Jews. He now directed his steps towards the centre of the city, and proceeded to a building where public auctions were held. With his hat pressed more deeply upon his head, and his face concealed beneath his mantle, he glided unobserved through the crowd. A man who was mounted upon a table was offering pictures for sale. After having sold some paintings of Mierics and Gerhard Douw, he came to an engraving of Rembrandt's.

"The Crowned Juno."

"But Master Rembrandt has already sold this engraving," cried a voice.

"Yes, but it was then unfinished; now it is all complete. Look, there was no crown upon Juno's head in the other; this defect is here remedied."

"But the addition seems on the whole quite unessential."

"Well, if you do not wish to buy, do not criticise," replied the seller, in a decided tone. "Thirty shillings!"

"Forty!"

"Fifty!"

"Eighty!"

"A hundred!"

A deep silence followed this offer.

"A hundred shillings," repeated the seller, "a hundred shillings! Does no one offer more?"

The young man who had offered this sum had already extended his hand to take the engraving, when a voice from the crowd exclaimed:

"A hundred and ten!"

The young man, irritated by this tardy and unexpected offer, now bid a hundred and twenty.

"A hundred and thirty!" cried the voice.

"A hundred and forty!"

"A hundned and fifty!"

"He may take it," said the young man, turning away; "to pay more would be to give thrice its value."

The seller laughed.

"Master Rembrandt," he said, "the engraving is yours; you have bid a hundred and fifty shillings."

All eyes were at once turned towards the man to whom these words were addressed. But, without manifesting the slightest embarrassment, Rembrandt said:

"I esteem myself fortunate in having come in time to secure this engraving. I sent it to auction by mistake, and I was sadly grieved on account of the error. It is too admirable and excellent for me to think of parting with it. The only way by which I could obtain it, was to purchase it again, and I have done so."

"It is a question," said the young man, "whether a painter should be admitted to an auction of his own works. However, Master, I offer you two hundred shillings for this engraving."

"It is a sacrifice indeed, but still it is a just punishment for my stupidity. In God's name, then, take the engraving for two hundred shillings."

He then withdrew, not without having breathed a heavy sigh, as if he infinitely regretted having parted with an engraving which was far from possessing any extraordinary merit.

"Since they know that I am here," he said to himself, "I can remain no longer to bid upon my works. I will visit then the great artist who calls himself Peter Paul Rubens. Good Heaven! what a crowd throngs the streets! there go the cannon, and the houses are all illuminated! What can be the matter? Ha, worthy Burgomaster! wherefore are you arrayed thus in your holiday suit? Whence this tumult in the city?"

Master Anton Van Opsem, the Burgomaster of Amsterdam, took Rembrandt's arm and drew him onward with him.

"I have no time to stand here talking," he said. "Important tidings have reached the States-General. Master Rubens's efforts to arrange the treaty have been attended with complete success, and all the corporations, with the Burgomaster and the Aldermen at their head, are assembling to do him honor. Do you not hear the shouts of the crowd, 'Long live Rubens, the pride of the Netherlands!'"

Rembrandt drew his arm slowly from that of the Burgomaster.

"How! you will not go with me to greet Master Rubens?"

"No, it is too late; my wife is waiting for me, and she might be alarmed at my remaining out so long. Farewell!"

With these words he turned, and was soon lost in the crowd.

"Long live Rubens, the pride of the Netherlands!" he repeated in a low voice, as he proceeded onward. "The man plies all sorts of trades, then, and reaps honor upon honor. Yes, yes, he is a better negotiator perhaps than I am. But I am curious to know whether posterity will admire his paintings as much as they will mine. Old Rembrandt has, after all, his worth. But away from here, for the crowd increases, the shouts grow louder; this enthusiasm is a torment to me!"

He quickened his pace, but at the moment when he turned to leave the street, the din grew so tumultuous that he retraced his steps to inquire the cause. Rubens had appeared upon the balcony, and was there saluting the crowd. Rembrandt rushed in furious haste toward his dwelling.

"For Heaven's sake! what is the matter?" cried his wife as he entered. "You are so pale! Are you sick? What ails you? Why, you have torn your mantle, and your clutched hand still holds the shreds."

"It is nothing," he answered rudely, "nothing that concerns you."

"Fool that I am!" he exclaimed when he was alone, as he cast himself upon an old leathern chair, "fool that I am to be jealous of this man!"

He then added with a sigh, glancing at his torn mantle, "I am afraid it cannot be mended; at last I shall have to purchase a new one!"

V.

When Master Nicholas Barruello had received that unhoped-for aid from the hands of the unknown horseman, he bitterly reproached himself for having doubted, for an instant, in Providence. He entered his little dwelling with a light heart, and nothing short of the sad spectacle which it displayed could have banished the expression of joy which had, for a moment, enlivened his face.

On the way thither he had purchased bread, some cooked meat, and a can of beer. He placed the stock of provisions upon the chimney-piece, and began to repair the disorder in his chamber. He restored the little window to its position, set new panes in the place of the broken ones, swept the snow into the street, rekindled the fire, and then, not without hesitation, prepared to commence the sad duty which remained to him, and which, yielding to a natural feeling of aversion, he had until now deferred, namely, to bury the dead. Fortifying himself with the sign of the cross, he entered the chamber in which lay the lifeless remains of Netcelli's wife and infant. With trembling hands he arranged the bodies for interment, and then returned to the outer chamber. An unexpected noise now startled him. He looked around, his brow moistened with cold sweat; it was Netcelli, who had seized the bread which lay upon the mantel, and was endeavoring to secrete himself in a corner, in order to devour his booty in security. This brutish act was even more revolting to Master Nicholas than the sight of the corpses.

"Yesterday," he said to himself, "this man was inspired with the noblest courage; his sole thought was to rescue his family from destruction. To-day, without consciousness and without thought, in the presence of these dead bodies, he thinks of nothing more than to satisfy the cravings of animal hunger. Yesterday he was scarcely lower than an angel; to-day he is less than a beast."

His heart would have murmured against Providence, but he quickly endeavored to repress these thoughts, so unworthy of a Christian, by repeating a suitable prayer; and when he had satisfied himself that Antonio lay sunk in profound slumber, he hastened to the priest of the nearest parish, to inform him that two corpses were lying in his house, and to beg him to give them a Christian burial. The priest was well acquainted with Master Nicholas; he told him to be seated, praised him for his charity, and arranged the expenses of the burial at so reasonable a rate, that three of the gold pieces remained untouched in the pocket of the worthy man. The benevolence of the priest somewhat restored Barruello's courage, and he left the good man to repair to a neighboring joiner's. This man also was unwilling to appear ungenerous; he at once set to work, and refused to receive payment for any thing more than the value of the wood which he had used in constructing a last tenement for the dead. In addition to this, he promised to attend to the burial of the deceased. Antonio awaked at the sound of the hammering, and cried after his mother; the maniac also started up in alarm, but it was only to cower again more closely into his corner.

In the meanwhile Master Nicholas had put on his best suit, and stepped from time to time to the window, to see if the generous stranger were not approaching; but the time passed, and he did not make his appearance. When the priest had arrived, accompanied by a boy bearing a cross, Master Nicholas and Antonio alone followed the coffin. The joiner and three other neighbors had undertaken to commit the dead to the earth. On retiring from the churchyard, the tailor inquired of a neighbor's wife who had taken care of his dwelling in his absence, whether any one had called upon him. She had seen no one, however. Master Nicholas breathed a deep sigh of disappointment.

"That is the way with the rich," he said, bitterly. "One turns away his nearest kinsfolk when they have fallen into poverty, and even refuses them a coffin after they are dead; another forgets the promise that he has made, although no one claimed it of him. Ah, Master Eustachius," he added, turning to the joiner who stood near him, "let us thank God that he has kept us poor."

"Perhaps you are right," replied the joiner, who did not quite seem to share in the philosophical views of his neighbor. "Yet, if you were richer, the question what to do with this little lad would be less embarrassing."

"As to that, my mind is long since made up," answered Barruello; "I will never forsake those who are forsaken by the world. So long as I have a morsel of bread, I will share it with him; and God be thanked, Master Eustachius, we have fingers and a needle, that, with Heaven's blessing, can earn something more than mere bread."

"By the Holy Virgin! you are a worthy man, Master Nicholas, and I will not suffer you to perform the good work alone. I will take Antonio as an apprentice, and with God's help I will make a good joiner of him."

Master Barruello was too deeply moved to reply; he reached the worthy man his hand in token of assent, and the two passed the evening together by the chimney over a can of beer.

Before we conclude this chapter, we must explain to the reader why Master Nicholas did not receive the money which Rembrandt had destined for him, as well as the reason why Rubens had not kept his promise.

In the first place, Dame Catherine had taken advantage of Rubens's visit, to leave her husband's commands unfulfilled, and to appropriate to herself the money intended for Master Nicholas. Secondly, the same courier who had brought the important tidings by which the whole city was set in commotion, was the bearer also of an order to the negotiator to repair at once to Brussels, in order to receive the reward of his diplomatic talents, and to be intrusted with a mission of still greater importance. In the confusion of this unexpected departure, Rubens had forgotten the tailor, and his promise to visit him.

VI.

TEN years after his first visit to Amsterdam, Rubens again journeyed to that city. Commissioned by Philip II. to purchase a collection of the most distinguished paintings of the Flemish school, for the Escurial, he resolved to attend to the selection of the pictures himself; and for this purpose he visited all the cities of the Netherlands, and the studios of the most renowned artists. First of all, he naturally applied to Rembrandt. As Rubens entered the old building, he was astonished at the changes which he beheld every where around him. It is true, nothing betrayed greater wealth on the part of the proprietor, but every thing testified to the unwearied and intelligent care which had labored to repair and embellish the half-fallen building. The brass locks shone like gold; one could ascend the steps without, as heretofore, stumbling over rubbish, and the winding stairs that led from the court were adorned with blossoming orange trees in large porcelain vases.

The changes in the inner part of the dwelling were still more striking. The utmost cleanliness was visible, where formerly lay heaps of dirt and broken crockery; the windows were hung with curtains, and sweet flowers diffused on all sides their balmy perfume. At the first sound of the bell, a young and active maid-servant opened the gate. On entering, Rubens scarcely recognized Rembrandt's former dwelling. A small saloon formed the ante-chamber to the artist's studio. Here he met an aged dame, whose manners were evidently the result rather of natural tact than of the habit of intercourse with the world. Rubens's eye reposed with pleasure upon her soft and regular features. She was short in stature, and had attained that degree of rotundity which is so well suited to persons of mature years; she was clad in a cotton gown, and wore about her neck a massive golden chain, while a bundle of keys hung at her girdle. A snow-white, neatly-plaited collar encircled her neck; and her luxuriant auburn hair, which was slightly interspersed with silver, was fastened together on the top of her head, leaving her brow uncovered. Rubens bowed respectfully and gave her his name.

"Master Rubens!" she exclaimed; "my brother will be proud and happy to receive such a guest, for you are our guest, I hope. Am I not right? Rubens has certainly not thought of taking up his abode elsewhere than with his admirer and rival, Rembrandt."

As Rubens excused himself, she said, with a sweet smile:

"If you have indeed thought otherwise, you must at once repair your fault; yes, your fault," she repeated. "If you will not sleep beneath our roof, you must at least take a place at our table. I am too faithful a guardian of the honor of our family, to permit you to leave this house without partaking of our hospitality."

As she uttered these friendly words, that were spoken in a tone which showed that Rubens would not be treated as a stranger in Rembrandt's house, she opened the door of the studio, and said:

"Dear brother, here is Master Rubens."

The studio had undergone fewer changes than the other parts of the house; the dust, however, which had formerly defaced it, had disappeared, and in place of the ill-shaped chimney, which ten years before had served Dame Catherine for the purposes of cookery, stood a large and handsome stove. At the sound of Rubens's name Rembrandt rose from his seat, and advanced to meet him.

"Welcome, King of Antwerp!" he said. "But where has your highness left your accustomed train?"

At this somewhat ironical salutation, the color mounted to Rubens's face.

"That is an attention which my brother knows how to prize, and for which he is very grateful to you," said Rembrandt's sister, quickly interposing. The old painter glanced at his sister, and his face suddenly grew brighter; he reached Rubens his hand in a kind and friendly manner.

"It is a long time since we have seen each other," he said. "Much has happened in the interval. I am a widower; old Catherine, whom you may remember, is dead. God be praised!"

"Brother, dear brother!" cried his sister, interrupting him.

"My sister Louise now lives with me; she has left all for her brother's sake, and devotes herself solely to his welfare. She is an angel, Rubens; in truth, an angel!"

As he said this, he wiped a tear from his eye; and Rubens gazed with an air almost of reverence upon Louise, who blushed like a young maiden.

"You will meet with a better reception here than you did ten years ago," continued Rembrandt. "I blush when I think of it. Louise understands how to receive a guest, except that she expends somewhat too much; and when one is but a poor artist, and is obliged to toil so hard to support life—but who comes here? Heaven preserve us! it is Master Nikeler, the Notary. Welcome, my worthy friend!"

Louise hastened to meet the man of business.

"My brother is busy at present; he has no time to speak with you."

"I bring too good news, my dear dame, to depart without informing you of it. Your uncle Gerretz is dead, and has left you four hundred thousand florins."

"Four hundred thousand florins!" exclaimed Rembrandt, with unspeakable delight; "four hundred thousand florins!"

"Eustachius Gerretz left not less than six hundred thousand florins, which are to be divided in three parts: one part for you, lady, one for you, Master Rembrandt, and one for the children and heirs of your sister Margaret."

"She is dead," said Rembrandt.

"But her children!"

"Her children likewise."

"Their death is not yet legally established; and until this is the case, many years will elapse before you can enter upon possession, not merely of their third, but even of your own."

"Are you sure of this?" asked Rembrandt.

"Alas!" sighed Louise, "I would with joy resign all this gold, and more, to be able see my unhappy niece and her children once again!"

"We cannot come into possession of our portions, then, until the heirs of the third are discovered?"

"Or until you can, in due form, establish evidence of their decease," added the notary.

"That shall be done within an hour. The grandson of my sister Margaret must be still living; or, if he is not, we can easily procure evidence of his death."

"My sister's grandson! How, my brother! you knew that he was living, and have never spoken to me of the matter! Where is he? Answer me, in the name of Heaven, in the name of our mother!"

"If the tailor, Nicholas Barruello, has not sent him to the hospital," continued Rembrandt, who, solely occupied with the idea of their rich inheritance, uttered his thoughts aloud.

"The tailor, Nicholas Barruello! my nephew is with him! And why have you kept this secret from me?"

"What would you have, Louise? To feed and educate a child, when a man has children of his own, and, besides, is only a poor artist?"

"You discovered the existence of this child within a few days only, then?"

"Ten years ago," said Rembrandt, who well remembered the occurrence. "It was on Allhallow night."

"Oh, Master Nikeler!" cried Louise, "you must know where this man, this Nicholas Barruello dwells. Lead me to him at once!"

"He lives at the other end of the city, in Rotterdam street."

"Let us hasten thither."

"Permit me to accompany you," said Rubens to the aged dame; "I also have an act of injustice and forgetfulness to repair."

VII.

At the time when the tailor, Nicholas Barruello, found his family suddenly augmented by two unhappy beings, whom Providence had sent to him, he asked himself anxiously how he should procure a maintenance for three persons, he who had thus far found it hard to provide for himself alone. But matters turned out better than he had expected. By his industry and activity, and owing to several fortunate accidents, in which the signs of the protection of Heaven were plainly visible, he never wanted daily bread; nay, he had at times his days of festivity. Not a Sunday went by but the families of the tailor and the joiner assembled at one common table. The future fortunes of the little Antonio Netcelli were often the subject of their discousre. The youth had become the joiner's pride, for he handled the plane and the chisel with remarkable dexterity and admirable judgment. When the tailor and the joiner looked at the drawings which he prepared as models for various pieces of work, they were unable to control their astonishment; these sketches obtained also the unanimous applause of the joiner's customers, who were attracted in great numbers to his shop by the skill of his apprentice. Thus, the good people's days passed calmly and happily. The only affliction which they experienced during the whole ten years was caused by the death of the maniac Netcelli; they had grown accustomed to the presence of this unhappy being, and at his death they wept tears of genuine sorrow. Antonio was for a long time inconsolable; yet his father's death did not render the boy an orphan, for the joiner and the tailor, especially the latter, treated him with a love as tender and devoted as he had ever experienced from his father when he was in the full possession of his senses.

Antonio passed the whole day in the joiner's workshop; at evening he visited his second father, who could scarcely await the hour of his dear foster-son's arrival. Supper was then served by Master Nicholas, and Antonio did honor to it with the appetite of a healthy youth of sixteen. The remainder of the evening was spent in reading, drawing, or even painting, for Antonio displayed an uncommon talent for this art. On Sundays and holidays he locked himself in his chamber, took the palette and pencil in his hand, and seated himself before an easel of his own making. Here he sketched little paintings, executed without art, but in true and lively colors; his models were almost always Master Netcelli, or his neighbor the joiner.

Antonio sat thus busied one evening, while Barruello had gone out to carry to a customer an old coat which he had repaired, when he heard a knock at the door. He hastened to open it, and beheld a small and crooked old man, dressed in black, a cavalier of a lofty, stately figure, and an aged dame who seemed greatly agitated. He saluted them with a friendly air, and asked them whether they wished to speak with Master Nicholas Barruello.

"He will soon return," he added. "Have the goodness to sit."

Louise took the chair which Antonio offered her. Rubens seated himself before Antonio's easel, and was unable to repress an exclamation of admiration, which caused the boy to blush deeply.

"Who is your master?" he said, turning to Antonio.

"I have none, sir; I devote only my leisure hours to painting; by trade I am a joiner."

"You must leave the joiner's bench, and become a painter."

"Ah, that is easily said, but hard to be done. I and my father must live."

"Your father!" cried Louise; "is your father still living?"

"No; I mean my foster-father, the good tailor, Master Nicholas, for my poor father is with my mother and little sister in heaven. Ah, the story of my life is a very sad one!"

"You are Antonio Netcelli, then?"

"Yes."

"My dear child, your life will now change; you need no longer work to gain a livelihood; you are rich, and will find relatives again. Embrace me, my child; I am your mother's aunt."

Weeping, she reached out her arms toward the orphan, and Antonio sank sobbing upon her bosom.

"My mother's aunt! my aunt Louise, of whom my mother so often spoke to me! Oh, let me embrace you once again!"

At this moment heavy steps were heard upon the stairs, and Master Nicholas Barruello entered the chamber, which, to his extreme astonishment, he found filled with strangers. Antonio tore herself from the arms of Louise to cast himself upon Barruello's neck.

"That is my dear aunt," he cried, "my mother's aunt! We are now rich; we are now happy. I shall give up my trade and become a painter."

Master Nicholas pressed the boy again and again to his heart, and cast himself before an image of the Holy Virgin, to thank her for the happiness which she had bestowed upon his dear Antonio. But suddenly his face, which was flushed with joy, grew pale, and his features assumed an air of sadness and dejection. He fastened a sorrowful glance upon Antonio, whom his aunt held closely embraced; then he turned away his head and began to pray again, but tears choked his utterance; he rose quickly, tore Antonio from the arms of his aunt, clasped him with convulsive violence to his bosom, and cried:

"You will love her, then, more than me!"

"More than you, my father!" replied Antonio, embracing the old man; "no! but as much, for she is my mother's aunt. You must not be jealous of this affection; it does not in any wise diminish mine towards you, and never, never will we separate! A son should never forsake his father."

"He is right, Master Nicholas; our family will henceforth be yours. Come, my friends, my brother is waiting for his nephew."

"My uncle!" said Antonio, gloomily, and with an air of hesitation.

"You must pardon him, as those who are in heaven pardon him!" murmured Louise, softly.

"Come, then, my father!" cried Antonio, clasping his arm about Barruello's waist.

"Young man," said Rubens, laying his hand upon Antonio's right shoulder, "are you willing to be my pupil? I will take you and this old man with me to Antwerp; my house shall be yours. I am Peter Paul Rubens."

"Rubens!" exclaimed Antonio in astonishment; "you Rubens!—I a pupil of Rubens!"

He gazed for some moments at the renowned painter; then, after some hesitation, he placed his left hand in his aunt's, while with the right he held that of the tailor.

"I cannot part from her," he said; "she looks so like my dear mother."

Antonio became Rembrandt's pupil, and soon obtained in Flanders the fame due to his distinguished talents. To please his uncle, he gave a Flemish termination to his name, and signed his paintings *Kaspar Anton Netscher.*

TO STELLA.

I love thee not for rank or gold,
For land or social fashion;
I have lived too long with the gallant and bold,
I have learned too much from the great of old,
To coin a true man's passion.

I love thee not for the wavy hair
Which falls in shadowy showers;
Not for the figure, so debonair,
Not for the footstep, light as air,
Or the step of Spring over flowers.

I love thee not for the loving eye,
So full of earnest beaming,
Which has caught its hue from the deep blue sky,
When the feathery clouds in slumber lie,
And Nature's soul is dreaming.

I love thee not for the noble brow,
Where the shadow of Thought reposes;
Not for the bosom, like sifted snow,
Nor the cheek where rival flow'rets glow,
The lilies beside the roses.

I love thee not for the gentle lays
Which thrill my bosom thorough;
The faint, sweet echoes of olden days,
Ere life had proved a troubled maze
Of endless hope and sorrow.

I love thee for the trace of care
Which on your forehead hovers,
Like a shadow from your clustering hair,
For the mystic sorrow sleeping there
No eye but mine discovers;

And for the ghost of by-gone fears,
Which is floating still above thee;
For the secret sorrows and silent tears,
For the mystery of your early years,
I love thee, dear, I love thee.

New-York, June 4th, 1851.

THOMAS GRAY.

Of Thomas Gray, one who was no mean critic has said, "that he joined to the sublimity of Milton the elegance and harmony of Pope, and wanted nothing to have made him, perhaps, the first of English poets, but to have written a little more." The impartial judgment of time is evincing the justice of this praise. His works, of which he himself humorously expressed a fear "lest they should be mistaken for the works of a flea or a pismire," are in size inconsiderable indeed. A few short poems and a volume of familiar letters to his friends comprise the whole literary productions of his life, the entire results of fifty-five years of thought and study. But few as they are, they are a treasure for all time, and the precious life-blood of a master-spirit. No poet in the English language, who has written so little, is so much read and so well known. The fame of almost all, even of the authors of imperishable creations, rests upon a small portion of their works, while the great bulk of them has proved perishable and soon passed away. For every stanza of Pope or Dryden which is now remembered and admired, there are whole pages long since unread and forgotten. But not a line of Gray's will the world willingly let die; every ray from his genius still shines like the steady light of some far-off star.

The quiet scholar, whose taste has been cultivated by long communion with the models of antiquity, finds relief in turning from the jejune literature of the day, to one whose every line breathes the spirit of the classics; while the verses of the Elegy in a Country Churchyard are familiar as household words to all the children in our land. There are few better proofs of an author's genius, than to have his words pass into proverbs. It shows that they embody truths to which the heart of universal humanity responds, and truths so well uttered that all mankind adopt the form of their expression. By this test we may judge of the merits of Gray; and after Shakspeare and Milton, we shall find hardly an English poet so many of whose lines have become common phrases, an approved part of the intellectual currency of the world. It is said that General Wolfe, the night before his death, as he lay in the stern of the boat, gliding with muffled oars down to the place from which he climbed the Heights of Abraham, repeated to a brother officer the Elegy in a Country Churchyard, and at the close of the last verse said, "I would rather be the author of that poem than master of Quebec to-morrow." This praise does equal honor to the poet and him who uttered it. We do not undervalue the greatness of that exploit; the preciptious ascent, the hard-fought battle, the glorious death may well command our praise. But the judgment of the young soldier, himself a scholar and a poet, was right. The fame of Gray will still remain after martial glory has ceased to dazzle, and the walls of that towering fortress are crumbled to dust.

We have thought that a brief sketch of this poet's life might be a not unacceptable offering to our readers. It is indeed almost barren of incidents, the quiet life of a scholar, the history of an intellect rather than of a man.

He was born at Cornhill, December 26, 1716, the son of a money scrivener, whose means, originally slender, had been reduced by extravagance. He was sent from a boy's grammar-school to Eton, and from Eton to Cambridge. On leaving the University he designed to pursue the study of the law, but after a few months gladly forsook the shrine of Themis to accompany young Horace Walpole on his travels. More than two years were spent in visiting the usual objects of interest in middle and southern Europe; and then an unfortunate rupture with his companion and patron sent him home by the nearest and cheapest route. Shortly after his return to England, his father's death left him in yet more straitened circumstances, and he felt himself too poor to pursue the profession originally marked out for him. To avoid the importunities of his mother and aunt, who would willingly have stinted themselves to eke out his income, he went again to Cambridge, and in due time took his bachelor's degree in civil law. Nearly all his life was spent there because of the cheapness of the place, and the facilities afforded by its libraries. Two years before his death he was chosen Professor of Modern Languages, but never entered upon the duties of his post. He was also appointed Poet Laureate, but declined an office which had been so often disgraced. He never married, and after his return from the Continent, a few weeks' tour in Scotland was the most important incident which interrupted the monotony of his life. He died at the age of fifty-five, of hereditary gout.

Thus briefly may be summed up all those outward facts and circumstances which met the world's eye, and seemed to make up his life. The outline is meagre and unpromising enough, but let us return and see if it does not contain something of interest and value.

The well-known observation that men of genius are commonly the sons of remarkable mothers, is verified in the case of Gray. Unusual were his obligations to her, and with unusual filial love and reverence were they repaid. He only of her twelve children survived the age of infancy. The rest all died from suffocation induced by fulness of blood, and his life was only saved by his mother's courage in opening one of his veins with her own hands, when the paroxysm attacked him. At Eton and at Cambridge he depended upon her for his support. We learn by a written statement, submitted by Mrs. Gray to an eminent lawyer, in 1735, when she vainly sought relief from her cruel situation, "that she almost provided every thing for her son whilst at Eton College, and now he is at Peter House in Cambridge, and that her husband hath used her in the most inhuman manner by beating, kicking, punching, and with the most vile and abusive language," &c. "This she was resolved, if possible, to bear, and not to leave her shop of trade for the sake of her son, to be able to assist in the maintenance of him, since his father won't." Such devoted maternal affection could hardly fail to call forth marked filial piety in return. During her life his attentions to her were most assiduous, and after her death he cherished her memory with sacred sorrow. Mr. Mason informs us that Gray seldom mentioned his mother without a sigh. The inscription which he placed over her remains speaks of her as "the careful, tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her." How touching is this brief tribute of grateful love! Volumes of eulogy could not increase our admiration of the gentle being to whom it was paid; her patient devotion, her meek endurance. Wherever the name and genius of Gray are known, there shall also his mother's virtues be told for a memorial of her.

We know nothing of our poet's boyhood until his residence at Eton, where he was under the care of his maternal uncle, Mr. Antrobus, to whom he seems to have been much indebted for the direction of his early education. Here commenced his friendship with Horace Walpole and Richard West, each of whom was destined to influence his future character. Here, also, was laid the broad foundation of that classical scholarship which afterwards became the chief solace of his life, and shed such rich and mellow light upon his poetry.

On leaving Eton, West entered Christ Church College at Oxford, and Gray, Peter House at Cambridge. From the date of this separation, begin those interesting letters between them, which exhibit the character of each to great advantage, and are the records of one of the most beautiful friendships in all literary history. They were both young men of ardent sensibilities, imaginative and poetic temperaments, and fine classical genius, but averse to the severer studies of logic and the mathematics, and shrinking instinctively from the anticipation of the practical pursuits and rude collisions of active life.

Their correspondence was continued until the early death of West in 1742, and is a free and unreserved expression of their opinions, tastes, and feelings. The University of Cambridge has always been, and even now is, more partial to the natural and moral sciences than to classical literature, and Gray seems to have found there a state of things very little to his mind. His darling studies were comparatively neglected, and he was himself forced to turn from them, more than he liked, to other branches. Many of his letters express the disappointment, and even disgust, with which this affected him. In one of the earliest to West, he writes, after mentioning "the contempt into which his old friends and classical companions are fallen" there, as follows: "I think I love them the better for it, and, indeed, what can I do else? Must I plunge into metaphysics? Alas, I cannot see in the dark; nature has not furnished me with the optics of a cat. Must I pore upon mathematics? Alas, I cannot see in too much light; I am no eagle," &c. "If these are the profits of life, give me the amusements of it." West, on his part, complains of Oxford even "as a land flowing with syllogisms and ale, where Horace and Virgil are equally unknown." These are, doubtless, exaggerated pictures, but they sufficiently indicate the mental state of both the friends. Their letters treat chiefly of their poetry and studies in polite literature; some of them inclose copies of verse, mostly in Latin, and several of the letters themselves are in that language. The extent and variety of classical learning, and the cultivated taste which they display, cannot fail to astonish and call forth the admiration of every reader. Those of Gray manifest a tendency to the depression of spirits which weighed upon him nearly all his life, and was probably a malady inherited with the gout. West was all the time despondent and in wretched health; the disease which ultimately destroyed him had already begun to waste his vitals, and the tender solicitude of his friend betrays itself throughout the whole correspondence.

During his entire course at the University, Gray seems to have kept himself much aloof from society; to have sought no college honors, and taken little interest in the affairs of the community of which he was a member. The effeminacy of his manners, we are told, caused him to be nicknamed "Miss Gray;" and we can readily understand that his spirit, delicate and sensitive to a fault, must have revolted at the "Jacobinism and its concomitant hard drinking," which Mr. Mason acknowledges then infected the University. The two friends walked hand in hand, in the words of West,

> "Through many a flowery grove and shelly grot,
> Where learning lured us in its *private* maze."

The limits of a sketch like this, of course, preclude us from making extracts from their letters, to which we would commend all who would trace the growth of the poet's mind, and learn the aliment which nurtured his cultivated taste and beautiful imagination.

The next period of his life was that spent upon his travels with Horace Walpole, the history of which is to be found in his letters to West and his other friends. France, Switzerland, Italy and Sicily were successively visited, and few objects of interest were left unnoticed. We can say little of this tour; for it was over the common ground of travellers, and embraced nothing novel or unusual. A charm has been thrown over it by the graphic descriptions of Gray, and the classical spirit with which he viewed every object. But this charm is inseparable from his own writings, and can no more be transferred than the rich colors of the painting can be to the rude crayon sketch made from it. In his careful notice of manners and customs, and the felicity with which he made modern and ancient times mutually illustrate each other, he has been said most nearly to resemble Addison. It is during this time that those humorous talents which his friends deemed so great, chiefly display themselves. Except for his letters, then, we should hardly understand the possibility of what one of his friends said, that "Gray never wrote any thing *easily* but things of humor." The cloud of dejection and sorrow under which most of his after life was spent, obscured this power, and it is only in occasional flashes that we discern it.

His travels were abruptly ended by a quarrel with his patron, which has been variously represented. Walpole afterwards took upon himself the entire blame of the rupture, and, we are inclined to think, deservedly. The most authentic version would seem to be that Gray was disposed to fault-finding, and Walpole, suspecting himself to have been spoken ill of in letters to England, clandestinely opened and resealed a private package, an indignity which Gray very properly resented. Several years after, a reconciliation took place between them, and they were again on familiar terms; but on the side of Gray, entire cordiality seems never to have been restored.* The immedi-

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* The following from the new letters of Walpole to the Rev. William Mason, published since this article was written, throws more light upon this question and exhibits both the parties favorably. It will be read with interest.—Ed.

"I am conscious that in the beginning of the differences between Gray and me, the fault was mine. I was too young, too fond of my own diversion, nay, I do not doubt, too much intoxicated ate consequence of the difficulty was Gray's return to England. He reached there in September, 1741, two months before his father's death.

In the following spring he lost his friend West, an affliction which preyed deeply upon his spirits. West, on leaving Oxford, had taken chambers in the Temple, and pursued for some time the study of the law. But his health failed rapidly, domestic trials crowded thickly upon him, and at length he went home to die. His letters to Gray during his last winter are indescribably touching. Indeed a melancholy grace invests every thing connected with this young man; we dwell with fondness on the few remains of his genius, and lament that it was quenched so soon. Whether the promise of his youth would have been realized in mature years we cannot certainly tell, but its indications were so bright that we may well regret their disappointment. Mr. Mason informs us that at Eton his genius was deemed superior to Gray's. Among Gray's most beautiful productions the fragment of a Latin poem, "De Principiis Cogitandi," an affectionate sonnet in English, the Ode on the Prospect of Eton College, the Hymn to Adversity, and the commencement of the Elegy, were written within a year after West's death, and bear strong marks of his affection and sorrow. With many others he was on intimate and familiar terms, but no after friendship filled the place thus made vacant. Dr. Wharton and Mr. Mason, the poet, seem to have been next in his regards. To the latter we are indebted for his biography and a collection of his letters.

During the next three years we know nothing of Gray's life except that it was devoted entirly to classical studies, and that he made for himself a very elaborate table of Greek Chronology. In 1747 the Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College, after lying in manuscript several years, was published by Dodsley, and was the first of his poems that appeared in print. It was followed in 1750 by the "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," which immediately received the full measure of admiration it has ever since retained. Gray himself by no means put upon this poem the same relative estimation as did the public, and he once told Dr. Gregory, "with a good deal of acrimony," "that it owed its popularity entirely to the subject, and would have been received as well if it had been written in prose." In 1753 he lost his mother, of whose character we have already spoken. In 1756 he left Peter House, where he had resided for twenty years, on account of some incivilities offered to him by drunken neighbors, and removed to Pembroke Hall, another college in the same University. This he speaks of "as an era in a life so barren of events" as his.

In 1757 were published his two odes, The Bard and the Progress of Poetry. They were for a long time ill-received and ludicrously misunderstood, though, in the words of Mason, "the one must be plain enough to every one who has read Pindar, and the other, to all not grossly ignorant of English History." When these odes were printed in a second edition, the author added to them a few notes, "just to tell the gentle reader," he says, "that Edward the First was not Oliver Cromwell, nor Queen Elizabeth the witch of Endor." At the same time he prefixed to them a motto from Pindar, sufficiently expressive of his feelings: "I wrote for the intelligent; but the multitude need interpreters."

This same year he declined the place of Poet Laurate; his reasons for doing which are thus given in a letter to Mr. Mason: "The office has always humbled the possessor hitherto: if he were a poor writer, by making him more conspicuous; if he were a good one, by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession, for there

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by indulgence, vanity, and the insolence of my situation, as a prime minister's son, not to have been inattentive and insensible to the feelings of one I thought below me; of one, I blush to say it, that I knew was obliged to me; of one whom presumption and folly perhaps made me deem not my superior *then* in parts, though I have since felt my infinite inferiority to him. I treated him insolently: he loved me, and I did not think he did. I reproached him with the difference between us when he acted from conviction of knowing he was my superior; I often disregarded his wishes of seeing places, which I would not quit other amusements to visit, though I offered to send him to them without me, Forgive me, if I say that his temper was not conciliating. At the same time that I will confess to you that he acted a more friendly part had I had the sense to take advantage of it; he freely told me of my faults. I declared I did not desire to hear them, nor would correct them. You will not wonder that, with the dignity of his spirit, and the obstinate carelessness of mine, the breach must have grown wider till we became incompatible."

are poets little enough to envy even a Poet Laureate." In 1758 he seems to have been much engaged in the study of architecture. In 1762 he was an unsuccessful applicant for the Professorship of Modern Languages, which had been previously promised to another candidate. In 1765 he made a short journey into Scotland, to recruit his health, which had now become very feeble. At this time he declined the degree of Doctor of Laws which was offered to him by the University of Aberdeen, "lest it should seem a slight upon Cambridge." The next year was published the last edition of his poems that appeared during his life. In 1768 the Professorshp of Modern Languages again became vacant, and he received it unsolicited from the Duke of Grafton, who was shortly after chosen Chancellor of the University. The beautiful ode performed at his installation was written by Gray, who "thought it better that gratitude should sing than expectation." It is to be found in all the posthumous collections of his works.

His new office, the income of which he greatly needed, was very acceptable, but he never entered upon its duties. He was prevented partly, perhaps, by indolence and diffidence, but chiefly by ill-health. Much of his time after his appointment was spent in short journeys. "Travel I must," he says, "or cease to exist." On one of these trips to Westmoreland and the Lakes, he was to have been accompanied by Dr. Wharton; but the latter was forced to return home by a sudden illness, and, for his amusement, Gray wrote an epistolary description of the tour. The elegance and picturesque merit of this journal called forth the admiration even of Dr. Johnson.

During all this time his health was steadily failing, and his attacks of gout were becoming more frequent and alarming. But his death at the last was sudden, and took place after an illness of only five days, July 30, 1771. Of his last hours we have hardly any account, for none of his friends were with him. By his will, Mr. Mason and Dr. Browne were appointed his executors, and to the former were intrusted all his MSS., to be preserved or destroyed at his discretion. He was buried, according to his directions, by the side of his mother in the churchyard at Stoke.

The intellectual character of Gray is apparent both from what he did and what he did not. The small number of his works, and the many conceptions left unexecuted, but shadowing forth forms of beauty which might have been, sufficiently indicate the irresolution and fastidiousness which were its prominent defects; while every sentence or verse which he did write is polished by the cultivated taste of the scholar, or sparkles with the splendid imagination of the poet. We shall attempt no eulogy of his genius, or refutation of its detractors. For however the opinions of individuals may differ upon minor points, the day of harsh and illiberal criticism against him has passed, and the judgment of all assigns him a lofty place among English poets.

Of his peculiar religious views, we have little knowledge. A passage in the Walpoliana speaks of them as skeptical; but its authority would, under any circumstances, have little weight, and it is entirely counterbalanced by the whole tenor of his life and writings. The doctrines of Hume, Voltaire, Shaftesbury, and Bolingbroke are indignantly rebuked in his correspondence. And the excellence of his private character, together with the moral and religious consolations which he invoked in his own despondency and affliction, and to which he beautifully directed his friends, give us reason to hope that, whatever may have been his intellectual belief, the sentiments of genuine piety were alive in his heart.

His memoirs were published by Mason, who also edited a complete edition of his poems. Many years after Mr. Mitford wrote his biography, which, together with all his literary remains, was published in a large quarto volume. Mr. Mason's book appeared too soon after Gray's death, to be in all respects complete. That of Mitford contains all the materials from which an excellent biography might be compiled, but thrown together in an ill-considered and undigested work. Some of the notes with which he has illustrated the poems are curious and valuable.

There is no good edition of Gray's life and *all* his works accessible to the public, a deficiency which some of our publishers should supply. The object of the preceding imperfect sketch will be accomplished if it induce some more able writer to undertake the task.

the character of *a political writer.* He would choose an untrodden path of politics, where no party man ever dared to enter. The undisguised freedom and boldnes of his manner would please the brave, astonish the weak, and confound the guilty." It is highly probable that Pitt's character, in all its traits and propensities, was very well known to this reverend pamphleteer, who could thus, ten years before the political writer came, foretell his appearance.

Passing on, we come to the consideration Dr. Waterhouse shrunk from. Here, in the Miscellaneous Letters, we have the fierce-hearted old statesman of '59 opening his masked battery, in revenge of all his defeats and disappointments, against the King of England, his policy, and his friends; and in the first place, as the matter touched him nearest and deepest in his disgusts, he turns his rage against the Cabinet of which he himself was a part! Very extraordinary this; but not more extraordinary than William Pitt himself. But what a perilous undertaking it was for the Lord Privy Seal to fall upon the King's Council with his crutch! The style of Chatham would be palpable to every eye, and then the exposure would follow, such as he himself said would procure his attaintment by bill, or kill him in three days. His first aspiration in these circumstances would be, (the reverse of Cowley's:)

> "What shall I do to be for ever *unknown?*"

But he took his precautions with consummate subtlety and forethought. He kept himself secluded at Bath and Hayes, and let the report go abroad that he was in the lowest state of sickness and incapacity, tottering on crutches or touched in the head, thus warding off the suspicion that the vivacious and forcible letters of "Poplicola," "Veteran," and the rest, could come from him. But he did far more than this. "Poplicola" began the series of letters by a measured and high-sounding denunciation (conditionally conveyed, however) of Lord Chatham himself! Nothing was now to be said. After such feints as these, the acutest political critic could not mention the Minister's name in connection with this authorship. Lord Chatham, in spite of sentiment and style, was safe from public imputation and its consequences; and his power to continue his mighty strokes from behind a mask remained unimpeded and unquestioned.

To assail the Cabinet of England and all the measures of the Ministry, was a daring piece of strategy, and a dangerous for a Lord Privy Seal to perpetrate. Discovery would ruin the splenetic old assaulter—would certainly tarnish the laurels he had already gathered in a celebrated career. The risk was great indeed; not in the handwriting and the conveyancing, but in the style of the letters. He could no more change this to any purpose, than he could his mind or his face. Hence the last necessity for something which should neutralize his well-known manner; and hence his indirect but intelligible attack on Chatham. This attack is calculated to give the curious investigator pause. It must seem strange that the scribe in the mask—a Whig and a man of popular principles—should begin his undertaking by abuse of the greatest Whig and most popular person in England, as if there was not a Tory of any sort to flesh his maiden sword upon! This falling foul of the grand and gouty old Earl has a very inconsistent and incredible appearance—is unaccountable, in fact, except under our hypothesis.

"Wo be to you," says Voltaire, "if you say on a subject all that can be said upon it!" We are less disposed to incur the wo thus denounced than merely to suggest the chief points in our view of this authorship. In considering the Miscellaneous Letters which assail Chatham, we see the first is conditional throughout, depending on an *if.* The vagueness of it, so unlike the bareness and particularity of the author's general style, seems to show some secret design. "Poplicola," in the first letter, 28th April, 1767, says: "But *if*, instead of a man of common mixed character, whose vices may be redeemed by some appearance of virtue and generosity, it should have unfortunately happened, that a nation had placed all their confidence in a man *purely and perfectly bad*, what security would the nation," &c. "As the absolute *destruction of the Constitution* would be his great object," &c. "He must also try how far the nation would bear to see the established laws suspended by proclamation, and upon such occasions he must not be without an apostate lawyer, weak enough to sacrifice his own character, and base enough to betray the laws of his country. But the master-piece of his treachery would be, if possble, to foment such discord between the mother country and her colonies, as may leave them both *a prey to* *his own dark machinations!*" All this would pass for very good hostility; but is amusingly disproportioned to the truth of the matter, if not palpably groundless. It would only suit the rabid Tories and the secret purpose. During his whole career, the war-cry of Pit was, the Constitution; he fought for it on all occasions. The "suspension of the laws" was a proclamation issued by him and Camden, preventing the exportation of corn at a time of scarcity; and neither of them, in issuing it, attempted to defend its strict legality. Even Junius-Poplicola, in the second letter, admits it was a necessary act; but the treason which deserved the gibbet, as the Tarpeian Rock was not at hand, was, not admitting the unconstitutional nature of the business! This was "an outrage upon the common sense of mankind." He goes on to say, (and the praise of the Grenvilles, the brothers of his amanuensis, is remarkable in all Junius has written,) that George Grenville deserved high honor for confessing the illegality of the act which aimed at providing food for the people, while "the conduct of the Earl of Chatham and his miserable understrappers deserved nothing but detestation and contempt." The apostate lawyer of the foregoing was Lord Camden, the most constitutional jurist in England, a man of popular principles almost approaching republicanism, and the dear friend of Lord Chatham—one who would be consistently struck at by any foe or pretended foe of the latter. In the third letter the writer, signing himself "Anti-Sejanus," wonders why Chatham's spirit or understanding could ever permit him to take office under a pernicious court-minion, (but had he a control over the existing ministry?) whom he himself had affected to despise or detest. "We will not condemn him for the avarice of a pension, or the melancholy ambition of a title. They were objects which he perhaps looked up to, though the rest of the world thought them beneath his acceptance, (law-breaker, traitor, and Cataline as he was!) But to become a stalking-horse to a stallion—to shake hands with a Scotchman at the hazard of catching all his infamy; [the fierce earnestness of Junius breaks out now! no feigning here!] to receive the word from him—*Prerogative and a Thistle*—by the once respected name of Pitt! it is even below contempt!" Among the tokens of close design apparent in these Letters, we may mention one, the slightness of which only seems to show that the writer thought nothing too trifling to help his plan. The first letter called forth a defense of Chatham, signed W. D.—William Draper—who afterwards crossed swords with Junius in the affair of the Marquis of Granby. But Poplicola paid so little attention to the defense of the Earl, it interested or concerned him so little, that in alluding to the writer in the next letter, he called him C. D.—Mr. C. D.; he did not know who the man was in fact. We think this cunning negligence worthy of observation. Junius seems to have taken care of the smallest accessories, as well as the most prominent appearances.

Having thus secured his line of march by these passing charges against Chatham, and by others, growing feebler as he got along, the unknown writer directed all his fierceness against his real objects—the King and his Ministers. The business of government had fallen by degrees into the hands of the King's friends. Chatham was still in the cabinet, but a mere cipher. At last, towards the close of 1768, the Privy Seal, in consequence of his absence, having been put in the hands of three inferior persons as commissioners, his Lordship flung it away in disgust. He sent it back by Lord Camden, instead of surrendering it with the etiquette practised on such occasions. This was three days before the 48th miscellaneous letter, in which he satirizes the cabinet, all round, passing over Chatham with: "Of the Earl of Chatham I had much to say; but it were inhuman to persecute, when Providence has marked out the example to mankind." How admirably this suggestion of the Earl's disease and imbecility saves abuse and serves the purpose of the concealed writer! His soul being thus liberated, as it were, he prepared, at the ripe age of sixty-one, for "the forlorn hope," and the more terible assault on his enemies which they should not soon forget, and the country would always remember.

We think it perfectly conclusive that Junius was a man of high station; the lion is recognized by his foot-prints. He seems to have played a predominating part on the stage of politics and statesmanship—to have a personal interest in all that the Letters refer to, such as could belong to no mere literary Swiss, writing in the pay of a patron or a party. He talks to and of the greatest men of England, as to and of those whom he had met upon the level and confronted in the debates of the day. There is an air of sustained superiority about him which seems innate and instinctive; and his famous letter to the King shows him to have been one who was no stranger to the person and conversation of George the Third—one in whose presence royalty would feel or had felt itself impaired; in fine, *aut diabolus aut Gulielmus Pitt.*

In Almon's anecdotes of Lord Chatham will be found a vast number of passages occurring in his Lordship's speeches similar to others which we find in Junius. His Lordship, in his great speech of January 9th, 1770, in the House of Lords, said: "I revere the prerogative of the Crown, and would contend for it as warmly as for the rights of the people. They are linked together and naturally support each other. I would not touch a feather of the prerogative. The expression, perhaps, is too light; but since I have made use of it, let me add that the entire command and power of directing the local disposition of the army is the royal prerogative—the master-feather in the eagle's wing; and if I were permitted to carry the allusion a little farther, I should say they have disarmed the imperial bird—the *ministrum fulminis alitem.* The army is the thunder of the Crown; the Ministry have tied up the hand which should direct the bolt."

Junius says: "Private credit is wealth; public honor is security. The feather that adorns the royal bird supports his flight; strip him of his plumage, and you fix him to the earth."

Chatham (of the American disturbances).—They ought to be treated with tenderness, "for they were ebullitions of liberty which broke out upon the skin, and were a sign, if not of a perfect, at least a vigorous constitution, and must not be driven in too suddenly, lest they should strike to the heart."

Junius.—No man regards an eruption on the surface when the noble parts are invaded, and he feels a mortification approaching the heart.

Chatham.—The Americans had purchased their liberty at a dear rate, since they had quitted their country and gone in search of freedom to a desert.

Junius says, "They left their native land in search of freedom, and found her in a desert."

Chatham.—It was therefore the higher intent and duty of the peers to watch over and guard the people; for when the people had lost their rights, the peerage would soon become insignificant. Dr. Robertson, in his Life of Charles V., informs us that the peers of Castile were so far cajoled and seduced by him as to join him in overturning that part of the Cortes which represented the people.

Junius (on the same subject).—Without insisting on the extravagant concessions made to Henry VIII., there are instances in the history of other countries of a formal and deliberate surrender of public liberty into the hands of the sovereign.

Chatham.—Let us be cautious how we invade the liberties of our fellow-subjects. The man who has lost his own freedom becomes, from that moment, an instrument in the hands of an ambitious prince to destroy the freedom of others.

Junius.—We can never be in real danger until the forms of Parliament are made use of to destroy the substance of our civil and religious liberties—until Parliament itself betrays its trust by contributing to establish new principles of government, and employing the very weapons committed to it by the collective body to stab the Constitution.

Chatham.—It were better for the people to perish in a glorious contention for their rights, than to purchase a slavish tranquillity at the expense of a single iota of these rights.

Junius (to the King).—I confess, sir, I should be content to renounce the form of the Constitution once more, if there were no other way to obtain substantial justice.

Chatham (of Mansfield).—No man is better acquainted with his abilities and learning than I am, nor has a greater respect for them than I have.

Junius (to the same).—When I acknowledge your talents, you may believe I am sincere. I feel for human nature when I see a man so gifted as you are descend to such vile practices.

Chatham (of the Commons, in Wilkes's case).—I affirm they have betrayed their constituents and violated the Constitution.

Junius.—Let the people determine by their conduct at a future election whether or no it be in reality the general sense of the nation that their rights have been arbitrarily invaded by the present House of Commons, and the Constitution betrayed.

A crowd of other parallel passages, concerning Wilkes and the Parliament, may be found by the curious.

Chatham.—If the English freeholders desert their own cause, they deserve to be slaves. My Lords, this is not the cold opinion of my understanding, but the glowing expression of what I feel. It is my heart that speaks; I know I speak warmly.

Junius.—The formality of a well-repeated lesson is widely different from the animated expression of the heart. Forgive this passionate language. I am unable to conceal it; it is the language of my heart.

Chatham (of Wilkes).—In his person, though he were the worst of men, I contend for the safety and security of the best.

Junius.—But let Mr. Wilkes's character be what it may, this is at least certain, that circumstanced as he is, with regard to the public, even his vices plead for him.

Chatham.—His Majesty will determine whether he will yield to the united petitions of the people of England, or maintain the House of Commons in the exercise of a legislative power which heretofore abolished the House of Lords and overturned the monarchy.

Junius.—Though perhaps not with the same motive, they, the Parliament, have strictly followed the example of the Long Parliament, which first declared the regal office useless, and soon after, with little ceremony, dissolved the House of Lords. The same pretended power which robs an English subject of his birthright may rob an English King of his crown.

Chatham (in the speech of 22d January, on Lord Rockingham's motion).—Rather than the nation should surrender their birthright to a despotic Minister, he hoped, old as he was, to see the question brought to issue and fairly tried between the people and the Government.

Junius.—Every measure of Government opens ample field for parliamentary disquisition. If this resource should fail, our next appeal must be made to Heaven.

Chatham.—Magna Charta, the Petition of Rights, the Bill of Rights, form that code which I call the Bible of the English Constitution.

Junius.—The civil constitution too, that legal liberty, that general creed which every Englishman professes, may still be supported, though Wilkes, Horne, Townsend, Sawbridge should obstinately refuse to communicate; and even if the fathers of the Church, if Saville, Richmond, Camden, Rockingham and (set down the *last!*) Chatham should disagree in the ceremonies of their political worship, and even in the interpretation of twenty texts in Magna Charta.

Chatham.—The boroughs of the country have been properly enough called the rotten parts of the Constitution. Like the infirmities of the body, we must submit to carry them about with us. The limb is mortified; but the amputation might be death.

Junius.—As to cutting away the rotten boroughs, I am as much offended as any man at seeing so many of them under the direct influence of the Crown. Yet I honestly confess to you, that I am startled at the idea of so extensive an amputation.

These and a number of other parallel passages have been relied upon by Mr. Taylor to prove that Sir Philip Francis was the author of the Letters; because the latter reported the speeches of Chatham in the House of Lords. But, as Lord Coningsby said in 1715, when Sir Robert Walpole had accused Lord Bolingbroke of high treason—"the honorable gentleman accuses the scholar, I the master; he impeaches the hand, I the head,"—so we turn from the young stenographer to attack the mighty master of British statesmanship—from the cunning hand to the noble head. Nothing like Pitt's oratory can be found in England but the Letters of Junius. Both are very much attached to the plain, powerful idioms of the nation. Chatham had an unerring sense of the fine effect of a vernacular manner. Idiomatic phraseology is usually connected with those efforts of eloquence which are liked and remembered best; and the impassioned earnestness of William Pitt stood in need of the racy vulgate of England. Whenever his blood gets up, he speaks in the barest and plainest figures of common speech. It is the same with Junius, who loves the homeliness of phrase which carries a man's meaning soonest to a popular aim. That tendency to metaphors and resemblances, so common to both, shows a likeness which, we think, cannot be mistaken.

When Junius's Letters were first published, Lord Chatham was certainly suspected. Camden, Temple, and George Grenville knew the secret—perhaps Woodfall did, also. It is impossible to think Burke did not suspect of whom he was speaking, when he thought an anonymous writer for the *Public Advertiser* worthy of an emblazonment in the House of Commons, such as is conveyed in the following very Irish mob of metaphors: "How came this Junius to have broken through the cobwebs of the law, and to rage uncontrolled, unpunished through the land? The myrmidons of the Court have been long and are still pursuing him in vain. They will not spend their time upon me, or you, or you. No, they disdain such vermin when the mighty boar of the forest that has broken through all their toils is before them. But what will all their efforts avail? No sooner has he wounded one, than he lays another down dead at his feet. For my part, when I saw his attack upon the King, I own my blood ran cold. I thought he had ventured too far, and there was an end to his triumphs. But while I expected in his daring flight his final ruin and fall, behold him rising still higher, and coming down souse upon both houses of Parliament. Yes, he did make you his quarry, and you still bleed from the wounds of his talons. In short, after carrying our royal eagle in his pounces and dashing him against a rock, he laid you prostrate. King, Lords and Commons are but the sport of his fury." Horne Tooke also shows that he suspects who Junius is. He says: "The darkness in which Junius thinks himself shrouded has not concealed him. Because Lord Chatham has been ill-treated by the King and treacherously betrayed by the Duke of Grafton, the latter is the pillow on which Junius will rest his resentments, and the public are to oppose the measures of Government from mere motives of hostility to the sovereign!" This is almost laying his hand upon Chatham. It was in reply to it that Junius wrote the curious panegyric on Lord Chatham in his fifty-fourth letter. This eulogy has every appearance of a feint, and an uneasy desire to mislead those who came too near identifying him with the gouty old Earl. Like the first invective of Poplicola, this praise is *conditional.* He who was a black villain and deserved the gibbet, *conditionally*, is a man around whose monument recorded honors shall gather, *conditionally!* It will be safely concluded that the man who could write as Junius did in 1771 of Lord Chatham, could not be very sincere in his denunciations of him in 1767; and that Junius was, at first, desirous of making a false impression for purposes of secrecy and safety. Junius is singularly and suspiciously inconsistent as regards Chatham and Camden. This "apostate lawyer" (Pitt's lifelong friend, and the executor of his will) receives a cordial recognition of his greatness and goodness in Junius's last letter. The irreverent Wilkes seems to look with reverence upon the veiled *eidolon.* He says, in reply to a private letter from Junius in 1771: "I do not mean, sir, to indulge the impertinent curiosity of finding out the most important secret of our times—the author of Junius. I will not attempt with profane hands to tear the veil from the sanctuary. I am disposed with the inhabitants of Attica to erect an altar to the unknown God o our political idolatry, and will be content to worship him in clouds and darkness." In another letter he says: "After the first letter of Junius to me, I did not go to Woodfall to pry into a secret I had no right to know. The letter itself bore the stamp of Jove." As regards Woodfall, we see that he also approaches his correspondent with the profoundest respect. The sagacity of these men could not be completely baffled in a case like this; and we hold that, like the man betraying the stag to the hunters in Æsop, though they do not speak, they point truly in the direction of Junius.

Having considered the salient features of the likeness we perceive, we would mention a few apparent objections against it. It is thought Junius must have been somebody in the War Office, because his knowledge of military men and matters is so remarkably minute. But Chatham, who during his own ministry disposed of armaments like figures on a chess-board, and organized victory from his arm-chair, (while Carnot was yet in his first petticoats,) knew the business of the War Office almost as well as the best clerk in it, and could easily learn the current history of it from Francis and others who were bound to him for favors conferred. Junius's assaults on Lord Hillsborough were provoked by the dismissal of Chatham's friend, General Amherst, from his government of Virginia, to give it to Lord Botetourt. Those on Lord Barrington, Secretary of War, are accounted for principally by the fact that Legge, Pitt's Chancellor of the Exchequer, was turned out to make room for him, on the accession of George the Third. The general military policy of government, which had counteracted his own and displaced many of his friends, would naturally urge Pitt to denounce the mistakes and abuses of the War Department.

Again, the idea of Lord Chatham seems, at first glance, at variance with Junius's interest in the politics and civic doings of the metropolis. But that is a mistake. Whiggery and William Pitt could always boast a strong fortress and defense in London; the citizens of which held the latter in high honor, and gave him several tokens of it—one of these being a bridge dedicated to his name and glory, in a document that lies in copperplate at the bottom of the Thames, under what was intended to be Pitt's Bridge, and is now Blackfriar's. And it must be remembered, that to the remonstrance of the city of London, backed by Wilkes, Tooke, Sawbridge and the rest, Chatham looked with solicitude for aid in overthrowing the Tory Ministry in 1770, and reinstating Whiggism in triumph. The disappointment of Junius at the failure of this and other schemes is irritably expressed in his last note to Woodfall.

It has been said that Chatham and Junius differed with respect to the treatment of the American colonists. But it is plain they only seemed to differ as much as was necessary to keep up the deception and to carry out the desire of Junius, so palpable in all his letters, to be taken for Grenville—to lead the curiosity of the world in the direction of the Grenvilles. Junius, in the first letter, Poplicola's, denounced Chatham for encouraging the recusant Americans; yet afterwards he admits (in the first of the Junius series) that the question of taxation had been revived, which should have been "buried in oblivion." And again in 1771, he says he considers the right of taxing the colonies by an act of the British Legislature, a speculative right merely, "never to be exerted, and never to be renounced." These opinions of Junius seem vacillating or insincere, seeing he had denounced Chatham for something similar. Chatham, too, seemed to hold undecided opinions on the matter. He was at first disposed, with George Grenville, to tax the Americans, if they would quietly permit it. As they would not, he opposed taxation. He next "rejoiced that America had resisted;" and ultimately breathed his last in an effort to hinder the independence of the colonies. An average of Chatham's and Junius's American opinions, respectively, reads alike; showing that the early invectives of the latter on this subject, directed against the Earl, are palpably hollow.

We have already spoken of Chatham's hatred of Bedford. He hated Grafton for his desertion and ingratitude. The Duke had been a worshipper of the Earl, under whom he said he would serve in any capacity;

> "Been his sworn soldier, bidding him depend
> Upon his stars, his fortune, and his strength;"

but, in 1767, had fallen over to Bute and the court foes of the name of Pitt. "If the Duke of Grafton," says Mr. Heron, "had remained faithful to the Earl of Chatham, and scorned all political alliance with the Bedfords as with the King's friends, the union of Pitt and Grenville, the Newcastle and Rockingham Whigs, would have been triumphant, and the King would have surrendered the government to them on their own conditions." Grafton's defection was a grievous disaster; and grievously did Junius avenge it. Chatham's dislike of the King is very intelligible. George entertained a hereditary aversion from William Pitt. The latter, in effect, said in the House of Lords in 1770, that the King *had duped him;* whereupon Grafton started up with, "I rise to defend the King!" Wilkes, who suspected to whom he wrote, tells Junius in one of his letters, "The Earl of Chatham told me ten years ago, that [the King] was the falsest hypocrite in Europe." The haughty Earl had sufficient motive to hold in scorn the ignorance, bigotry, and hypocrisy of George the Third; and Junius has interpreted the feeling in a personal manner, which is not to be mistaken. Chatham detested Mansfield as the most subtle, constant, and powerful of his Tory opponents. The estate which Sir W. Pynsent left to William Pitt was litigated, and Lord Mansfield favored the claims of the Pynsent family, against the great Commoner. And such a circumstance as this would naturally embitter the hostility felt by the Earl towards Mansfield, on account of their great political differences.

As regards the conveyancing part of this mystery, Lord Chatham's wealth gave him ample means to insure the safe transit of the correspondence with Woodfall. Money conquers the mightiest difficulties. Furthermore, and accounting almost conclusively for the successful concealment of this extraordinary business, he had amanuenses, at least an amanuensis, in his own household. His wife was sister of Richard, Earl Temple, and George Grenville, a woman of talent and accomplishments. The Rev. Mr. Thackeray, biographer of Lord Chatham, says: "She possessed a very powerful understanding, combined with great feminine delicacy. The ease and spirit with which her ladyship wrote, rendered her letters very delightful to her friends, and enabled her to assist Lord Chatham during his attendance in Parliament or his attacks of the gout, in answering many of his correspondents." Chatham's sister, Mrs. Anne Pitt, a spinster, was just such a woman as her brother was a man. Bolingbroke used to call her Divinity Pitt, naming her brother Sublimity Pitt; and Horace Walpole said she and William were as much alike "as two drops of fire." With such an amanuensis as his wife, and perhaps, occasionally, his sister, the writing, copying, and transmitting his letters would not be the difficult matter which a man differently situated would have found it. And we perceive how the chances of discovery would be excluded by such means. Lady Chatham's feigned hand may well baffle the critical sagacity of all who tried to trace it home. All they could make out was that the writing was like the hand used by ladies at the beginning of the century, with one exception. The letter to the King seemed to have been traced heavily with a pen over pencilled letters. Wilkes said Junius's usual hand resembled that of Lady Chatham's mother, which he had seen. While the character and abilities of his wife enabled Junius to say, with something near enough perhaps to the truth, under the circumstances, "I am the sole depository of my secret," the accuracy and minuteness of his information of the doings at the palace would cease to be surprising, seeing that Mrs. Anne Pitt was Privy Purse to the King's mother, and as much the centre of English court gossip as Madame Dudevant was of the French. The assurance to Woodfall in 1771 that the Princess Dowager was in the habit of "suckling toads from morning till night" for the cure of a cancer in the breast; that "our gracious sovereign is as callous as a stockfish to every thing but the reproach of cowardice; this alone is able to set the humors afloat, and after a paper of that kind he won't eat meat for a week;" that the King used to live on potatoes only for several days; the statement that the Duke of Bedford had rated him in the closet and "left him in convulsions;" the quick notice taken of Garrick's communication to Mr. Ramus, at Richmond palace, (Peter Pindar's "Billy Ramus,") that Junius would write no more; all these things are naturally accounted for by the residence of Mrs. Anne Pitt in the heart of the royal household. Apropos of David Garrick, the bitter letter which Junius wrote to him shows how much the concealed writer feared his prying inquiries. Chatham would greatly dread the curiosity of this eminent player, seeing that the latter was once on very intimate terms with himself and his family, and would be very likely to make a shrewd guess at the handwriting. He might have recognized Lady Chatham's: he certainly knew his Lordship's; for, several years previously, when Garrick was on a visit to Mount Edgecombe, overlooking Plymouth harbor and the sea, William Pitt wrote to him an invitation to his own place, in some verses which may read curiously in the present connection:—

"Leave, Garrick, the rich landscape, proudly gay,
Docks, forts and navies, brightening all the bay;
To my plain roof repair, primeval seat;
Yet there no wonder thy quick eye can meet,
Save should you deem it wonderful to find
Ambition cured and an unpassioned mind.
A statesman without power and without gall,
Hating no courtiers, happier than them all;
Bowed to no yoke, nor crouching for applause,
Votary alone of freedom and the laws.

* * * * *

Come, then, immortal spirit of the stage,
Great Nature's proxy, glass of every age," &c.

Very different all this from "Now, mark me, vagabond!" But this quotation exhibits the versatility of Pitt's pen. If he had not been a great statesman, he would have been a great literary man.

To return to Junius's court information. What an idea does it not give of the amazing audacity which we assume to have been Chatham's, in laying about him so desperately on the highest people in the realm, with whom he and his family were in the habit of mingling in the daily intercourse of society! He might very well say: "I should not survive a discovery three days." Junius in the Cabinet! and Junius, by proxy, in the Palace! The idea certainly carries a fascination along with it; and we do not wonder the veiled assaulter of King, Lords and Commons should employ every effort of power and ingenuity to carry his secret to the gave with him. None but a man in the predicament of Chatham would have taken such a world of pains to remain hidden. To a secretary or any other hireling, what would discovery signify? What would it signify to Sir Philip Francis? Celebrity; an imperishable name. To Chatham it signified odium which would weigh down the honor or prosperity of his house; deprive his family of their pension; hinder the fortunes of the future Prime Minister—the future Commander-in-Chief; tarnish the dignity of his fame with the unworthy stains of truculent passion. As for the renown—he could do without it; his column was high enough already. What would build up an enduring name for any other man, Chatham flung by. No small man would ever have done this. The pride of assuming such an authorship must have been balanced by powerful considerations, such as we assert could belong to none but a man of lofty mark and likelihood.

As for Sir Philip Francis, the idea that considerations of the kind could belong to him is absurd. He did his best to look like Junius, we are convinced. We perceive this pretension in a hundred passages and traces. In his paper on the Regency published in 1811, he employs the words spoken by Chatham (in a speech of 1770) as an epigraph: "There is one ambition at least which I will not renounce, but with my life. It is the ambition of delivering to my posterity those rights of freedom which I have derived from my ancestors." Sir Philip then says: "After the noble speaker of these words, no man has so good a right to make use of them as I have." He wishes to make the world think that when he reported Chatham's speech, he made him a present of some of the sentiments—which is also found in *Junius.* The mere reporting the speech could scarcely give him any *right* to it. In another place he says Chatham made a certain assertion, or, "*it is recorded for him.*" A wish to confound himself with Junius is palpable in Sir Philip. His imitations of Junius's phrases or his plagiarisms are very striking in a multitude of passages from his pamphlets and speeches. It is not worth while to dwell on these; no amount of them could ever make Francis the real *Nominis Umbra.* There is another view of Sir Philip's feeble likenesses which strikes us. Even putting any design on his part out of the question, it may not be improbable that the peculiar shape of his sentences, the tone of his sentiments, and the character of his figures are owing to a *bona fide* sympathy with Junius, whose identity we believe he suspected, if he did not know it. Francis seems to have formed his style on that of him whose Latin secretary he was, who, he says, fascinated his young enthusiasm by his imposing qualities, and to whom he professed himself under an endless weight of gratitude. And, indeed, perhaps Sir Philip, seeing the wish of Lord Chatham to remain for ever unknown, may have thought he could show that gratitude in no better way than by helping a deception which should bring suspicion to his own door, and away from the right one! We sometimes think there may have been some understanding, by which the young man, for some powerful considerations of emolument, as well as friendship, was bound to discourage the truth by every means in his power. However this may be, we find that Sir Philip's resemblances to Junius cannot be admitted as any valid proof. A few facts as unshakable as pyramids settle that question.

Mr. Wade, in the edition of Junius referred to in the beginning of this article, takes up Taylor's hypothesis and attempts to corroborate it. He argues for Sir Philip through a series of what must be considered very lame and impotent conclusions. But one thing is very remarkable both in Taylor's and Wade's views of the case: they bring Chatham into the foreground; they cannot get on without him—a fact full of suggestion. The grave and gouty figure is always "to the fore." Mr. Taylor believes Junius reported Chatham's speeches, and Mr. Wade believes Junius received most of his Parliament, Court, and Club news from Lord Chatham, also from Lord Holland. He also thinks that Lord Chatham only became intimate with this terrible young man of twenty-seven or twenty-eight after his letters had made him popularly known; but that thereafter his Lordship contributed to them and encouraged them; so that Chatham must be considered as only a piece of Junius! With reference to his Lordship's speeches, known to be reported by Francis in 1770, Mr. Wade says: "It is not improbable that Francis composed these speeches for Lord Chatham: he certainly composed many of his Lordship's speeches!" Our readers are beginning now to understand the value of Mr. Wade's disquisition to the new edition of Junius. He states, in support of his assertion, that, in a copy of Belsham's History of Great Britain which belonged to Sir Philip Francis, he (Sir Philip) had made the following manuscript note: "I wrote this speech for Lord Mansfield, as well as all those of Lord Chatham on the Middlesex Election." Surely the word *wrote* means *reported.* To show that Francis could employ himself in making speeches for Lord Mansfield is not the happiest mode of proving Sir Philip to have been Junius. Mr. Wade supposes that Junius, as Lord Chatham's auxiliary, tried along with him to pull down the Grafton Ministry; and he adopts a very clumsy explanation to account for the coincidences between Chatham and Junius. He says Mr. Calcraft, the army agent, usually sent information of all sorts from London to Lord Chatham at Hayes; and he tries to show by very desperate inference, that young Francis the auxiliary communicated with Calcraft, and, through him, with Chatham. It would have been much easier for the young man to go to Hayes in a post-chaise and do his business directly! Mr. Wade quotes Justice Hardinge to show that Junius mentioned a matter known only to Chatham, Temple and Camden, and concludes it was Temple, as it *could not* be any body else, who betrayed the matter to the pages of Junius. A letter of the widowed Lady Francis to Lord Campbell is also quoted, in which she makes some very rambling and contradictory statements, saying in the first place, that Sir Philip never said he was Junius, and yet going on to state, (as if the thing was an admitted matter of course,) that in *his* (Francis's) controversy with Sir William Draper, "a new and powerful ally came to his assistance," meaning by the latter, William Pitt, Earl of Chatham! Whatever may be thought of Mr. Wade and his witnesses, it is plain Lord Chatham stands very much in the midst of them; his great shadow is always crossing the net-work of their hypotheses and explanations. Lady Francis is sure her husband was Junius, because he gave her, on her marriage, a copy of Junius's Letters, and was always interested in every thing that concerned them.

Mr. Wade admits, not being able to help it, that the object of Junius was the replacing of Chatham at the head of the government; and that the mighty juvenile ceased his letters because the cause was "given up," and Lord North came into power. He also argues that Francis was known to be Junius by the King, Lord North, and the government! who gave him a place in India worth ten thousand a year, to be rid of him. But he says Francis had no understanding with the Court that he should be silent in return for the place. No; he took it like a virtuous Roman, as his due, for other considerations. Now it must strike every body as very curious that Francis never thought of telling his wife what he communicated to the King, Lord North, and the government. Poor Lady Francis would give any thing to be able to state the fact, yet she cannot say, and she says all she can, that her husband ever confided the secret in any way to her. Mr. Wade's elucidation of Junius is wonderfully unique. With reference to the pretension urged for Chatham, he says decisively, that this nobleman, "though most effective in oratory, was careless in literary composition, inexact, loose and repetitionary." It is well known that all great orators have been, and are, in the habit of writing their speeches, or the salient and telling points of them, before speaking them. It is also known that at college Pitt was in the habit of translating the orations of Thucydides and Cicero, with the most sedulous attention. Besides this, the general truth lies the other way. A man's written compositions are usually closer and more correct than his spoken eloquence. Pitt always thought earnestly and forcibly, and his speeches are well-knit and full of close argument. Such a man could not write inexactly and loosely.

Mr. Wade speaks much of the Chatham correspondence recently published by the grandsons of the great Earl. It is by means of this correspondence that the attempt is made to connect young Francis, or Junius, with Chatham, by means of Calcraft. The family of Chatham would dread nothing so much as the identification of the truculent

Junius with their founder, their *decus et tutamen.* They would do every thing to hinder it. This correspondence contains two letters purporting to be *from* Junius to Chatham! But they are eminently suspicious, if not forgeries; just such things as Chatham himself, or his descendants, planning an eternal concealment, would provide. They weigh less than a feather, such as they are, against the massive proofs that lie in the other scale. To explain the fact that Francis, who, he asserts, loved and respected Chatham, abuses the Earl under the signatures "Poplicola," "Anti-Sejanus," &c., in the first series of the Letters, Mr. Wade courageously abolishes as many as tell against him; he calls them spurious, with the decision of Alexander cutting the Gordian difficulty. All Mr. Wade's arguments have only the effect of bringing Chatham more suggestively forward. Unable to ignore the palpable likeness between Junius and Chatham, he still argues for Sir Philip, saying that the Earl had given him (Sir Philip) the first impression of greatness by his noble eloquence and the lofty independence of his character. He stoutly contends that this undeniable similarity was filtered through young Francis into Junius; he does not believe in a direct transmission. He admits that Francis shows himself inferior to Junius in every thing but the Letters. He says, "With the fire of a Chatham in his bosom to electrify the senate, and with the acumen, knowledge of human nature, and mastery of language of a Hume, a Robertson, and a Gibbon, to adorn and invigorate history, Sir Philip Francis was destined to leave, as his avowed productions, only a pile of well-nigh forgotten speeches, protests, pamphlets, manuscript notes on book-margins, and fugitive verses." But he gets over this obstacle; he swallows the chokepear thus: "I reply that Francis was unquestionably a person of precocious gifts." He flowered too soon; he faded prematurely, harassed and worn out by the stern duties of his lucrative place in India! *Jam satis est.* We shall not follow Mr. Wade any longer.

We hold up our hands and bless critical Wade; but we cannot put the slightest faith in his conclusions. He has left Francis as he was, a young man of twenty-seven, when Poplicola's powerful letter, breathing of the matured and masterly Junius in every sentence, opened the five years' war against the Tories, with that sounding, simulated assault upon the Earl of Chatham.

There seems to be but two competitors now left upon this stage, Sir Philip Francis and the Earl of Chatham; and posterity will have to make its decision between the young clerk in the War Office, and the Titan of English statesmanship and politics. Those who object against Lord Chatham for Junius's appearance of early hostility toward that nobleman, must be incapable of understanding how a mind fertile in resources could carry on such a deception. They allow Junius wonderful powers of many sorts; but they do not allow him the power of managing his mystery. Whereas, Chatham, like Ulysses, had a subtle, close-contriving intellect; and the ability of Junius is as plainly seen in the strategy which has left the world so long in the dark, as in the literary merit of the Letters themselves. All minor objections must go for nothing in this question; such as that *he did not know George Grenville,* &c. It is too great a fault with those looking for Junius to accept implicitly what that shrewd masquer says. That is a stupid mode of coping with any one so cunning of fence. A man once ran, with his neighbors, to drag the river for his drowned wife; they searched down along the stream, but he who knew the dear departed better, went to look for her the other way, *against* it, and found her, they say, in a strong eddy. In the same manner, if we would come at Junius, we must go against the drift of many of his sayings and sentiments.

We think there appears on the face of this controversy an evident reluctance of English writers to recognize Junius in Lord Chatham. Woodfall, who certainly suspected the truth, if he did not know it, seems willing to lead us away from the Earl. Robert Heron in 1801 set the curious to run after Dunning. Taylor and Wade, though the stern apparition of Chatham stands in their path, turn aside to young Francis. In the Chatham correspondence any recognition of the Earl is discountenanced, which perhaps is only natural to expect from his grandsons. The general idea of Lord Chatham, a name synonymous with every thing great and venerable, would naturally be opposed to the belief that he was Junius; and it is difficult to argue away those convictions that come without any argument at all. Dr. Waterhouse, our countryman, was the first who put forward Lord Chatham in a proper manner. Mr. Swinden, in England, rather offered a mild suggestion than stated what he believed to be a truth, and others also had their suspicions. But a Yankee was the first to "speak out loud and bold," like a staunch beagle who finds himself upon a strong scent.

The writer of Junius went to the grave, hoping and believing he should never be discovered; and his family, for the strongest reasons, have obliterated, and will do all in their power to obliterate, every trace which could bring that charge home to him. There are certainly no letters, nor any other token left to indicate him, save the printed epistles. He will remain a mystery for ever, if the evidences of these will not discover him. These, in our opinion, are not equivocal. They point to Lord Chatham, the only man who could write Junius's Letters — the only man who had the motives to write them. The solid weight of proof is all on his side; the quillets and quiddities of special pleading, some of them imposing enough, belong to Francis and the rest. It now remains to be seen whether the real *Nominis Umbra* can be thought able to appropriate the boast of Isis, in the temple at Sais, that no mortal had lifted her veil. But the semi-recognized truth seems to be, that the portrait of Junius, done by an American artist, is to be seen, full in the middle of a great historic painting, now hanging upon the walls of the British House of Lords. W. D.

Chelsea, Mass.

JUNE.

Tom Carlyle, in some Anglico-Teutonic
 Book, says the gift for which most often *he* longs
Is one to make him dumb or most laconic,
 Called (*Gallicè*) *un talent pour le silence.*
Mere twaddle, Tom; when Nature now has tricked her
 Fair form in flowers, the thoughts are out of tune,
Which, moping over Mirabeau or Richter,
 Are silent in this merry month of June.

The birds refute you: every feathered chorister
 Is singing to the world a gay Evangel,
And showing us all Nature, with new fire astir,
 Since God sent down his joyous Summer Angel:
The flow'rs have truths too deep for a Philosopher
 Whose Wisdomship will neither dance nor sing,
Nor learn the laughing mood in which to cross over
 The bridge which joins the Summer to the Spring.

Ye Canters of the cant of Kant and Fichte, all
 Grim Teufeldröcksh, go listen to that stream:
Does not its voice of blasphemy convict ye all—
 The voice of Seraphs singing in a dream?
Open your Schiller, Tieck, Wieland, Göthe, men,
 And read in them the lesson of the Spring:
Your mystic Sumphs may prate of silence, *but* the men
 Of Poet hearts prefer to laugh and sing.

Sing then, my friends, to welcome home the June comer,
 The month of glowing days and starry nights;
Enjoy its early hours of bliss, for soon Summer
 Will parch the current of its fresh delights;
Sing then; and leave unseen the grim knicknackery
 Of German systems and prosaic rules;
Yes, talk and laugh and quaff, and shun the quackery
 Which only suits the Winter-hours of fools.

J. B.

PHILOSOPHICAL CHIT-CHAT.

The study of even inexplicable problems is by no means altogether useless, if they exert the effect of sharpening the critical faculties. The reasoning employed is generally inconclusive; the evidence is apt to be unsatisfactory or insufficient; yet the powers of the mind are braced by the exercise of ingenuity, of patient thought, of careful analysis. Mental activity, the habit of cautious investigation, self-knowledge, and candor, ought to result from these pursuits.

It is well to ascertain the fruits of human inquiry, to know the unknowable, to speak after the German fashion, or as Locke has happily stated this position: "When we know our own strength, we shall the better know what to undertake with hopes of success; and when we shall have well surveyed the powers of our own minds, and made some estimate what we may expect from them, we shall not be inclined either to sit still and not set our thoughts on work at all, in despair of knowing any thing, or on the other side question and disclaim all knowledge, because some things are not to be understood. *It is of great use to the sailor to know the length of his line, though he cannot with it fathom all the depths of the ocean.*"

On some of the most important of these topics, (considered as *speculative dogmas*,) the proper state of mind appears to be that of philosophic doubt. Indifference promotes clearness; a clear thinker can distinctly express his doubts; liberal views beget a tolerant temper in others, and imply the possession of it in the theorist.

Beattie, himself a writer on these subjects and a Professor of Moral Philosophy, expressly admits, "All the practical, and most of the speculative parts of moral science have been frequently and fully explained by the ablest authors." In any thirty or forty volumes of ethical discussion, you will find here a new term, there a novel illustration; for the most part, a constant recurrence to admitted principles and facts, varied in their applications to life and conduct to be sure, but essentially the same.

Two or three of the ablest works of this class, with an accurate and succinct historical survey of the doctrines and characters of the leading philosophers, will be of more real service to the honest student than a small library read and collated after the old fashions. Most of these works, as Bacon advises, may be merely "tasted," (read in part or hastily,) others *by deputy*, (in reviews, commentaries, critical dictionaries,) and a very few thoroughly studied—the master minds, as infrequent here as in every department.

Of the great mass of ethical and metaphysical writers, the style is extremely poor, mean, bald, and tedious. They seek to be so distinct, and are so copious, as to become tiresome, and that too in the discussion of conceded truths. They reverse the self-censure of Horace on his concise obscurity, and overwhelm a few commonplace ideas in a *copia verborum*. But this waste of the syllogism is as great an error as a matter of taste as the most verbose declamation. Diffuse logic is even worse than diffuse rhetoric, as well as inimical to the very spirit of reasoning. Rhetoric admits copiousness; logic is close; beauty is strength here, as well the essence of wisdom as of wit.

After the piles of controversial tracts, sermons, and philosophical treatises on the subjects of liberty, freedom of the will, moral necessity, &c., the sum of the matter, it appears, may be thus briefly stated. Moral necessity appears to be a fair logical inference from the premises, but freedom is safest to assume as a ground of practice; as a question, it is still open to the metaphysicians.

Philosophical necessity, practical freedom—to reconcile History and Providence, freedom of the will and the foreknowledge of Omniscience, (wholly a mystery,)—is logically impossible.

Systems are invariably one-sided and exclusive, exhibiting in general but a partial view of any question, and upon which an immoderate emphasis is laid. Truth lies between the extremes of opposite theories. Thus, men are both self-lovers and benevolent, selfishness and disinterestedness being both of them original instincts. It is untrue to predicate of either of these principles, that they alone govern society. The dignity of human nature is to be cherished, while we must confess that imperfection is germain to the constitution of man. We should endeavor to preserve what is good in human nature, endeavoring at the same time to elevate and purify it.

Extreme characters are unfair illustrations of any doctrine, as much so as any extravagant doctrine is of sound philosophy itself. A mere politician is no proper specimen of human nature, any more than a mere talking philanthropist.

In a letter of Archbishop Herring, (the only Archbishop we can at present remember, who was at the same time a pleasant and elegant prose writer,) to his friend Mrs. Duncombe, occurs the following admirable sentiment, and the justest criticism on the rational school of morality, *i. e.*, that which based the foundations of morality on reason, and at the head of which stood Dr. Samuel Clarke: "The reasonableness of virtue is its true foundation, and the Creator has formed our minds to such a quick perception of it, that it is in almost every occurrence of human life self-evident; but then I am for taking in every possible help to strengthen and support virtue, beauty, moral sense, affection, and even interest; and it seems to me as if the Creator had adapted various arguments to secure the practice of it to the various tempers of men, and the different solicitations which they meet with. And virtue thus secured and guarded may perhaps not unfitly be compared to those buildings of a Gothic taste, which, though they have a good foundation, are furnished, nevertheless, (against all accidents,) with many outward supports or buttresses, but so contrived and adjusted by the architect, that they do not detract from, but even add to the beauty and grandeur of the building."

The philosophical claims and literary character of Lord Shaftesbury, so impartially stated in the analytical review of Sir James Mackintosh, have been pretty closely scrutinized by former critics: both poets, Beattie and Gray. In Forbes's Life of Beattie we read this criticism: "Plato was one of the first who introduced the fashion of giving us fine words instead of good sense; *in this, as in his other faults, he has been successfully imitated by Lord Shaftesbury.*" Gray writes with equal severity: "You say you cannot conceive how Lord Shaftesbury came to be a philosopher in vogue. I will tell you: first, he was a Lord; secondly, he was as vain as any of his readers; thirdly, men are very prone to believe what they do not understand; fourthly, they will not believe any thing at all, provided they are under no obligation to believe it; fifthly, they love to take a new road, even when that road leads nowhere; sixthly, he was reckoned a fine writer, and seemed always to mean more than he said. Would you have any more reasons? An interval of above forty years has pretty well destroyed the charm. A dead Lord ranks with commoners; vanity is no longer interested in the matter, for a new road has become an old one."

If after such men we may presume to add our opinion, it is perfectly in harmony with theirs. The works of Lord Shaftsbury appear to us a refectory of ethical topics, in which too many points and questions are comprehended under single heads, by no means sufficiently distinct and separate, full of commonplace, dressed up affectedly in stale metaphors and the cast-off imagery of the Platonists. He is absurdly verbose and magniloquent. His egotism is awkward, his circumlocutions clumsy, his pleasantry pompous. His style is in general heavy and languid, the style of a nobleman turned metaphysician. He is truly a philosophical petit maitre, infected with the vilest pedantry and the French taste in criticism current in his day.

Gray's character of Aristotle appears to us even more just and better written than his portrait of Shaftesbury. As we have given Beattie's opinion of Plato, we may subjoin the following: "For my part, I read Aristotle, his poetics, politics, and morals, *though I do not well know which is which.* In the first place, he is the hardest author, by far, I ever meddled with. Then he has a *dry conciseness that makes one imagine one is perusing a table of contents rather than a book; it* *tastes for all the world like chopped hay, or rather like chopped logic;* for he has a violent affection to that art, being in some sense his own invention; so that he often loses himself in little trifling distinctions and verbal niceties; and what is worse, leaves you to extricate him as well as you can. Thirdly, he has suffered vastly from the transcribers, as all authors of great brevity necessarily must. Fourthly, and lastly, he has abundance of fine uncommon things, which make him well worth the pains he gives one."

We know Aristotle wholly from translation, to be sure, and hence cannot judge of him as of an English author; but we believe all of Gray's critique, save the last clause, which must overrate him. He is crabbed and unreadable to a wonderful degree, analytical to excess, harsh to austerity and baldness. As a mere writer, though he may be, at times, profoundly suggestive, yet the matter of his works may be far better studied in modern authors, who are greater masters of form. As a moralist and metaphysician, much of him may be in Hobbes and Locke, yet they are far more able in developing the thought. In rhetoric and æsthetical criticism a score of writers, Greek, Roman, English, and German, may be mentioned vastly superior. In the philosophy of politics, France, England, and the United States have produced disciples that have transcended their master's skill; and in natural history, France, Germany, England, and America, during the last fifty years have accumulated a mass of scientific information, probably far beyond all the resources of antiquity in the same department.

Speaking of the *medium of translation*, we offer the dictum of high authority on this subject—Dugald Stewart: "A very imperfect one, undoubtedly, where a judgment is to be passed on compositions addressed to the powers of imagination and taste; yet fully sufficient to enable us to form an estimate of works which treat of science and philosophy. On such subjects it may be safely concluded, that whatever is unfit to stand the test of a literal version, is not worth the trouble of being studied in the original."

In a single tract of Hobbes, of some ninety duodecimo pages, occur some of the most suggestive passages in modern philosophical treatises. We find here the original of many famous theories and systems, the authors of which avoid, as far as possible, any mention of Hobbes, unless to abuse him, so obnoxious is his name, and so much has his reputation suffered at the hands not of critics only, but of theological and political partisans. This tract was a favorite with Addison, and is highly praised by Dugald Stewart and Mackintosh; contains the very marrow of Hobbes' philosophy, as Hazlitt has clearly shown in his admirable Essay on the Writings of Hobbes. The life of Hobbes has been written by the antiquarian Aubrey. The English Aristotle was, at one time, secretary to Lord Bacon, and the philosophical idol of Cowley, who has penned a noble ode to his memory. Locke owes an immense debt to him; but so feeble is Fame, the latter philosopher is regarded as at the head of English metaphysics, while the earlier, his master, and an original thinker, as well as a masterly writer, is classed with atheists, paradoxical sophists, and sensualist worldlings. Errors, and grievous ones, are to be found in Hobbes, and of which we shall attempt no defense; still there is much truth, penetration into human motives and characters, force of style, independence and manliness in his Treatise of Human Nature—a body of philosophy in itself. At present we intend merely noting some remarkable coincidences of thought and expression between the elder writer and the others, generally his successors, though in some instances almost contemporaries.

"The consequences of our actions," says Hobbes, "are our counsellors by alternate succession in the mind."

In a noble, serious poem by Beaumont or Fletcher, the brother dramatists, we read:

> "Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
> The constant shadows that walk by us still."

"In dreams," Hobbes finely suggests, "*our thoughts appear like the stars between the flying clouds.*" Locke, in Book II. Chap. X. of his Essay, has hit upon a similar illustration. Speaking of the facility with which in most minds ideas fade in the memory, he concludes: "In all these cases, ideas in the mind quickly fade, and often vanish quite out of the understanding, leaving no more footsteps or remaining characters of themselves than *shadows do flying over fields of corn.*"

Hobbes has anticipated Gall and Spurzheim, where he writes, Chap. XI. of the

Treatise, "The Brain, the common organ of all the senses." Truly, the new thoughts come out of the old books, or as Dan Chaucer has declared:

> "Out of the olde fieldes, as men saithe,
> Cometh all this newe corne, fro yere to yere:
> And out of the olde bookes, in good faithe,
> Cometh all this newe science that men lere."

Rochefoucault's definition of Pity is almost identical with that given by Hobbes, who styles it, "Imagination, or fiction of future calamity to ourselves, proceeding from the sense of another man's calamity."

After making, as we thought, quite a discovery, we found Hazlitt had, long before, pointed out the whole thing. So most of the new revelations of modern criticism are merely "new-found old inventions," according to Butler. Chap. II. is an Essay on Idealism, a Berkleian speculation. Now, Hobbes died in 1679, Berkeley was born in 1684, and it is fair to infer the later philosopher *borrowed* from his predecessor. The sum of the doctrine is contained in the tenth and last paragraph: "And from hence, also, it followeth, that *whatsoever accidents or qualities our senses make us think there be in the world, they be not there, but are seeming apparitions only;* the things that are really in the world without us, are those *motives* by which these seemings are caused. And this is the great *deception of sense,* which also is to be *by sense corrected:* for, as sense telleth me when I see directly, *that the color seemeth to be in the object;* so, also, sense telleth me when I see by reflection, that color is not in the object."

We will conclude this discursive paper by quoting a common saying, that has passed into a proverb: "The worth of a thing is what it 'll bring," neatly framed into one of the most telling couplets of Hudibras. In Hobbes, we find it thus expressed: "So much worth is every thing, as a man will give for all it can do."

NILE NOTES OF A HOWADJI.*

From the days of Herodotus to those of the Howadji, every thing that related to the East, the country that the latter terms peculiarly the property of the imagination, has been seized upon and read with eagerness and avidity. Such an interest has always attached to the subject itself, that we have felt disposed to be more lenient with books that purported to be a record of Oriental travel, than with the continental tours with which we have been inundated for many years. But several works upon the East have been published of late, by writers who, adhering to the good old catholic doctrine of Dr. Blair, "that all that can be required of language is to convey our ideas clearly to the minds of others, and at the same time in such a dress, as by pleasing and interesting them, shall most effectually strengthen the impressions we endeavor to make," wrote with gracefulness and ease, with manliness and vigor, disdained all affectations, and were above playing tricks with the English language. We are of honest Dogberry's opinion, that "comparisons are odorous," but must say, that of the books we have referred to, we think Eöthen stands at the head. Those happy combinations of a fascinating subject and a fascinating style, have rendered us more fastidious than formerly with all Eastern travellers who turn authors; and we are now as much disposed to apply a severe test of criticism to descriptions of Thebes and Cairo, and sentimental lucubrations beside the pyramids or under the palms, as to any scenes in Italy, or ramblings on the Continent. The charm of the East, since we have seen the subject so skilfully and admirably treated, is no longer sufficient to compensate for blemishes of taste or diction, in the notes of the traveller. We ventured upon the perusal of the book, whose title stands at the head of this article, with expectations founded upon the excessive laudations of it that we saw in many of the daily journals, and regret to state that we have seldom closed a book, written by a person of so much genius, against which we had charges to make of a more serious nature. We have marked for reprehension in our copy of "Nile Notes" many inelegancies of expression, passages of false and twaddling sentiment, and violations of the rules of syntax and of good taste; all faults of great magnitude, and which we shall notice more particularly hereafter. But to our mind, the cardinal fault of the book, and the one that disfigures it more than any, perhaps than all, of the others, and upon which we shall bestow the most extended notice, is the affectation of alliterated sentences, with which almost every page is crowded; and after giving our readers a few specimens with which our author has favored us, we propose to make a few observations on what we have always considered to be one of the most ridiculous and puerile of literary follies that have been recorded, and which we think no power, certainly not that of the genius of the Howadji, can render again popular. But although the success of such an attempt would be as hopeless as deplorable, we do not, on that account, think the person making it less deserving of censure. On one page alone our author treats us with "two towels," "lickerous larder," "sharp stimulants," "most melancholy," "remote regions," "illness and inability," "landing at lonely," "provisions previously sent on shore for the purpose at an admirable advance," "grown grisly," "spectrally sliding," "story with sardonic smiles," "demoniac dragomen," "sang the slowest of slow songs."

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* Nile Notes of a Howadji. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

We cull a few more of these flowers of literature from some other pages. "Shines not the Syrian sun suddenly," "dirt and direful deformity," "dumb secrets are but soft shadows and shining lights," "sitting solemn saddening but successful," "trebly flies the Ibis while the sun sets," "dashed with dying light," "cultivate chimney corners and chuckle," "solid sin sticks steadfastly," "sharp surges of sound swept," "music still swelled savagely in maddened monotony of measure," "make or maintain an otherwise monotonous mass of misery," "sedately sail for stranger scenery," "seems it too seriously symbolical," "swallow-like follow the summer, and shuffle off the coil of care at Cairo," &c. &c. We might fill our pages, as the Howadji has done, with similar specimens, but deem the foregoing sufficient. We must, however, give the opening of the 21st chapter: "We departed at dawn. Before a gentle gale the Ibis fleetly flew in the star-light, serenaded by the Sallias;" and with this exquisite "morseau" we close our alliterated extracts.

All affectations in literature are offensive, and it is extremely painful to see an attempt made to revive practices in writing, that the purer taste of modern times has decided to be unsuitable to a chaste and natural style; and although the figure of words that consists in the repetition of the same letter or letters at certain intervals, and is termed in rhetoric alliteration, was indulged in occasionally by some of the oldest and best writers—chiefly in poetry however—it is regarded at the present day as a trivial and affected decoration of words, and an instance of false refinement, and cannot be tolerated except in a work of a humorous or burlesque nature. When any folly is indulged in to a great extent, the very extravagances into which it runs is the cause of its total abandonment. Such was the fate of alliteration, which was carried to such lengths that its absurdity became apparent to all, and it went out of favor with the public. Disraeli tells us of the "Ecloga de Calois," by Hugbold the Monk, all the words of which silly work began with a C; and also of a translation of the moral proverbs of Christiana of Pisa, made by the Earl of Rivers, in the time of Edward IV., the greater part of which he contrived to conclude with the letter E; an instance, he observes, of his lordship's hard application, and the bad taste of an age which Lord Oxford said had witticisms and whims to struggle with, as well as ignorance. Now every such instance is the "reductio ad absurdum" of such a practice. It is "from the purpose" of writing, and "though it make the unskilful laugh, yet it cannot but make the judicious grieve." It is a method of courting notoriety that seems more ridiculous to us than that of the incendiary of Ephesus, and we shall always express our dislike at such attempts. Every thing that attracts attention from the matter to the style should be discountenanced. We should not think of tolerating a writer of modern times, who indulged in that figure of words termed Antanaclasis, which consists in the repetition of words the same in sound, but not in sense. Instances of this, as well as of alliteration, occur in the writings of Cicero, who stands pre-eminent among elegant writers; but at the present day it is reckoned a defect, and not a beauty in style. Yet in the time of Henry II., this childish and unmeaning folly prevailed to such an extent, that no poem or prose-writing could be popular if it did not abound in instances of it.

Were it possible for such follies to be revived, we might expect to see verses again assume the grotesque shapes of pillars, bottles, lozenges, rhomboids, Cupids, hearts and altars, as in a former age. But we will not insult the public taste, by presuming for a moment such a thing possible.

Alliteration was conisdered to have a kind of natural connection with imitative harmony, and occurred most frequently where the sound was an echo to the sense; but our author, instead of attempting to revive it in its least objectionable shape, although in that sufficiently absurd, has plunged at once into extravagance, and forcibly brings in words without regard to their fitness, solely because the first letter or syllable is similar to that of the word that preceded or follows it. A puerile or senseless affectation, that cannot be animadverted upon with too much severity. We confess that we should have read his book with more pleasure, had he, after having selected a word that was appropriate, repeated it several times, or referred us in a note or otherwise to the letters in the Dictionary that the word commenced with for other words commencing with the same. Either of these two methods, we think, would have been superior to the one he has adopted, and with the latter we could have alliterated his sentences at our leisure, if we had any inclination to do so at all, without having it interfere with the perusal of his narrative.

We proceed now to notice some of the other faults that we alluded to in a former page, and to give a few of the most glaring instances. On the route to Boubek, see page 17, our author meets men with hog-skins slung over their backs full of water. This sight reminds him of the remark in Scripture, "Neither do ye put new wine into old bottles," and carries him back to the time when glass bottles were an unknown luxury. To express this he says, "I remembered the land and the time of putting wine into old bottles, and *was shoved back beyond glass.*" The incorrectness of the first part of this sentence is overshadowed by the inelegance of the last part, that we have italicized. Sacrifices of elegance are allowable, if thereby a greater force of expression is obtained; but in this case the Howadji has gained nothing in vigor, and is singularly inelegant. He has attempted to be quaint, and is only clumsy.

On page 58 we have the following: "We were in the dream of the death of the *deadest* land."

On page 253: "Yet he will have a *secreter* sympathy with those forms than with any temple, how grand or graceful soever."

Whose grammar does the Howadji use?

On page 66: "Over my head was the dreamy *murmurousness* of summer insects swarming in the warm air."

On page 134: "The sharp surges of sound swept around the room, dashing in regular measure against her *movelessness.*"

On page 173: "It lingers on the verge of the vortex, then *unpausing* plunges in."

On page 202: "Should we not have blackballed the *begirted* Aristides?"

And whose dictionary?

Such sentences as the following would be unpardonable in a school-boy's composition, and the youth who should be guilty of them would richly deserve to have the rules of syntax flogged into him:—

Page 120: "And so frailty was all boated up the Nile to Esne. Not quite, and even if it had been, Abbas Pacha, grandson of Mahommed Alee, and at the request of the old Pacha's daugher, has boated it all back again."

Page 156: "Nation of beggars effortless, effete, bucksheesh is its prominent point of contact with the Howadji, who revisiting the Nile in dreams hears far sounding and for ever, 'Alms, O shopkeeper!'"

Page 173: "Confusion confounded, desolated desolation, never sublime yet always solemn, with a sense of fate in the swift rushing waters, that creates a somber interest not all inhuman, but akin to dramatic intensity."

Page 179: "Followed much monosyllabic discourse, also grave grunting and a little more salaaming among the belated sinners."

We confess to a prejudice in favor of the subjects and attributes of sentences being placed in the natural order of syntax.

The following is perhaps as flagrant an instance of a want of purity of style as any in the book:—

Page 135: "Form so perfect was never yet carved in marble—not the Venus is so mellowly moulded. Her outline has not the voluptuousness which is not too much—which is not perceptible to mere criticism, and is more a flushing along the form than a greater fulness of the form itself. The Greek Venus was sea-born, but our Egyptian is sun-born. The brown blood of the sun burned along her veins—the soul of the sun streamed shaded from her eyes. She was still, almost statuesquely still. When she danced, it was only *stillness intensely stirred.*"

We should like to know how stillness looks when it is intensely stirred, and how much it can be stirred without ceasing to be stillness, or if the more it is stirred the stiller it becomes?

The Howadji gets sentimental under the palms, and discourses as follows, page 148:

> "I knew a palm-tree upon Capri; it stood in select society of shining fig leaves and lustrous oleanders; it overhung the balcony, and so looked far overleaning down upon the blue Mediterranean. Through the dream mists of Southern Italian noons, it looked up the broad bay of Naples and saw vague Vesuvius melting away, or at sunset the isles of the Syrens, whereon they singing sat and wooed Ulysses as he went; or in the full May moonlight the oranges of Sorrento shone across it, great and golden permanent plants of that delicious dark. And from the Sorrento where Tasso was born it looked across to pleasant Posylippo, where Virgil is buried, and to stately Ischia. The Palm of Capri saw all that was fairest and most famous in the Bay of Naples.
>
> "A wandering poet whom I knew sang a sweet song to the Palm, as he dreamed in the moonlight upon that balcony. But it was only the freemasonry of sympathy. It was only *syllabled moonshine.* For the Palm was a Poet, and all Palms are Poets."

"Palmam qui meruit ferat," say we, venturing, at the expense of good taste, on the confines of a joke; but this seems to us to be the most maudlin sentiment and unmeaning twaddle that could well be imagined. It is fustian raised to its highest power. The "words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes." *Syllabled moonshine* alone would not be offensive; but this being not only syllabled, but printed, proof-corrected, and published moonshine, it is an insult to the public taste.

There are many other similar passages marked by us to be noticed, but we will not trespass upon the good nature of our readers.

The chapters entitled Fair Frailty and Terpsichore are not deficient in warmth of coloring certainly, but we must speak of them in terms of condemnation. We are not over-fastidious in such matters, but we consider the glowing descriptions of voluptuous dances, and observations upon many and allusions to other Oriental manners and customs that occur in these chapters, to be decidedly objectionable in a book that is intended (to use a favorite advertising phrase) to occupy a place upon the drawing-room table. There are some "melancholy mysteries" (to adopt an expression of our author) into which we have not the slightest disposition to pry, and concerning which we should prefer that the fairer and purer portion of our race should remain profoundly ignorant.

We have made the foregoing remarks in no spirit of cavilling or unkindness. Did the book before us not display unmistakable evidences of talent, we should not have noticed it to such an extent. But it contains many passages of remarkable power and great beauty, that prove to us conclusively that the author possesses the ability to achieve a work that shall be an addition to the literature of his country. Let him but disabuse his mind of the idea that alliteration is an embellishment; let him cease to construct sentences on principles of his own, and bestow more attention to purity, propriety, and precision, (the alliteration is accidental;) let him be content to take the English language as he finds it, and be careful in his more sentimental moods lest he make that fatal step from the sublime, and he will write books that we shall have bound in crimson and gold, and give more than one attentive perusal. His nature is often finely touched, and to fine issues. He has a keen sense of the noble, the beautiful, and the ludicrous; the eye of an artist and the soul of a true poet; great power of description, a good command of language, and at times an intensity of thought and expression that astonishes and delights us. And it is on this account that we have expressed ourself so emphatically in our previous pages. We regretted that any one who could do so well should be guilty of the gross mistakes, the affectations, and the fustian, of all of which we have given instances. That our readers may judge for themselves and be convinced that we do not rank our author's ability to write well higher than it deserves, we will give them a few specimens. The following is an extract from his views of the present position and future prospects of the East:—

"That the East will never regenerate itself, contemporary history shows; nor has any nation of history culminated twice. The spent summer reblooms no more—the Indian summer is but a memory and a delusion. The sole hope of the East is Western inoculation. The child must suckle the age of the parent, and even 'Medea's wondrous alchemy' will not restore its peculiar prime. If the East awakens, it will be no longer in the turban and red slippers, but in hat and boots. The West is the sea that advances for ever upon the shore; the shore cannot stay it, but becomes the bottom of the ocean. The Western, who lives in the Orient, does not assume the kaftan and the baggy breeches, and those of his Muslim neighbors shrink and disappear before his coat and pantaloons. The Turkish army is clothed like the armies of Europe. The grand Turk himself, Mohammad's vicar, the Commander of the Faithful, has laid away the magnificence of Haroun Alrashid, and wears the simple red Tarboosh, and a stiff suit of military blue. Cairo is an English station to India, and the Howadji does not drink sherbet upon the pyramids, but champagne. The choice Cairo of our Eastern imagination is contaminated with carriages. They are showing the secrets of the streets to the sun." (P. 50.)

Now this has the ring of the true metal. The Howadji speaks here "plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier;" and the following description of the landscape of the Nile is an example of truly fine writing. The sentences are well constructed and harmonious, and possess clearness, unity, and strength:—

"Nature is only epical here. She has no little lyrics of green groves, and blooming woods, and sequestered lanes—no lonely pastoral landscapes. But from every point the Egyptian could behold the desert heights, and the river, and the sky. This grand and solemn Nature has imposed upon the art of the land the law of its own being and beauty. Out of the landscape, too, springs the mystery of Egyptian character, and the character of its art. For silence is the spirit of these sand mountains, and of this sublime sweep of luminous sky—and silence is the mother of mystery. Primitive man, so surrounded, can then do nothing but what is simple and grand. The pyramids reproduce the impression and the form of the landscape in which they stand. The pyramids say, in the Nature around them, 'Man, his mark.'

"Later, he will be changed by a thousand influences, but can never escape the mystery that haunts his home, and will carve the Sphinx and the strange mystical Memnon. The Sphinx says to the Howadji what Egypt said to the Egyptian; and from the fascination of her face streams all the yearning, profound and pathetic power that is the soul of the Egyptian day.

"So also from the moment the Arabian highlands appeared, we had in their lines and in the ever graceful and suggestive palms, the grand elements of Egyptian architecture. Often in a luminously blue day, as the Howadji sits reading or musing before the cabin, the stratified sand mountain side, with a stately arcade of palms on the smooth green below, floats upon his eye through the serene sky as the ideal of that mighty Temple which Egyptian architecture struggles to realize; and he feels that he beholds the seed that flowered at last in the Parthenon and all Greek architecture.

"The beginnings seem to have been, the sculpture of the hills into their own forms,—vast regular chambers cut in the rock or earth, vaulted like the sky that hung over the hills, and like that, starred with gold in a blue space.

"From these came the erection of separate buildings—but always of the same grand and solemn character. In them the majesty of the mountain is repeated. Man cons the lesson which Nature has taught him.

"Exquisite details follow. The fine flower-like forms and foliage that have arrested the quick sensitive eye of artistic genius, appear presently as ornaments of his work. Man as the master, and the symbol of power, stands calm with folded hands in the Osiride columns. Twisted water reeds and palms, whose flowing crests are natural capitals, are added. Then the lotus and acanthus are wreathed around the column, and so the most delicate detail of the Egyptian landscape re-appeared in its art.

"But Egyptian art never loses this character of solemn sublimity. It is not simply infancy, it was the law of its life. The art of Egypt never offered to emancipate itself from this character,—it changed only when strangers came.

"Greece fulfilled Egypt. To the austere grandeur of simple natural forms, Greek art succeeded as the flower to foliage. The essential strength is retained, but an aerial grace and elegance, an exquisite elaboration followed; as Eve followed Adam. For Grecian temples have a fine feminineness of character when measured with the Egyptian. That hushed harmony of grace—even the snow sparkling marble and the general impression have this difference.

"Such hints are simple and obvious—and there is no fairer or more frequent flower upon these charmed shores than the revelations they make of the simple naturalness of primitive art." (Pp. 62, 63, 64.)

To prove how well he can write in a lighter vein, we give the following clever and amusing description of a Johnny Green (with whom the Howadji met and to whom he applies the sobriquet of Verde Giovane) and his friend, a young London barrister:—

"Verde was joyous and gay. He had already been to the pyramids, and had slept in a tomb, and had his pockets picked as he wandered through their disagreeable darkness. He had come freshly and fast from England, to see the world, omitting Paris and Western Europe on his way,—as he embarked at Southampton for Alexandria. Being in Cairo, he felt himself abroad. Sternhold and Hopkins were his Laureates, for perpetually on all kinds of wings of mighty winds he came flying all abroad. He lost a great deal of money at billiards to 'jolly' fellows whom he afterward regaled with cold punch and choice cigars. He wrangled wildly with a dragoman of very imperfect English powers, and packed his tea for the voyage in brown paper parcels. He was perpetually on the point of leaving. At breakfast, he would take a loud leave of the 'jolly' fellows, and if there were ladies in the room, he slung his gun in a very abandoned manner over his shoulder, and while he adjusted his shot-pouch with careless heroism, as if the enemy were in ambush on the stairs,—as who should say, 'I'll do their business easily enough,' he would remark with a meaning smile, that he should stop a day or two at Esne, probably, and then go off humming a song from the Favorita,—or an air whose words were well known to the jolly fellows, but would scarcely bear female criticism.

"After this departure, he had a pleasant way of re-appearing at the dinner-table, for the pale ale was not yet aboard, or the cook was ill, or there had been another explosion with the dragoman. Verde Giovane found the Cairene evenings 'slow.' It was astonishing how much execution he accomplished with those words of very moderate calibre, 'slow,' 'jolly,' and 'stunning.' The universe arranged itself, in Verde Giovane's mind, under those three heads. Presently it was easy to predicate his criticisms in any department. He had lofty views of travel. Verde Giovane had come forth to see the world, and vainly might the world seek to be unseen. He wished to push on to Sennaar and Ethiopia. It was very slow to go only to the cataracts. Ordinary travel, and places already beheld of men, were not for Verde. But if there were any Chinese wall to be scaled, or the English standard were to be planted upon any vague and awful Himalayan height, or a new oasis were to be revealed in the desert of Sahara, here was the Heaven-appointed Verde Giovane, only awaiting his pale ale, and determined to dally a little at Esne. After subduing the East by travel, he proposed to enter the Caucasian Mountains, and serve as a Russian officer. These things were pleasant to hear, as to behold at Christmas those terrible beheadings of giants by Tom Thumb, for you enjoyed a sweet sense of security and a consciousness that no harm was done. They were wild Arabian romances, attributable to the inspiration of the climate, in the city he found so slow. The Cairenes were listening elsewhere to their poets, Verde Giovane was ours; and we knew very well that he would go quietly up to the first cataract, and then returning to Alexandria, would steam to Jaffa, and thence donkey placidly to Jerusalem, moaning in his sleep of Cheapside and St. Paul's.

"His chum, Gunning, was a brisk little barrister, dried up in the Temple like a small tart sapson. In the course of acquaintance with him, you stumbled surprised upon the remains of geniality and gentle culture, as you would upon Greek relics in Greenland. He was a victim of the Circe, Law, but not entirely unhumanized. Like the young king, he was half marble, but not all stony. Gunning's laugh was very ludicrous. It had no fun in it—no more sweetness than a crow's caw, and it sprang upon you suddenly and startling, like the breaking down of a cart overloaded with stones. He was very ugly and moody, and walked apart muttering to himself, and nervously grinning ghastly grins, so that Gunning was suspected of insanity—a suspicion that became certainty when he fringed his mouth with stiff black bristles, and went up the Nile with Verde Giovane.

"For the little Verde did say a final farewell at last, and left the dining-room gayly and gallantly, as a stage bandit disappears down pasteboard rocks to desperate encounters with mugs of beer in the green-room." (Pp. 76–78.)

Such touches as the following are delightful. Our author is in the town of Asyoot:—

"Threading the town, which is built entirely of the dark mud brick, we emerged upon the plain between the houses and the mountains. Before us a funeral procession was moving to the tombs, and the shrill, melancholy cry of the wailers rang fitfully upon the low gusts that wailed more grievously, and for a sadder sorrow. We could not overtake the procession, but saw it disappear among the white domes of the cemetery, as we began to climb the hills to the caves—temples, I might say, for their tombs are temples who reverence the dead, and these were built with a temple grandeur by a race who honored the forms that life had honored, beyond the tradition or conception of any other people. Great truths, like the gods, have no country or age, and over these ancient Egyptian portals might have been carved the saying of the modern German Novalis, the body of man is the temple of God." (P. 88.)

And the following observations are very forcible:—

"The East, like the natures which it symbolizes, is a splendid excess. There is no measure, no moderation in its richness and beauty, or in its squalor and woe. The crocodile looks out from a lotus bank, the snake coils in the corner of the hareem, and a servant who seems slave from the soul out, conducts you to the most dream-like beautiful of women. So, as we sauntered through the bazaar of Asyoot, we passed the figures of men with no trace of manliness, but with faces full of inanity and vice. The impression would be profoundly sad, if you could feel their humanity. But they are so much below the lowest level known to a Western, that they disappear from sympathy. Then suddenly passes a face like a vision, and your eyes turn, fascinated, to follow, as if they had seen the realized perfection of an ideal beauty." (P. 91.)

Our author's account of his first sight of a crocodile deserves to be inserted here:—

"He lay upon a sunny sand shore, at our right a hideous, horrible monster—a scaled nightmare upon the day. He was at least twenty feet long

> but seeing the Ibis with fleet wings running, he slipped, slowly soughing, head foremost and leisurely, into the river.
>
> "It was the first blight upon the beauty of the Nile. The squalid people were at least picturesque, with their costume and water-jars on the shore. But this mole-eyed, dragon-tailed abomination, who is often seen by the same picturesque people sluggishly devouring a grandam or child on the inaccessible opposite bank, was utterly loathsome. Yet he too had his romantic side, the scaly nightmare! so exquisite and perfect are the compensations of nature. For if, in the perpetual presence of forms and climate so beautiful, and the feeling of a life so intense as the Egyptian, there is the constant feeling that the shadow must be as deep as the sun is bright, and that weeds must foully flaunt where flowers are fairest; so, when he shadow sloped and the weed was seen, they had their own suggestions of an opposite grace, and in this loathsome spawn of slime and mystic waters, it was plain to see the Dragon of oriental romance. Had the Howadji followed this feeling and penetrated to Buto, they might have seen Sinbad's valley. For there Herodotus saw the bones of winged snakes, as the Arabians called them. These, without doubt, were the bones of serpents, which, being seized by birds and borne aloft, seemed to the astonished people to be serpents flying, and were incorporated into the Arabian romances as worthy wonders." (P. 105.)

Although we think the foregoing extracts sufficient to sustain our opinion with our readers as to our author's power, and although they have extended, together with our observations, to a greater length than we originally intended; yet we shall not restrain ourselves until we have given one more extract, and shall make no apology for its length. It is manly and forcible, and, with the exception of a few abbreviations and one or two trifling inaccuracies, we can find no fault either with the matter or style. Some portions of it are truly sublime:—

> "There is something essentially cheerful, however, in an Egyptian ruin. It stands so boldly bare in the sun and moon, its forms are so massive and precise, its sculptures so simply outlined, and of such serene objectivity of expression, and time deals so gently with the ruin's self, as if reluctant through love or fear to obliterate it, or even to hang it with flowery weepers and green mosses, that your feeling shares the freshness of the ruin, and you reserve for the Coliseum or the Parthenon that luxury of soft sentiment, of which Childe Harold's apostrophe to Rome is the excellent expression. We must add to this, too, the entire separation from our sympathy, of the people and principles that originated these structures. The Romans are our friends and neighbors in time, for they lived only yesterday. History sees clearly to the other side of Rome, and beholds the campagna and the mountains, before the wolf was whelped that mothered the world. But along these shores history sees not much more than we can see. It cannot look within the hundred gates of Thebes, and babbles very inarticulately about what it professes to know. We have a vague feeling that this was the eldest born of Time—certainly his most accomplished and wisest child, and that the best of our knowledge is a flower off that trunk. But that is not enough to bring us near to it. The Colossi sit speechless, but do not look as if they would speak our language, even were their tongues loosed. Theirs is another beauty, another feeling than ours, and except to passionless study and universal cosmopolitan interest, Egypt has only the magnetism of mystery for us, until the later days of its decline.
>
> "Our human interest enters Egypt with Alexander the Great, and the Greeks, and becomes vivid and redly warm with the Romans and Cleopatra, with Cæsar and Marc Antony, with Hadrian and Antinous. The rest are phantoms and spectres that haunt the shores. Therefore there are two interests and two kinds of remains in Egypt, the Pharaohnic and the Ptolemaic; the former represents the eldest, and the latter the youngest, history of the land. The elder is the genuine old Egyptian interest, the younger the Greco-Egyptian —after the conquest—after the glorious son had returned to engraft his own development upon the glorious sire. It was the tree in flower, transplanted. No Howadji denies that the seed was Egyptian, but poet Martineau perpetually reviles the Greeks for their audacity in coming to Egypt, can with difficulty contain her dissatisfaction at pausing to see the Ptolemaic remains, finds that word sufficient description and condemnation. But the Greeks, notwithstanding, rarely spoiled any thing they touched, and here in Egypt they innoclated massiveness with grace, and grandeur with beauty. Of course there was always something lost. An Egyptian temple built by Greek-taught natives, or by Greeks who wished to compromise a thousand jealousies and prejudices, must, like all other architecture, be emblematical of the spirit of the time and of the people. Yet in gaining grace, the Howadji is not disposed to think that Egyptian architecture lost much of its grandeur. The rock temples, or the eldest Egyptian remains, have all the imposing interest of the might and character of primitive races grandly developing in art. But as the art advances to separate structures and slowly casts away a crust of crudities, although it may lose in solid weight, it gains in every other way.
>
> "Then the perfection of any art is always unobtrusive. Yes, in a sense, unimpressive, as the most exquisite of summer days so breathes balm into a vigorous and healthy body, that the individual exists without corporeal consciousness, yet is then most corporeally perfect. In the same way disproportion arrests the attention. Beautiful balance, which is the character of perfection in art or human character or nature, allows no prominent points. Washington is undoubtedly always underrated in our judgments, because he was so well proportioned; and the finest musical performance has such natural ease and quiet, and the colors and treatment of a fine picture such propriety and harmony, that we do not at once know how fine it is. It is the cutting of a razor so sharply edged that

we are not conscious of it. We have all seen the same thing in beautiful faces. The most permanent and profound beauty did not thrill us, but presently, like air to the lungs, it was a necessity of inner life, while the striking beauty is generally a disproportion, and so far, a monstrosity and fault. Men who feel beauty most profoundly, are often unable to recall the color of eyes and hair, unless, as with artists, there is an involuntary technical attention to those points. For beauty is a radiance that cannot be analyzed, and which is not described when you call it rosy. Wanting any word which shall express it, is not the highest beauty the synonym of balance, for the highest thought is God, and he is passionlessly balanced in our conception.

"This is singularly true in architecture. The Greek nature was the most purely proportioned of any that we know—and this beautiful balance breathes its character through all Greek art. The Greeks were as much the masters of their world, physically, and infinitely more, intellectually, than the Romans were of theirs. And it is suspected that the Greek element blending with the Saxon, makes us the men we are. Yet the single Roman always appears in our imaginations as stronger, because more stalwart, than the Greek—and the elder Egyptian architecture seems grander, because heavier than the Grecian. It is a kind of material deception—the triumph of gross sense. It is the old story of Richard and Salah-ed-deen.

"The grace of the Greek character, both humanly and artistically, was not a want of strength, but it was exquisite balance. Grace in character, as in movement, is the last delicate flower, the most bloomy bloom. The grandeur of mountain outlines—their poetic sentiment—the exquisite hues that flush along their sides, are not truly known until you have so related them to the whole landscape, by separating yourself from them, that this balance can appear. While you climb the mountain, and behold one detail swift swallowing another—though the abysses are grand, and the dead trunks titanic, and the single flower exquisite, yet the mass has no form and no hue, and only the details have character.

"Beauty is reached in the same way in art. If parts are exaggerated, striking impressions may be produced, but the best beauty is lost. The early Egyptian architecture is exaggeratedly heavy. The whole art, in its feeling and form, seems to symbolize foundation—as if it were to bear all the finer and farther architectures of the world upon itself. It is massive and heavy and permanent, but not graceful. The beholder brings away this ponderous impression—nothing seems massive to him after Egypt, as nothing seems clean after a Shaker village; and if upon the shore something lighter and more graceful arrest his eye, he is sure that it is a decadence of art. For so impressively put is this massiveness of structure, that it seems the only rule, and he will hear of no others—as a man returning from a discourse of one idea, eloquently and fervidly set forth, believes in that, mainly, until he hears another fervid argument.

"But the Greeks achieved something loftier. They harmonized strength into beauty, and therein secured the highest success of art—the beautifying of use. Nothing in nature is purely ornamental, and therefore nothing in art has a right to be. Greek architecture sacrifices none of the strength of the Egyptian, if we may trust the most careful and accurate engravings, but elevates it. It is the proper superstructure of that foundation. It is aerial and light and delicate. Probably, on the whole, a Greek temple charms the eye more than any other single object of art. It is serene and beautiful. The grace of the sky and of the landscape would seem to have been perpetually present in the artist's mind who designed it. This architecture has also the smiling simplicity, which is the characteristic of all youth—while the African has a kind of dumb, ante living, ante-sunlight character, like that of an embryo Titan.

"When the Greeks came to Egypt, they brought Greece with them, and the last living traces of antique Egypt began to disappear. They even changed the names of cities, and meddled with the theology, and in art the Greek genius was soon evident—yet as blending and beautifying, not destroying—and the Ptolemaic temples, while they have not lost the massive grandeur of the Pharaohnic, have gained a greater grace. A finer feeling is apparent in them—a lighter and more genial touch—a lyrical sentiment which does not appear in the dumb old epics of Aboo Simbel, and of Gerf Hoseyn. They have an air of flowers, and freshness, and human feeling. They are sculptured with the same angular heroes, and gods, and victims, but while these are not so well done as in the elder temples, and indicate that the Egyptians themselves were degenerate in the art, or that the Greeks who attained the same result of mural commemoration in a loftier manner at home, did it clumsily in Egypt—the general effect and character of the temples is much more beautiful to the eye. The curious details begin to yield to the complete whole—a gayer, more cultivated, farther advanced race has entered and occupied."

And here we take our leave of the Howadji for the present, sincerely hoping that he will derive some advantage from our observations and suggestions, and that his next work will be free from the faults that disfigure the book before us. We can assure him that no one can think more highly than ourself of his ability to make valuable contributions to American literature, and we shall await his next publication with some anxiety.

R.

HENRY MACKENZIE.

"The places which I revisit, and the books I read over again, still smile upon me with a fresh novelty."—MONTAIGNE.

After the lapse of many years, I have again been reading Mackenzie's novels, the "*Man of Feeling*," the "*Man of the World*," and "*Julia de Roubigné*." The first of these, the "*Man of Feeling*," brought to mind many delightful enjoyments of by-gone days:

"It opened all the cells
Where memory slept." COWPER.

I saw again the old stone house in the country, where I passed so many pleasant summers; the garden, more beautiful to my eyes than any other which has since greeted them, with its marygolds, ladyslippers, violets, roses, lilies, its hop-vines at the end of the walks, beautiful and graceful; the magnificent elm trees at the foot of the garden, on the banks of a stream, where I have fished so many hours; the old open garret, with its perfume from dried herbs, which hung from every beam; the pleasant twittering of the martins on the roofs, during the early fragrant morning hours, again sounds in my ear. I had no care or anxiety but the sole one, to discover how to cram the greatest amount of enjoyment into each passing day. How delicious were the bread and butter, and milk, and vegetables. Flowers were always placed on the breakfast and tea table—a refined practice. The hour of tea-time was delightful. How often have I looked out on the garden and trees, and seen the sun set in all its glory, irradiating the hills across the stream,

"While admiration feeding at the eye,
And still unsated, dwelt upon the scene."

That was the period of life when the heart promised what the fancy drew. The rainy days were generally spent in reading some old novel, the effects of which I have never forgotten, but even now most gratefully remember. From the custom of placing flowers on the table arose my early love for them, a love which has increased with time. And I felt proud when in after years I read that *Gray's* chamber windows were ever ornamented with mignonette, and other sweet-scented herbs and flowers, elegantly planted in china vases, as were other parts of his room; and that Cowper had always been fond of plants, and when he lived in the Temple used every year to purchase myrtles in Covent Garden. And I found other lovers of flowers and gardens, Cowley, Evelyn, Temple, Shakspeare, Milton, Thomson. Listen to Cowley:

"God the first garden made, and the first city,
Cain."

"Who, that has reason, and his smell,
Would not among roses and jasmin dwell,
Rather than all his spirits choke
With exhalations of dirt and smoke,
And all th' uncleanness which does drown
In pestilential clouds a populous town?"

There is a fine description of flowers in "*A Winter's Tale*," and in "*Lycidas*." Thomson has elegantly pictured forth the beauties of flowers, and his lines seem to possess a fragrance in this lovely month of May:

"At length the finish'd garden to the view
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
Throws out the snow-drop and the crocus first;
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown,
And lavish stock that scents the garden round;
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemones; auriculas, enrich'd
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffused
To family, as flies the father dust,
The varied colors run; and while they break
On the charm'd eye, the exulting florist marks
With secret pride the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting, from the bud,
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes;
Nor hyacinths of purest virgin white,
Low bent, and blushing inwards; nor jonquilles,
Of potent fragrance; nor narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks,
Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask rose.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of nature, and her endless bloom."

It has been beautifully said, put but a rose, or a lily, or a violet on your table, and you and Lord Bacon have a custom in common; for that great and wise man was in the habit of having the flowers in season set upon his table, morning, we believe, noon and night; that is to say, all his meals, for dinner in his time was taken at noon; and why should he not have flowers at all his meals, seeing that they were growing all day? Now here is a fashion that shall last you for ever, if you please, never changing with silks and velvets and silver forks, nor depending upon the caprice of fine gentlemen or ladies, who have nothing but caprice and change to give them importance and a sensation. Does any reader misgive himself, and fancy that to help himself to such comforts as these would be trifling. Then was Bacon a trifler, then was the great Condé a trifler, and the old republican Ludlow, and all the great and good spirits that have loved flowers, and Milton's Adam himself; nay, Heaven itself, for Heaven made these harmless elegances, and blessed them with the universal good-will of the wise and innocent. The same mighty energy which whirls the earth round the sun, and crashes the heaven with thunderbolts, produces the lilies of the valley, and the dew-drops that keep them fair. I can truly say:

"All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams
  Of what I then dreamt, clothed in their own pall,
Like Banquo's offspring; floating past me seems
  My childhood in this childishness of mine.
  I care not, 'tis a glimpse of 'auld lang syne.'"
BYRON.

The style of Mackenzie's novels (a blending of Addison and Sterne) is sweet in the extreme. It glides along like a beautiful stream through a picturesque country, among fruitful meadows, pleasant woods, mirroring the blue sky and floating clouds. Nothing can be more unpretending than the plot of the "*Man of Feeling*," and the adventures which happen to Harley are likely to happen to any man. He departs from home to visit London; on the road he meets a beggar and his dog; the beggar relates some incidents of his life. In London Harley falls among sharpers; one of them, a young man, voluble and plausible, converses with him about the play-house, opera, occurrences in high life, the reigning beauties; another of them is an old man, with a venerable countenance, and Harley, who pride
himself in his skill in physognomy, become
interested with him, although he sees hi
refuse to give money to a beggar, under th
plea that he had no change, but when they
adjourn to a neighboring inn, and play cards
the benevolent old man produces ten shil
lings for markers for his score; to the surpris
of no one Harley is fleeced. We afterward
see the brave, affectionate man, listening t
the sad story of Miss Atkins. He visits Bed-
lam, and sees a poor crazed thing lamentin
the loss of her lover.

> "Separate from the rest stood one, whose ap
> pearance had something of superior dignity. He
> face, though pale and wasted, was less squali
> than those of the others, and showed a dejectio
> of that decent kind which moves our pity un
> mixed with horror; upon her, therefore, the eye
> of all were immediately turned. The keeper, wh
> accompanied them, observed it. This, said he,
> a young lady, who was born to ride in her coa
> and six. She was beloved, if the story I hav
> heard is true, by a young gentleman, her equal
> birth, though by no means her match in fortun
> but love, they say, is blind, and so she fancied hi
> as much as he did her. Her father, it seem
> would not hear of their marriage, and threaten
> to turn her out of doors, if ever she saw him agai
> Upon this the young gentleman took a voyage
> the West Indies, in hopes of bettering his fortu
> and obtaining his mistress; but he was scarc
> landed when he was seized with one of the feve
> which are common in those islands, and died in
> few days, lamented by every one that knew hi
> This news soon reached his mistress, who was
> the same time pressed by her father to marry
> rich miserly fellow, who was old enough to be
> grandfather. The death of her lover had no eff
> on her inhuman parent; he was only the m
> earnest for her marriage with the man he h
> provided for her, and what between her des
> at the death of the one, and her aversion to
> other, the poor young lady was reduced to
> condition you see her in. But God would
> prosper such cruelty; her father's affairs s
> after went to wreck, and he died almost a beg
> Though the story was told in very plain langu
> it had particularly attracted Harley's notice;
> had given it the tribute of some tears. The
> fortunate young lady had till now seemed
> tranced in thought, with her eyes fixed on a lit
> garnet ring she wore on her finger; she tur
> them now on Harley. 'My Billy is no more!
> you weep for my Billy? Blessings on your te
> I would weep too, but my brain is dry; and
> burns, it burns, it burns!' She drew nearer
> Harley. 'Be comforted, young lady,' said he, '
> Billy is in heaven.' 'Is he, indeed? and shall
> meet again? and shall that frightful man (p
> ing to the keeper) not be there? Alas! I
> grown naughty of late! I have almost forgo
> to think of heaven, yet I pray sometimes; wh
> can, I pray; and sometimes I sing: when I
> saddest, I sing: you shall hear me—hush!

> 'Light be the earth on Billy's breast,
> And green the sod that wraps his grave.'

"There was a plaintive wildness in the air not to be withstood; and except the keeper's there was not an unmoistened eye around her. 'Do you weep again?' said she; 'I would not have you weep: you are like my Billy; you are, believe me; just so he looked when he gave me this ring; poor Billy! 'twas the last time ever we met!

> ''Twas when the seas were roaring.'

I love you for resembling my Billy; I shall never love any man like him.' She stretched out her hand to Harley; he pressed it between both of his, and bathed it with his tears. 'Nay, that is Billy's ring,' said she, 'you cannot have it, indeed; but here is another, look here, which I plaited to-day of some gold thread from this bit of stuff; will you keep it for my sake? I am a strange girl; but my heart is harmless: my poor heart! it will burst some day: feel how it beats!' She pressed his hand to her bosom, then holding her head in the attitude of listening: 'Hark! one, two, three! be quiet, thou little trembler; my Billy is cold!—but I had forgotten the ring.' She put it on his finger. 'Farewell! I must leave you now.' She would have withdrawn her hand; Harley held it to his lips. 'I dare not stay longer; my head throbs sadly; farewell!' She walked with a hurried step to a little apartment at some distance. Harley stood fixed in astonishment and pity; his friend gave money to the keeper. Harley looked on his ring. He put a couple of guineas into the man's hand. 'Be kind to that unfortunate.' He burst into tears, and left them."

The narrative of the veteran Edwards has likewise drawn tears from many an eye. But the most interesting part of the work is the account of Harley's distant, respectful and sincere love for Miss Walton. Harley's ideas of the beautiful were not always to be defined, nor indeed such as the world would always assent to. A blush, a phrase of affability to an inferior, a tear at a moving tale, were to him like the cestus of Cytherea. To be near Miss Walton, to walk about the grounds surrounding her mansion, sufficed for the ideal love of Harley.

> "The air of paradise did fan the house,
> And angels offic'd all."

A few mornings ago I rose about daybreak. The air was soft and pleasant, and the young grass and leaves were of a moist bright green. On looking upward, I saw one star shining mildly through the branches of a tree; it was fair, distant, pure. I looked at it with admiration, with a subdued joy; such as was my admiration for that star, so it seems to me was Harley's love for Miss Walton. I have often thought, too, that our ignorance of her christian name adds some indefinable charm to the interest we take in Miss Walton. His slight feelings of jealousy and unhappiness when he hears she is to be married to Sir Harry Benson, are natural and exquisitely described. He walks out, he sits down on a little seat which commands an extensive prospect around the house. He leans on his hand, and scores the ground with his stick. "Miss Walton married!" says he; "but what is that to me? May she be happy; her virtues deserve it; to me her marriage is otherwise indifferent. I had romantic dreams! They are fled! it is perfectly indifferent." Poor, diffident, true-hearted Harley; death gradually, step by step, wooes him to the silent grave. He feelingly says:—

"'There is a certain dignity in retiring from life at a time when the infirmities of age have not sapped our faculties. This world, my dear Charles, was a scene in which I never much delighted. I was not formed for the bustle of the busy, nor the dissipation of the gay; a thousand things occurred where I blushed for the impropriety of my conduct when I thought on the world, though my reason told me I should have blushed to have done otherwise. It was a scene of dissimulation, of restraint, of disappointment. I leave it to enter on that state which I have learned to believe is replete with the genuine happiness attendant upon virtue. I look back on the tenor of my life with the consciousness of few great offenses to account for. There are blemishes I confess, which deform in some degree the picture; but I know the benignity of the Supreme Being, and rejoice at the thoughts of its exertion in my favor. My mind expands at the thought. I shall enter into the society of the blessed, wise as angels, with the simplicity of children.' He had by this time clasped my hand, and found it wet by a tear which had just fallen upon it. His eye began to moisten too; we sat for some time silent. At last, with an attempt at a look of more composure: 'There are are some remembrances,' said Harley, 'which rise involuntarily on my heart, and make me almost wish to live. I have been blessed with a few friends, who redeem my opinion of mankind. I recollect with the tenderest emotion the scenes of pleasure I have passed among them; but we shall meet again, my friend, never to be separated. There are some feelings which perhaps are too tender to be suffered by the world. The world is in general selfish, interested, and unthinking, and throws the imputation of romance or melancholy on every temper more susceptible than its own. I cannot think but in those regions which I contemplate, if there is any thing of mortality left about us, that these feelings will subsist; they are called—perhaps they are—weaknesses here; but there may be some better modifications of them in heaven, which may deserve the names of virtues.' He sighed as he spoke these last words. He had scarcely finished them when the door opened, and his aunt appeared leading in

Miss Walton. 'My dear,' says she, 'here is Miss Walton, who has been so kind as to come and inquire for you herself.' He rose from his seat. 'If to know Miss Walton's goodness,' said he, 'be a title to deserve it, I have some claim.' She begged him to resume his seat, and placed herself on the sofa beside him. I took my leave. Miss Margery accompanied me to the door. He was left with Miss Walton alone. She inquired anxiously about his health. 'I believe,' said he, 'from the accounts which my physicians unwillingly give me, that they have no great hopes of my recovery.' She started as he spoke; but recollecting herself immediately, endeavored to flatter him into a belief that his apprehensions were groundless. 'I know,' said he, 'that it is usual with persons at my time of life to have these hopes, which your kindness suggests; but I would not wish to be deceived. To meet death as becomes a man is a privilege bestowed on few. I would endeavor to make it mine; nor do I think I can ever be better prepared for it than now: it is that chiefly which determines the fitness of its approach.' 'Those sentiments,' answered Miss Walton, 'are just; but your good sense, Mr. Harley, will own, that life has its proper value. As the province of virtue, life is ennobled; as such it is to be desired. To virtue has the Supreme Director of all things assigned rewards enough even here to fix its attachment.' The subject began to overpower her. Harley lifted his eyes from the ground. 'There are,' said he, in a very low voice, 'there are attachments, Miss Walton.' His glance met hers. They both betrayed a confusion, and were both instantly withdrawn. He paused some moments. 'I am in such a state as calls for sincerity; let that also excuse it. It is perhaps the last time we shall ever meet. I feel something particularly solemn in the acknowledgment; yet my heart swells to make it, awed as it is by a sense of my presumption, by a sense of your perfections.' He paused again. 'Let it not offend you, to know their power over one so unworthy. It will, I believe, soon cease to beat, even with that feeling which it shall lose the latest. To love Miss Walton could not be a crime; if to declare it is one, the expiation will be made.' Her tears were now flowing without control. 'Let me entreat you,' said she, 'to have better hopes. Let not life be so indifferent to you; if my wishes can put any value on it—I will not pretend to misunderstand you—I know your worth—I have known it long—I have esteemed it—what would you have me say? I have loved it as it deserved.' He seized her hand; a languid color reddened his cheek; a smile brightened faintly in his eye. As he gazed on her it grew dim, it fixed, it closed. He sighed, and fell back on his seat. Miss Walton screamed at the sight. His aunt and the servants rushed into the room; they found them lying motionless together. His physician happened to call at that instant. Every art was tried to recover them. With Miss Walton they succeeded; but Harley was gone for ever. * * * He was buried in the place he had desired. It was shaded by an old tree, the only one in the churchyard, in which was a cavity worn by time. I have sat with him in it, and counted the tombs. The last time we passed there, methought he looked wistfully on the tree: there was a branch of it that bent toward us, waving in the wind; he waved his hand as if he mimicked its motion. There was something predictive in his look! Perhaps it is foolish to remark it, but there are times and places when I am a child at those things. I sometimes visit his grave; I sit in the hollow of the tree. It is worth a thousand homilies; every noble feeling rises within me! every beat of my heart awakens a virtue! But it will make you hate the world. No; there is such an air of gentleness around, that I can hate nothing; but as to the world, I pity the men of it."

HAZLITT, in one of his essays, observes: "Of the '*Man of the World*' I cannot think so favorably as some others; nor shall I dwell on the picturesque and romantic beauties of *Julia de Roubigné*, the early favorite of the author of Rosamond Gray; but of the *Man of Feeling* I would speak with grateful recollections: nor is it possible to forget the sensitive, irresolute, interesting Harley; and that lone figure of Miss Walton in it, that floats in the horizon, dim and ethereal, the day-dream of her lover's youthful fancy—better, far better than all the realities of life."

A great many readers, in this artificial and material age of ours, have neither time nor taste to study the minute and refined beauties of a genius like Mackenzie. His colors are too delicately laid on, the shading too exquisitely clear, to please a vitiated or uneducated taste, which must be startled into admiration by something far-fetched, violent, and exaggerated. The more fantastical and unlike to real life a story, and the characters described in it, are drawn, the more sure they are to please the public. A monster whom the world ne'er saw, combining genius and virtue, ignorance and unmitigated depravity, love and fiendishness, benevolence and meanness, a character which often appears in modern works of fiction, is loudly praised.

> "These are the volumes that enrich the shops;
> These pass with admiration through the world."
> ROSCOMMON.

Though I doubt if they will bring their authors to immortal fame. There is no strength in this, but on the contrary it shows great weakness, an absence of power and imagination. It is like stage thunder and lightning compared with "Heaven's artillery" when it "comes rattling on over the Caspian." The one is genuine, the other a sickly imitation. An author must attentively peruse the red-leaved tablets of the heart; must wisely attend to the throbbings of his own bosom; then with a learned spirit, he will appeal with a lasting effect to the human mind and its eternal sympathies. We need the harmonious and true, not the coarse and unreal; by the former the intellect is enlarged, the heart softened; the latter display the foul depths of leprous sin, gloat on deformity, degrade the intellect, harden the heart, and encompass us in a miasma which poisons the springs of life. Many parents are fearful that by reading novels their children will become sentimental and romantic. There is no danger of that. Mammon is the only god worshipped in America with a burning zeal.

> "Mammon led them on;
> Mammon, the least erected spirit that fell
> From heaven; for ev'n in heaven his looks and thoughts
> Were always downward bent; admiring more
> The riches of heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
> Than aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
> In vision beatific; by him first
> Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
> Ransack'd the centre, and with impious hands
> Rifled the bowels of their mother earth
> For treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
> Open'd into the hill a spacious wound,
> And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
> That riches grow in hell; that soil may best
> Deserve the precious bane." MILTON.

The "*Man of the World*" appears to me to be greatly inferior to the *Man of Feeling*. Sir Thomas Sindall is a vulgar Lovelace, possessing neither the gayety nor spirit of his famous prototype, and using the same means to accomplish his purposes of seduction as Lovelace used to accomplish the ruin of Clarissa. And his attempt upon Lucy Annesly, after a lapse of some twenty years, is revolting and unnatural. The story of the fall of young Annesly is affecting, and described in a masterly manner. Richard Annesly, the parson, gains our entire esteem, by his simplicity and kind nature. It is a portrait equal to Goldsmith's village minister, or the one drawn by Chaucer. Rawlinson is likewise a beautiful character, one of God Almighty's gentlemen. The growth of Lucy and Bolton's mutual flame is truly and gracefully written:—

> "The state of the mind may be often disguised even from the owner, when he means to inquire into it; but a very trifle will throw it from its guard, and betray its situation, when a formal examination has failed to discover it. Bolton would often catch himself sighing when Miss Sindall was absent, and feel his cheeks glow at her approach; he wondered what it was, that made him sigh and blush. He would sometimes take solitary walks, without knowing why he wandered out alone: he found something that pleased him in the melancholy of lonely recesses and half-worn paths; and his day-dreams commonly ended in some idea of Miss Sindall, though he meant nothing less than to think of such an object. He had strayed in one of these excursions about half a mile from the house, through a copse at the corner of the park, which opened into a little green amphitheatre; in the middle of which was a pool of water, formed by a rivulet that crept through the matted grass, till it fell into this basin by a gentle cascade. The sun was gleaming through the trees, which were pictured on the surface of the pool beneath; and the silence of the scene was only interrupted by the murmurs of the water-fall, sometimes accompanied by the querulous note of the wood-pigeons who inhabited the neighboring copse. Bolton seated himself on the bank, and listened to their dirge. It ceased; for he had disturbed the sacred, solitary haunt. 'I will give you some music in return,' said he, and drew from his pocket a small piped flute, which he frequently carried with him in his evening walks, and serenaded the lonely shepherd returning from his field. He played a little pensive air, which himself had composed. He thought he had played it by chance, but Miss Sindall had commended it the day before; the recollection of Miss Sindall accompanied the sound, and he had drawn her portrait listening to its close. She was, indeed, listening to its close, for accident had pointed her walk in the very same direction with Bolton's. She was just coming out of the wood, when she heard the soft notes of his flute. They had something of fairy music in them, that suited the scene; and she was irresistibly drawn nearer the place where he sat; though some wayward feeling arose, and whispered that she should not approach it. Her feet were approaching it, whether she would or no; and she stood close by his side, while the last cadence was melting from his pipe. She repeated it after him with her voice. "Miss Sindall!" cried he, starting up with some emotion. 'I know,' said she, 'you will be surprised to find me here; but I was enchanted hither by the sound of your flute. Pray, touch that little melancholy tune again.' He began, but he played very ill. 'You blow it,' said she, 'not so sweetly as before; let me try what tone I can give it.' She put it to her mouth; but she wanted the skill to give it voice. 'There cannot be much art in it;'—she tried it again—'and yet it will not speak at my bidding!' She looked steadfastly on the flute, holding her fingers on the stops; her lips were red from the pressure, and her figure altogether so pastoral and innocent, that I do not believe the kisses, with which the poets make Diana greet her sister-huntresses, were ever more chaste than that which Bolton now stole from her by surprise. Her cheeks were crimson at this little violence of Harry's. 'What do you mean, Mr. Bolton?' said she, dropping the flute to the ground. ''Twas a forfeiture,' he replied, stammering and blushing excessively, 'for attempting to blow my flute.'

'I do not understand you!' answered Lucy; and turned towards the house, with some marks of resentment on her countenance. Bolton was for some time riveted to the spot. When he recovered the use of his feet, he ran after Miss Sindall, and gently laying hold of her hand, 'I cannot bear your anger,' said he; 'though I own your displeasure is just; but forgive, I entreat you, this unthinking offense, of him whose respect is equal to his love.' 'Your love, Mr. Bolton!' 'I cannot retract the word, though my heart has betrayed me from that prudence which might have stifled the declaration. I have not language, Miss Lucy, for the present feelings of my soul: till this momant, I never knew how much I loved you, and never could I have expressed it so ill!' He paused: she was looking fixedly on the ground; drawing her hand softly from his, which refused, involuntarily, to quit its hold. 'May I not hope?' seid he. 'You have my pardon, Mr. Bolton.' 'But'—'I beg you,' said Lucy, interrupting him, 'to leave this subject. I know your merit, Mr. Bolton—my esteem—you have thrown me into such confusion—nay, let go my hand.' 'Pity then, and forgive me.' She sighed—he pressed her hand to his lips. She blushed—and blushed in such a manner!—They have never been in Bolton's situation, by whom that sigh and that blush would not have been understood."

"Julia de Roubigné," the last of Mackenzie's novels, has been the most attractive of them all in public estimation. It is very interesting, and doubtless its melancholy pages have often been stained with the tears of the young. Sad and affecting it truly is, and we close the book with a deep and long-drawn sigh. Julia in childhood has a young companion by the name of Savillon. They read the same books, play the same music, take rambles in the country together, and what was in childhood friendship, as years multiply, becomes love. Savillon, to better his fortune, sails for Martinique, without declaring his attachment to Julia. But she possesses his picture, and in a letter to a friend she writes: "Maria, when this picture was drawn! I remember the time well. My father was at Paris, and Savillon left with my mother and me at Bellville. The painter (who was accidentally in our province) came thither to give me a few lessons of drawing. Savillon was already a tolerable designer; but he joined with me in becoming scholar to this man. When our master was with us, he used sometimes to guide my hand; when he was gone, at our practice of his instructions, Savillon commonly supplied his place. But Savillon's hand was not like the other's; I felt something from its touch not the less delightful from carrying a sort of fear along with that delight; it was like a pulse in the soul." How beautiful and true is the expression: "*It was like a pulse in the soul!*" but it need not be pointed out to any one who has ever loved. Savillon's feelings on leaving France are interestingly told. I have read somewhere that it is a greater trial to leave one's country, when one must cross the sea. There is such a solemnity in a pilgrimage, the first steps of which are on the ocean. It seems as if a gulf were opening behind you, and your return becoming impossible. Besides, the sight of the main always profoundly impresses us, as the image of that infinitude which perpetually attracts the soul, in which thought ever feels herself lost. Travelling, say what we will, is one of the saddest pleasures in life. If you ever feel at ease in a strange place, it is because you have begun to make it your home: but to traverse unknown lands; to hear a language which you hardly comprehend; to look on faces unconnected with either your past or future; this is solitude without repose or dignity. For the hurry to arrive where no one awaits you, that agitation whose sole cause is curiosity, lessens you in your own esteem, until new objects can become bound to you by some sweet links of sentiment and habit. Julia hears that Savillon marries in Martinique: her heart still remains faithful to him, but a neighbor by the name of Montauban, a Spaniard, seeks her hand; he aids her father in his ruined fortunes, and more out of gratitude than love she at last consents to become his. Her maid Lisette gives a description of her at the marriage ceremony: "I think I never saw a more lovely figure than my lady's; she is a sweet angel at all times, but I wish your ladyship had seen how she looked then. She was dressed in a white muslin night-gown, with striped lilac and white ribands; her hair was kept in the loose way you used to make me dress it for her at Bellville, with two waving curls down one side of her neck, and a braid of little pearls; you made her a present of them. And to be sure, with the dark-brown locks resting upon it, her bosom looked as pure white as the driven snow. And then, her eyes, when she gave her hand to the Count! they were cast half down, and you might see her eye-lashes, like strokes of a pencil over the white of her skin; the modest gentleness with a sort of a sadness too, as it were, and a gentle heave of her bosom at the same time.

Savillon, in a letter to Beauvarais, recalling the days of his early love, says: "There was indeed something in the scene around us, formed to create those romantic illusions. The retreat of Roubigné is a venerable pile, the remains of ancient Gothic magnificence, and the grounds adjoining to it are in that style of melancholy grandeur which marks the dwellings of our forefathers. One part of that small estate, which is still the appendage of this once respectable mansion, is a wild and rocky dell, where tasteless wealth has never warred on nature, nor even elegance refined or embellished her beauties. The walks are only worn by the tread of the shepherds, and the banks only smoothed by the feeding of their flocks. There, too dangerous society! have I passed whole days with Julia; there, more dangerous still! have I passed whole days in thinking of her. A circumstance trifling in itself added not a little to the fascination of the rest. The same good woman who nursed me was also the nurse of Julia. She was too fond of her foster-daughter, and too well treated by her, ever to leave the fortunes of her family. To this residence she attended them when she left Belville; and here, too, as at that place, had a small house and garden allotted her. It was situated at the extreme verge of that dell I have described, and was often the end of those walk we took through it together. The good Lasune (for that is our nurse's name) considered us her chidren, and treated us, in those visits to her little dwelling, with that simplicity and affection which has the most powerful effect on hearts of sensibility. Oh, Beauvarais! methinks I see the figure of Lasune, at this moment, pointing out to your friend, with rapture in her countenance, the beauties of her lovely daughter! She places our seats together; she produces her shining platters, with fruit and, milk for our repast; she presses the smiling Julia, and will not be denied by Savillon! Am I then a thousand leagues distant! * * * Where now are Roubigné's little copses; where his winding walks, his nameless rivulets; where the wired gate of his venerable dwelling, the gothic windows of his echoing hall! The morning on which I set out for Paris is still fresh on my memory. I could not bear the formality of parting, and stole from his house by daybreak. As I passed that hall the door was open; I entered to take one last look, and bid it adieu! I had sat in it the night before with Julia; the chairs we had occupied were still in their places. You know not, my friend, what I felt at the sight; there was something in the silent attitude of those chairs that wrung my heart beyond the power of language; and I believe the servant had told me that my horses waited five or six times over, before I could listen to what he said."

Montauban discovers the miniature of Savillon; jealous feelings immediately agitate him, and

> ———"sweep like a stormy rack
> In fleet succession o'er his clouded soul."
> GRAHAM.

Savillon returns to France, wealthy, (the report of his marriage was untrue;) he finds his friend Beauvarais dead; Julia the wife of another. They have one interview at old Lasune's, which will d[illegible]w tears from the sternest eye.* Montauban is aware of their meeting; Julia returns; he administers poison to her in some medicine. Montauban writes: "Had you seen her when these trembling hands delivered her the bowl! She had complained of being ill, and begged to lie alone; but her illness seemed of the mind, and when she spoke to me she betrayed the embarrassment of guilt. I gave her the drug as a cordial. She took it from me, smiling, and her look seemed to lose its confusion. She drank my health. She was dressed in a white silk bed-gown, ornamented with pale pink ribands. Her cheek was gently flushed from their reflection; her blue eyes were turned upwards as she drank, and a dark brown ringlet lay on her shoulder. Methinks I see her now; how like an angel she looked! Had she been innocent, Segarva! You know, you know it is impossible she can be innocent. * * * When I was returning to my apartment, I heard the sound of music proceeding from my wife's chamber; there is a double door in it; I opened the outer one without any noise, and the inner one has some panes of glass at the top through which I saw part of the room, Segarva! She sat at the organ, her fingers pressing on the keys, and her look upraised with enthusiastic rapture! The solemn sounds still ring in my ear! such as angels might play when the sainted soul ascends to heaven up." The unfortunate and innocent Julia perishes.

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* "The sweets of love are washed with tears."
CAREW.

> "Violets plucked the sweetest rain
> Make not fresh, nor grow again."
> BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Montauban, too late, is assured of the purity of his wife, and destroys himself. Montauban is a genuine Spaniard. As *Leigh Hunt* well says, St. Dominic was a Spaniard. So was Borgia: so was Philip the Second. There seems to be an inherent semi-barbarism in the character of Spain, which it has never got rid of to this day. If it were not for Cervantes, and some modern patriots, it would hardly appear to belong to the right European community. Even Lope de Vega was an inquisitor, and Mendoza, the entertaining author of Lazarillo de Tormes, a cruel statesman. Cervantes, however, is enough to sweeten a whole peninsula.

Perhaps I love the letters of *Julia de Roubigné* more than I otherwise should, from the name of her residence, "Belville." I am writing this essay in the lovely city of Newark, and a few miles above it, on the banks of the Passaic river, is the pretty little village of Belville; a pleasant walk or drive from Newark, and still more delightful as a sail on a fine summer's evening, when the moon is throwing its radiance on the water and shore, and the boat glides noiselessly along, "save the light drip of the suspended oar;" and as I pass the cemetery on its bank, where repose the remains of one inexpressibly dear to me, I drop a tear to her memory. Time has assuaged the bitterness of my grief, but added to the poignancy of my regrets.*

No one can forget Mackenzie's novels; they came from his soul, they have pierced the souls of others. Their quiet traits and descriptions of human life and nature are delicately tinted by a refined fancy, and enriched by noble affections. We arise saddened from their perusal, with our feelings deeply touched, but, at the same time, invigorated with a determination to be good and sincere, faithful and honest. They cast off from the soul the impurities and bitternesses which so often sully it by a contact with the world. They appeal to those primal emotions which are common to us all. We all have our gentle reminiscences,—persons and things to which we cling with obstinate affection,—and the thoughts of them often cheer us in gloom and despondency. We look back with pensive regret to a mother and father's love and care; to the house we were born in; to the books we read long, long ago; to our visit to the theatre for the first time; to the first paintings and engravings we saw: these are all colored by sentiment, and do they not afford us truer and more vivid pleasures than all the tame realities of daily life? We cling to the past as a priceless boon; we are sure of it; the joys belonging to it are lodged beyond the reach of fate. The future is dark and uncertain, clouds and darkness rest upon it. Justly has it been said, "that real sentiment is the truest, the most genuine, and the most lasting thing on earth."* It preserves the only identity, save that of consciousness, which man with certainty retains; it links the different periods of our life together; thoughts are awakened, fresh, fragrant, beautiful and pure as the lily, graceful and pliant as the waving willow branch. Stern and sad memorials of the past also arise, but so softened by time, their asperities so mitigated, that they even afford a subdued pleasure. Sentiment, the eye glancing inward, and revealing to us the hoarded secrets of human bosoms, give us more true knowledge than all our boasted reason affords.

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* "Impressions made upon our minds by local circumstances are frequently of so deep and durable a nature, as to outlive all the accidents of chance and change which occur to us in after life. Should the poet or painter in his study endeavor to place before his mind's eye the picture of a brilliant sunset, he insensibly recalls that scenery in the midst of which his youthful fancy was first warmed into poetic life by the 'golden day's decline.' He sees, bright and gorgeous with sunbeams, the distant hill which his boyish fancy taught him to believe it would be the height of happiness to climb; the sombre woods that skirt the horizon; the valley, misty and indistinct below; the wandering river, whose glancing waters are here and there touched as they gleam out with the radiance of the resplendent west; and while memory paints again the long, deep shadows of the trees that grew around his father's dwelling, he feels the calm of that peaceful hour mingling with the thousand associations that combine to form his most vivid and poetical idea of sunset. In this manner we not unfrequently single out from the works of art some favorite object upon which we bestow an interest so deep, a regard so earnest, that they wear the character of admiration which no perceptible quality in the object itself can justify, and which other beholders are unable to understand. In a collection of paintings, we look around for those which are most worthy of general notice, when suddenly our attention is struck with one little unpretending picture almost concealed in an obscure corner, and totally unobserved by any one beside.

"It is the representation of a village church, the very church where we first learned to feel, and, in part, to understand the solemnity of the Sabbath. Beside its venerable walls are the last habitations of our kindred, and beneath that dark and mournful yew is the ancient pastor's grave. Here is the winding path so familiar to our steps, when we trod the earth more lightly than we do now; the stile, on which the little orphan girl used to sit, while her brothers were at play; and the low bench beside the cottage-door, where the ancient dame used to pore over her Bible in the bright sunshine. Perhaps the wheels of Time have rolled over us with no gentle pressure since we last beheld that scene; perhaps the darkness of our present lot makes the brightness of the past more bright. Whatever the cause may be, our gaze is fixed and fascinated, and we turn away from the more wonderful productions of art to muse upon that little picture again and again, when all but ourselves have passed it by without a thought."—*The Poetry of Life.*

Newark, N. J., June, 1851.

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* "Sentiment is of three kinds: plain, honest, manly, simple—the outbursting of an uncorrupted heart; or graceful and refined, cultivated by education, elevated by society, purified by religion; or else of that magnificent and swelling character, such as fills the breast of the patriot and the genuine philanthropist. The sentiment of old Izaak Walton—to take examples from books—answers to the first; the sentiment of Mackenzie and Sterne, to the second; the sentiment of Wordsworth, and Burke, and Shakspeare, to the third."—*W. A. Jones's "Essays upon Authors and Books."*

HOPE.

Is there Hope? my Spirit cried,
Bending to the Crucified.
Live in Hope! a voice replied.

Life is but a gate of Night
Opening on the realms of Light,
Trial for the Neophyte.

Life is but a broken arch,
O'er which Man must boldly march,
Unto Eden's gloomy porch:

Gloomy porch my Eden hath,
Frowning o'er a rugged path;
And its gate is kept by Death.

Boldly tread the narrow way—
You will find the endless Day
When this dream has passed away.

Seek not thou unmanly ease;
Firmly breast the raging Seas,
Till you reach Hesperides.

Is there Hope? my Spirit cried,
Bending to the Crucified.
Hope is Life! a voice replied.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.*

The death of Wordsworth has had a tendency to recall attention to his works. He lived to multiply his presence in countless loving hearts, and has gone to sing elsewhere than on earth. His name is a word of benediction to all who have felt the influence of his kindly spirit. Not without a tear we resign to nature the dust-garment woven by the spirit around itself, but a holy calm succeeds when we are permitted to shake hands with the real being across the "bourne whence no traveller returns." We see not the soul now, we saw it not in life. Its thoughts, its feelings, its aspirations, have been embalmed for us with an art more mysterious than that of the old Egyptians. As the aged Jeronemite said to Wilkie in the Escurial, while looking at Titian's famous picture of the Last Supper, that he had come to regard the abiding figures in the picture as realities, and the living, more than one generation of whom—his seniors, those of equal age, as well as many younger than himself—he had seen pass away as shadows; so we now turn to the works of the poet, and easily persuade ourselves that we have the reality, while only the shadow has departed.

Juvenal made the inquiry, not more significant eighteen centuries ago than to-day: *Quis custodiet custodes?* If we ponder it well, we shall find that this is the question of questions. "Who shall keep the keepers?" asks the spirit of humanity in every age. Such a one is the expressed or unexpressed need, the dumb or articulate want, of each generation. Of skilful workmen the supply is tolerably abundant at all times, but there must be also a divine planner of work. Cunning fingers must be guided by some cunning soul. Very good judges may be found among any people, but the very office of judge is a nonentity until the Heaven-sent legislator makes his appearance. The world has many a pertly-talking Cousin, but Plato alone is philosophy. Men of talent are sown over the ages, while nature seems to grudge the fire of genius. Many useful verse-makers exist to cut a set of diamonds dug from nature's mine only by the true poet. An age without its gifted inventor, without its law-giver, without its poet, must live over the old life, walk by hearsay, and subsist on imitation. We have at least a dumb consciousness that our well-being on this planet depends upon our insight into the nature of our existence, and we are always ready to ask help of him whose vision is clearer than our own. We welcome, therefore, the true *seer.* He is eyes for the world; he is the true keeper of the keepers.

Foremost among these is the true poet. He is an intuitive seer; something more than a seer. Novalis says: "The fresh gaze of a child is richer in significance than the forecasting of the most indubitable seer." The poet is the full-grown child. For him creation retains its wonder, its sanctity, its grandeur. Each returning season the flower blooms mysteriously as at first. The voice of Deity in storm or ocean loses not its significance. "God said, Let there be light, and there was light," is written for him on the face of nature as often as morning opens its eyelids. When the sun rises, he forgets that it has ever risen before, and,

> ——— "with earnest voice,
> As if the thought were not a moment old,
> Claims absolute dominion for the day."

The poet alone is able to answer the old Sphinx that sits by the highway of life, interrogating each passer-by, for he looks upon all things as though they had just sprung into existence at his own magic touch. While tottering with age he is a wandering child in a freshly-created world. "To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood," says Coleridge, "to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearance which every day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar,

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* Memoirs of William Wordsworth, Poet Laureate, D. C. L. By Christopher Wordsworth, D. D., Canon of Westminster. Edited by Henry Reed. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1851.

The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth. New Edition. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1851.

"With sun and moon and stars throughout the year,
And man and woman;"

this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talents." Goethe says: "Old age does not make childish, as men say; it only finds us still as true children."

One of these true world-children, whose home is everywhere in the heart of humanity, is Wordsworth. The mere verse-maker—the artisan, working with *imitative* skill—is a kind of gipsey wanderer, homeless, friendless, and, to Apollo's household, worthless; while the true poet, the artist—is at length housed in the affections, warmed in the bosom of love, and at the feast of the gods is commanded by Jove himself to come up hither. Wordsworth, as a true poet, existed in unity. His life was not a widening arc, but a circle with continually lengthening radius. Many exist as a multitude of small arcs, with different radii, lacking unity, harmony, rotundity. There is no connection between their past and their future. They have no sympathy with what they have been. All the keys of their being are flats and sharps. The delicate fingers of Nature are answered by discordant tones. The poet alone, with his unity and harmony of being, understands the past, alone can prophesy of the future; for the continually full circumference of his life expands through the arcs of all fragmentary existences. Tenderly and beautifully, and out of his own heart, has Wordsworth expressed this fact:—

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So let it be when I grow old,
Or let me die.
The child is father of the man,
And I would wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

Wordsworth was sincere from the necessity of his poetic constitution. To him may be applied the pregnant words of Novalis: "Man exists in truth. If he exposes truth, he exposes himself. If he betrays truth, he betrays himself." He spoke as the unsophisticated child always speaks—from the heart. Serpent-critics might hiss, but his time was too precious to waste with them. He who is conversing with angels, feels not the bite of vipers, He has other than carnal weapons with which to bruise their heads. Born among the hills, the favorite of nature, what did Wordsworth care for Jeffrey's ridicule, or the neglect of contemporaries? More than half a century he wrote and lived poetry. Hills and mountains put on for him looks of benediction; Nature smiled upon him in flowers, and sung to him her love with warbling tongues. He could *afford* to be laughed at by the foolish, to be hooted at by literary owls. What had he to do with the world's approbation? He was a born poet, and could not listen to the cry of critic or multitude. Like a benign spirit, he brooded over the world of affection and sentiment, and in being true to these, he was true to himself. His voice has been borne on the bosom of the mountain wind, and already the ear of humanity is ravished with its kindly tone. An age of imitation never recognizes the inspired teacher who is true to man in being true to his own nature. Just so far as the spirit of the times is false will the true poet be neglected. The one who tacks to catch the popular breeze, may run with great rapidity—alas, not often heavenwards. When the multitude are repenting, woe to those who have received their greatest favors, and joy to those who have raised heroic and prophetic voices of warning and true guidance! Happy the age in which a strong, devout soul converses with the Spirit of the universe in the hearing of men! Words of bitterness and of jest may be thoughtlessly uttered, but many shall learn to worship; seeing the light of consecrated genius that shines in truth and sincerity, they shall learn to glorify Him whose most perfect image is the divinest poet.

It is well for us to ascertain, as clearly as may be, Wordsworth's relation to his times. His name is associated with great changes in poetry and philosophy. He seems to be one of the connecting links between two very different periods. He saw the mocking-birds that sung around the grave of Pope, pierced with the poisoned arrows of

Gifford, and witnessed many symptoms of returning faith in nature. He beheld the close of an unbelieving age in the earthquake-shock and volcano-blaze of the French Revolution, and over the ruins heard the tone of violence softening into regret, or trembling with remorse—first indications of awakening *spiritual* life. Wordsworth in England, surrounded by Coleridge, Southey, Lloyd, Shelley, Scott, Keats, and Byron, we may dare to say, occupies a position somewhat analogous to that of Goethe, surrounded by Schiller and others, in Germany. Upon these two points, then, we must dwell, but briefly as their importance will permit.

In regard to changes in *poetry*, we may say that they are only new manifestations of the same thing modified by time and place. Poetry is poetry, in the vale of Cashmere or in Wyoming. As a part of history, it comes from *within* humanity. Its elements are every where the same, but these elements are combined in different proportions in different places. The material is every where the same, but it is shaped by external nature, or by existing institutions. With its elements there is often mixed a foreign element, at the dictation of a perverted or half-formed taste. Sometimes one or more of its elements is rejected. Criticism therefore often clips the wings of the poet, and then demands a flight against the storm; it lays a weight upon the spirit, and then demands a soaring aloft with joy. Poetry has its roots in the soul. Those faculties that create it will emancipate it from the bondage of narrow criticism, and will reanimate it when starved on imitation.

For more than half a century after the death of Pope, there was a poetical drought in the land of England. One should study that period well, if he would awaken in himself any feeling of regard for mosquito-killing Gifford. Dryden and Pope were not without a manly vigor of mind, and an earnest purpose. With the best helps of their times they studied the poetry of Greece and Rome. They learned to admire the beauties of ancient poetry, but did not catch the spirit of antiquity. The delicately thinking, the sensitive, the profoundly intellectual Greek, best represented by Plato, they did not understand. They listened to a far-off ravishing melody, and attempted to imitate it with a harmonic jingle. The names of gods and goddesses were used in vain, for neither of them comprehended the real meaning of Grecian mythology. We may safely say that Landor is the only English poet who has caught the genuine spirit of ancient Greece. Prior, Akenside, and many others have shown a familiarity with mythologic history, but that which is unexpressed, that indefinable something, that poetic air which the Grecian breathed, has rarely been felt. It cannot be trapped by a historical name. You might as well try to shut the sunlight in a room by closing the blinds. The external life of the Grecian was a kind of language which he unconsciously used in uttering his poetic thoughts. Grecian mythology, history, and philosophy must be understood and felt in order to get a clear insight into Grecian poetry. But let one study the subject until he carries all Greece in his bosom, yet what business has a Greek in modern England? Who will listen to one who speaks a *dead* language? English words may be used, but more than half the language may still be Grecian. Landor is a real ancient, a true genius, but there is little sympathy between him and the one who uses the language of the nineteenth century. If these things are true, then, in regard to one who has caught the spirit of classic antiquity, how much more are they true in regard to those who have merely remembered words without understanding their latent meaning. I would not say of Dryden and Pope, that they were only shadows of ancient poetry, and mirrors of French poetry. It is certain, however, that their poetry was an exotic on Saxon soil. The so-called correct school was certainly an artificial one. The bee-sting of Pope's satire, the diamond-flash of his wit, his power of pointed condensation, the elvish frolic of his fancy, indicated superior genius, although many elements that characterize the highest poetry were wanting. The period of Queen Anne was a lamentable one in English literature, when viewed in relation to the preceding age, and as containing in itself the causes of future decay. English poets were irreverently saying sharp things over the graves of Shakspeare and Spenser, Johnson and Fletcher, Raleigh and Bacon. Strange that they should look for other than Teutonic gods. Woe to the age that regarded as barbarian, those early ballads that bear the burden of sturdy young England's hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, expressed in strong melodious Saxon phrase, fresh and wholesome as the fields in early summer, uttered from the depths of stoutly-beating, earnest, valiant hearts! Degeneracy must follow such an age. Pope was imitated by those who could not see beyond his artificial style. Pope's genius enabled him to write vigorously in spite of an enervating manner. Those that meditated on the smoothness of his lines, the harmony of his couplets, the balancing position of cæsural pauses, were a spectacle to laughing gods and weeping men. Heroic England for once became sentimental, sipped delicate love potions from beautiful cups bearing unmentionable ornamental figures, played the courtier at St. Cupid's, waxed sickly and pale, and daubed a face once glowing with the hue of health thicker and thicker with French rouge. If there were some morsels of genuine poetry during this period, they were oases in Sahara, or gentle memories of early affection that wring a tear of sincerity from the withered soul of a *roué*. The greatest amount of that stuff called poetry was but the shadow of a shadow.

Change at length came, for the spirit of humanity, with Rhadamanthine severity, seizes upon an age of imitation. The hero of St. Crispin must fulfil his mission by crimping apish poets. The good-natured public, lashed to indignation, looked on approvingly. Readers were tired of scalding literary soup, and demanded a new course. They could relish better a *paté-de-foie-gras* literary dish, *fresh* from France, or the bottled moonshine of transcendental Germany. The popular heart demanded some degree of sincerity, and approved it even in sentimentality. It was apparent, both from what was rejected and what received, that earnestness was demanded. The reading public began to listen right reverently to the heart-tones of beer-gauging and beer-drinking Burns: alas for the age that had no other work for such a Nature's son to do! Memory of that age in English literature, more illustrious than the age of Augustus, Leo, or Pericles, was revived. A Cleopatra-muse was paid up to parting; nature and humanity were studied anew. In the reaction against the artificial school, Wordsworth has perhaps done more than any other one poet. He has done it, not by antagonism, but by exploring a new tract of nature and life. He has been the teacher of Lamb, Southey, Wilson, Lloyd, and Coleridge; he has been affectionately regarded by Cornwall, Rogers, and Montgomery; Byron, with thievish skill, kept off attention by ridicule while he plundered; Scott loved him even to reverence; and a multitude of inferior poets have imbibed their inspiration from fountains which he opened. Whatever defects there may be in the poetry of our times, its freshness and vigor contrast greatly with the staleness and enervation of the old rhymes. The ear, sick of the jingle and tinkling of the last century, turns with delight to the more than earthly harmony of Coleridge, the Mozart-music of Tennyson, and the organ-melody of Wordsworth. Poetry is once more true, because it is born from the union of the soul with nature.

Wordsworth has been called the greatest of metaphysical poets, hence it is necessary to ascertain his connection with changes in *philosophy*. We must begin back of the *spiritual* philosophy, in order to determine any thing in regard to its real influence. Only of general laws and most important results can we speak here.

Modern philosophy, although the daughter of scholasticism, is nevertheless its antagonist. It was not the authority of reason to which the philosophy of the middle ages submitted. Reason is the ruling authority in all modern philosophy. The great Reformation, says Guizot, was an "insurrection of the human mind against authority." Descartes has given his name to the philosophy that was established on the ruins of scholasticism. Cartescanism recognizes the psychological method, by which the mind attempts to render an account to itself of what passes within itself, by which we take cognizance through consciousness of the scenes mirrored from the soul. It is not necessary for our present purpose to show how Cartescanism was developed until it embraced the first thinkers of Europe. It enlisted the services of the meditative Malebranch, of the mathematical Leibnitz, of the solitary and rigorous Spinoza, and found its professor in the learned and pedantic Wolf, who clothed it in a severe and orderly dress. As the result of awakened attention in speculation, appeared the "Critical History of Philosophy," by Brucker.

Locke was an offspring of the Cortesian philosophy. He followed the method of

Descartes, and sought to analyze consciousness. His error was that he took part for the whole. He found certain elements of mind, built up his system on those, and rejected the rest. He saw nothing beyond perception and reflection. In England his philosophy was not carried to its last practical results. It was demonstrated by Condillac in France, that reflection, according to the system of Locke, was nothing but a modified sensation. In his "*Traité des Sensations,*" he regarded sensation as the only instrument of consciousness. Reason, attention, comparison, all come from sensation. The soul is nothing but intelligence; all intelligence is the result of sensation; hence the soul itself is sensation. The metaphysician must be followed by the moralist. Helvetius came to prove that morality consists in shunning disagreeable sensations, and seeking pleasing ones. Duty shall henceforth be agreeable and easy. A new code, in which pleasure is the foundation principle, and self-interest the highest law, was the production of St. Lambert. A system so neat and beautiful must be carried to its practical application in every institution. Physiology was regarded as only a combination of functions, as the soul was regarded as only a collection of sensations. What is government but a collection of individuals, the law of whose being is pleasure? What supreme law could there be then but the desire of the multitude? It is melancholy to think that a devout English soul should be the author, indirect indeed, of such a spreading, all-embracing system of sensualism. The malady spread until all France was infected. Every French heart leaps in the belief that *pleasure* evermore shall be the true philosophy of life. Alas, *facilis descensus Averni!* It is sorrowful to trace the effects of the new gospel of sensualism among an intelligent, joyous-hearted people. The acts of its apostles are counted by tons of written and printed sheets. Voltaire scoffings, Diderot love-letters, and works which lips that would remain unsoiled may not name, were the results of such a comprehensive system. From Paris there flowed a stream of fiction, compared with which the Styx itself were drinkable. The *A-Theos*, brooding over a sea of human passion, said, "Let there be darkness, and there was darkness." Anon the sea is disturbed by the breath of coming storm. Zig-zag, linked lightnings of hate flash through the murky atmosphere. The muttered thunders of antagonism fall heavily on the ear, and the earth trembles beneath the heavy tread of approaching revolution. Mortals with quaking hearts attempt to hide themselves in vain. Floods of fire are poured from the bursting bosom of the clouds; Phlegethon-rivers with awful gleaming roar around; and over that sea of passion, instead of darkness, there is now *lurid* light. Beautiful gospel of *Pleasure!* Its leaven is potent; its *un*holy spirit *illumines* the world. The voices of its disciples are heard from the charnel-house of drunkenness and lust, crying with hollow, sepulchral accents, "Eat and drink, for to-morrow ye die." Beautiful gospel of *Pleasure!* Its baptism is that of blood, its worship is that of self, the most saintly distributors of its holy charities were Danton and Robespierre, Mirabeau and St. Just. Its Pentecostal days were those of July.

England and Germany were saved from the last results of such a philosophy by almost opposite causes. The English mind is too sober to act upon an untried theory. Common sense prevails, and preserves from those eccentricities of action to which the French with their ardent feelings are subject. The English were sufficiently prone to sensualism, but they were not ready for the sake of an idea to try an experiment which would put at hazard their boasted civil and political institutions. Immobility has been the characteristic of England, while mobility has been that of France. On the other hand Germany is not the soil for a rank growth of sensualism. The German mind was somewhat infected, but only for a short time. The German spirit by no means inclines to materialism. The erudite German could find even in Aristotle, and most especially in Plato, something more than a sensual philosophy. *The gospel of Pleasure*, however, was not without its influence in Germany. There was a general feeling, not only that happiness is our being's end and aim, but also that we are entitled to happiness. Pleasure is a Proteus that is never caught by direct seeking. He that would save his own soul shall lose it. Happiness did not come for the bidding; a belief in the right to it was nevertheless entertained. When mortals receive not what they conceive to be their due, they indulge in self-pity, flatter themselves to tears, and give the highest seat in their hearts to the angel of sorrow. Such for a season was the condition of the popular German mind. This feeling found a tongue in the *Werther* of Goethe, which was followed by innumerable hoots, howls, and sentimental brays. There is still another phase of the same feeling. When the heart receives not the happiness to which it conceives itself entitled, instead of sorrow, anger is apt to follow. Hence the loud and bitter complaining of Byron. With his fierce, strong, passionate nature, he could scream the loudest of all Europe's crying children. With Mephistopheles-shriek he could pierce the ears of the Muses, and at intervals smile defiance at the gods. Heroic soul, and worthy of a better mission! Some strains of diviner music are continually bursting forth from a spirit that knows the good while pursuing the wrong.

Against sensualism a reaction at length came. It first appeared in Scotland, and was but little more than a mere protestation of common sense against the extravagances of empiricism. Reid was by no means profound, but was healthy. He is regarded as one of the founders of rational psychology, but he was rather the denier of the old system than the constructer of the new. Germany was the place for the development of the spiritual philosophy. Kant with great vigor described, classified, and enumerated the laws of reason. He regarded the laws by which we gain a knowledge of external things, of Deity, and of what passes within our own minds, as properties of the thinking subject. He considered thought the only real world. Upon all external things he would impose the subjective laws of thought. Fichte went farther than Kant, not only regarding all outward things as subjected to the laws of reason, but also as inductions of the thinking principle. Kant taught that a conception of God is an irresistible thought of the soul. Fichte regarded Deity as thought itself, conceived in an absolute sense—as the *me*. In fairness, however, it should be stated that Fichte distinguishes two *mes:* the one, that of which we are conscious; the other, the absolute, or Deity. When one speaks of God as an absolute *me*, he has arrived at the highest heaven of transcendentalism. Fichte has found an honest, sharp-sighted representative on this side of the ocean, who is now preaching to his Yankee friends this sublime nonsense. This spiritualism, modified in various ways, has deeply tinged all the literature of Germany. The eclectics have imported an element of it into France. It colors the best poetry of England and America to-day. The leaders in this direction were Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Shelley; Tennyson, Keats, and others followed; and no one who has read *Manfred* will require to be told that Byron at least knew the way. Goethe, after telling the tale of sorrow that rested on the heart of Germany, led off with manly strength in the new course, and could then say:—

"What shapest thou here at the world? 'Tis shapen long ago;
The Maker shaped it, and thought it were best even so.
Thy lot is appointed, go follow its hest;
Thy journey's begun, thou must move and not rest;
For sorrow and care cannot alter thy case,
And running, not raging, will win thee the race."

Although Coleridge studied German philosophy more thoroughly than Wordsworth, the latter nevertheless must be regarded as the leader in the new school of poetry. In proof of this position, we need to quote only a single passage, composed as early as 1798, on the banks of the Wye, while he was visiting the ruins of Tintern Abbey:—

"Nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements, all gone by)
To me was all in all. I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to me
An appetite: a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss I would believe
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. *And I have felt*
A presence which disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion, and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

Wordsworth in this respect, receiving a bias from the philosophic spirit of the age, has not only influenced poets, both great and small, but also writers of every kind. The spiritual philosophy is no longer confined to rarely read poems; it ensouls much of current fiction, and has touched the heart of many an eloquent divine. The realities of things are no longer considered as residing in their visible, tangible forms, but in the underlying spirit.

This question of transcendentalism is a very difficult one to discuss. We may have "a sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused," it may be that every thing has its celestial side, yet the imagination colors the external world. It is perhaps impossible to determine to what degree feeling is awakened by the spirit of nature, and to what extent nature is clothed upon by feeling. The attentive reader of Hegel will not be likely to regard the subject as a light one. It is hard to decide whether we sympathize with an object in nature or not until it is invested with some attribute of our own being. Nature, as the oldest book of revelation, in which are written laws of Deity, has significance, but only for *thinking* souls. The precise relation between the "*macrocosm*" and the "*microcosm*" we know not how to determine. "Let him," says Herder, "to whom nature exhibits no plan, no unity of purpose, hold his peace, nor venture to give her expression in the language of poetry. Let him speak, for whom she has removed the veil, and displayed the true expression of her features. He will discover in all her works connection, order, benevolence, and purpose. His own poetical creation too, like that creation which inspires his imagination, will be a true *κοσμος*, a regular work, with plan, outlines, meaning, and ultimate design, and commend itself to the understanding as a whole, as it does to the heart by its individual thoughts and interpretations of nature, and to the sense by the animation of its objects. In nature, all things are connected, and for the view of man are connected by their relation to what is human. The periods of time, as days and years, have their relation to the age of man. Countries and climates have a principle of unity in the one race of man; ages and worlds in the one eternal cause, one God, one Creator. *He is the eye of the universe, giving expression to its otherwise boundless void, and combining in a harmonious union the expression of all its multiplied and multiform features.*" This position we cannot deny, unless we adopt the totally subjective philosophy of Fichte. The following language of our poet then, surveyed from this point of view, has a divine meaning, as well as sublimity and beauty:—

"But for the growing youth
What soul was his, when, from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He looked—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,
And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle: sensation, soul, and form
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live,
And by them did he live; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request;
Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made him; it was blessedness and love."

On the other hand, the poet gives as well as receives. Vivid perception and deep feeling are necessarily transcendental.

"The poets, in their elegies and songs,
Lamenting the departed, call the groves,
They call upon the hills and streams to mourn,
And *senseless* rocks: nor idly; for they speak,
In these their invocations, with a voice
Obedient to the strong *creative* power
Of *human passion.* Sympathies there are
More tranquil, *yet perhaps of kindred birth,*
That steal upon the meditative mind,
And grow with thought."

So when we look on nature, we *feel* that

"Thoughts are not busier in the mind of man
Than the mute Agents stirring there."

In Wordsworth, passion was not so strong as sentiment. He was just the opposite of Byron in this respect. In Byron, nature is often colored with really lurid hues of passion. There were times in which

"His mind became,
In its own eddy, boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of fantasy and flame."

For Wordsworth, nature never put on a look of hate, nor spoke in tones of anger. We see in the following exquisite passage, from "Vandracour and Julia," how the passion of love is made to color external objects; yet it is not an unbridled passion; it is one controlled by moral sentiment:—

"Arabian fiction never filled the world
With half the wonders that were wrought for him.
Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring;
Life turned the meanest of her implements
Before his eyes to price above all gold;
The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine;
Her chamber window did surpass in glory
The portal of the dawn; all paradise
Could, by the simple opening of a door,
Let itself in upon him; *pathways, walks,*
Swarmed with enchantment, till his spirit sank,
Surcharged, within him, overblest to move
Beneath a sun that walks a weary world
To its dull round of ordinary cares;
A man too happy for mortality."

Another passage, from the poem of "Ruth," will show that "noble sentiment" was active while imagination was investing nature with a gorgeous robe of voluptuousness. The poem is in a strain at once passionate and daring, but the incidents of a romantic story are related without a single impurity of expression. The oriental scenery awakens in a bold youth a wild desire, but the poet's moral nature demands that there should "intervene pure hopes of high intent." The following stanzas, besides illustrating the point in discussion, are of themselves a gem of beauty:—

"The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky,
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a youth to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

"Whatever in those climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound,
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seemed allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart.

"Nor less to feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of nature wrought
Fair trees and lovely flowers;
The breezes their own languor lent;
The stars had feelings which they sent
In those gorgeous bowers.

"*Yet in his worst pursuits, I ween*
That sometimes there did intervene
Pure hopes of high intent;
For passions link'd to forms as fair
And stately, needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment."

Most especially in this region of poetry appears the humanity of Wordsworth. He hears

"Humanity, in groves and fields,
Pipe solitary anguish;"

and even in the "silent city of the dead," he says, we know

"That all beneath us by the wings are covered
Of motherly Humanity, outspread
And gathering all within their tender shade."

The study of nature is above all things calculated to awaken this feeling. "Poetry, which concerns itself with the deeds of men," says Herder, who can here speak with authority, "often in a high degree debasing and criminal, that labors, with lively and affecting apprehensions, in the impure recesses of the heart, and often for no very worthy purpose, may corrupt as well the author as the reader. The poetry of divine things can never do this. It enlarges the heart, while it expands the view, renders this serene and contemplative, that energetic, free and joyous. It awakens a love, an interest, and a sympathy for all that lives. It accustoms the understanding to remark on all occasions the laws of nature, and guides our reason to the right path." What Herder thus says as a critic, Wordsworth says as a poet in the following passage:—

"For the man,
Who in this spirit communes with the Forms
Of Nature, who with understanding heart
Doth know and love such Objects as excite
No morbid passions, no disquietude,
No vengeance, and no hatred, needs must feel
The joy of that pure principle of Love
So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught
Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose
But seek for objects of a kindred love
In Fellow-natures and a kindred joy.
Accordingly he by degrees perceives
His feelings of aversion softened down;
A holy tenderness pervade his frame.
His sanity of reason not impaired,
Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing clear,
From a clear Fountain flowing, he looks round
And seeks for good, and finds the good he seeks;
Until abhorrence and contempt are things
He only knows by name; and, if he hear,
From other mouths, the language which they speak
He is compassionate; and has no thought,
No feeling, which can overcome his love."

We may safely say that no poet, of any age, has traced, with so tender a spirit, with so mild an interest as Wordsworth,

"That secret spirit of humanity
Which, mid the calm oblivious tendencies

Of nature, mid her plants, and weeds, and flowers,
And silent overgrowings, still survives."

Of the "two faculties of eye and ear," which belong to the "soul sublime and pure," the sense of the latter is much more delicate and exquisite than that of the former. For him the universe is flooded with music, rather than adorned with beautiful forms. The language of his holy affections has a tone of touching melody as well as love. While all his sentiments are sanctified by an intense feeling of humanity, they are etherealized by the spirit of that "beauty" that is

——— "born of murmuring sound."

In the wild scenes of nature he listens to a music that is only suggested as an ideal by an overture of Beethoven or an opera of Mozart. Some of the very finest passages of Wordsworth's poetry will be lost upon one who cannot understand how

——— "the ear converses with the heart."

For him—

——"many are the notes
Which, in his tuneful course, the mind draws forth
From rocks, woods, caverns, heaths and dashing
shores;"

And with reference to two huge peaks that appear in the distance, peering from one vale into another, "lofty brethren," that "bear their part in the wild concert," he says:—

"Nor have Nature's laws
Left them ungifted with a power to yield
Music of a finer tone: a harmony,
So do I call it, though it be the hand
Of silence, though there be no voice; the clouds,
The mists, the shadows, light of golden suns,
Motions of moonlight, all come thither—touch,
And have an answer—thither come and shape
A language not unwelcome to sick hearts
And idle spirits."

The following passage, in which he is speaking of the "unenlightened swains of pagan Greece," reveals to us perhaps the very birth of Apollo:—

"In that fair clime, the lonely herdsman, stretched
On the soft grass through half a summer's day,
With music lulled his indolent repose;
And in some fit of weariness, if he,
When his own breath was silent, chanced to hear
A distant strain, far sweeter than the sounds
Which his poor skill could make, his fancy fetched,
Even from the blazing Chariot of the Sun,
A beardless youth, who touched a golden lute,
And filled the illumined groves with ravishment."

Even the spirit of love calls to its aid the sister spirit of music, giving a tone of humanity to the

——— "warbled air,
Whose piercing sweetness can unloose
The chains of frenzy, *or entice a smile*
Into the ambush of despair."

The "faculties of eye and ear" are both exhibited together at times, but the latter in a superior degree, as in the following very remarkable passage:

"Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have a sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither;
And SEE *the children sport upon the shore,*
And HEAR *the mighty waters rolling evermore.*"

While keeping in view the perplexing question of the soul's relation to the external world, we have illustrated the finest characteristics of Wordsworth's poetry. We are, however, no nearer determining the question than at the outset. Some will contend that nature receives all its significance from the human spirit, others that man is related to the spirit of the universe, as the shell to the sea:

"Apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

We would reject either extreme, yet are unable to determine the medium ground; we can only say with Novalis, "Nature is an Eolian harp, a musical instrument; those tones again are keys to higher strains in us." The greatness of the poet appears the same, whether in reality he transfers his feelings and thoughts to nature, or nature awakens feelings and thoughts in him with a power all her own. Neither nature is made for man nor man for nature. The adaptation of one to the other is perfect. You might as well subject the violin and the bow to chemical analysis, in order to ascertain the elements of Paganini's music, as to put nature and the soul of man into a metaphysical crucible, in order to determine the ingredients of that poetry which is born of their union.

In close connection with this question is the subject of imagination. Every element of man's mental nature, with the exception of pure reason, may manifest itself in the region of imagination. Form and color, feeling and sentiment, music and beauty, may, together or separately, as the image has more or less characteristics of the creative soul, lend their charms and give the spirit of life. Fancy contents itself with describing in a delicate, lively, pleasing, or luxurious manner that which really exists. Imagination always creates. It stops only at the elements of things, for of a new element the mind cannot conceive. The highest imagination has almost an infinite power of combination. We may, however, deduce two laws of its operation. It adds, in the first place, other elements to objects already existing, or combines parts of existing objects into new ones. Again, it creates objects out of the very elements of things, of which the world of form and life exhibits no real types. This distinction is somewhat arbitrary, and the point in the line which marks the extent of the first law, and the commencement of the second, it is perhaps impossible to locate; but for the sake of clearness of expression, it may be adopted.

Illustrations of the first law abound in all genuine poets. One of the most beautiful manifestations of this kind of imagination is the investment of external objects with human feelings: some have even regarded this as the whole province of imagination. We have, therefore, "*weeping* willows," "*sleeping* moonbeams," "*dancing* terrors," &c. With reference to the nudity of Godiva, Tennyson says:—

> "The *shameless* noon
> Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers."

Shakspeare's King Lear could beseech the elements to have mercy on an *old* man, because "*ye yourselves are old.*" The conception of many fabulous beings — the cherubim and seraphim of Hebrew poetry, the phœnix, and those well known in classical poetry—is a result of the creative power of imagination, not combining the very elements of things, but combining parts of real objects in nature. The cherubim, for illustration, were compounded of several distinct animals. The Hebrews say, in a proverb, "There are four creatures of stateliness and pride in the world: the lion among the wild beasts; the ox among the tame; the eagle among birds; and man above all;" and these were united in the formation of the cherubim. Ezekiel says:—

> "In all the four-fold visaged four was seen
> The face of man; the right a lion, and an ox
> The left distinguished, and to all the four
> Belonged an eagle's visage. By itself
> Distinct, their faces and their wings they each
> Extended upward, joining thus, it seemed,
> Two wings for flight, while two their bodies veiled."

In the same manner the sphinx of the Egyptians, the griffin of the northern mythology, and the dragon of the Greeks, may be decomposed. In the poetry of all nations, we find this peculiar manifestation of the imagination. Its operations are extended to inanimate as well as animate nature.

It is difficult to select examples exhibiting the purely creative power of imagination. We might find opponents if we should cite the demons of the Orphic hymns, the Izeds of the Parsi, the Elohim, the Achadim, and Adonim of the Hebrews, the Lahi of the Thibetians; but most will concede to us the gods of Homer, Dante's "Inferno," and the superhuman creations of Shakspeare. We find real manifesfations of this kind of imagination in "Paradise Lost," and in Goethe's "Faust."

The imagination, then, is not a single faculty of mind, but a manifestation of various combinations of its elements, joined with intense activity. The creations of imagination may therefore be characterized by beauty or deformity, purity or depravity, harmony or discord, sublimity or loveliness, love or hatred. The human soul creates in its own image. It requires imagination to paint the Witch of Endor, as well as the Virgin. Let any one read that awful description in Dante, commencing with the lines,

> "O quanto parve a me gran meraviglia,
> Quando vidi tre facce alla sua testa!"

and he will be satisfied that imagination may busy itself with the lowest hell as well as with the highest heaven. It may produce

> "Romance of giants, chronicle of fiends,"

and may "body forth"

> ——— "dire faces, figures dire,
> Sharp-kneed, sharp-elbowed, and lean-ankled too,
> With long and ghostly shanks—forms which, once seen,
> Could never be forgotten!"

Goethe's Mephistopheles is the most unholy creation of powerful imagination in all literature. If Faust is a devilish saint, Mephistopheles is a saintly devil. The sin of such a being is a yielding to the temptations of virtue,—a violation of his absolutely fiendish nature; of which he is indeed rarely guilty. As an escape from the nether region of imagination, let us glance at those Olympian-descended forms of virtue—forms, yet no forms, like figures of beauty dissolving in the soft twilight—ensouled by the spirit of Sophocles' imaginative genius. In "Œdipus Tyrannus," the chorus responds to Gocasta's scoffing profanity:—

"Νομοι
'Υψιποδες γ' ουρανιαν δ' αιθερ
Τ χν θεντες, ων' Ολυμπος
Πατηρ μονος, ουδε νιν θνατα
Φυσις ανερων ετικτεν, ουδε
Μηε ποτε λαθα καταχοιμασει.
Με εν τουτοι ȣ Θεος,
Ουδε γηρασκει."*

In consideration of these facts, we may say that Wordsworth is not equal in imagination to the greatest poets. He is inferior in this respect to Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, Milton and Goethe, if not to others. At the same time we may say that he is superior to all in purity of imagination. We find no splendid images that rouse the unholy passions of our nature. His imagination weaves a vestal garb around every object with which it deals, clothes with hallowed affection, and infuses a controlling moral life. He leaves to the lip its ruby color, inviting to sip the nectar joy of earthly life, but makes you feel in your own nature the working of a higher law than than that of impulse, in obedience to which you must act, or joy will turn to sorrow. The naphtha fire of earth is not extracted, but a new tempering fire is added from heaven. The beings of his imagination are ensouled with the spirit of humanity, and breathe an atmosphere of music and love. When, according to poetic fancy, nature takes it into her head to "make a lady of her own," whose imagination but Wordsworth's could invest her with such charms as awaken only holy and pure affection?—

"Three years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said, A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own!

"Myself will to the darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power,
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see,
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean on air
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face."

The following passage will show, in proof and illustration of our position, that music and sublimity may be used as ingredients, thus to speak, in the composition of imagination:—

"The towering headlands, crowned with mist,
Their feet among the billows, know
That ocean is a mighty harmonist;
Thy pinions, everlasting air,
Ever waving to and fro,
Are delegates of harmony, and bear
Strains that support the seasons in their round."

We cannot resist the temptation to copy one more passage which shows the presence of form, color and beauty, as well as other mental qualities, in a picture of the imagination with which but few equals are found in all literature. Something perhaps must be allowed for the reality, but imagination alone could see in the mountain mist, through which the sunbeams were playing, a picture which is described as follows:—

"A single step, that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapor, opened to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul;

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* The following imperfect translation, in which the half personification of the original is lost, is by Dr. Francklin, of Oxford:—

"Grant me, henceforth, ye powers divine,
In virtue's purest paths to tread;
In every word, in every deed,
May sanctity of manners ever shine;
Obedient to the laws of Jove,
The laws descended from above,
Which, not like those by feeble mortals given,
Buried in dark oblivion lie,
Or, worn by time, decay and die,
But bloom eternal, like their native heaven!"

The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth,
Far sinking into splendor—without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond and gold,
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems!

* * * * * * *

Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight!
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald
turf,
Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy folds voluminous enwrapped.
Right in the midst, where interspace appeared
Of open court, an object like a throne
Beneath a shining canopy of state
Stood fixed; and fixed resemblances were seen
To implements of ordinary use,
But vast in size, in substance glorified;
Such as by Hebrew prophets were beheld
In vision—forms uncouth of mightiest power,
For admiration and mysterious awe.
Below me was the earth; this little vale
Lay low beneath my feet; 'twas visible—
I saw not, but I felt that it was there,
That which I *saw* was the revealed abode
Of spirits in beatitude."

We have said that Wordsworth has been called the greatest of metaphysical poets. He is not in the right sense of the term a great philosophic poet. We find in his poems but little direct reasoning. He has constructed no philosophic system. Every real poet, however, is necessarily metaphysical. When Keats says, "the golden tongue of music *flattered* the old man to tears," he reveals to us a fact of man's nature, at which the philosopher arrives only by a painful interrogation of consciousness. Poets, for the most part unconsciously, have given tongue to the most recondite feelings and the most evanescent thoughts. If Wordsworth is really the most metaphysical, it is because he is the most meditative of poets. He was a disciple and a teacher of the spiritual philosophy, but that does not determine the question of his reasoning power. Readers and critics have mistaken perhaps his severe introspection, his intense meditation, for profound argumentation. He announces, but does not prove; he combines, but does not analyze. In the region of philosophy, if we may be allowed the expression, he rather feels than sees. The heart of the poet tells truths, as well as the understanding of the philosopher. The latter may be more real to speculation, yet the former are more real to life. Wordsworth, therefore, saw the real property that man has in the affections, and made himself the champion of man's right to the immunities of feeling and the treasures of the heart. Hence, when we study him thoroughly, we come to regard him as a controversialist, and can understand why he was unshaken by the scoffs of criticism, when we learn that great principles of life were dearer to him than his own fame. He had faith in the laws of man's nature, revealed to him by feeling and meditation, and was therefore heroic and firm. As the great metaphysician of the feelings, he has not preserved consistency, for the feelings change with advancing experience and under the influence of different circumstances. We find in his poetry declarations of the existence of a creating and sustaining Deity. We find, also, clear statements of the doctrine of Pantheism. Again he states the Platonic notion of the soul's pre-existence. In the ode entitled "Intimations of Immortality," the sublimest one to be found in any language, we have the following statement of this pre-existence:—

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar,
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."

Each of these statements was no doubt real to him at the moment of utterance. Hence inconsistencies may be strung on a thread of truth, while falsehood may be woven into the even web of consistency. Plato would not have defended in earnest his doctrine of pre-existence. In regard to it, Wordsworth was in earnest only in a poetical sense. It is well known that Dante represents the soul as a little girl "weeping and laughing in its childish sport," knowing nothing save moved by its Creator, "willingly it turns to that which gives it pleasure." Turning away from the scare-crow of Pantheism, which our poet never meant to advocate, let us be contented with the following beautiful and highly meditative sonnet:

"It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea.
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear'st untouched by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year;
And worshipp'st at the temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not."

We are not sorry that no space is left to dwell upon positive faults. A want of a quick perception of the ridiculous has exposed Wordsworth to the poisoned arrows of wit and the playful sallies of humor; an advantage of which the Edinburgh critics were not slow to avail themselves. There was no affinity between the subtlety of Jeffrey's intellect and the subtlety of Wordsworth's heart. We are thankful for the wounds inflicted by Jeffrey, for we have, on account of them, a loftier example of heroic patience and unflinching purpose in Wordsworth. Again we may say that our poet is deficient in constructive power. None of his poems have a pleasingly entangled plot. None of his narratives have a winding thread that begets expectation and awakens interest. Also, while dwelling upon sentiments he loses sight of individual life; hence his poetry is deficient in dramatic effect. Again, while he has

——— "sympathies
Aloft, ascending and sinking down,
Even to inferior kinds,"

we must believe that he has wasted the treasures of affection and the sweets of love upon many an unworthy object; that, in a holy endeavor to shield every living thing from contempt, he has gone into the opposite extreme from those poets who exclude every thing but the shadows or the realities of a court. It would be no difficult thing to show glaring inconsistencies in his political views, yet they may be harmonized, perhaps, by shifting the application of his ideal. Now we hear the tone of eulogy, now the tone of denunciation; this is an echo of the past, that a prophecy of the future. We might also refer to many passages which show a redundancy of language, and to some which show that he at times invested commonplace thoughts with a drapery of expression altogether too gorgeous. From his poems we could pick some that might be placed among the finest specimens of art that have ever been written, yet we could wish that upon certain passages more care might have been bestowed. A theory, vicious in some respects, has led him, in many places, to use unpoetic language and imagery.

We desist. Who can bear to expose the foibles of a wise and venerable friend? Wordsworth occupies a sacred place in our heart. His spirit, that hovers in the mysterious drapery of words a living presence on the earth, shall remain to greet and bless millions that shall come hither in future ages from the unknown, and to pronounce, as one of the sacred ministers of the *Word*, benediction on them at their departure. From him may all devout poets take encouragement, and all profane ones take warning, for the Eternal will permit the stamp of immortality to be put only upon that which accords with his atributes of justice and mercy, wisdom and love. He has revealed to us new powers and susceptibilities of the heart, and the heart responds to his gentle touch with a deep feeling of sympathy and blessing. As long as English literature has a place for the wise Spenser, it will have one for the good Wordsworth.

O. W. W.

NATURE AND EFFECTS OF A PROTECTIVE TARIFF.

It is obvious to all reflecting minds, that under the present tariff we are importing foreign goods to an excessive extent. The drain of specie from the vaults of our banks, which is now going on in consequence, would most certainly produce a financial crisis, bringing ruin upon thousands, were it not for the supply of gold from California. This is putting off the evil day, but for how long no one can predict. As it is, others are taking from us by this system nearly all the advantages we so eagerly expected from our rich Pacific possessions. We are merely becoming the *shippers* of the treasures of that region for our more sagacious European rivals.

Under these circumstances we will be excused for again presenting in the simplest form another argument for protection to our own industry in all its forms.

A tariff founded on constitutional authority, and at the same time wisely modified by all the necessities of the country to which it can apply, is a measure that cannot be successfully assailed. Some system of taxation must exist for the support of government; and none has ever been devised so faultless or so fit as this. Under its operation taxes are levied upon the people by their own voluntary action, and thus, as it were, by an invisible and unfelt agency; and the costs of collection have been estimated by high authority at one fifth only of the costs that would be incurred under a system of direct taxation. Thus, whatever is paid, is paid with the greatest possible convenience to the citizen; and the amount paid is less than it would be under a system of direct taxation by four fifths of the costs of the collection of the revenue under that system.

These premises are beyond the reach of material objection; and if true, there can be but one rational opinion as to the expediency of the tariff system.

But there is a further and direct pecuniary advantage derived through the operation of the tariff. This can be easily stated and illustrated. It is, that foreign States, in some degree, actually and substantially pay our revenue. But how is this effected? It is thus: Suppose the revenue necessary for the support of the Federal Government equal to $25,000,000, (costs of collection, &c., included:) this sum must be raised in either one or the other of two ways, viz., by direct taxation, or by duties on foreign commerce: if by the former, then it is certain the government costs the people that sum, *precisely;* but if by the latter, then the question is, Have not foreign countries paid a part of the amount? Doubtless they have; and let us see by what process. Keeping in mind that twenty-five millions are to be raised—suppose we were at any time without a tariff, and that foreign goods could be bought in our markets at certain rates—any you please: for the time being the people pay the whole twenty-five millions, and buy their goods at the rates that may be: suppose now that subsequently it is thought fit by government to levy a tariff of twenty per cent. on all foreign goods sold in our markets, and which duty would precisely meet the expenses of government, to the entire relief of the people from direct taxation: in this case, and by the operation of a settled law of trade, the duty of twenty per cent. levied upon the foreign goods would not be added to the price which our citizens would be required to pay for them, but some smaller amount. The sum of twenty per cent. above the previous cost would be divided between the seller and the purchaser, the seller losing (it may be) five, and the purchaser fifteen of the twenty per cent. Now, each party losing in his respective proportion, the purchaser three fourths and the seller one fourth of the twenty per cent., which in the aggregate make up the twenty-five millions, it is obvious that the citizens of the country pay only eighteen and three quarter millions, and the foreign States the remaining six and a quarter millions, which are made to the country by the transaction.

Perhaps some would say that, notwithstanding the apparent advantage to the country which this estimate exhibits, there is ultimately and substantially no advantage; since the gain of six and a quarter millions on the one hand is rebutted by the restraint inflicted on commerce on the other. But is the objection sound? Let us examine and see. The facts are these: Duties are laid on imported goods at twenty per cent. to the amount of twenty-five millions: to obtain this revenue the country pays fifteen per cent. more on the price for its goods—an increase equal to eighteen and three quarter millions. Now, the eighteen and three quarter millions are the measure of the restraint on commerce: strike the balance, and the country stands benefited by the transaction six and a quarter millions of dollars: the restraint on commerce answers to only three quarters of the relief from direct taxation; the remainder of that relief is so much clear gain. To illustrate more familiarly: Suppose that without a tariff an individual were to pay the Federal Government $1 revenue per annum, and at the same time paid for hats of a certain description at the rate of $5 each: now, suppose a tariff of twenty per cent. levied on foreign goods; this on the foregoing hypothesis would remove the direct tax, and would raise the price of the hat seventy-five cents only. How, then, would the parties stand? They would stand thus: The Government would receive the same revenue as before, and the citizen as before would wear his hat; but the tariff would have the effect of compelling the foreigner to pay twenty-five cents of the dollar which the citizen paid before.

No tariff.		*Tariff.*	
Hat, - -	$5	Hat, - -	$5 75
Direct tax, -	1	Direct tax, -	0 00
Total, - -	$6	Total, - -	$5 75

From this statement it is obvious that the Government receives the same income with or without the tariff, (supposing costs of collection, &c., equal in each case,) while it is equally obvious that the tariff has saved the citizen twenry-five cents, which he paid before, by making the foreigner pay it. By the operation of the law the Government has lost nothing—the citizen has made twenty-five cents, and the foreigner has lost as much; and all has been done without the smallest injustice to any one. Neither can it be said that the restraint of the tariff on commerce curtails the enjoyments of the people by effectually curtailing the means of enjoyment in raising prices: because the means of enjoyment are equally as great as (even greater than) before; inasmuch as the people gain somewhat from the foreign States by the transaction, after both supporting government and buying the same amount of goods as before.

Again, it may be said, if, (according to the foregoing hypothesis,) while the price of foreign goods is raised by the operation of the tariff, the rise in price is more than compensated by releasing a greater amount in the form of direct tax; why is it that the foreigner has been forced to receive less for his goods? The ability of the country to pay for them being undiminished, and the supply remaining the same, why should the goods be sold lower? The following explanation may suffice: When the citizen is discharged from direct taxation, the amount that he would otherwise pay to the Government remains in his own coffers, at his own absolute control and disposal. He is not obliged to invest it in one commodity more than another. It retains the general character of his private property, and he regards it only in that light. Suppose him now to go to a merchant to buy goods: suppose the merchant to inform him that the goods which he wants have risen fifteen per cent.; would he be influenced in his purchase by the consideration that the tax which he before paid was in his pocket? Not one cent more than if he had made the amount of his tax-bill by a bargain on the road; and that would have no appreciable effect. Men are not governed in their purchases by such motives; but they look to the relative value of commodities in general, and if an article rises in relation to other articles in general, (whether from natural or political causes,) they will buy in some degree the less of it. If corn, bacon, &c., remain at a fixed price, and the price of flour is doubled, it needs no demonstration to prove that less flour will be used than before, and this whether the rise is the effect of a tariff or other cause. Here, then, is the inducement and necessity for the foreign merchant to lessen his profits (under the tariff) as strong as in any other case—notwithstanding the fact that in this case something from the very nature of trade is made to the country by the action of the system.

Let us now examine its effect on the value and amount of home production, for this is an important department of inquiry on the subject, and should be well considered. How can it affect us in that quarter? In the following manner: Suppose England to bring goods to the United States, during any year, to the amount of twenty-five millions, for which she finds a market by taking in return the raw material, &c., which are produced here: suppose, also, that the next year a tariff of twenty per cent. is levied upon her merchandise by the Government of the United States: it cannot be denied that the tendency, at least, of such increase of duty is to diminish importation. The importation being diminished, and the foreigner less able to buy, the demand for our domestic produce is diminished, and, *cæteris paribus*, its price must fall. Here an evil result seems to be fairly made out, though very indefinite in its character. But is it not very manifest, that though an evil, it must be extremely, if not insensibly small? Say that one thirtieth part of the exports of England is absorbed in our markets; that the imposition of the tariff diminishes their importation one twentieth of that amount, (which is perhaps much more than facts warrant us to suppose:) then the total demand will be diminished by the one-six hundredth part of its original amount, only. Now, if such a diminution of demand will affect the price of an article, (as by the principle laid down we must allow,) *how much* will it affect it? Suppose a farmer, who in 1849 bought six hundred yards of osnaburgs for negro clothing, finds himself in 1850 in need of only five hundred and ninety-nine yards: how much would he expect the merchant to fall in price for the decrease of the demand? The principle could not apply practically in such a case, while as a mere abstraction we must admit it. And similar is the case between the United States and England. We must not estimate the decrease of demand in England for our cotton, &c., by the proportion which the diminution of our importation from England bears to its whole previous amount, but by the diminution of England's total demand for the articles which we produce and exchange for her fabrics. Here seems to be a principal, if not the only ground of error on the subject.

Still, supposing there is more in this abstract objection than has been allowed, is there not great reason to suppose that it is more than neutralized by the consequential advantages which flow from the system in other directions? Must we not allow it to be a matter of much moment that this system, by transferring a large body of our population from the field to the loom, diminishes the amount and augments the price of our agricultural products, while at the same time the condition of the new manufacturers is improved? Is it a small matter, that by encouraging and extending domestic manufactories, and thus increasing competition, the prices of goods are lowered? Is the augmentation of our national independence and security, by manufacturing within our own borders all articles of prime necessity, a matter to be despised? These advantages are manifest results of this system —results promised by reason and exhibited by experience—and (leaving wholly out of view the estimated national gain of six and a quarter millions by its operation) these advantages must, in the eye of reason and true policy, far, very far outweigh an objection which exists almost, if not wholly, in abstraction. But, again, take it for granted that our exports are lessened by the operation of the tariff, and that therefore the price of domestic productions is reduced: what is the tendency of such a state of things? Why, the very ground on which foreign commerce is reduced, is that on which *pari passu* domestic manufacture is augmented. And what is the effect of the extension of manufactures, if it is not to increase the demand for and raise the price of the raw materials, the productions of the country, whose price had fallen from the check given to foreign demand by the tariff (according to the hypothesis)? It is obvious that if the demand for our productions is diminished abroad, the very reason of that diminution will increase the demand at home; and, *cæteris paribus*, the demand being increased, the price is increased, (surely in this case, if in the other.) The whole matter is then reduced to this one point, viz., whether the increase of demand at home is equivalent to the decrease of foreign demand; and who can show that it is not? Say the check on our importation is an evil, and that the stimulus which it communicates to home industry and the price of home productions is, on the other hand, an advantage: do not the evil and the good appear upon mere inspection to be correspondent? Do they not appear, so far as things so indefinite in their nature can be scanned, to be proximately, if not exactly equal? Such is very strongly the appearance; and if true, then all the other advantages before enumerated are so much clear gain—the ill effect of the system on home production in one way, being counteracted by a corresponding advantage in another.

But the feature of this system which, in its present modification, is most odious to its opponents, is the protective policy which it embodies. While on the one hand it is admitted that the Government may constitutionally levy such duties on foreign commerce as may be necessary for its support, it is wholly denied on the other that such duties may be so laid as to afford protection to our own domestic manufactures. Let us fairly consider this objection, and see whether it is founded in wisdom or in sophistry. Upon what is it based? Upon the assumption that the Federal Constitution authorizes a tariff for revenue, and for revenue only; and that the present tariff, being as certainly a protective as it is a revenue tariff, (protection and revenue both being objects of the measure,) it is therefore, *quoad* the protective feature, without constitutional authority. It would be unreasonable to suppose that an objection so popular would fail to be specious; and specious this is; but it is only specious. It is certain that the Legislature can lay duties for revenue. All admit it. And is it not certain that the Constitution does not impose upon it a single restriction, making any article of commerce more or less dutiable than another, or limiting in any manner the rates of duties? All this is certain. And what does this grant of power, thus unrestricted as to both the subjects and the rates of duty, amount to? Why, most palpably to a discretionary power to lay any duties on any articles of foreign commerce whatever, in order to raise revenue. He has not ordinary perception who cannot see this. Now the Federal Legislature in 1842 did—what? *For the purpose of raising revenue, they, in their discretion as to both the subjects and the rates of duty, laid a tariff on foreign merchandise.* Did they not then act in most implicit obedience to the Constitution? The Constitution did not require that the Legislature should or should not have other objects associated with that of revenue; but if it legalized an object by the execution of which another might be attained, (no other law prohibiting,) then it legalized the latter also: and this conclusion is inevitable; for the Constitution, leaving the Legislature at large as to both rates and dutiable articles, gave them power to establish any: the Legislature choosing the protective rates, &c., are therefore within the Constitutional power. Take an illustration: Suppose the Federal Government should determine to enlarge our navy by the addition of twelve ships of the line, and should *authorize its agents to employ mechanics to build them:* now suppose these agents who have this authority (the sole assigned object of which is the building of the ships) should, in contracting with builders, associate with the leading object (the building of the ships) the additional and humane object of letting the work to certain applicants, who, while equally as skilful as others, had the misfortune to be extremely poor; and suppose they should act under this motive: will any man say that this would be transcending authority? Surely not; and still this is a parallel case with the other. Suppose also (as we reasonably may) that the tariff of 1842 was laid precisely as it was, but that the object of protection was not in the mind of the Legislature when it was laid; or that it was laid with an eye to revenue only, and otherwise wholly at random: would not the effects have been precisely as they were? and would it not be constitutional on the very ground of its opponents? Most unquestionably; and if so, what should we think of the Constitution in reprobating a cause without any reference to its practical effects? This may not be political abstraction in the eyes of some; but that it is a distinction practically immaterial, no man can doubt.

It has been objected that a protective tariff is of unequal operation; that it fills the pockets of the Northern manufacturer, and empties those of the planter of the South. But though it must in candor be admitted to be unequal in its indirect effects, yet who would have the temerity to condemn a measure for an imperfection no greater than this, when compared with the great extent and variety of its advantages? It protects the agriculturist and the manufacturer, the whole country over; and these are the principal departments of industry. That its protection should be precisely equal to all, could not be expected; it is not in the nature of things that it should be so. Nor would the operation of a tariff, however modified, be precisely and universally equal. And why is it that the common experience of men does not teach them this? If a bridge is to be built, or a road to be opened in one of the counties of Virginia, (a matter of familiar occurrence,) though the bridge or the road may be of use to only a small portion of that county, yet do all the tax-paying citizens contribute alike to its construction. Now, what is this inequality in the operation of the tariff but a complete analogy to that manifested in the case of the bridge or the road? Yet men speak of the one as iniquitous, and the other goes unblamed.

Touching the attention that should be paid to the description of foreign goods in adjusting the duties upon them, it is proper to observe generally, that the higher the comparative necessity of an article to the public security, the higher comparatively should be the duty upon it, *if the manufacture of the article is practicable at home.* Anti-restrictive writers on political economy agree that the necessity of an article to the public security is, as to that article, good ground of exception to the anti-restrictive rule. To define exactly what is meant by *articles necessary to public security* would be extremely difficult. Perhaps a definition which would be true at one time would not be so at another. The condition, habits, and manners of a people are ever varying, and with them vary their necessities. Now, the necessities of a nation being changed, the articles which supply these necessities are changed also; and these articles are *necessary to the public security:* for the *public security* consists, in part, in the possession of the necessary articles of ordinary comfort and defense; and these articles are ever varying with times and circumstances. The enlightened wisdom of the Federal Legislature, then, is probably a sufficient guarantee that such modifications of the tariff will be successively adopted as the condition of the country shall from time to time indicate to be proper.

It has been alleged in objection to the tariff, that in encouraging the establishment of large manufacturing communities, its effect is demoralizing and mobocratic. But how can that be? The answer would probably be this. That the laborers in such establishments are collected from the lowest walks of life, and are, therefore, the most ignorant and the most vicious members of society; that, being brought into contact in large bodies, their vicious propensities by union (like alloyed metals) acquire a power greater than the sum of their individual powers when separate; and that riots, mobs, and gross immoralities are the consequences.

There is certainly an apparent force in the objection, for it must be acknowledged that (*cœteris paribus*) vice concentrated is mightier and more mischievous than when generally diffused. But is it just to denounce such associations, simply because they are found to be connected with an evil tendency? or would it be the wiser way to inquire whether or not such tendency is rebutted by equivalent or greater advantages from the same source? The answer is obvious. The laborers that yesterday lounged in idleness along the streets, without the means of life, or strolled over the country to procure by plunder the bread of subsistence, are to-day sent to a factory where they are put to regular employment, under the superintendence of men eminent for their integrity and business capacity. Here they are paid for their services, and are at the same time *incidentally* restrained from the thousand misdeeds of which idleness and want are the certain progenitors. Yesterday they were without the restraint which rational control imposes; to-day they are under its influences: yesterday they were in want, under temptations to falsehood, robbery and murder; to-day their wants are removed, and they are delivered from their temptations. They cannot indulge vicious propensities during the day, because they are employed, and at night fatigue inclines them to sleep. Now, in candor and sound reason, is not the evil tendency, which has been suggested, far more than rebutted? That mobs may sometimes occur in such establishments, is not denied; but the history of nations (and even of England and our own country) shows that a factory laborer is not a necessary constituent of a mob. And even if it were so, still the good seems to preponderate over the evil in the moral effect of the institution. Nor does there appear any good reason to suppose that manufacturing institutions impoverish their operatives. Men will naturally take employment where they can obtain the highest wages. Now, if the laborer (who has no land of his own) procures higher wages from the manufacturer than the farmer, do the higher wages make him poor? The poverty of the civilized world has diminished with the extension of manufacturing institutions. Without such institutions, what would be the poverty and the suffering of Great Britain, with her millions of population? The wretchedness of her people is great now, but if these institutions should be suppressed, it would be immeasurable. Suppose her population annually increasing, while the extent of her soil is fixed: the demand for agricultural labor thus remains stationary, while the supply continually increases. In this way the price of labor gradually falls, and it falls under the operation of a continually accumulating cause. At this juncture appears the manufacturing system: the laboring population is divided; some go to the factories, some to the fields. The supply of agricultural labor of course diminishes, and the demand remaining the same, the price must rise. Again, the factory laborer must get as high wages as the agricultural, or he will naturally seek employment elsewhere. Thus the condition of both classes is improved, and the indefinite expansibility of the manufacturing system enables the country by successive enlargements to keep pace with the growth of her wants, resulting from the growth of her population. In this point of view, the system appears to be *actually, necessary* to the well-being, if not to the very existence of the nation. Her people remain at home, and, within the small compass of her factory walls, indirectly cultivate millions of acres of every soil and climate on the globe.

Such, briefly, are the nature and effects of the tariff system; and it would be difficult to believe that a measure fraught with so many advantages can fail to command the earnest attention of the country at large, that we may be saved by it from the disasters to which we are so evidently hastening under the present over-importation of foreign goods.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

We beg to say to our friends, with the commencement of a new volume, that we have made, and are making, arrangements for great improvements in the various departments of the Review. Without varying from the well-established principles which have guided the past years of its existence, greater care shall be exercised in the supervision of the articles admitted. We have made arrangements for a monthly article on European events and politics, to be written in Paris, by a gentleman who will possess peculiar facilities for information. We hope to make this a very acceptable feature in the Review. We will take the liberty of sending to each of our subscribers during the present month a circular, defining more particularly our position and intentions, which we will take as a great favor if all will read, and communicate to us any suggestions that may occur. In view of the coming Presidential contest we wish to have all our armor ready, and to feel the sustaining countenance of our friends. The calm at present in the political atmosphere allows us to nearly suspend the subject for the present, but our friends will be, we think, amply compensated by the rich historical and literary matter we present in the present number. We trust next month to be able to take a survey of the field of the coming fight.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Eastbury: A Tale. By Anna Harriet Drury, authoress of "Friends and Fortune." New-York: Harper & Brothers.

We dipped into the first chapter of this delightful volume as we were borne along the Hudson by the rushing engine that has invaded the solitudes of its highlands. As the book opens *in a rail-car*, the appropriateness of the place to the reading of said chapter will be apparent; but when the scenery outside, and the short time which the "arrowy flight" through it you are taking allows the pent-up mind to expand to its grandeurs, are considered, it will not be surprising that our investigations into the merits of the book proceeded no further than the railroad chapter in question.

Some books, however, there are, whose quality one has no more hesitation in judging of by a *bite* than one would have in deciding about a peach in the same way; or to be more seasonable in our illustration, than we had when, after reaching our destination, we hesitated not, from the first spoonful, to express an emphatic approbation touching the *wild strawberries* and pure cream put before us by our friend—gathered from his own hills and fields. Reader, you will find this to be such a book, or our theory, so *pleasantly* illustrated, is false.

Cosmos: A Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. By Alexander Von Humboldt. Translated from the German by E. C. Otté. Vol. III. Harper & Brothers.

In a mere notice we can only announce the fact of the appearance of this third volume of the great work of Humboldt. We shall endeavor to recur to it more particularly in an extended review. It will undoubtedly be referred to hereafter as one of the enduring works of this age, a prominent landmark in its progress.

The Heir of West-Wayland: A Tale. By Mary Howitt. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is one of those charming stories of Mrs. Howitt that it is only necessary to announce, so well known are the purposes of all her works, and so admirable her method of executing them.

History of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. By Jacob Abbott. With Engravings. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

This is another of the series of admirable historico-biographical books, to which we have so often called the attention of our readers. Our admiration for the manner in which Mr. Abbott executes his task, is increased by each addition to the series. We are glad to learn that no works of the kind have ever been more highly appreciated, as evinced by the extent of the sales.

Caleb Field: A Tale of the Puritans. By the Author of "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland," &c. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

A quaintly but exquisitely written story, which we can heartily commend to the lovers of the pure and good.

Fresh Gleanings; or, a New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe. By Ik. Marvel. New-York: Charles Scribner.

It may be that our opinions are influenced by the fact of the appearance originally of some portions of this book in our own columns, (which our readers will pleasantly remember under the title of "Notes by the Road,") but it is with us the favorite book of this elegant writer. There has been no book among the multitude of travels, that, to our taste, approaches this in certain qualities. Its freshness of feeling, its quiet observation and characteristic touches of pathos and humor, make altogether the most charming of all recent books.

The more popular subject which Mr. Mitchell hit in his last most successful work, "The Reveries," suddenly awakened the public to the existence of a rare genius that they had neglected, and now these new editions of former works are demanded. Nor will they, we venture to say, disappoint the appreciative.

Land and Lee in the Bosphorus and Ægean; or Views of Athens and Constantinople. By Rev. Walter Colton, late of the United States Navy. Edited, from the Notes and Manuscripts of the Author, by Rev. Henry T. Cheever. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co., 51 John street.

Another delightful volume by the author of "Ship and Shore." It is full of the peculiar grace, wit, and spirit that characterize all the writings of the lamented chaplain. We know of no more joyous and pleasant companion into the regions he describes, and we shall contribute to the enjoyment of all whom our notice may attract to the book should they conclude to put it among their collection for their summer vacation.

Para; or Scenes and Adventures on the Banks of the Amazon. By John Esaias Warren. New-York: G. P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

The style of this book is too ambitious and florid; obscuring by too great a verbiage rather than increasing to the mind of the reader the vividness of the scenes described. Amid scenes of such natural grandeur and such luxuriance of tropical verdure, it is to be sure hardly possible to restrain the pen within the limits of strict taste; and it may therefore be that our readers will not agree with our criticism. The intrinsic interest of the subject of the volume is so great that we can safely commend it.

The Religion of Geology and its connected Sciences. By EDWARD HITCHCOCK, D.D., LL.D., President of Amherst College, and Professor of Natural Theology and Geology. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

After the various works which have been published of late upon the subject of Geology and kindred sciences, one was particularly required directly to the point aimed at in the above work. It required also that a professed theologian and a profound naturalist, combined in the one individual, should undertake the task. As this work answers in all respects this desideratum, we may congratulate the public, both theological and lay, on its opportune appearance.

Practical Mercantile Correspondence. A collection of Modern Letters of Business, with Notes critical and explanatory, an Analytical Index, and an Appendix, containing pro formâ invoices, account sales, bills of lading, and bills of exchange. Also, an explanation of the German chain rule, as applicable to the calculation of exchanges. By WILLIAM ANDERSON. New-York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

It is only necessary for us to give the title of this book, as every one interested in the subject will perceive from it, that if properly executed, a great desideratum has been supplied for the wants of the rising mercantile generation. And as to the merits of the book itself, what they are may be inferred from the fact that it has received the compliment of translation into several of the European languages.

The Book of Oratory: A new collection of extracts in Prose, Poetry, and Dialogue, containing selections from distinguished American and English Orators, Divines, and Poets; of which many are specimens of the Eloquence of Statesmen of the present day. For the use of Colleges, Academies and Schools. By EDWARD C. MARSHALL, M.A., late Instructor in the Military School at West Point, in Geneva College, and in the New-York University. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

In giving the above title-page in full, we need only add, that the names of the compiler and publishers are a sufficient guarantee for the manner in which the work is executed.

Guide to the White Mountains and Lakes of New-Hampshire. Concord, N. H.: Tripp & Osgood. New-York: C. H. Tripp, 262 Greenwich street.

An admirable pocket-guide to those favorite places of summer resort.

The American Cotton Spinner, and Manager's and Carder's Guide. A Treatise on Cotton Spinning, &c., &c.

The Moulder's and Founder's Pocket Guide. A Treatise on Moulding and Founding, &c., &c. Philadelphia: A. Hart & Co.

These two volumes will be found of great value to all those engaged in the two extensive and important branches of art to which they refer. They are an evidence of the progress of artistic and scientific skill among us, notwithstanding its struggle with foreign competition.

A School Dictionary of the Latin Language. By Dr. J. KALTSCHMIDT. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea.

This volume is one of the celebrated classical series of Schmitz & Zumpt, so highly recommended by the various professors and teachers throughout the country.

observed one fault in his general proceeding. He never manfully put forward the entire strength of his cause. He temporized; he managed; and adopting very nearly the sentiments of his adversaries, he opposed their inferences. This, for a political commander, is the choice of a weak post. His adversaries had the better of the argument as he handled it, not as the reason and justice of his cause enabled him to manage it. *I say this after having seen, and with some care examined, the original documents concerning certain important transactions of those times.* They perfectly satisfied me of the extreme injustice of that war, and of the falsehood of the colors which, to his own ruin, and guided by a mistaken policy, he suffered to be daubed over that measure. Some years after, it was my fortune to converse with many of the principal actors against that minister, and with those who principally excited that clamor. None of them, no, not one, did in the least defend the measure, or attempt to justify their conduct. They condemned it as freely as they would have done in commenting upon any proceeding in history, in which they were totally unconcerned. Thus it will be. They who stir up the people to improper desires, whether of peace or war, will be condemned by themselves. They who weakly yield to them will be condemned by history."

We resume with the original dispatch giving an account of the first formal taking possession of that region towards which so much interest has been attracted lately. It will be found to be very interesting and curious. It is somewhat singular that the King described so nearly resembles the descriptions of the present "King of Mosquito." Lord Palmerston, in his dispatch to the Nicaraguan Government, says: "The time when and the manner in which the connection between Great Britain and the Mosquito Coast began is not well known." This paper evidently throws some light on the subject, and may be useful to his Lordship, provided he still continues to ignore *the treaty of Paris*, 1763.

We do not desire at present to re-open the discussion of the Nicaraguan question, especially in the manner it has been discussed in this Review, contrary to the advice of its present conductor, but we are glad to be able to add any new *facts* that may throw light upon it; retaining personally, as we do, the confidence we have always felt, notwithstanding all that has been said, in the patriotism and far-seeing statesmanship of the eminent Secretary in whose hands the negotiation has been, knowing that he of all others is the man to settle it upon such bases as the honor and interests of the country demand.

XI.

[Backed, "Mr. Hodgson, from ye 13th of March to 12th April. Sandy Bay, 8th April, 1740. Mr. Hodgson to Gov. Trelawny."]

SANDY BAY, April 8th, 1740.

May it please your Excellency:—I dated my last from Port Royal by mistake on the 1st of March, whereas we sailed from thence on the 29th of February, arrived at St. Andrews on the 3d of March, sailed for Sandy Bay on the 6th, where we came to an anchor on the 11th, but were prevented by a north from going ashore till the 13th.

King Edward being informed of my arrival, sent me word that he would see me the next day, which he did, attended by several of his captains. I read to him your Excellency's letter, and my own commission, and when I had explained them by an interpreter, told my errand and recommended to them to seek all opportunities of cultivating friendship and union with the neighboring Indian nations, and especially such as were under subjection to the Spaniards, and of helping them to recover their freedom. They approved every thing I said, and appointed the 16th to meet the Governor, John Briton, and his captains at the same place, to hear what I had farther to say.

On the 16th they all came except Admiral Dilly and Collr Morgan [Mosquito Indian chiefs, who had been complimented with British commissions or titles.—ED.] who were sick. General Hobby and his captˢ were at too great a distance to be sent for, but their presence not being material, I proceeded to acquaint them that as they had long acknowledged themselves subjects of Great Britain, the Governor of Jamaica had sent me to take possession of their country, in his majesty's name: then asked if they had any thing to object. They answered that they had nothing to say against it, but were very glad I was come for that purpose. So I immediately raised the standard and reduced the sum of what I had said into articles. I asked them both separately and jointly if they approved and would abide by them. They unanimously declared they would. So I had them read over again in a solemn manner under the colours. At the end of every article fired a gun, and concluded with cutting up a turf, and promising to defend their country and to procure them all the assistance and instruction from England in my power.

The formality all this was done with seemed to have a good influence upon them, for they often repeated their desire of learning to read, and said they must now mind their king more than they had done, and do all they could to help themselves and hurt the Spaniards, to whom I recommended all the mercy that was consistent with their own safety. But they seemed not to understand me rightly, saying—if they fight they must kill. The articles I enclose, and hope your Excellency will excuse so much ceremony: for as I had no certain information whether the country was ever taken possession of before or ever claimed otherwise than by sending them down commissions, I thought the more voluntary and clear the cession of it was, the better.

The governor came attended with a numerous guard, who behaved to him with much respect and silence. He is a sensible old man, and carries a good command; the king being very young, I believe not twenty, is not much observed, but was he to be a while in Jamaica or England 'tis thought he would make a hopefull monarch enough.

On the 18th the king with his captains came of their own accord to consult about a proper place to attack, but hearing that Captain Jumper was expected from the other side of the Cape, with 5 or 6 periauguas, and neither the governor, Admiral Dilly nor Coll° Morgan being present, I thought it best to defer it 'till they were summoned. The king brought his mother and the captains their wives. I entertained them as usual, but there always comes such a train with them that instead of one puncheon of rum I should have had three or four. However, as I recommended sobriety to them at first as from your Excellehcy, none of them has presumed to get drunk when they come to me.

On the 19th Capt. Andrew Stewart, who has been hovering several months on this coast in hopes of getting the Muskitos to make an expedition for him, came into the road and sent me an invitation to dine on board, with an apology for not waiting on me himself, which I accepted, and was saluted with 5 guns at coming off. He was very desirous to agree with me about attacking some place or other, but proposed none but a gold mine which he could not describe. King Edward and his captains went aboard likewise. As we went, they told me that Captain Stewart had teazed them into a sort of promise to go with him, but they were averse to it, and wondered that such a privateer, who was a blaze of fire, did not look out for Spaniards at sea, rather than trouble them to make his voyage for him. I told them that I had nothing to say to what promises they had laid themselves under before I came amongst them; that I knew truth and sincerity were most agreeable to your Excellency, and therefore could say nothing more than if they went with Captain Stewart and I liked the design, that I would go with them. If I did not, would depend upon their hastening back to try another that both they and I should like. However, if they desired me, they might depend upon my going with them any where. I spoke the same to Captain Stewart, who persuaded them with much ado to meet him at Pearl Keys. They tyed their knotts with much reluctance, and told me the next day they were so divided in their opinions since my coming, that they knew not what to do for the best.

The same day Admiral Dilly and Coll° Morgan sent me word they were coming to wait on me. I immediately crossed the Lagune to meet them, hearing they were sensible clever fellows, and such I found them. They had despatch'd a messenger to the governor to meet them the next day to hold a general and decisive council.

They all mett on Sunday the 23d, at Senock Dawkras (Mr. Whitehead's house). The governor being sick, tryed our patience by making us wait till the afternoon; but when he came, made ample amends by the justness of his sentiments.

He told the king and his captains it was plain they had got a name and the good opinion of the Governor of Jamaica, (whose success against the rebellious negroes they had all heard of,) and if they did not keep it up, what could the world say of them? There was an officer now sent down by your Excellency to observe their manner of fighting, and if they did not do their best they should lose the favor of the English. It was true they were but a small number of peoples compared to us who had men to spair for sickness and the sword. But if they show'd themselves worthy, no doubt the King of Great Britain would send a force sufficient to get them all they wanted, besides teachers to instruct them in what is right and good. He said General Hobby had often talked about taking towns in time of peace, and called the English cowards. Now it was war, they must show they were not such themselves; that the English were the best judges when war or peace were proper, and none of them had any business to act otherwise than they were directed by the Governor of Jamaica. In short, all he said show'd a strong natural judgment, and the sedate tone of voice in which he and some others debated, was very agreeable and affecting. They quickly came to the point, viz^t—what place they shou d attack, and soon agreed upon one where there is both a mine and a town, viz., the river Coaclyo and the town of St. Juan de Vasaqua: Thinking, I suppose, to oblige Captain Stewart by the first and me by the latter.

We tyed fourteen knotts and concluded with many loyal healths. Then they all got up and took their leaves in a respectful manner before they had drank too much.

I found my council about sobriety has had some weight with the old men, but the young ones are got together since with the women into drinking bouts. They intoxicate themselves with a liquor made of honey, lime apples and cassada, and if they avoid quarrels, which often happen, they are sure to have fine promiscuous doings among the girls. The old women, I am told, have the liberty of chawing the cassada before 'tis put in, that they have a chance in the general rape as well as the young ones.

I fell into one of them by mere accident last Monday, where I found Admiral Dilly and Col^o Morgan retailing my advice among them to little effect, for most of them were too drunk to mind it, and so hideously painted that I quickly left them to avoid being daubed all over, which is the compliment they usually pay their visitors on such occasions.

Those two captains complain much of their drinking, but say it has been taught them by the English. Others say not—for how should the English invent the pine and cassada drink? Their resentment of adultry has lost its edge, too, more than among other Indians. That, I make no doubt, they are obliged to us for. Their breach of promises in their bargains, I take to be a good deal owing to a sense of being defrauded by traders, but through their ignorance of numbers and value not being able to tell how, they are apt to make improper reprisals. As for their laziness, the grand promoter of the rest, I really think it must have been owing to their discontent at the ill usage they have received from privateers and others; because I don't find that it has been epidemical amongst them till lately. They will loll in their hammocks till they are almost starved—then start up and go a turtling in a pet, and if they have not immediate success, and there happens to be many periaguas together, they form a design on some Spanish or Indian town.

They have never been upon any considerable expedition since that of Barcuto, which is thirteen years ago; so that there are many raw lazy young fellows among them, for which reason the old men say it will not be proper to put them upon severities at first. They are better judges than I can possibly be. I propose when I come back to collect all that live on this side the cape into little towns. Their present straggling life being very inconvenient. Dilly and Morgan complain of it, and say that they lived together formerly, but falling into the English custom of ridiculing and abusing one another behind their backs, they fell into varience, and so dispersed; and they believe that there are larger numbers back in the country that never appear, than those that do. I shall endeavour to get them together. These things require more time and patience than I expected. But when their inveteracy to the Spaniards and fidelity to us during [*word illegible*] of 100 years is considered, and that our own vices have helped to spoil them, no pains, methinks, should be spared to reclaim them.

I have disposed of several presents, but their returns being principally in visits to get more or to drink punch, I have stopt my hand. The Lubeck duck, osnabrigs, powder, ball, flints and shott I shall divide among them at setting out, with a promise that they shall pay me according to their behaviour or their plunder.

I have disposed of none of your lady's merchandise yet, hoping for the best market when we come back. The English here have laid me under a kind of prohibitation, by telling them that I did not come to trade, but to do them good, which both makes me cautious and implies their own way of trade is bad. Indeed I observe it is upon a very unequal and uncertain footing, and dont see how it can be otherwise till the people themselves are upon a better. I can give your Excellency no information as yet of the white people on the other side of the Cape and at Cape Camdrous. At my return I shall go among them and among the Pians and Pictocks. The weight of the Muskitos among their neighbours notwithstanding all their vices, appears from their influence upon these two Indian nations, who, tho' generally at war with each other, are always good friends when the Muskito men come among them. If the season will allow it, I propose another expedition when I come back that shall direct them all better to the country of their fathers than this we are going upon. I am in great want of mapps, the 1st vol. of Dampier Uring's and others, whom I never read.

Captain Stewart was present at our last meeting, and told me he designed to wait for us at the Pearl Keys. I answered we should be there, but as for the Muskito men, they were soly under my command, and that it was my duty to see them have justice done, whatever they took. I show'd him my commission and King Edward's declaration. So I hope that we shall have no disputes. He told me that his carpenter had repair'd six crafts at the cape upon the promise of their captains to go out with them, which they now said they would not have done if I had not come among them. I wrote to Gen^l Hobby as follows:—

SENOCK DAWKRA, March 28, 1739–40.

Brother Hobbey:—I suppose that before this you have heard of my coming to this shore by the Governor of Jamaica's orders, to set up the British standard, and to command all the Muskito Indians except those under King Edward, whom his Excellency has desired to assist with as many men as he can spare.

We have agreed upon an expedition to the southward not far from Chagres, and are to set out in twelve sloops. I therefore desire you to hasten all the people and craft that can be got together to Sandy Bay. We go from hence to Pearl Keys. Capt. Andrew Stewart tells us there are six crafts near the cape which his carpenters repaired. I desire they may be sent to us with all speed, that we may go out as strong as possible. I am glad that Captain Handysides has gone to take Banalo; but wish that I had seen him first, because it is the Governor of Jamaica's orders that you make slaves of the Indians no longer; but on the contrary, when you happen to take any, that you will tell them the gray-eyed people will soon join you and come to help them against the Spaniards, whose yoke you must advise them to throw off in the mean time, and so send some of them back, and use the rest well till I come amongst you, which will be as soon as our expedition is over. I would have seen you first if time would have allowed it, so wish you and your family health and success against our common enemy, and am

Your friend and brother,
ROBERT HODGSON.

The report of Handysides being gone to Banalo is contradicted, so that I can assure your Excellency of the truth. He is Hobby's son, and a very bold fellow.

Thus, sir, I have related my proceedings hitherto, and hope they will be to your satisfaction. I can form no judgment till the expedition is over, how far these people may be rendered serviceable to the main design. Neither can I add many remarks upon the country, having had no conveniency as yet for travelling. What I have seen is flat. Being all savannnas and lagunes, it produces very good cotton, in my opinion much finer than Jamaica's; and I am told there is as good cocoa near the cape as any in New Spain. Their pine apples are delicious and three times as large as ours. Wild honey is in plenty. I live chiefly upon turtle, their idleness not suffering them to raise stock or cattle. In short, the people only want stirring up by war and a little better sense of shame, and then to be kept employed about the conveniences and decencies of life, and not to be defrauded, all which might be soon done by introducing a more regular set of whites. Those few I have mett with on this side do not seem so averse to the government as I expected, and I hope to find them on the other side, where they are pretty numerous, tractable enough. There is one honest gentleman named Luke Horton living at Black River Lagoon, who some years ago bargained with the Spaniards of Truxillo to betray the country to them, and had almost brought the King into it. A Spanish lieutenant and twenty men ventured upon the assurance Luke had given them, and the standard of Spain was hoisted upon his house-top. The Muskito men hearing of it, sent them a message to prepare for death, and immediately put them all to the [*word illegible*] except the lieutenant and Luke, whom the English begged off. A Spanish privateer was forced by a north into Brewer's Lagoon about a year since. She had got some damage, which the English there were so weak as to assist them in repairing, and afterwards so base as to fire upon them at parting. The captain was a knight of Malta, and talkt publicly of returning with a force sufficient to settle and fortify that key. If he keeps his word I hope to give a good account of him.

King Edward talks of coming to Jamaica with me, and several others. They all seem desirous of having some of their children sent to England, but their women and *sukeys* too often oppose their best designs. I don't take their number to be near so many as the author of the project makes them out, except they are concealed backwards. I don't like this expedition to the southward half so well as one to the leeward, and did all I could against it consistent to my promise of leaving them to themselves; for every body agrees about the expectation of the Mohela Indians, who are said to be the race of Montezuma, that they shall have a deliverer from the gray-eyed people. Without superstition 'tis very possible, if the design is prosecuted, which I beg it may, though I miscarry or am lost in the attempt; for, to explain, I am not so good a judge of human nature as I may be thought; and whatever good opinion your Excellency has conceived for me, I am conscious as yet of being too superficial for an affair of this importance.

I have neither the Spanish nor Indian language. The latter I have neither patience to learn nor memory to retain: and would a small cargo of ingenious young fellows embark from England, the difficulty would not be much, for the war may be made a diversion, and the climate a medicine for the most shattered constitution, if people would but adapt their way of living to it. In the mean time I shall break the ice, and render both myself and these people as obnoxious to the Spaniards as the devil. If we have success, King Edward begs that when your Excellency is informed how we are gone, and that he is ready to come up to Jamaica, that a small man-of-war may be sent for us. The honor as well as the interest of the nation, methinks, is now concerned to aid these Indians in every respect.

I propose, if possible, to stand the voyage in an open periagua along with the king. We expect to be out three months. Several, as well Muskito men as others, seemed desirous of taking Bocca del Drago, in our return, and I don't well know how to act in regard to them and other Indian bravoes. Their horrid cruelty and perfidy is certainly detestable, but whether it has not been derived originally from their Catholic neighbors on the Main is a question.

If one half of the Muskito men that go out with me will engage to keep it till your Excellency's pleasure is known, I will send them a civil message to quit the island, which, I imagine, they will comply with, as they have got so few fire-arms. Their avenues, I am told, are fortified by deep pits, covered and sunk full of lances. I suppose they are easily avoided. Their's is a noble harbor, and I am told it would be a key to a better commerce than any we know of in the West Indies.

I find some force will be requisite from England, let us proceed never so successfully; and several places will need fortification. When I have seen the whole shore, I shall inform your Excellency better. I expected twenty-five periauguas, but fear a disappointment, the people are so consummately superstitious and lazy. The king is sanguine enough. He proposes calling his people all together, and to press the fittest, and so push to sea at once. He has got a handsome brisk young wench to his queen, that pleases him well and makes him very good-natured and ready to follow advice.

The governor, I find, notwithstanding his other good qualities, is quite an old leecher, which renders him unable to follow his own reason. He has got no less than five wives.

Whitehead has been very serviceable to me, and grateful for my engagement to Macfarland. I thank your Excellency, whose favor has given me credit to do some good. Stuart tells me he had paid the money, and the receipt is in Mr. Harry Smith's hand, of Spanishtown; so that I am safe enough.

There have not been wanting people to instil jealousies into the Muskito men, whom he always has exposed. Some merchants at Jamaica did the same unto him. Your Excellency may be assured that all the idlers and desperadoes are a burden to them.

The greater part of my navy is now rendezvoused at this place, or dispatched to the Pearl Keys, where, or at Cape Blanco, we shall wait for the rest. They are but four from the Cape that may be depended on, and with them we shall make but nineteen periauguas, which I am told is a very extraordinary number, considering I have not been able to stir from this place. The tardiness of those that stay behind I hope may prove a good motive to their better behavior in some future expedition. From the present spirit that is raised amongst us, this is hopefull enough if one shamefull neglect which I have scarce patience to write don't defeat us. The powder I received is all damaged cannon powder. Pearson has surely done it on purpose, or don't know the one from the other; for I desired him many times to be particularly careful to let me have good pistol powder, knowing I would be exposed to woods and rains. I have but 3,000 ball. However, it must do. I hope to get better from Little Breeches. I pray God to bless your Excellency, and send me good luck, who am your Excellency's most obedient and devoted humble servant,

ROBERT HODGSON.

Smock Dawkra, April 12th, 1740.

P.S.—Had I been better informed, I might have made a little fortune on your Excellency's money, and done more justice to the cause; for the Muskito men have not got half guns enough, so must be supplied by Stewart and the other white men that go with us, who no doubt will make them pay severe. They don't like muskets so well as light long fusees. I could wish to have one hundred such, and two barrills of good powder, and lead proportionable, to meet me here at my return, for the next expedition. But, upon second thought, it may not be advisable to go upon another till I have been back to Jamaica, unless I go alone and in disguise among a certain nation, with an interpreter that may be trusted.

I beg your Excellency to excuse this last paragraph, being extremely hurried. I send this packet inclosed to Pitts and Atkins to forward, whose house I shall go to at my return, and I should be glad to find there further instructions from your Excellency.

XII.

[Endorsed on the back, "Letter from one friend in Panama to another in Carthegena, May 7th, 1740."]

PANAMA, 7th May, 1740.

Dear Sir:—The 27th of last arrived here a credula of the King's, ordering to remove from hence the treasure which we brought for the celebration of the Fair, either to Lima, or some nearer port in the south sea, on account of the apprehensions they are under of a squadron of five men-of-war they are fitting out in England with great preparations, who they suppose are designed for these seas. We have resolved to go to Guayaquil, and from thence to carry the treasure by land to Quito. It is now actually on board the Capitana and Admiranta, which will sail about two days hence. God give us a good delivery.

These novelties have determined don Antonio de Villar, a gentleman whom I highly esteem, to go to Carthagena to buy goods. He will tell you his motives, which seem to me good ones. I shall be obliged to you to assist him in all your power, and to take notice that whatever the goods amount to will be delivered to Pinto in Quito, who accompanies us thither with the gold and silver he has under his charge. This you may do, securely assuring you that there will be no difficulty in the payment.

Immediately on our arrival at Quito, we shall despatch an express to Carthagena, with the advice of the treasure being there safe, and free from Vernon, whom the devil fetch.

Don Blas de Lezo has written to this president to encourage all in his power this commerce to go from Quito to hold the fair at Carthegena, assuring him that he will do every thing in his power to facilitate the affair. In this confidence, Villar determined to go thither, and I am persuaded that the most part of this commerce will do the same, their patience being quite wearied out. The difficulties they will undergo will be very great, but for all that they will certainly go, more particularly if the goods can be bought at such prices as to bear the immense charges they will be at in carrying them from Carthagena to Lima, which is about 1000 leagues; and the hopes of buying them cheap in Carthagena will be a means to engage this commerce to go thither, being the only recompense which can be given them for such immense labor and charges.

I brought with me from Lima some Bezoar stones as a present to you, which I do not send now, because of the uncertainty of the conveyance; the bearer hereof carrying no more than two changes of linen, that he may lose as little by the enemy as possible should he fall into their hands. He will tell you with what fears we have been and are still.

Mr. Vernon has treated Carthagena with some bombs, and, it is said, intends to throw a few more; but will not be able to take that city, because it will be well defended, not as Porto Bello and Chagre that yielded for want of force; which God give us to defend us from so powerful a dog. And to you may he grant many years.

Yours altogether during life,

ORDONEZ.

Forgive this ill-written letter, my head being indisposed with so many vexations.

Pinto writes to Miranda and other friends about the buying of the goods he intends, and the security he proposes for the payment.

XIII.

[Endorsed, "Extract of the proceedings of Charles Wimbleton, Lieutenant of His Majesty's ship the Worcester, after the loss of the ship Triumph Prize."]

On the 7th of February last, I went (at the [*word illegible*] near Porto Bello) with twenty-seven men on board a French sloop, Monsieur Devaugh commander, seventy men and ten carriage guns, who had taken on board a Spanish merchant and his servant as passengers for Curasoe or St. Domingo, in order to proceed to Old Spain, with five chests and one bag of silver, one bag of gold and 230 cerons of cocoa which they brought from the shore after my coming on board.

The commander of the French sloop having sent his boat up to the Samblaas for turtle, he weighed and went thither after her; where he saw a sloop which proved a privateer belonging to New-York, but last from Jamaica, John Lush commander, twelve carriage guns and sixty men, who had information from a Dutch sloop of this Frenchman and of the Spaniards being aboard; and he apprehended that the Frenchman would come to that place to take up his boat. Therefore, so soon as the Frenchman anchored, the privateer commander sent his boat on board to inspect into the force and condition of her. When the boat came on board the Frenchman inquired what the sloop was, which lay in shore. They returned for answer that she was a trader, six weeks from Jamaica, bound to Porto Bello to dispose of the small quantity of goods she had remaining. The next morning the privateer weighed, and turn'd up to the Frenchman, and as soon as they came within gun-shot, the Frenchman fired one gun at her. The privateer immediately lowered his mainsail and sent on board, but still kept standing towards the Frenchman, whose commander ordered another shot to be fired. But on seeing the boat coming to the sloop, I asked him why he would fire again, when he saw the boat coming to the sloop. He said it was very probable that the sloop would be on board before the boat; notwithstanding which, he fired the second shot. Then the privateer sloop stood with his head the other way, and Lush, the commander, came on board, who gave an account of himself as above mentioned. And, furthermore, that he heard there was an officer belonging to the King of Great Britain, with some men who had been cast away, and that he came to offer his service to carry them to Jamacia, should they choose to take a passage with him. I told him I was the officer, and that if he proved to be what he represented, I would, with my people, go thither; but first insisted on seeing his vessel, which he readily consented to. And in our way on board he told me that what he had said before with regard to his being a trader was wrong; for he was a privateer, and had information of the French sloop with the Spaniards on board from two Dutchmen, and was there in order to take her, which he intended to do. And at his going on board he called all hands up and ordered them to their quarters, which occasioned me to desire him to desist from the measures they then intended to take; for that the Spaniards were to give £1100 for their freight to Curasoa, and that I believed if he would pay the Frenchman that sum affairs might be mitigated without bloodshed. I likewise told him how kind and humane the French captain had been to me and the rest of his majesty's subjects, in offering frankly to give us our passage in his sloop without cost or charges. Upon this, Lush consulted his quarter-master and crew, who unanimously agreed that the Frenchman should have his freight; but never paid him a farthing in the end.

I was apprehensive that it would come to an open rupture; therefore used all the argument I could to persuade Lush to come to an anchor, and not to go near the Frenchman, which he complied with. Then we went on board the French sloop and dined. I acquainted the French captain with what passed between Lush and me, and at the same time he showed the Frenchman his commission, and acquainted him he had a right to take all Spaniards and their effects wherever he could find them. Therefore he insisted that the Spaniards, their money and goods shall be delivered up to him. The Frenchman replied there was not so much money on board as he had been informed, and that they had no effects belonging to them; and likewise that he looked upon Mr. Lush at that time as his guest, and would treat him as such, and whenever he behaved in another manner, he was ready for him. Upon this I told the Frenchman that since I was to use my utmost endeavors to get with my men to Jamaica, I could not omit this opportunity. Thereupon I immediately sent half of my men on board Lush. The captain of the Frenchman desired that I would take his merchant with me, who could speak English, to treat with the company. They sent an answer by their quarter-master, who went with the merchant and me; but before we got on board the Frenchman again, the privateer weighed and stood for the French sloop, who observing this, cut her cable and got to sail. As soon as I got on board the French sloop, the captain of the privateer fired a gun with *sanguerage* into the French sloop. The sloops were very near, so that I waved my hat to Lush and desired him to desist from firing. But it had no effect on him; for soon after he fired three more guns. Then I took up my commission and held it up to him, and asked if he fired at the King of England's commission? He replied he would fire at his father on such occasions; and directly fired two guns more. Upon which the Frenchman ordered his men to fire. But I jumped forward and took the matches out of their hands, and told them there must be no fighting. Then the captain ordered his people off the deck out of the way of the privateer's shot. The privateer fell on board the French sloop and I got into his, and desired they would not use the Frenchmen ill. Nevertheless Lush went on board the Frenchman and ordered the two Spaniards into his sloop, where he whipped them in a barbarous manner, with cat-o'-nine-tails. I asked him how he could use prisoners of war in so barbarous a manner. They answered they thought they could not use a Spaniard too cruel; and if they whipped them to death there was no sin in killing a Spaniard; and they would use an Englishman in the same manner if in their power. They then told me they whipped them to make them confess what effects they had on board the French sloop, which they did as to the money and cocoa already mentioned. Lush took possession of the French sloop, and put most of the Frenchmen ashore on a small island, where they remained five days, while he unloaded the sloop of her cocoa and money.

Whilst these things were in agitation, a sloop appeared in the offing. Lush immediately weighed and stood after her, leaving part of his people to take care of the French sloop from Porto Bello for Carthagena; she had on board several passengers with their effects. Lush took the mate, who was an Irishman, and whipped him in a terrible manner, to make him confess where the money was. The poor man told him he knew of no money, but if there was any he might make sure of it, being in possession of their sloop. One of the passengers was an ensign of marines who formerly belonged to the Triumph. Lush was about to whip him also, but I interposed, and told him he had the King of Spain's commission, and I threatened to knock down the first who should touch him. Lush said he looked on the King of Spain's commission as nothing; but I persisting in my resolution, he was released and stript of every thing, as were also the whole crew, and turned ashore on a small key, where they were taken off by a Dutch sloop. Otherwise they must have perished. Lush returned to the French sloop and took his men on board. The French sloop proceeded on her voyage to Curasoa, and I and my people came in Lush to Jamaica. C. Wimbleton.

Worcester, Port Royal Harbor,
Jamaica, 11*th May,* 1740.

I hereby declare that the contents of the above written extract are true, and that the said extract is of my own hand signing. St. Jago de la Vega, May the 13th, 1740.
C. Wimbleton.

Sworn before me, the 13th day of May, 1740. Ed. Trelawny.

XIV.

[Endorsed, "Mr. Hodgson to his Excellency, from June 21st, 1740, to July the 12th. "Cherokee River, near Boco del Drago, 21st June, 1740. Mr. Hodgson to Gov. Trelawny."]

Cherokee River, near Bocca del Drago,
June 21st, 1740.

May it please your Excellency:—I hope my last from Sandy Bay, dated the 6th and 12th of April, came safely to hand. The southerly winds prevented our sailing from that place till the 17th, on which day we set out with eight periauguas, for the Pearl Keys, where we arrived on the 19th, and found the governor and his Indians with twelve periauguas. He had waited for us ten days, having kept his knots punctually, though the mulattoes had exceeded theirs near a fortnight. We sailed again the same day for Monkey Bay, and got in the next, and were detained there by foul weather eleven days. On the 1st of May we sailed again for St. Johns, (which is the middlemost of the three rivers by which the Lake of Nicaragua discharges,) and there we tarried twelve days cutting oars and looms and building dories. There is a castle three days' march up this river, which I proposed attacking, and a fortified town above it, which, if we had taken, we might have gone directly to Nicaragua, Leon and Granada. But the Muskito men were so averse to it, that they declared if I would not let them go on their own way and make slaves of the Spanish Indians as usual, they would proceed no farther. I was a good deal surprised at their latter demand, after their having agreed so solemnly to the contrary at Sandy Bay. The governor offered me all their plunder to comply, but I sent them word to go home as soon as they pleased. After seven messages and debates, it was agreed that if they brought any it should be as friends and countrymen, and to show them the goodness of liberty and of friendship with the English. I have been since told by several of them that all this stir was caused by the white people, of whom there were about ten, and most of them have proved the very [*word illegible*] I exposed. On the 13th we sailed again, passed by Carpenter's River, and on the 14th came to Monkey Point, near which we found one Captain Allen, who had been shipwrecked in the bad weather which happened about three weeks before. He had saved his people and goods, and had them lodged in a house which they had built. Here I found a letter, as I had done before at the Pearl Keys, from Captain Stuart. The former signified that he had stayed the number of knotts agreed on, and was gone fourteen days before I came there. By the latter he was only six days before me, and was gone to Coccelee. He had left one Blacketer, to help Allen or me as there should be occasion, who had been a prisoner, as he said, near two years in Mexico and the adjacent towns, and spoke very good Spanish. So I despatched a periaugua with him to overtake Captain Stuart. But in vain; for when he was come to Bocca del Drago, the Muskito captain would go no farther. Whether Blacketer had used him ill or no, I can't tell; for I found him afterwards a very different —— from his appearance, and a general aversion to the Indians against them. So we lost all hope of joining Stuart. When we came to Bocca del Drago, the Muskito men would, contrary to my desire, trade with the Indians upon the key; for I proposed, at coming back, offering them the fairest terms—if they were not accepted, cutting them off in the fairest manner imaginable. They are the briskest Indians I ever saw, and the women, I am told, the handsomest in America. 'Tis a thousand pities they are such perfidious savage monsters; for by the best inquiries I can make, murder is a mere diversion to them; and I find Muskito men are not a little afraid of them. Hopkins' body and those of his crew lay unburied and stuck through with lances upon the Carcening Key. They have lately killed four English soldiers who had either deserted or been blown off the coast of Jamaica in a long-boat, and two negroes. Between the keys and the main is the largest and most commodious harbor in the West Indies. From the first Bogue to the second are five leagues; from that to the third, seven—all gradual anchoring ground; turtle, mantee, &c., in the greatest plenty, and the sweetest I ever tasted. There is said to be gold enough upon the opposite main, especially among the Oalientas, who are a few leagues to the eastward, but are as feared and savage as any. And some are said to be among the Helaskees, who are a mild, good-natured nation. The Muskito men once made a commerce with them, but an Englishman called John Lock broke it in a scandalous manner. He was afterwards sorry, and tried to renew it by sending up two of the slaves he had stole, to let them know he was coming up the river in a friendly manner. They sent him word to begone, or they would cut his head off; which he not regarding, they met him and were as good as their word. I write this letter from Cherokee, one of their rivers, and would gladly go up to try what can be done with them; but the Muskito men tell me 'tis vain. The names of the Indian nations from Blanco are, first, the Blancos, the Sienebos, the Tenibes, the Sanguinas, the Helaskees, the Cocas, a nation of whom the Bocca Dragos tell an incredible story. But since the Muskito men all believe it, and two Bocca Dragos whom we kept till yesterday affirm they have fought with them often, I must tell it to make up a travelling letter. They are people with long tails by which they hang to the ridge-poles of their houses, and sleep all the day. At night they awake and walk about. The men nurse the children; the women fight; their armor is three or four lances in their left hand, and a target of mountain cowhide on that arm. One lance in the right, with which they are very dextrous and too hard for their neighbors, who perhaps upon that account have raised this piece of Indian scandal. But the Muskito men are very positive. Was Bocca Drago cut off and the commerce with the Helaskees renewed, this savage part of the world might soon be explored. Next to the Cocos and the Vaheutos, who extend almost to Coccelees, some of them by the sea-side have small periauguas, in which they carry some shell to Porto Bello. From them I know of no Indians till the Samblas, whom I would gladly have visited, in order to have tried to repair Smie's affair, and to have made a commerce between them and the Muskitos. But it was impossible to get them so far along.

On the 21st of May we left this place, (Cherokee,) and sailed for Coccelee; stopt at several rivers, from one of which I sent four dories with three men to surprise the look-outs. In the mean time a sloop appeared in the offing, whom we could not tell what to make of; so made a fire the next morning, and bushed all the periauguas except two, believing if he was a Dutch trader that he would send his canoe ashore, as he did. But oversetting in the surf, only a Spanish Indian and a negro got ashore. The rest with much difficulty righted the canoe, and, perceiving the Muskitos, rowed off in a hurry; which, with the suspicious account of the Indian, gave us room to think her a Spaniard. We push'd out directly with fifteen periauguas to take her. The rest of my line-of-battle vessels left us and stay'd behind. When we came almost up with her, we plainly saw she was a Dutchman; so left the chase and hastened to Coccelee, where we were informed that several thousand pieces of eight were coming down the river from Panama, St. Jago, and other towns, to trade with the Dutchman. That in the first were forty thousand pieces ready for that purpose, besides what was in the others. I sent dories ahead to paddle softly up the river, and that night they intercepted a prebend of Panama with 290 pieces of eight and 3 ingots of gold weighing about 1000 castellanas. (We had taken about 500 pieces from the canoe and lookouts before.) Next day they took about 750 pieces from two Spanish peasants, and 103 small lumps and balls of gold. We row'd up the river all that night and the next day, and the third night about 10 o'clock came to the branches of the river, where I left a white man and ten Muskito men to intercept all that came down and to guard the Indian prisoners, of whom I left ten bound. Two of the best, with the padre and six Spaniards, we took with us for pilots, and row'd up with the utmost expedition for the Barcadore of that branch which belonged to Panama; from which to the town the march is not above one day and a half, though 'tis upon the south sea side. Next day fell heavy rains, and we row'd against the stream with much labor and difficulty, which still increasing, we took to our dories, and bush'd most of the periauguas; but were forced to stop and sleep that night in the woods, within about four hours' rowing of the Barcadore. That night I gave the governor and admiral the strictest orders to secure their prisoners well, which they say was done. But in the night, the rain ceasing and the river falling, some of the governor's Indians took four dories and one Spanish mulatto for a pilot, whom they had half hanged the day before in private, and rowed away contrary to orders, in hopes, I suppose, of plundering and stripping the look-outs at the Barcadore, or whoever they met, or from a worse motive. They wisely untied his legs, and about half way up he got the rope off his hands and jump'd overboard. Five or six jump'd after him; but he got away from them all. So they returned with the doleful news, and it was then impossible to get the Muskito men a step farther. I begged of the governor if he would not go on to hang up two of his Indians before the padre, that he might not be suspected by the Spaniards of cowardice. But all in vain, for I only prevailed with much ado to have ropes put about their necks, which I told him were to hang them with at their return home, or at the river's mouth. And to save the credit of the Muskito men, I told the Fryer that as this war was occasioned chiefly by the Queen and people of Old Spain, your Excellency knowing the just inveteracy of the Muskito Indians against all Spaniards in general, had sent me to attend their expeditions, and to prevent the effusion of blood as much as possible. Wherefore, as I found them excessively provoked at the mulatto's escape, and as I knew the money could be removed, which I wanted more than slaughter, I would not suffer them to proceed. Whether he took me for a coward or not I am not at all solicitous, if he did not think the Muskito men so. But I fancy my reasons were plausible enough, for he was extremely grateful in his expressions. He was a very reasible priest, and spoke the best Latin of any I ever met with amongst them. Our conversation turned upon the most occasional subjects, which I shall communicate to your Excellency at Jamaica. I used him with the utmost kindness, and to be sure saved both him and the other Spaniards' lives by being there, which they all acknowledged. But I told him Englishmen reckon'd that no obligation. But if they please to remember that Muskito men had spared them, perhaps they might have a better opinion of those Indians for the future. So we gave them a dory, flint and steel, and came away.

Thus was disappointed one of the most hopeful expeditions for plunder since Sir Francis's [Drake.—Ed.] time. The padre *drop'd* before he knew which branch of the river we designed; for that in Panama was a rich church and [*has*] many miraculous images, which made me lay my design thereon. To rush into the town at daybreak, and with half the Muskito men to surround the church . . . . . and take the arms, and padres, who were six. To push the captive padre in first, and give him time to aid the others secure the host (which I was to be show'd with the consecrated plate) all which was to be ransomed for the weight. The white men with a fourth part of the Muskito men to surround the governor's and bring him to the church, whilst the other fourth were to make the best of their way upon such horses and mules as should be found, to a town or village about three miles off, to secure and fetch three ecclesiasticks more, and when all these were in our power we could easily have prevented a [*word illegible*] by bringing them to the front; tho' the whole country had rose upon us, for we were but 100 short and fifty lances. Blacketer was to call out liberty and quarter to all Indians, mulattoes and negroes, and all Spaniards that expected it to come to the white men. But I ask pardon for troubling your Excellency with a design that has miscarry'd, and which perhaps might have been a great hindrance to the main one; for the Muskito men, notwithstanding my orders and their own promises, abused and beat the Indians, and when I interposed, threatened to kill one of them before my face. No doubt but the case would have been the very same or worse in the towns. So that I have kept my promise, if I did no good, to do no harm. The men I left at the forks intercepted nothing. But when we came to the river's mouth, the mulattoes slept with me at the lookout house. The Indians, being ashamed, left the river contrary to orders, and just as we were going out next morning, a Spanish canoe appeared. We sent two after her, who took her and five Indians, 850 pieces of eight and some silver bowls and candlesticks, and a letter to the Dutch captain from a Spaniard at Panama, who told him he had 18,000 pieces more ready to come down at the return of the messenger.

I immediately shared the prize among those that were present, but neither that nor any intreaties could prevail on them to tarry two or three days longer, in which time we might probably have intercepted twice as much as we got; for these people had come down a different branch from that the prisoners had gone up; and there was no doubt more upon the same road; besides a third branch which the padre came down, who came not from Panama, but from the province of Chomes, whither he with most of the eclesiasticks and dons of Panama had returned upon the news of Porto Bello being taken. He applauded Admiral Vernon's [*word illegible*] (as he called it), and said the people of New Spain all did the same, and exclaimed against their own government, which he said was next to none; for the people all did what they pleased.

The King of Spain had wrote to them to defend themselves as well as they could; for he hoped in a little time to send them a powerful assistance. I would have brought him with me, but that I know the fatigue of a periaugua voyage would have killed him; and he assured me with all possible sincerity that he had a sister who was left a widow by an extravagant, with five children, all which depended on him for support. And the other prisoners confirming the same, I could not think of my own family at home and keep him, though he was certainly a valuable person. He gave me a direction at Mr. Don Antonio De la Rios, ———— in Panama, and I gave him one to me, so that I expect a correspondence. I had not now taken any rest or been [*asleep*] any day for four days and nights, yet my greatest fatigue was to come, viz.: sharing the plunder so as to satisfy my white gentry. Neither were the Muskito men so easily pleased as I expected; and I was determined to do to all strict justice. The best way I could think of was to advise the Muskito men to leave off keeping what they [*had*] or sharing alike, and share after the English manner, which they agreed to. So I proposed six shares to the king, five to the governor, five to the admiral, what they pleased to myself above one share out of those periauguas whom I had furnished with powder and ball; three to every captain of a periaugua, three to my corporal, two to those that took the look-outs, and what remained after division to be left to my discretion to give amongst the most deserving. Every one was satisfied with the disposal, yet at, and for several days after the sharing, there was such bawling and squabbling among my white hell-hounds, that I had rather fight six battles than undergo the like again. Though the Muskito men generously allowed them as much of the gold as came to four or five Muskito men's shares, yet they squabbled my poor corporal out of a share and a half; and for myself, I got one of the ingott's value 343 castellanas, and near 250 ps. of 2-8. Their cabals came to that height that I was counselled to take care of myself; upon which the Muskito men offered to put them all in irons or to death whenever I pleased to speak, which I suppose they are apprehensive of, for we are now pretty quiet. But the owners of the schooner which came with us, and is the same I came in from Sandy Bay, have got most of the Muskito men's money from them for goods they had on board, whilst I, being destitute of that convenience, was forced to leave your Excellency's goods at Sandy Bay, except some trifles which I have sold for about the value of £25 or £30 currency in broken bits of gold. They offered me a better share than the king, which I refused, and chose an equality with the admiral. Notwithstanding, they assured me, had not the white men been there, I should have had a better present.

Those doings are really infectious, and show the necessity of regular forces. I am ashamed to describe the contrast between the thoughts had before and after the sharing; for the white men's ingratitude made me repent (and I fear more than I ever did of my vices) that I had not concealed the Fryer's ingotts; for they were brought to me in the night among the silver, unknown to any soul but the Father and myself. The sume of them would have made my affairs in England tolerably easy; and it is remarkable that the whole was within a few pistoles the very sume totall that I owe.

I am now going to some river near Blanco, where I design to wait for Mirander, who is expected to load cocoa at Carpenter's River. Whitehead, whom I was bound for in Jamaica, will goe into the river with his periaugua, having a demand upon him; and if he informs me that he sells powder, ball, or provisions to the Spaniards, when his cocoa is on board, I hope to take him, when my voyage will be crowned.

The Muskito men, to whom I have read a great part of this letter, say that they are sorry and ashamed of their behavior on this expedition, but desire your Excellency to consider that they are poor, and have been a long time teazed out of the fruits of their labor by the white men that live among them. That it is not now with them as in King William and Queen Anne's wars, when King's ships and privateers came to their shore and encouraged them. Further, a command was carried over their young men, who now do as they please, and despise the old ones. That would your Excellency or the King of England be pleased to send soldiers among them to set them an example, and goods at reasonable and certain prices, I should see whether they would not fight to get money to pay for them. The Governor talks of taking Carpenter's river, and sending up all the cocoa that is ready for Mirander into Whitehead's sloop, and sending it up to your Excellency, (for they will trust no body else,) to be laid out in arms. If they and the white men agree about it, I shall readily forego my share of Mirander's sloop to forward their good intentions.

The fatigue has been horrid, and I fear worse before I get to Sandy Bay, the rainy season being now sett in. From thence I shall hire a periaugua to Generall Hobby's, and then to Messrs. Pitts and Atkins, so if I cannot get a Pilott to a certain people, to Jamaica.

I am obliged to trust this letter to a common sailor; one of the owners on board having fingered some pistoles, and the other having done some bad things, are not to be depended on to deliver it. Whitehead, who is a third joint owner, has kept himself pretty clear. I am sorry that I am not yet able to send my account of the English people at Black River, neither time or opportunity permitting me to goe threw before we sett out upon this expedition. These occurrences I have truly related, and submit all to your judgment what may be made of the said people. I am farr from despairing to see them answer expectation. They are very desirous of smiths, carpenters and gunsmiths settling among them. The way of invading and harassing the Spaniards is obvious, and may be done at a trifling expence and without any more such fatigues. This, as I shall prove to your Excellency at Jamaica. I am in hopes of returning the greatest part of your Excellency's money again. Your Lady's cargo is yet entire. I have heard no manner of news from Jamaica since I left it, only the Padre told me that Chagre was taken. We had the vanity to design attempting [*it*] ourselves, but all has ended in robbing a priest and some peasants.

Had I a command of Regular people, I would not despair of a Bishop or a Governor, for by what I can learn of their condition, many of the great dons of New Spain would be ambitious of the honor which I enjoy, of being

Your Excellency's
Most Devoted and Obedt.
Humble Servt.,
ROBERT HODGSON.

XV.

SALT CREEK, near Carpenter's River,
July 12th, 1740.

Sir:—My paper being all spoil'd, I am obliged to write to your Excellency upon this, to let you know that we have taken Carpenter's River and about 50,000 weight of cocoa. We met with a sloop since I wrote last, belonging to Mr. Forbes of St. Andres, by whom I send this, and whom I have loaded with 190 serons of cocoa, being my own share and those of my friends and such as behaved best. The Muskito men allow me an English captain's share, which is 3-8, and what is above that is to be laid out in goods and sent down to the Muskito shore. The rest is to be sold partly to Mirander, (who arrived here on the next day after we had taken the river,) and part is to be put on board the schooner, (the owners of which have five or six periauguas belonging to them.) And if this cocoa comes to a good market at Jamaica, and what exceeds my share is sent down in goods for the best now, it will make me able to manage the rest; for without rewards and punishments nothing is to be done. I have explained to them the difference between Mirander's price and the price of Jamaica. So when these people's shares that are most to be depended on arrive, I expect it will open the eyes of the rest. A periaugua that was with Forbes brings me word that there is a packet for me at Pitts & Atkins, to which place I will hasten. But Generall Hobby has sent me word that his people have taken an *Estaictea* near a large town, which he will not attempt till I come back and make him understand your Excellency's pleasure better.

I must not forget the governor's good behavior in Carpenter's River, who at my request released above 100 Indian prisoners and negroes, whom I made to play upon their strum-strums, whilst their masters worked at filling the serons. There was only a mulatto shot dead, three wounded, and one broke his neck in running away. I am not yet able to prevail with the Muskito mulattos to free the Coccelee Indians, though the better half of them are run away. I am greatly afraid that your Excellency will think that I have had an eye to my own interest more than to the common cause in this expedition, (which I assure you I have not,) for in the first place I was obliged to leave the choice to the Muskito men; and in the second I imagine that a trial of the Muskito men, whether they have any sentiments of liberty at a distance from the place where I provided they shall make a full declaration for that of their brother Indians, would be the securest proof of them.

I don't know how Hobby's guard may prove, but am sure the Indians are much preferable to the mulattoes that have been with me. They say themselves that the trade at Carpenter's River has spoil'd them. I beg your Excellency to send me down at least 20 blank commissions, 2 carpenters, 1 taylor, 1 gun-smith, and that you will be so good as to give my corporal his discharge. He will be necessary to me in future expeditions, which I hope will redown more to my reputation than this. For here has been no opposition. But Dolu and Yucatan will surely afford some sport. Could I but have 30 select men out of the companies, it would be a fine help to me; for it is impossible to describe the fatigue I am forced to suffer for want of such a guard. I entreat your Excellency to depute somebody to dispose of my cargoe to the best advantage; and that you will be so good as to keep my share for me 'till my return, and, likewise, that you will accept your own £150 out of it; for I have already near £40 in gold and silver for what I have sold of your Excellency's goods, and I doubt not the remainder will nearly make up your money.

I presume, as this cargo is sent up by King Edward for himself, me, and the best of the Muskito men, that it will not require the formality or expense of a legal condemnation. Experiments cannot be made at a smaller expence than I make them.

I beg you will send me an account, if possible, of the very spot where the revolt happened in 1733. I am in great want of hand mapps. The chief Muskito men's minds are thoroughly afloat in expectation of your Excellency's favor of good return from Jamaica, so that my credit, and perhaps my life is at stake.

I have been often in more danger from them than from the Spaniards. I entreat your Excellency once more to excuse my paper, and to send me down a great deal of ball and some powder. I am just taken with the country feaver, so that I hope my loose manner of writing will be excused too. I have thrice lost my limbs for an hour or so, but the use of them returned again. There is no manner of harm in this climate if people will but refrain from spirituous liquors. And I can without the least ostentation challenge all privateers that have preceded me to show equal fatigues. Should I prove a *vox et preterea nihil*, of which I am constantly suspicious, it will at least give the hint to more able enterprising genius's.

My humble service to your lady, and I am your Excellency's most sincerely devoted and obedient humble servant,

Robert Hodgson.

It is to be feared that false views of economy will operate to prevent the United States Government from becoming possessed of the historical treasure from which these documents are taken, until its obtainment will be utterly impossible; for, unfortunately, the national councils always embrace more or less gentlemen who regard it praiseworthy to oppose every expenditure of the public funds not designed to meet current absolutely necessary expenses on the most economical scale. No argument to prove this a penny-wise and pound-foolish policy is necessary in these enlightened times. It is due to the country at large, that the invaluable historical collection above referred to should be preserved for *general* reference; that it should be open, under proper regulations, to all who may have occasion to pursue investigations in this very important but decidedly most neglected branch of our literature—American History. The absorption of well nigh our entire population in active business pursuits of life, sufficiently explains why, as a general thing, we rely so much on Europe for our literature, though it fails to touch this point of our remakarble deficiency in the matter of knowledge of the history of ourselves and our country. The general want of proper sources of information (well arranged and complete historical libraries) furnishes the key. True, each State is now forming its own historical library, but, with inconsiderable exceptions, these are confined to the collection of data for the elucidation of its own past times. This library of Col. Force is all we have national, or rather *continental*, in its character, and it will be a burning shame, as well as a serious drawback on our national advancement, if it be not secured *for our whole country.* The Smithsonian Institution, we understand, is desirous of becoming its possessor. Though entertaining great respect for that institution, and desiring for it, ardently, a career of distinction, prosperity and public utility, we should regret to see it become the owner of these invaluable books and papers. In the possession of the General Government alone will there be positive surety for all time that they will be open for the investigation and profit of all. We presume that it would be impossible for Col. F. to ascertain what it has cost in money; for while many of its most valuable treasures were free gifts from persons in all sections of the Union desirous of adding to its completeness, we learn that he has at times been forced to pay as high as hundreds of dollars for a single volume in manuscript of importance. Thus, he possesses a proof-sheet of engraved heads of Americans of distinction flourishing about the beginning of the present century, the work of an eminent and accurate French artist on private account. This embraces small portraits of hundreds of gentlemen residing then in all sections of the Union. It is probably the only impresssion of *the whole* in existence. For this he paid one hundred and fifty dollars; and he has since lost no opportunity to have the likenesses identified, no key being left by the artist. He has succeeded so far in the identification of perhaps half the heads, which are in medallions of the size of a silver dollar. The consignment of manuscript volumes, from which the papers forming the subject of this article were taken, are twenty in number, embracing rare, unpublished writings on the West Indies, Mexico, Louisiana and Florida, and the private papers of Admirals Wager and Vernon, as before mentioned. We learn that this single consignment cost him more than fourteen hundred dollars. These facts are mentioned only to show the impossibility of estimating the actual cost of such a collection.

THE MORAL AND THE ARTISTIC IN PROSE FICTION.

The popular novel of modern times is perhaps too well known to need a definition. Still it may be proper, in reference to the acquisition of just standards, to throw out some general considerations in regard to this peculiar structure in art. The history of the novel is a very simple one. In general respects it is that of the drama; one of the happy modes by which ingenuity contrives to beguile ignorance to knowledge. Its beginnings are to be found amongst the first dawnings of the human intellect. The child himself is a *raconteur*. He begins the exercise of his thought by tasking his constructive faculty for its assistance, in the ambitious desire to provoke the wonder and admiration of his young and less endowed companions. He invents facts and situations, and accumulates events in proper order and becoming relation, so as to form a history. And in this exercise he becomes an artist. The continuance of the practice results in a greater or smaller degree of perfection, more or less modified by the surrounding influences of society and proper models.

Even in childhood, however, the faculty is an extraordinary one. It betrays talents which are by no means shared by many. Not one child in the hundred possesses the endowment, or certainly to no great extent. They may possess large faculties of thought and of expression. They may give forth elaborate sentiments and show proofs of ingenious speculation, accompanied by eloquent utterance. They may be poets even, without possessing the faculty of weaving together, in intricate relation and with due dependency, such scenes and events in life, indicated by the interposition of moral agents, as distinguish the labors of the composer in prose fiction. For this they strive vainly; and many strive, who, highly endowed in seemingly kindred departments of art, yet fail utterly to take the first step in the constructing of prose fiction.

Not so with him who is "to the manner born." To him, employing the language of Hamlet, it comes "easy as lying." Were older heads to give their attention to the boy narratives that spell the ears of the happy groups that linger by the school-house porch, or in the play-grounds, or on a Saturday out among the woods, they would be surprised to discover, amidst so much of the frivolous and puerile, so much that betrayed thought and talent in invention,—the invention or the capacity for structure invariably preceding the moral in the mind of the boy, and even the thought by which what is simply moral in the story is educed or indicated; the boldness of the fancy and the readiness of resource in the *raconteur*, still showing themselves superior to the general crudeness of the conception, and the feeble and common-place character of the materials. We are made to see the scheme in spite of the agency; made to observe a fitness of parts and a symmetrical design, leading through a thousand awkwardnesses and obscurities to a really judicious moral. Of course the moral as such forms no part of the object of the juvenile narrator, or his more juvenile audience. The common aim is the story—the simple accumulation of interesting incidents in relation to some hero for whom all sympathies are enlisted. But as truthfulness is never wanting in its moral, and as the great end of every artist is the approximation of all his fiction to a seeming truth, so unavoidably he inculcates a moral, of more or less value whenever he tells a story. As the peculiar endowment which makes the *raconteur* is equally native and decided, so the passion for his narratives, even among those who do not share his faculties, is equally true to the moral instincts of his auditory. All listen with eagerness, and yield ready credence to all statements which keep within the verge of possibility; and with the eager and believing mind of youth, the limits of the possible are wonderfully flexile, and oppose no unnecessary barriers to the ardent spirit and the free imagination.

It is this ready faith in the auditory which determines the legitimacy of the art—which has been practised from the beginning of time, in all the nations and all the ages of the earth. No people have ever lived without their authors of fictitious narrative. No people *can* live without them, since the faculties which find their utterance through this medium are the very faculties—the creative, the combining, and the endowing—by which men are distinguished from all other animals. The art has shown itself quite as decidedly among the savages of North America, as among the most highly refined of the Asiatic nations. The inventions of our Six Nations, of the Cherokees, Choctaws, and Catawbas, if inferiorin polish and variety, do not seem to have been less daring and original than those of the Arabians, to whom we are indebted for some of the most admirable of those legends which seem particularly designed to do their offices of tuition with a young and primitive people. These fictions, constituting some of the very loveliest conceptions which art has ever drawn from the fountains of the imagination, were at first simple, and like those of childhood. The additions of succeeding generations, the more elaborate efforts of superior artists, have improved them for the delight of races more matured. At first these performances were scenes and sketches rather than histories, and were employed upon such events of the common experience as were at once most natural and impressive. But when religion began to act upon the imagination, the artist soon became tasked for higher exercises, and glimpses of the wild and spiritual were made to elevate the common-place and ordinary. This led to the machinery of superstition. Hence magic, as an agency by which romance was first begotten; hence *diablerie*, by which the soul was made to startle at contact with a spiritual world, even when the doctrine of a future itself was left totally untaught, except as a purely speculative philosophy. In the phantoms of the imagination, the spectres of ignorant dread, and those vague and shadowy aspects that lurked in lonely places, among the woods, in the hollows of desolate hills, in the depths of lovely but forbidden waters, the various orders and denominations of Gnome, Kobold, Ondine, Sylph and Fairy, we behold the fantastci creations of a genius struggling constantly to pass from the oppressive chambers of the *real*, into the rare atmosphere of an *ideal* which suffered from no incumbrances.

Gradually, as art continued to advance in the refinement of her own powers, and in the more facile employment of her own machinery, fiction became a thing of more complexity of form and of diminished imagination in respect to its conceptions. As the faith of the ignorant in the objects of former superstition became lessened and inflexible, the *raconteur* found it necessary to accommodate his fiction to the more rigid and exacting standards of the popular belief. To seem like truth was still, as it had always been in all ages, the object of the judicious artist; and the invention which had hitherto been exercised with the vague and supernatural, suffered no real or great diminution of its resources, when it felt itself compelled to turn its eye *without* rather than *within* for its materials; when the *deeds* of man, rather than his secret soul and speculative performances, afforded the substance of the chronicle; and the collective heart of the multitude, in its open exhibitions, served for the field of analysis, in place of the single individual, being, doing, or suffering, which hitherto had been the almost exclusive study. Histories of men — periods which betrayed large groups in active issues, such as the middle ages—naturally took the place of more primitive material. The romance of progress was the legitimate successor of that which illustratrd\the purely spiritual nature — which, by the way, was a romance of progress also, though in a sense very different from any other; and this, in turn, was followed just as naturally by the romance of society, or the ordinary novel of the present day.

In each of the latter classes of fiction, the chief object seems to have been so to delineate the aspects of real life, under certain conditions of society, as at once to preserve all their distinctive characteristics, and to invest with a biographical interest certain favorite studies of character and situation. These objects render necessary an admirable co-operation of the artist with the philosopher; the painter of detail with the poet of fine conceptions. It must be evident, even to persons of the most ordinary reflection and understanding, that to execute such a design with only moderate success, demands a very rare combination of moral attributes. Scarcely any intellectual performance, indeed, could task a greater variety of human powers. Keen perception, quick instincts, delicate tastes, strong good sense, a perfect knowledge of character, a nice appreciation of all that constitutes the sensibilities, and all that makes the virtues of the social man; —these are all absolute requisites for that artist, who, in the delineation of real life, in an atmosphere of fiction, must, to a certain extent, borrow faculties from every other department of human art. The poet must yield him fancy and imagination; the painter, an eye to the landscape; the sculptor, a just conception of form and attitude; the dramatist, combination and the art of trouping;—and even the lawyer and the historian must, or may be drawn upon,—the one for the capacity to argue out a case from certain premises and facts to a just conclusion,—to weigh the motives to action, and determine the awards of judgment; and the other, to sift the causes of social progress,—to estimate duly the morals of leading events, the effects which they should produce, and the principles to which, whether for good or evil, they are likely to give birth hereafter, affecting equally the condition of the community and the aspirations of the individual man. In a rare judgment all these faculties are necessarily found to unite. The artist in prose fiction, more than any other, must possess in large degree the constructive faculty. Poetry depends chiefly upon its courage and sentiment; the drama upon its passion; music upon its spirituality; and painting upon its happy distribution of light and shade, the harmony of its colors, and the symmetry of its forms. But, borrowing in some degree all these agencies, the artist in prose fiction makes them all ancillary to one particularly his own, and that we consider the constructive faculty. With this faculty it is that he frames and adapts his materials to whatever sort of edifice it is the particular aim of his genius to erect. That edifice may be a palace or a hovel, but it is required to be symmetrical, in compliance with laws growing out of the very conception which suggests the structure. The builder, to achieve the reputation of a master, must conceive boldly the plan and purpose of his fabric; and this requires a vigorous imagination. He must possess a lively fancy, else how should he adorn fitly and properly embellish the fabric which he has raised? He must be a person of great vigilance and freshness of resource, else how should he vary his entertainments for his guests according to their differing characteristics and desires? The flexibility of his intellectual vision must be great, else how should he be capable of that instinctive appreciation of character which is called for by the constant necessity of discriminating his *dramatis personæ*, the great essential requisite for success in portraiture and for dramatic vitality in action? The first dawning of the *humors* of a period,—using the word in the sense of Ben Jonson,—its passing moods and fashions, its singular traits of moral and society, (which are mostly epidemical, and flit with the progress of a season,) are among the minor but scarcely less necessary requisitions of his art; to execute which requires a rare versatility of talent. To this versatility no mere summary, like the present, could possibly do justice. Let it suffice that the great or successful worker in prose fiction must be, taking Walter Scott for our most obvious example, a person of equal imagination and cool common sense; of lively but healthy sensibilities; of great tact, (which is another word for admirable taste,) and of equal vigilance and courage. He must be able to observe without effort,—so endowed by nature and so trained by practice as to achieve, so to speak, by the simple outpouring of his customary thoughts. His habitual mental exercise must be the acquisition of material, and its partial subjection to his purposes, though in detached and fragmentary condiditions, susceptible of adaptation to more elaborate uses when his schemes ripen into design. Carrying the materials which he thus habitually realizes, without effort and almost without consciousness, to the alembic of his thought, he will extract from them by a process which, in the trained author, goes on without respite, all the sublimated essences which, thus resolved, become aggregated within himself and constitute the means and expedients of his own genius. He is original and inventive in due degree as he has incorporated these external elements in with his own thoughts, and the habitual workings of his own intellect.

To acquire such materials, and to attain these results, no mere fagging with a purpose can possibly avail. No mere drudgery under the stimulating force of will can possibly yield the habitual condition by which such accumulations go on, with all the regularity of advancing and returning hours. Cramming is no more likely to produce digestion in the case of the intellectual, than in that of the animal condition. On the contrary, as in the latter, the effect is unfavorable to the proper incorporation of the food with the healthy flesh and blood, and true nature of the recipient. And without the harmonious co-operation of the several powers and attributes,—unless the aliment taken in by the senses of the student and the inventor be kindred in quantity and quality with that upon which his genius may be supposed to feed, the latter is enfeebled rather than sustained by the innutritious supply, and the fruits of his labor lack equally congruity and health. If, as Milton hath it, the life of him who would write a poem must itself be a poem, so must the habitual tendency of observation and thought of him who deals in prose fiction, tend to the supply of means favorable in particular to his freshness, his invention, and his just appreciation of all the varieties of human character. Perhaps we may say all this, when we adopt the peculiar idiom of another nation, and say that for his art there must be a nature.

It is very clear that, of the thousand fine issues which belong to every action in the progress of a story, the trials of the heart, the displays of passion, the subtle combinations of wit, the logical results of judgment, the fancy which happily relieves the action in the proper place, the vivacity which keeps the interest astir, the invention which provides the impressive incident, and all the various and numerous faculties, of feeling and understanding, which need to have fulness and free play in the development and action of a scheme which embodies equally and all the characteristics by which society is moved and human sensibility excited; it must be very clear, we say, that there can be very few of these agencies, about which, as the necessity for their employment arises, the author could deliberately sit down to reason. It would be morally and physically impossible, were any such necessity to exist, that his labors should ever arrive at the honors of a single volume. On the contrary, his resources should be so equally ready and ample, that he shall be conscious, his progress once begun, of no let or hindrance, calling for long pause or hesitation in the prosecution of his scheme. There must be no need to stop, and study, and adjust, before he can conscientiously set down. His implements must all be at hand, and at his instant control. His mental constitution must be that of the poet. He must be born to his task. You cannot fashion him to it by any course of training. He works quite as much by intuition as by calculation and common reasoning. His plan once fairly conceived, his thoughts and fancies, to use the felicitous language of Milton, must, "like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and, in well-ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly in their own places." He leaps to his conclusions as if upon a wing of equal certainty and fleetness; and the chief and difficult study before him is at the beginning, when reason demands that he should choose his ground and field of operations, with such a careful regard to his peculiar tastes, studies and experiences, as shall give free play to whatever is individual in his character and genius. Great freedom of speech, affording a ready flow in the narrative, a prompt fancy to meet emergencies and supply details, so that the action shall at no time falter or become flat; a quick and keen perception of the differing shades and degrees, in quality, of human character; a nice appreciation of the delicate and noble, the lofty and the low, the sublime and the ridiculous; an eye eager to seek and prompt to discern the picturesque; a facility in finding varieties and in the suggestion of lively contrasts; and that flexibility of mood, by which one, having a ready utterance, may individualize the several dialects of the *dramatis personæ*—dialects which as completely distinguish the individual from his companions, as do the particular traits of his countenance, the sound of his voice, and movement of his body; these are all, in greater or less degree, essential to the successful pursuit of his art by the novelist and writer of prose fiction. If held generally, and in large endowment, and exercised with corresponding industry, these faculties must render him an artist of the highest order,—remarkable, as the Germans have it, for the great faculty of Shakspeare, his *many-sidedness*, or catholicity,—a poet, a philosopher and dramatist, a painter, a seer, and a prophet! His words will flow from him like those of inspiration. His creations, from their equal majesty, grace and beauty, will seem worthy to have owned a divine original. His voice will swell, in due season, to a natural authority in every ear, and his works will gradually pass into the common heart, lifting it to an habitual appreciation of the high humanities which it is the becoming object of a genius so worthily endowed to teach.

The fabric of such an artist will be raised with an equal eye to its uses, its durability, and grandeur. It will be no mere pleasure-house. Its objects are never temporary. The true genius works not less for eternity than man. It is, indeed, in working for eternity that he works for man. He has but a slender appreciation of the importance of his race, who only sees them as they exist around him; who, satisfied with the present sounds that fill his ears, entertains no hungering thirst for that faint voice, sounding ever in the solitude, which comes slowly but surely up from the far-off abodes of his posterity. He, on the contrary, who properly esteems his vocation, feels indeed that successful working must always imply the future only. To be of and with the present only, to speak the voice with which it is already familiar, to go nothing beyond it, to have no mysteries which it shall not and cannot fathom; this is, surely, to forfeit all claim upon the future generations, with whom progress only is existence. But the true artist knows better than to toil for such barren recompense. His ambition, or we should rather say, his nature is governed by a more selfish instinct. He builds in compliance with laws and motives which do not seem to consider earth. His conceptions are caught from the *Highest*, and would seem to emulate his achievements. In what consists his material? The soul of man, his hopes and fears, his humanities; the inner nature, the spirit and the heart, where lie his most permanent and most valuable possession. And from what other of God's creations does he take the tributary forms and aspects which he groups around his subject as subservient to the action? The sky for beauty and repose; the sea for immensity; the forest for depth and intricacy; the rock and mountain for solidity and strength: such are the model forms and attributes that impress his soul from the beginning, and fashion, unconsciously to himself, all the shapes and creations of his genius. His fancies, in like manner, are controlled and counselled by the lovely and the sweet, the graceful and the bright, which the garden groups beneath his eye, or the groves cherish and encourage about his footsteps. And thus informed, insensibly to himself as it were, he models his own mind into images which posterity is fain to deify. Thus, while the *tout ensemble* of his fabric will awe by its magnificence, the exquisiteness of its detail must persuade to a near delight which loves to linger upon the study of its cunning joinery; and this is the perfection of art, where the exquisite delicacy of the finish is not required to compensate for deficient majesty and greatness in the first conception.

The first conclusive proof that we have of the superior artist will be in the manifestation of *design*. The really great genius is conspicuous chiefly in this quality. It is talent that simply *finishes*. It is taste only that never offends. It is art that adapts with propriety. It is genius that creates! To be sure of this faculty in the artist, we must see that he works out a purpose of his own; and we estimate his strength by the resolution which he shows, under all circumstances, in the prosecution of his scheme. It will not do that he follows, however admirably, in the track of other masters. It will not do, even should he rival them successfully, in a region which they had explored already. The world can never be persuaded of *his* superiority, who shall do nothing better than multiply specimens under well-known laws and models. He may triumph for a season; he may give a certain degree of pleasure always, as adroitness, aptness and ingenuity, the sources of the imitative faculty, are very apt to do; but there will always be apparent in his performances that want of courage and enterprise, which give to the original a masculine vigor and proportion which men esteem the most essential of all qualities in their guides and leaders. The admiration which hails the imitator is seldom of long duration. It lasts only while he seems like an original. It is by the strongest instincts that the world distinguishes between the substance and the shadow. Not to sink into a pun, they soon *feel* the difference between them. The discovery once made, they resent the deception. In due degree with the extent of the imposture, will be the scorn and indignation which follow its exposure; and the innocent follower in another's footsteps, who has unconsciously left his own tracks for a season more conspicuous than those of his predecessor, is made to pay, as an offense, for the passing favor of good fortune. Nor, even where the imitation is not apparent, but where the aim is inferior, will the results be finally otherwise. There may be an originality which is yet without a becoming purpose. To seek simply after the satisfaction of a listless mood; to strive, in stimulating a feverish and morbid appetite, to minister to vicious tastes, to drowsy faculties, by temporary expedients in art, by clever surprises, by glittering but unsubstantial shows, the slight fetches of a talent that is capable of small exertions only, will not suffice long for the gratification of an intellectual people. It is, as we have urged already, in the *design* only, in the fresh classical conception of a vigorous imagination, bold, rich, free, generous, comprehensive and ingenious, that admiration becomes permanent, and reputation grows into that fixed condition which the world finally calls fame. The design of the builder must be first apparent; the grand outlines, the great bulk upheaved upon the plain, massive but with what wondrous symmetry of proportion; a maze, but with what admirable simplicity of plan; showing, at a glance, the classical conception, the daring scheme, the appropriate thought, and that dependency of detail in all the parts upon the main idea, by which the mighty fabric of imagination and art is sustained and embellished. We must see in the work before us, not only that the builder himself knew what he was about, that he did not work blindly and at random; but we must be prepared to acknowledge, as we gaze, that his work is entirely his own; that his copy has not been set for him; that he has striven with a native birth, and struck his shaft into a hitherto unbroken soil with the vigor of an arm that obeyed an impulse equally noble and independent. We must behold that indubitable freshness in the conception, which we can liken to nothing already familiar to our fancies. We must see in the artist that eagerness of bent, that enthusiasm of mood, which proves his own conviction of a new discovery. And it must not be because we behold him, that he works. It must be because of a love for the labor, that he addresses himself to its execution. He builds neither for the shelter nor the recompense, scarcely for the praise and the fame, though these naturally suggest themselves to his mind, as proper influences that cheer him when he faints, and stimulate him to new exertions when he would shrink back from very weariness. He cannot help but build! It is because of the God working in his soul that he seeks to raise a temple. His struggle to erect this structure betrays his secret sense of properties in the true and beautiful, which his own nature entertains, and which he seeks to symbolize and to evolve, as well as he may, and in the best materials, for the delight and satisfaction of others. The decorations of his temple have an equal significance. They declare for the *tastes*, as the fabric itself speaks for the *religion* of the artist. The sentiments, which are only so many passions informed by the affections and subdued to a spiritual delicacy by the active intervention of the soul, now busy themselves in embellishing the apartments. The chambers are to be furnished, the high saloon, the lofty portico, the altar-place and the niche. Music and the dance are to be present, to spell, with a seasonable soothing, the pauses between majestic lessons and affectionate discourse. Intellect must make itself felt, superior and winning, through some, if not all, of the human agencies. There must be eloquence, though it be that of the passions only. There should be song, though it speaks as freely the language of mere mirth and frivolity, as that of poetry and love; and we shall not quarrel with the scheme of enjoyment, which is made to minister in a temple meant for so various an audience, if art demeans herself in some lowlier forms, to pleasure and to persuade a class who are not yet worthy to penetrate the inner sanctuary. The muse that stoops to elevate, does not degrade her dignity by the temporary concession to the lowly and the mean. There will be a better life in consequence, more of an inner life, in the humanity which is thus plucked from its wallow by the offices of art, which will amply compensate for any reproach that might otherwise fall upon her temples, from the admission of those who have been hitherto thought unworthy. What we too frequently esteem as brutal, is nothing more than roughness; and we must not forget that the noblest fabric of art is still meant as a place of refuge for humanity. The cathedral loses none of its sacred character, because the vicious sometimes crawl along its aisles; and it lessens not the virtue in the offices of religion, because music is employed to appeal to the sensual nature. The heart is reached through the senses, when we should vainly appeal to the intellect; and we must be careful not to withhold from the stubborn the attractions of any influence, the proper employment of which may make them accessible to yet higher teachings. The sensual may still occupy a place within our temples—*must* be there, perhaps, so long as humanity is the simple occupant; but the sensual may be trained to be the minister of the ideal, and the spiritual man may have his regeneration on that hearthstone where the worst passions of the heart may have laid themselves down to sleep at nightfall It is a miserable error and a bigotry of the worst blindness, which presumes to repudiate the offices of art when they would minister to a better nature in the vicious heart of man. For, however rude and erring may be the rites in her temples, they are still calculated to elevate the aims of such as seek their ministration. The very office of art is to purify, and her agency is still that of the intellectual man. She still toils, whatever be her faults, in behalf of him who struggles—blinded it may be, and frequently overthrown in the attempt—to attain that better condition to which the races, without their own consciousness, are for ever addressing their endeavors. Genius, of whatever description, and however false, under perverse influences, to its high commission and eternal trusts, is still of an immortal and endowing nature. It is because of this redeeming security for humanity which it possesses, that it commands the world's eye, and in some degree the world's admiration, even when it most seems to practise against the world's happiness. It is in the conviction that we feel, that the great fabric, though sometimes prostituted to the business of the brothel, is nevertheless a temple where thousands drink in the influences of a purer and more grateful atmosphere than that to which they are ordinarily accustomed. However unclean the structure, we yet behold in its design and durableness the working of a rare and blessed divinity, the holiness of whose altars we must recognize, though the god himself may be in exile. It is for us, not to abandon the shrine because the profligate have expelled him from it; but to endeavor so to purify the temple, that we may persuade him back to the altar, which we hallow with a purer service. It is in this spirit that we are to employ the offices and the temples of every form of art, to make them clean and holy; not surrender them, because of their partial degradation, wholly to this foul route to which, with a nicer regard to our tastes than our faith and duty, we have too early and too easily yielded them. Let us, more wisely, with the strong sense and the enthusiastic spirit of Martin Luther, determine that the devil shall not possess himself of all the fine music! To yield him up all the agencies by which the heart of man may be touched, in his hours of care or weariness or relaxation, is surely to contribute wonderfully to the spread of Satan's dominion, and to increase, with woful odds against them, the toils of the saints, in their warfare for the Church of Christ.

Such as we have endeavored to describe him is the Master of Fiction, and under such laws and motives will he bring forth his best performances. We have preferred setting forth his higher offices, and the more encouraging and elevating standards which enforcn and regulate his labors. All of these belong to poetry—the noblest fashion of human art, whether we regard it in its epic, its lyrical, or dramatic forms. The same standards applied to prose narrative—the romance or the novel—are as legitimately desirable in these forms as in any other, by him who craves amusement and needs instruction. The aims of prose fiction are precisely those of poetry, simply contemplating another and a larger audience. Nay, the audience may be the very same. There are persons who care nothing for music,—who do not comprehend its happy harmonies, and those delicious flights of sound which, through a sensual medium, lift the soul to objects of divinest contemplation. Yet, to such persons, the same object is gained by other artists—the poet or the painter; and the spirit which the musician would deem utterly callous to all tender influences, is made to overflow with sympathy when appealed to through an agency with which its affinities are naturally strong. And he who is insensible to the intricate charms of poetry—"the measured file and metrical array" of art—will yield himself very joyfully to the very lessons which he rejects in verse, if his teacher will employ a more simple and less ambitious medium. Fortunately for the susceptibilities of the race, the Genius of Art, who addresses herself to its exigencies, is of vast compass and wonderful flexibility. She adapts herself to all conditions, and contrives a spell to make every affection, in some degree, her own. Nothing can stale her infinite variety; and, as her purpose and destiny are universal conquest, so she is empowered to adapt her ministry to the condition of the individual, so that his inner nature shall feel the touch of an influence by which his purification may begin. It is no less within her province to render classical—in other words, to make appropriate and becoming—every form of utterance and exhibition which will contribute in any measure to the attainment of her vital objects. This is the conclusive answer to all that one-sided class of critics, who narrow the province of the classical either to the simply prescriptive, or to that one single form of expression to which their tastes or their studies most incline them. They overlook entirely the catholic nature of art, which accommodates its lessons, like any other schoolmaster, to its several classes, and is careful to insinuate its wishes through a new medium, when it finds itself stubbornly resisted in the old. As there is no more good reason why a poem should be compassed in twelve books and the Spenserian stanza, than in five acts and in the fashion of the drama,—so the plan of a romance in prose, in one, two, or three volumes, is not a whit less acceptable to the Genius of Classic Art, than if the same materials were wrought into heroics and tagged with the unnecessary but beautiful appendage of rhyme. We must insist upon this the more, because of the lamentable bigotry of certain literary purists—to say nothing of their ignorance in relation to this subject. Of course, we are not to be understood as arguing in respect to the abuses of the popular novel,—the low purposes to which it is put, and the inferior objects which are too frequently aimed at in its composition. All forms of art, all doctrines, all faith and custom—the offices of religion, the purest privileges of love and society—are, in like manner, subject to abuse, and not unfrequently employed thus for their own desecration and defeat. Our purpose is only to show that this particular form of fiction is quite as legitimate in its origin and quite as susceptible of general use and employment as any other. It is probable that the very same class of persons who now denounce prose fiction would be equally hostile to poetry—nay, are confessedly hostile to it in its dramatic forms, and as anxious now to exclude Shakspeare from use, as the more discriminating moralist would be to suppress the prurient writings of Sue and Paul de Kock. Dull men, who are at the same time vain men, are always to be found, to whom the beautiful in art appears only like a false syren, glozing in the ears of the unwary, and beguiling the ignorant from the secure paths. They would have the young voyager seal up his ears to any charming but their own; and the better to accomplish this object, they cloak their desires with shows of exterior morality, and, in the accents of the holiest mission, promote the objects of the worst. Perhaps there is no worse foe to purity and religion than mere dulness. The dulness which compels the attention of the young, when the heart is eager to go forth and be free in the sunshine, and in the pleasant atmosphere of birds and flowers, in process of time becomes a tyranny which compels men to seek in secret, and consequently with some degree of shame, that very Being who was dispatched to earth with the most beneficent commission of sympathy and love.

If you denounce prose fiction, such as we have indicated,—a fiction which contemplates the highest objects of art, and which is susceptible of the noblest forms to which art has ever yet given expression,—you must equally denounce poetry and music. Its flexibility, greater than either of these, is yet equally subject to arbitrary standards—standards which exact equal obedience to certain principles of art, to say nothing of the laws of nature, inevitable in the case of all. That its privileges are larger, does not render its exercise less proper or becoming. Its aims may be quite as daring as those of poetry, its machinery as wild and wondrous, and—to employ a word the literalness of which might almost forbid its use in this connection—as *impossible* and visionary. It is not less true because of its impossibles. It is a truth in the seed, to germinate hereafter; a truth of the spiritual nature; that superior mood by which we are so imperfectly yet impressively informed, and of which, at present, we have such vague and unsatisfying glimpses. Our *cravings* furnish sufficient arguments to establish the truthfulness of fiction, and to prove its legitimacy as an universal element of delight and desire, natural to the hopes and to the imagination of mankind. Fiction, indeed, is neither more nor less than probable truth under intenser conditions than ordinary. It is quite as properly the organ of religion, one of the aids of faith, as any prayer that ever ascended from bearded patriarch, or any praise of the devotee that ever borrowed the wings of song to cleave the vaulted roof of the temple in making its way to heaven. It has been the frequent language of all religions. It is employed in the form of fable, and parable, and allegory, by Deity himself; and no more remarkable specimen of romance was ever framed for the wondering delight and instruction of man, than the noble drama embodied in the Scriptures which describes the cruel trials of the man of Uz! We say not these things with irreverence, but rather with an acute sense of the perfect propriety with which man may use those divinest forms of intellect which God has given him, and which have never been thought indecorously employed when celebrating the works, the glory, and the benevolence of God. That he should not degrade them to base uses, has been the leading motive of this essay.

That modern fiction should incorporate a history of mortal loves and mortal disappointments; that it should be yielded up to a homely narrative of the thousand cares and vices that vex the wayward heart, and embitter its perverse struggles; that it should involve humiliating details of licentiousness and crime; that it should portray passion in the form of its most wilful exercise, and depict the hopeless and various miseries which flow from its indulgence; no more lessens the propriety of its claims to minister for the good and safety, the direction and the reproof of man, than do like events in the career of David,—the man of such generous, but of so many wild and violent impulses,—the murderer of Uriah, the ravisher of Bathsheba,—the man who erred, and suffered, and atoned, as man is seldom found to do in the ordinary progress of an age. There, indeed, in that sacred and startling history, do we find a model romance, than which none more terribly pleasing and instructive could be found in the whole compass of romantic fiction. But even through the corruption springs the flower. The history of man on earth, whatever be his crimes and errors, if it be honestly written, nothing extenuate, and nothing overwrought, is always a religious history. It is the history of his training for another state; and, whether he makes proper progress or falters by the wayside, does not impair the value of the history in its influence on other men. In the one case, it were a lamp to guide; in the other, a beacon to forewarn. The hues of romance which it is made to wear,—the purple lights and the soft attractive colors which constitute its atmosphere, and commend it to the heart which might shrink from the touch of a truth unskilfully applied,—do not diminish the value of the moral which it brings; do not lessen its healing attributes, or take from what is wholesome in the sting and bitter which it employs, to goad the slumbering conscience into sensibility. Nor is this atmosphere of poetry unreal or unnatural. It is the very atmosphere which marks the progress of passionate youth, and serves in some degree to retard the violence of the passions, when a more rigid morality has failed of its effect. Nor should it be urged against the arts of fiction that, for so long a season after youth has passed for ever, they bring back glimpses of its better hopes—its summer fancies—its skies without a cloud, and its songs without a murmur. Romance, in fact, would seem to be the handmaid whose affections are won by youth, that they should find a solace for it when youth is gone. She is employed to bring warmth to his bosom in age, even as the physical nature of the monarch-minstrel was kept in life by fresh contact with innocent girlhood. She is the restorer to the fancy of all that delicious atmosphere which hung about the heart in youth. She brings back to us all our first glowing and most generous conceptions; when the soul was least selfish, when the affections were most fond; ere strife had made the one callous, or frequent defeat and disappointment had rendered the other sour and suspicions. Beheld through her medium, there is nothing in life which is vulgar and degrading. All its fancies are pure, and show as luxuriantly as they are bright and fresh. It is not, indeed, through the fancies and the tastes that sin assails the heart. It is through the passions only, and in the utter absence of the fancy, and those tastes which the fancy usually originates, that wild and vicious appetites inflame the lowlier nature, and give it an ascendency over the superior, which it is the peculiar quality of all intellectual exercises to subdue and to correct. These find an aliment in the obvious nature which renders them indifferent to, and keeps them ignorant of, the prurient appetites of a morbid mood. The aspects of nature and man are equally grateful to the faith which looks confidingly to all things under the genial influence of a hope that takes its birth in the affections, and believes chiefly because it loves. And it is precisely such a confiding nature which is the soul and very secret of success in art. To its eye, nothing is absolutely unseemly, though all demands improvement, in the natural aspects of earth and man. The desert is no desert, spread out and sleeping beneath the broad, blue canopy of heaven. The sea is no terror, reposing in its delicious moonlight. The forest is no region of gloom and exile, but one rather of refuge and of shade, when the world threatens and the burning sun prevails. It is by an innate property that art is enabled to crown nature with an aspect of her own;—nor inanimate nature only. The wild beast is stilled by, and crouches beneath, a look; the reptile is spelled by a sound, and uncoils himself, unharming, from his victim. And man himself—the savage man! He is savage, it may be, but not necessarily foul or beastly. Wild, but why vicious, unless you make, or suffer him to remain so? It is in your own hands to subject him to holier and happier laws, if you will only so far sympathize with his inferior nature, as to show him the pathway to a better promise. The serf—destined to an inferior condition, through which only can he rise into a better—is elevated, by his reverence and fidelity, into a being whom we reward not less with love than with food and raiment. To the catholic eye of art, high and humble are but relative dependencies, mutual in position, though differing in height and aspect. The beautiful and the obscure, the bright and the dark, are but natural foils of each other—in other words, parts of a system, in which variety is not simply a proof of the boundless resources of the Creator, but of his sense, also, of what is essential to the proper exercise, the relief and the gratification of the soul. The philosophy which art teaches, is the faith with which youth begins; a faith which youth is but too apt to forget, in the more earthy cares of manhood; but which it is the becoming vocation of art, as tributary to religion, still to re-inspire. It is in this way that art is always young and original. Every generation discovers in her a new aspect. Novel forms, new guises, declare for her supremacy over the monotonous and tamely recurring aspects of ordinary time. It is because heedless of this peculiar virtue in the constitution of this catholic Muse, that we find the critic of hackneyed judgment, grown too subservient to the customary to appreciate the fresh, resenting as a vice the assumption of new phases in the very Genius which he has worshipped under another form. He seems unwilling to believe that there should be any longer a novelty in art, when there is no longer a freshness in his own nature.

MULCHINOCK'S POEMS.*

In the early days of criticism it was rare that any book could pass through one edition without being made the text of a commentary or a philippic, and authors felt themselves insulted if their works, which the common people admired or censured after their own untaught fashion, were not at least noticed by the higher and more privileged oracles of letters. But as publishers' lists expanded, the mass of reviews became briefer and more superficial, passing from the ornate pages of quarterlies to the hurried columns of the newspaper, and dictated quite as often by personal favor or dislike as by literary taste, until now it is quite impossible to give a fair portion of impartial time and type to any but strongly-marked and representative specimens of current literature. From decisions thus arrived at, the public may extend their opinions as little or as widely as they please, and authors take their cue with a readiness proportioned to their acquiescence in critical judgment. And if an author once thought himself slighted if he was overlooked, he should now consider himself fortunate if sufficiently representative of good or bad to be marked out by reviewers, for surely that "bad eminence" which is ever made the object of attack is better than an unmolested because unnoticed mediocrity. There is always hope for men or books whose faults are so conspicuous that they are singled out for special animadversion.

Mr. Mulchinock's poetry is representative, but not of originality. It is representative as were the verses of Hoole and other close imitators of the rhythmical beauty of Pope; or as the towering fustian of Lee and Dryden when they essayed to overtop their masters, the early English dramatists. It is representative of ambition—but of unwarranted growth; of emulation—but emulation of such a nature that it uses imitated gesture and phrase to accomplish the object of its pursuit; of facility—but a facility that defeats itself, and defrauds its own coinage of its legible and current stamp. It is preeminently representative of the largest and most unproductive school of imitative poetry of the present day. And if it claim to be of no extraordinary pretensions, and if in reality it is neither powerful nor durable, it may be well to pause over it for a moment, as a profitable lesson for our myriad versifiers, whose number is surely not warranted by any special increase of the poetic element amongst us.

In common with most men, we have no very friendly feelings toward imitation of any kind in literature; but for that imitation of which Mr. Mulchinock's verses may be taken as an exponent, we have a peculiar distaste. We have little fault to find with a young and inexperienced writer, who, for the purpose of perfecting himself in the externals of poetry, gives his days and nights to that most melodious of versifiers, Pope, since his is almost a necessary task, and one from which,in these days of incorrect rhythm, it were better no aspirant for poetic laurels should be exempt. But we question if the public, for whom we would be mouthpiece, have any such leniency for the writer who adopts the phrases which original and poetic minds have created and immortalized, and spreads them over his own pages, as easy and current subterfuges behind which to hide his own dearth of sentiment and poetical power. There is an affectation of poetical affinity about this, which is as specious as it is insincere, and which, in addition to its own unworthiness, is apt to detract from the credit of the genuine poet, whose peculiar terms of expression are thus subjected to the imputation of claptrap and unmeaningness. Even beyond the absurdities of certain small philosophers, who have adopted the esoteric and mystical expressions of continental thinkers as a clothing for their own bald and commonplace sentiments, do we rank in point of dishonesty and extravagance the effusions of that school of versifiers who have complacently taken the phrases of contemporary poets as their own, and used them as capital on which to build a wide and profitable reputation.

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* The Ballads and Songs of William Pembroke Mulchinock. New-York: T. W. Strong & Co., No. 98 Nassau street.

It is fortunate for the true poet that the imitative versifier always overreaches himself. The peculiar turns of phraseology, the rhythmical dress and posturing, and the artistic connections of sentiment, which, with as little modification as possible, the imitator would make his own, are rarely to be transferred so as to preserve their original beauty, even by the most skilful hands; and, degenerating into mannerism by being forced upon us too often, at last entirely lose their harmony and effect. It too frequently happens that an author who has charmed us by original felicities of manner is so far carried away by success and self-praise as to give us too many of them in his subsequent works. But, however well we may endure the repetition of the cloying sweetness, we have no patience for the distasteful and disproportionate dose of mannerism which the forthcoming imitator would compel us to swallow. And we resent the attempted infliction with as much heartiness as we would repel the impertinences of a bystander, who had taken upon himself to insult us from beholding our forbearance under the momentary caprices of a friend.

Some time ago we had marked out certain phrases on the pages of two of our special favoites, Tennyson and Poe, and had ventured to predict in a quiet way, that the imitators of these admirable poets would betray themselves by fastening on these peculiarities, and repeating them to us *ad nauseam.* Two words particularly had attracted our attention as being very open to abuse, and very difficult to be used at all, except by minds of exquisite perceptions; and indeed they had been so bandied about by shallow mystics, that men who were equal to an appreciation of their meaning would be very cautious how they employed them. These words are the Real and the Ideal; and surely no one will say that they are to be played with by children, or harped on in vacant hours, like the strings of an idle instrument. Tennyson and Poe had been sufficiently familiar with them for our taste, and had used them quite enough for producing effect; but the easy complacency with which they are led off by the imitators of these poets, and pre-eminently Mr. Mulchinock, is an attack upon our forbearance and an affront to our notions of good sense and good poetry. What, for instance, can we think of such rhymings as the following?—

"Blending with the bright Ideal the sad Actual and Real,
Till its chords shall seem to be all touched and struck by viewless fingers
Of weird spirits in the air."

"Overlong the false Ideal
Kept us on a weary chase;
We would know not now the Real,
If we met it face to face."

"In dreams she comes to me, to cherish and woo me—
The slumber is pleasure, the waking is woe,
Where fades the Ideal, when triumphs the Real;
I pine for young Alice of Ballinasloe."

"Oh! thou bright and blest Ideal,
Radiant vision of my dreams,
Lighting up the darksome Real
With your rainbow-tinted gleams!"

Are they not simply an affectation of high sentiment where there is no sentiment at all, and an irreverent handling of words which were never meant to be trifled with? It requires no very great amount of skill to frame stanzas that shall contain these words; they are remarkably docile in couples; and there is not a clever lad of fifteen who could not string them together with as much of the "bright" and "blest" and "darksome" as they are garnished with by Mr. Mulchinock. And we do not know why we should be called upon to admire so cheap and easy a performance—what any of us could do equally well at any time.

We are sorry to see Mr. Mulchinock depending so much for effect on the words "Past," "Present," and "Future," with their attendant adjectives, which every reader's memory will readily suggest to him. What has just been said about the Ideal and the Real will apply to these much-abused words. It requires a delicacy of taste amounting almost to genius to avoid using them in just such connections as those in which they are employed by the mob of ordinary writers and speakers when they would be thought learned, sublime, and prophetic. To talk about these three conditions of Time is to run the risk of talking commonplace ambitiously. Mr. Mulchinock has taken the risk, and we think he has been unlucky—if we may judge from verses like these spoken by Paul Flemming, the "pale" student:—

"Then like music spake he—Mary, by my love that ne'er can vary,
By mine eyes so wan and weary, weary watching for thy presence,
Oh, thou beautifully fair;

"By the Past whose gloom is o'er me; by the Future dark before me;
By the loved dead who implore me in sweet whispers from the grave-yard,
To lie down and slumber there."

Or these:—

In the kingdom of the Worker he shall have the highest place
Who hath dipt into the Future living far beyond his race:

"Who hath shown his mission God-like by the reaches of his eye,
Glinting over Past and Present, lighting dim Futurity."

Part of this reminds us very forcibly of a couplet in Tennyson's Locksley Hall:—

"For I dipt into the Future far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world and all the wonder that would be."

Such coincidences, however, are common with Mr. Mulchinock. We may notice one or two others before we part company.

Here is a stanza quite in the prophetic style of Mævius and Bavius. It is addressed to "Men of Genius":—

"Though to all your toil incessant
Of the muscle and the mind,
Ye shall feel and find the Present
In its sluggish dulness blind;
In the Future shall the story
Sung at every happy hearth,
Tell how for man's lasting glory
Heaven's angels toiled on earth."

We consider this disparagement of the times in which one lives an affectation, and unworthy a liberal mind. And in all candor we must say we find far too much of it in Mr. Mulchinock. But of this hereafter.

We have noticed many other instances of this commonplace and unmeaning trifling with suggestive phrases which it is hardly necessary to quote for the purpose of showing that Mr. Mulchinock has brought nothing more out of them than certain rhymes and cadences for which he has mainly employed them. We shall not be accused of treating him unfairly in thus charging him with trifling with poetic terms, when we often find him appropriating with equal recklessness the more peculiar property of other poets. Coleridge tells us of

"A noise as of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June."

This therefore is Coleridge's, and no one else has any right to it. But Mr. Mulchinock does not agree with us. By virtue of his poetic calling he *has* a right to it, and proceeds to exercise his prerogative as follows:—

"Sweeter than the streamlet rushing amid spring flowers in their flushing
Came the song of love outgushing from the lips of the pale student
In the leafy month of June."

Very awkwardly done. But it requires talent to plagiarize well.

Tennyson's Locksley Hall contains this beautiful couplet:—

"Love took up the harp of Life and smote on all its chords with might,
Smote the chord of self, that trembling passed in music out of sight."

In Mr. Mulchinock's Chant for Toilers this is very coolly reproduced:—

"From the chord of self-evoking music, wild but sweet to hear,
Fraught with mystic strange revealings to the earnest thinker's ear."

We hardly know what to style the following, but it certainly shows a great facility of adaptation, if nothing more. The original is from Locksley Hall:—

"Many a morning in the moorland did we hear the copses ring,
And her whispers thronged my pulses with the fulness of the spring.

"Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips."

Mr. Mulchinock thus adapts it:—

"Many a morning by the waters of the far resounding sea,
Have I walked in meditation, all my spirit fancy free.

"Many a morning in the forest ere the birds began to sing,
Have I sung of Freedom's advent, harping on the bounding string."

But enough of mere verbal criticism; of citations of what it is charity to style imitations, which any one of moderate acquaintance with the best of living and late poets will detect in greater or less abundance in nearly every piece in this volume; and of instances of a recklessness in the use of metaphysical and poetic terms which most readers will not fail to discover and condemn. We have no disposition to enter upon an exhibition of Mr. Mulchinock's rhythmical errors, which swarm throughout these poems in unstinted profusion. For these, circumstances may offer a partial apology. It is after all more of the spirit of Mr. Mulchinock's rhymes than of their mechanical execution that we would complain. We should be somewhat disposed to excuse the slovenly measure and the bungling rhyme, if they were the dress of really original, poetic and healthy thoughts; but if we condemn the barren or the perverted sentiment, how can we approve the verse in which it is borne haltingly and wearily along?

We look in vain, then, through this volume for any traces of that genial and generous sentiment which should spring spontaneously from the heart of every man, and, most of all, from the heart of the man who thinks himself specially commissioned to address his fellow-men through the medium of the feelings and the imagination. A writer of verses, in addition to the necessary qualifications of imagination, taste, and rhythmical power, should have a liberal and comprehensive mind, capable of overlooking circumstances and of appreciating the good qualities to be found in every man and every thing. It is no more necessary that he should be an optimist than that he should 'plunge into the midnight of a Byronic misanthropy. If his disposition is like that of nine out of ten, it is hardly needful to caution him against one or the other of these extremes. But as Nature produces a few optimists and misanthropes, and circumstances many more, so we find certain poets whose verses are naturally optimistic or melancholy, and a greater number—of a lesser grade, be it said—whose verses, purporting to be results of their own experience, are evidently studied pictures of the utmost of cheerfulness or Timonism that can be evolved from the material around them. We are always suspicious of the sincerity of any writer who claims to have a larger share of happiness or misery than his fellow-men, and we especially condemn the processes by which a writer of poetry brings himself to speak in unvarying tones of despondency and complaint, when we have every reason to suppose him capable of enjoying the content which he affects to find only in others.

Mr. Mulchinock's verses are gloomy, and we think their gloom studied and unnecessary. There are very few men of education whose circumstances compel them to poverty and neglect; and when we hear such men complaining of one or both of these conditions of misery, we are apt to believe that they are practising on our sympathies, and are either clinging to sorrow for the melancholy pleasure it is sometimes said to afford, or are prating of its stings without actually undergoing them. To the really deserving and unfortunate, the public ear is seldom closed; but it is ever the case, as it should be, that public sympathy neither goes out spontaneously nor strongly for the man who clings to a vocation for which he is indifferently fitted, and which, in return, yields him but an indifferent support, when other callings, equally honorable and more productive, lie open to his exertions.

Need we say we have reference to professional verse-making—to that description of verse-making which Mr. Mulchinock cultivates, and which he professes to find so unprofitable? It must strike every one at the first glance—without lingering long over certain obtrusive facts, the large number of writers, professional and unprofessional, who clamor for admission to the columns of every magazine, the immense disadvantages under which our authors labor from reproductions of foreign and unpaid-for literature, the excessive cheapness at which the home market for reading must be supplied—that nothing can be more unwise than for a man of any other than first-rate abilities to pursue a career in which not more than one in a hundred can hope to earn more than a bare subsistence, when easier and more lucrative paths lie before him. It is unwise for this reason, setting aside all others that will occur at a moment's contemplation—namely, that a writer on broad and comprehensive topics, like those of poetry, ought to be thoroughly acquainted with all classes of society, and to have such a position as to be on easy and intimate terms with the great man as well as the laborer or the common citizen. He should possess an independence sufficient to raise him above all imputation of sycophancy or meanness; such an independence as makes a man feel always light of heart, and above those fretting circumstances which assail him whose next dinner is for ever a subject of uneasy contemplation. His means should give him access to libraries and galleries; they should allow him the necessary stimulants of travel and public amusement; in fine, having the world for his peculiar study, the world should be in every way open to him. To substantiate this, we must leave great authors out of view: their genius has at all times evoked fortune and worshippers, laboring at first no matter under how great disadvantages. But for how many men of second-rate abilities and unpromising beginnings has competence prepared the way for literary distinction! and how many men of aspirations beyond their natural abilities, of a thirst for fame beyond their power to achieve greatness, has poverty happily kept back from a career in which only the most favored can run without faltering and failure!

Now it is evident that the man who, without possessing sufficient ability to raise himself to the first rank in literature, sits down to gain his subsistence by writing verses, condemns himself to seclusion from the great world, and therefore to barrenness of sentiment and information. That many-sided knowledge which, in the present intensity of civilization, the writer who would reach the popular ear must possess, he will inevitably want. His writings will be capricious, one-sided, and unfair. It will be strange if they do not fall into one unvarying strain, and that strain oftener melancholy and bitter than genial and warm. Living, it may be, in back streets; surrounded by a society whose manners are at best unattractive, and whose language breathes a harsh and disaffected spirit; he cannot hope to become acquainted with the ways of those who partake bountifully of the higher privileges of life, and from a secure position look comprehensively and unrepiningly on the world around them. No man of this day can approach to any thing like perfection in writing whose field of observation is as limited as Mr. Mulchinock's would appear to be, from what he says in the preface to his poems—an unsatisfactory apology for a very manifest want:—

> "From the stimulus of elegant society, from delightful leisure, or many-path'd cultivation, I have not obtained subjects or a style. A few good common books, and the great works of God, besides the lessons of daily life, have been my sole teachers. With these aids, if I cannot hope to match men to whom many languages are as familiar as their own, whose mornings, nights, and libraries are in the perpetual presence of the arts; men whose fame is not only American but universal; I at least may claim an audience on the merits of my dear mistress Nature, whose beauty, like that of the gospel, though 'ever ancient,' is also 'ever new.'"

Shelley, with infinitely more genius, but it must be owned, with less common sense, for he was in no want of money, talked somewhat like this, when he boasted of his acquaintance with the Alps and the glaciers, and his unsuitableness for the companionship of his fellow-Englishmen. And consequently Shelley is read by nobody but poets. He loved the people well enough, but he never learned how to write for them. He let his great soul go out over mountains and midnights, and his poems are one prolonged rhapsody. He is a good study, but a bad model. But Mr. Mulchinock has copied his error. Speaking of himself, he says:—

> "All his harpings caught from nature, lakes and mountains for his schools,
> Not in city smoke begotten among rod-directed fools."

So much the worse for Mr. Mulchinock. If poets only draw their inspirations from mountains and lakes, they may be as grand and mystic as they please, but they may rest content with lakes and mountains for listeners. If they will ride Pegasus occasionally on cross-roads and in cities, and lend their genius to "adorn common things," they will meet with the encouragement they deserve.

We are not surprised, therefore, at the tone of Mr. Mulchinock's verses, after learning the circumstances under which they were composed, and the sources of inspiration whence they were drawn; especially when we see that greater men have written vaguely, and unfairly, and bitterly, while refusing to look at all sides of life before making it the subject of poetical philosophizing. To be shut out from the higher and refined amenities of life; to be constantly vexed by the thought that men of inferior minds, possessing no sympathy for the beautiful in art or nature, are spending money without stint on useless and unelevated pleasures, which a better owner would employ in the gratification of the noblest tastes of which our nature is capable; to be obliged, in the teeth of the intensest competition, to send hurried and incomplete verses to magazines for a nominal remuneration; and to live day by day without prospect of ever gaining more than a mere living, and with a dreary looking forward to sickness or failing powers; this condition of things surely cannot make the poet genial and comprehensive, and cannot give that mellow glow of hope and good-nature to his verses which, after all, is a large ingredient in the works of every successful poet whom the world has seen. What influence such circumstances have, we may infer from the following verses—the like of which are profusely strewn through this volume of Mr. Mulchinock's. We are willing to believe them true, for we would not accuse their author of making untrue appeals to our sympathies in lines which he tells us are "drops of his own heart's blood, and beats of his own quick pulse":—

"Now for me the silent sorrow and the loneliness and gloom,
Phantom shapes of long-lost pleasures flit around my lonely room:

"Days of childhood,—summer rambles through green woods and gardens fair;
Days of youthhood,—higher longings, sunny castles in the air:

"Days of manhood,—toil unresting, bitter want within my door,
Crowd around me in the silence, and with anguish I deplore.

"When shall worth have fitting honor and a never-fading wreath?
Hark! in tones that soothe the spirit, echo answers, 'After death!'

"Truthful echo—mournful echo of the thought within my brain;
I am wedded to my sorrow—my repinings are in vain.

"Come the ills of life the faster and the darker for my tears,
Falling ever as they 've fallen now for long and weary years.

* * * * *

"Woe is me! befooled by fancies, and a sorrow at my door;
Morn and even moaning ever—that 'twill leave me nevermore.

"Wealthy homes are all around me, homes of luxury and ease,
Wine and music, mirth and laughter; but, alas! we 've none of these.

"Wealthy merchants in the market; dollars clink in every street;
Signs of pomp and signs of splendor, wheresoe'er I turn my feet.

"Comes the winter dark and hoary, bringing sharp and wintry cold
To the homestead of the Toiler, owning neither land nor gold.

"'Tis the month of dark December: fleetly fall the flakes of snow;
Ice is on the running water, and the sharp winds keenly blow.

"Would I were at rest, and lying in kind Death's unbroken sleep,
Nevermore to war with fortune—nevermore to rail and weep.

"Ah! my step is getting feeble, and my heart is quite opprest;
I am weary, very weary—I will seek a little rest."

Entertaining this sense of unrequited merit, it is not strange that Mr. Mulchinock should extend his sympathy to the laboring classes, and endeavor to rouse them to an appreciation of their own rights, in a manner which savors much more of the disaffected anarchist than of the reasonable, patient, and philanthropic reformer. We think, however, that the poor will never be helped by such bitter outpourings as these:

"Woe to those in lordly places, sunk in lethargy supine,
With their feastings and their revels, with their music and their wine!

"Shallow triflers, morrice-dancers in the earnest game of life,
Bearded children, still disporting with some gewgaw drum and fife;

"Brothers of the order Witling, with Unreason for its rule,
For a cap and bells contending, which shall best play out the fool.

* * * * *

"Where be all the gifts God gave them—health and strength, and land and gold?
For some false, illusive phantom, soul-destroying, trucked and sold!

"On their Rights, not Duties, standing, earthly rulers one and all
Grind and scourge their poorer brother, as an outcast and a thrall.

"Human eagles, from their eyries swooping down with hungry beak,
Wayside sheep without a shepherd still the only prey they seek.

"Comes the day of rich reprisal, comes the day of vengeance due ;
As they laid on load with scourges, we will play with scourges too.

* * * * *

"In your suits of homely broadcloth, though you take the shilling side,
Ye shall flout those silken rustlers prankt in purple and in pride.

* * * * *

"When you winced beneath the tauntings of the rich and better-born,
I have taught you to repay them with intenser, bitter scorn.

* * * * *

"Be but hopeful, be but trustful, be but loyal to the cause:
Down with wrong and with injustice, *down with tyrants and their laws.*"

And this in free America!

If we apprehended any mischief from such effusions,—which it would be charitable to attribute to a morning headache, or an overflow of bile,—we should quote more of them, and devote a few moments to showing their unreasonableness and uselessness; but the common sense of the reader, we are sure, has forestalled us. Sentiments like these stand in the way of true reform, and are powerless to overturn the sober reason of the mass, which is happily strong enough to keep down, if not to destroy, the monstrous hydra of anarchical bitterness. But none the less strongly do we condemn them in a book of poems, where, in addition to their native deformity, they are most sadly out of place. But Mr. Mulchinock has taken his cue, in this instance, from Whittier, whom he is pleased to term the "boldest Thinker of the Age;" and as he has overdone Tennyson and others in their original peculiarities, so he has grossly outraged the example which that very clever versifier, Whittier, has unwittingly set him.

We give Mr. Mulchinock the credit of writing an occasional vigorous couplet, particularly on topics which make the most ordinary men talk strongly. We do not doubt that, in common with many other men of more reasonable ambition, he takes pleasure in reading and writing poetry. But we may be pardoned for saying that we think he has mistaken his vocation, in setting up for a professional poet. To write verses as a pastime is one thing, and to make a business of writing verses is another; and between the two we should not hesitate long to choose. If Mr. Mulchinock will pause, he will see that he is almost alone in the business he has chosen, and which, to use his own words, "yields so poor and scant a pay." Among our own foremost poets—names with whom it is no light honor to be classed—we know of none who depend on versifying for a livelihood. Longfellow is a college officer. Holmes is in good practice as a physician. Bryant and Willis are at the head of journals of wide circulation. Halleck's poems were not written with a view to pecuniary profit. Poe relied chiefly for support on his prose compositions. Bayard Taylor is on the editorial staff of a daily paper. Our poets of a generation or two back were in established professions. Trumbull was an eminent lawyer. Dwight was president of a college. Hopkins was a physician, and Humphries and Barlow enjoyed handsome estates. Surely it is no abuse of instances if we point Mr. Mulchinock to the fact that the Muse is more pleasant and facile as a companion than a slave; and that active exertion in steady and practical employment, by which one is brought daily in contact with the world, is no hindrance to the growth and triumph of the genuine poetic faculty.

The critic counselled poor Keats to desist from making verses, and return to his gallipots. We have no such advice to offer Mr. Mulchinock. If he enjoys poetry, we wish that he may never cease to realize the pleasures which the Muse confers on her votaries. We are afraid, however, that if he persists in rhyming as an occupation wherewith to earn bread for himself and his family, his tone will never become less austere and repulsive, nor his field of view less contracted; we greatly fear that his imitations will become more frequent, and that, pressed down by circumstances which he will not consent to escape from, he will never attain to that standard of perfection to which we will not refuse him the credit of aspiring.

A SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM S. MOUNT.

The classic comic painters of all countries are few in number. A score of masterly artists in portraiture may be enumerated for every single humorous genius in the art of design. The Flemish school, with Teniers, Ostade, Jan Steen, Gerard Douw, Brouwer, and Moëns, is undoubtedly the richest, both in number of artists and in variety of comic subjects. The Spanish school, with Murillo at the head, comes next. And although, in respect to character, expression, thought, satire and dramatic power, no one master in this department can, for a moment, be compared with Hogarth, the English school has few others to boast of. Wilkie, who approaches most nearly, was a Scotchman, as well as the great predecessor of Cruickshank, (the inimitable caricaturist of this century,) Gilray, who was the Cruickshank in political caricature of his day. Maclise is, we believe, an Irishman; and Leslie, with Newton, (delicious humorists of the school of Addison, Goldsmith, Sterne, and Irving,) delicate limners, graceful, spirited and Virgilian, displaying in their charming productions, the amenity, gentle beauties, and subtle refinements of those masters of authorship, we claim as American, partly from their early education here, and partly from their American illustrations of Irving.

The French pride themselves, and justly, on the possession of the genteel as well in painting as in style; but with all his courtly elegance, neither can Watteau be fairly considered a humorist, nor Coypel, though he has illustrated Don Quixote with so much vivacity and effect.

The paintings of W. S. Mount, one of the few American artists that deserve to be called painters, are of a strictly national character; the pride and boast, not only of his native Long Island, nor yet of the State of New-York solely, but of the whole country. Of an inferior grade, in the same department, are the pictures of Bingham, Ranney, Woodville, Edmonds, and Clonney, all of whom are subsequent to him, in point of time; and although several of their paintings are of great merit, evincing observation and study, full of character and expression, yet none of them can justly be compared, in point of equality, or with any fair pretensions to rivalry, with the comic designs of Mount.

Doctors of Law and Divinity, Judges and Bishops, can be easily created by conventions and councils, but a true humorist is worth a county of such dignitaries. What does the world know or care about the Dutch theologians or commentators, who carried their heads high during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries? But the Dutch school of art of that period is as well known as any thing in Holland, to all out of it. Those dull, learned Professors, who lecture on the genius of the very men, after death has made them immortal, upon whom living they would affect to look down, talk of comic pictures as of the Ethiopian farces, as the lowest phase of intellectual effort. But how many libraries of sermons, and controversial theology, and Church history, may be bought for the smallest collection of Teniers and Ostade!

Among those, too, who affect a liking for art in this walk, how few correctly appreciate it; placing the department of humorous description and comic satire below portrait and landscape, to say nothing of what passes under the style and title of history. In painting, however, as in literature, familiar history is in general far more valuable and directly interesting than the so-called heroic phases of art. Every thing depends on the artist and his mode of treatment of a subject. A great artist will make more of an ordinary scene than the inferior genius will be able to create out of the noblest materials. True, the grand style, in the hands of a Raphael, a Titian, a Rubens, is above any thing of Dutch or Flemish art. We are not instituting a comparison between the divine Italians and the homely Dutchmen; rather would we oppose a first-rate artist of the actual to a second-rate painter of the ideal school. Something german to this subject are the following remarks of Leslie, whose single authority is sufficient to decide a point of this kind. In a letter to Dunlap, he writes, speaking of Newton: "For my own part, I had much rather have been the painter of one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's best portraits, or one of Claude's landscapes, than of any historical painting by Guido, Domenichino, or Annibal Daracci, I ever saw. If dramatic invention, a true expression of the passions and feelings of human nature, and a perfect knowledge of physiognomy, are to be estimated by their rarity, Hogarth was the greatest painter the world ever saw. Yet, according to the received classification, his art must take a lower rank than that of his father-in-law, Sir Thomas Thornbill, who designed the dome of St. Paul's with the history of the saint from whom the church is named." In Heine's letters we find an idea expressed so similar to this, and with such clearness, that we append it by way of corollary to the above. He is contrasting Goethe and Schiller, and in his light, flowing tone of sarcastic irony, which probes a subject as effectually as the finest serious analysis, he declares: "Those highly painted, those purely ideal forms, those altar images of Virtue and Morality, which Schiller has erected, are far easier to produce than those frail, every-day, contaminated beings that Goethe reveals to us in his works. Indifferent painters ever present the full-length picture of some holy saint upon the canvas; but it requires a consummate master to paint a Spanish beggar, or a Dutch peasant suffering a tooth to be extracted, or hideous old women as we see them in the little Dutch cabinet pictures, true to life and perfect in art. The grand and fearful are of much easier representation in art than the trifling and the little. The Egyptian sorcerers could imitate many of the acts of Moses, as the snake, the blow, the frogs even; but when he did acts much more seemingly easy for the magicians, namely, brought vermin upon the land, then they confessed their inability, and said, 'That is the finger of God.'"

If any further criticism were necessary, we might add, that two exquisitely just and original critics of the present century, admirable writers upon art as well as literature, Hazlitt and Lamb, in their essays upon the works of Hogarth, have abundantly and brilliantly illustrated and confirmed this position.

A biographical sketch of the artist, whose name stands at the head of this paper, may be comprised within a brief space, the external events of his life being few, and not in any sense extraordinary. The few facts are gleaned from Dunlap's meagre notice, and confirmed on the personal authority of the artist.

The youngest of three brothers, artists, our painter, the son of a substantial Long Island farmer, was born at Setauket, Suffolk co., Nov. 26, 1807. Up to the age of seventeen he had been bred "a farmer's boy," as he himself expresses it, and which early education sufficiently explains the character of the subjects of his art—all rural scenes of a domestic character, or, as in most cases, of out-of-door scenes and occupations. At that age he came up to New-York and commenced an apprenticeship as sign and ornamental painter, to his eldest brother, Henry S. Mount, who pursued that branch of painting, although with powers and execution much superior to it, especially excellent in pieces of still life. Feeling no doubt an instinctive superiority to this occupation, the future artist relinquished it for a higher walk. He commenced seeking after good pictures as models, and entered a student of the National Academy of Design, 1826. The next year he returned to the country, partly on account of his health and for recreation, but chiefly from a native preference for its quiet, and the innocent pleasures it affords. As a more congenial residence, from early associations, and the proper field of his labors, no less than from its intrinsic attractions, he has always (except for a short interval) continued to reside there; coming up to the city on brief periodical visits of business.

In 1828, he painted his first picture, a portrait of himself. In 1829, recommenced painting, in New-York, portraits. History early fired his ambition, and he imagined himself destined to succeed in Scripture pieces. He has not entirely relinquished this fancy yet. Liston came out in tragedy, and, as a matter of history, comic geniuses have in general made a beginning in a similar way. Time, sooner or later, corrects the error. The first painting he exhibited at the Academy was Christ raising the daughter of Jairus, followed by Saul and the Witch of Endor. But he soon found his true line. His first comic picture was exhibited in 1830—the Rustic Dance. A few years after, the judgment of the great artist of the country was thus expressed. In a letter to Dunlap, August, 1834, by *Allston*, occurs the following most judicious criticism, cordially presented: "I saw some pieces in the Athenæum (of Boston) last year, by a young man of your city, Mount, which showed great power of expression. He has, too, a firm, decided pencil, and seems to have a good notion of a figure. If he would study Ostade and Jan Steen, and master their chiaro-oscuro, there is nothing, as I see, to prevent his becoming a great artist in the line he has chosen." Had Mount gone abroad at that time, he might very probably have learned new secrets of coloring; but as probably he would have been confused by the brilliancy of so much excellence, and, in his attempt to gain too much facility, have lost his distinctive local freshness, and untaught, natural beauties. A truly national painter might have been sacrificed to the varied accomplishments of a tasteful artist of the schools. Perhaps it was wisest for him to have remained at home. Copies of some of his most characteristic pictures might be bought up in England, by wealthy connoisseurs, at a liberal rate, and one field still remains open to him which he could worthily occupy—the Southern negro, plantation life, corn-shuckings, &c. He would find open-handed patrons among the cultivated and opulent planters. His heads of negroes, in Right and Left, and the Lucky Throw, are the finest Ethiopian portraits ever put upon canvas.

Mount has painted some fifty pictures which he would be willing to acknowledge. Among the best of these are Men Husking Corn, Walking the Crack, the Sportsman's Last Visit, the Raffle, the Courtship, the Tough Story, the Barn-Floor Dance, Birding, Turning the Leaf, Undutiful Boys, Bargaining for a Horse, Cider-Making on Long Island, Boys Trapping, Nooning, Power of Music and Music is Contagious, Just in Time, Right and Left, California News, the Lucky Throw, and Who'll Turn Grindstone? his latest efforts.

He has been so universally considered *the comic painter* of the country, that his power in portraits has been overlooked. Portraits of Bishop Onderdonk, Rev. Drs. Seabury and Carmichael, Hon. Jeremiah Johnson, of Brooklyn, &c., attest his skill in depicting the human countenance, in catching the genuine expression of the sitter and fixing it on the canvas. One of the latest productions of the artist in this department is a portrait of E. H. Nicoll, Esq., exhibited at the annual exposition of the Academy, some years ago, and which was pronounced by Frothingham, a master in portraiture, to be one of the very best heads in the collection. Since then, he has just finished a head of Mrs. William Nicoll, of Islip, which has given the utmost satisfaction to the family.

Mount sometimes speaks of comic design as so slightly remunerative, on the whole, though good prices are paid for the few orders he receives, that if he should paint to satisfy himself, he would soon qualify himself for an honorary degree at that modern temple of artistic fame—the alms-house.

Doubtless many would be gratified to be immortalized to posterity, in a portrait by Mount, even if the head was not so admirably painted, with the truth and fidelity of his faces and figures in his familiar scenes. But he might, if he chose to devote himself to it, be at least as successful as many of our portrait painters, who, with a tithe of his genius, enjoy high position and command handsome prices.

To return, however, to his peculiarly original works, those which have given him an individual reputation. Some of these have been, for fifteen years or so, locked up in private collections, which we have not seen; others we saw so long since, that we hesitate to speak of them confidently. Some ten or a dozen masterpieces, however, are familiar to us, and must be to our readers. Of these, two are in the New-York Gallery, several are already engraved, two are now in Paris, and one is now in the engraver's hands; and, during the last two or three years, some of his finest have been in the exhibitions of the Academy, the Art-Union, and the rooms of Goupil & Co.

In a brief review of his works, we cannot enter into any detailed description: a few words must suffice.

Bargaining for a Horse, in the New-York Gallery, and which is to be one of the Art-

Union engravings for next year, and *Nooning*, engraved by Alfred Jones, a capital engraving, appear to us his *chefs d'œuvre* in his out-of-door scenes. In the first picture, remark the diplomatic manner of the traffickers; how cool and indifferent; whittling; their attitudes, like their dress, easy and slouching. Nooning is nature itself, a perfect transcript from life: how close and sultry the mid-day heats; how lazily lolls the sleeping negro on the hay, whose ear the boy is tickling with a straw, which produces a slight smile. The white laborers are naturally disposed about with their farming implements. The landscape is unmistakably that of Long Island, bare and homely, yet with an air of thrift and comfort. In all of his productions, the details are carefully painted, but in some of them, separate faces or some special object form the most attractive features.

Power of Music and *Music is Contagious* are, like most of his works, of cabinet size and companion pieces. The titles tell the story, which is narrated with pictorial effect. They represent the love of music at different periods of life. The phrenological hobby of the artist is apparent in the musical bump of the negro, whose organ of tune in the second picture has been much developed. The faces of the boys are full of sweetness. *California News* is a hit at the times. A group of listeners surround the reader of an "extra," containing the miraculous developments of gold discovery at the El Dorado; the scene, a village tavern bar-room, hung round, among other ornaments, with a handbill advertisement of a vessel up for the Mines. This is, altogether, a capital thing, full of telling effects: an historical painting, though of an humble order, in the genuine sense.

Within the last year Mr. Mount has been executing orders (of which Just in Time, Right and Left, and the Lucky Throw, are three already completed) for the enterprising French publishing and print-selling house of Goupil & Co., whose agent, Mr. Schauf, had the taste and judgment to select Mount, as the most national of our artists, to introduce to the French and European public. These pictures are tastefully lithographed in Paris by La Salle, a spirited hand. In this enterprise, he has ventured on the experiment of combining portrait and comic design. The heads are life-size, half-lengths; but, to our eye, what they gain as portraits, they lose as humorous pictures. The classic size for comic pieces has been *diminutive*. Yet they are truly excellent, and we must add a few words by way of description.

Just in Time represents a handsome young countryman, who, violin in hand, has just hit the proper pitch. This picture is in the exhibition of the present year. It has been beautifully lithographed, and is worthy of a rural Adonis by Morland.

Right and Left is a negro fiddler calling out the figures of a dance at a ball, fully equal to the last-mentioned. The negro is a comely specimen of his race, and something of a village dandy, to boot.

The Lucky Throw—a negro who has won a goose at a raffle—inimitable for spirit, expression, details and *coloring*. Indeed, the coloring in these last three is much superior to that in his earlier works: a fine tone is prevalent, and there is no sign of carelessness or neglect.

His last work, in this year's exhibition of the Academy, *Who'll Turn Grindstone?* illustrates a well-known apologue of Dr. Franklin, impressing the moral of the heartless conduct of worldly men towards those whose good offices they have exhausted. The countenance of the boy is *the* trait we like best in this picture. It reminds one of the amenity of Gainsborough's children, and of the faces in the *Truant Gamblers*. The barn is as natural as possible. It was painted for Mr. Sturges, the President of the New-York Gallery, and a liberal patron of art.

Mount has been fortunate in his patrons—the late judicious lover and munificent friend of art, Luman Reed, Esq., his successor in the Presidency, James Lenox, Esq., Mrs. Gideon Lee, Mrs. Leupp, Goupil & Co., gentlemen of discrimination and cultivated taste. The prices he is paid are generally higher than those he places upon his productions; and yet, although handsome for this country, he would probably receive double or thrice the amount abroad.

Commonly considered indolent, he is indefatigable in elaborating his productions. Fastidious and full of conscientious integrity, he is accused of slowness by those who are ignorant of the internal, intellectual labor of the artist, who, faithful to his cherished conceptions, seeks to work them out by diligence and pains. Much is going on in the mind, while the artist may not touch his brush for days or weeks. He is also much censured for his coloring, at one time too cold, again too hot. It is true, expression and character are his fortes, coloring is *not.* Yet he is sometimes highly successful, as in his later works, and almost always his coloring suits his peculiar class of subjects, which, homely and rustic as they are, neither require nor approve vivid tints.

Mr. Mount is now living at Stony Brook, some three miles from Setauket, on the Sound side of Long Island, with his married sister. His studio is as rustic as possible, and nothing could be more appropriate. It is in the upper story or garret of an old-fashioned cottage, a comfortable homestead, with the light artistically let in from the roof.

Mr. Shepherd Mount, well known as a successful portrait painter, for which department of his art he has a fine feeling, and especially for color, is an able and intelligent artist. His drawings and sketches are even better than most of his portraits; and, in pieces of still life, he has done some capital things. He has also a turn for landscape. It is delightful to witness the frank and generous pride of the brothers in each other, and their family connections, an instance of brotherly sympathy and disinterestedness as rare as it is grateful.

The scenery about Stony Brook is not beautiful nor romantic, but has a certain rural charm that confirms local affection, when a more picturesque scene might fade out of the fancy. It has that ever-delicious repose of the country, that air of quiet and seclusion, so full of unobtrusive beauty to the citizen, tired of the turmoil of a town life. It was a favorite resort of the late Henry Inman. The country about here is one of the oldest settlements on the Island. It has some antiquities of its own, the chief of which is the quaint little old Caroline church, an Episcopal church, erected during the reign of George II., and named after his consort. Old farm-houses and aged people are not unfrequently met, and comfort with contentment is the ruling characteristic of the neighborhood. Here, in serenity, and in the enjoyment of social pleasures, practising a genial hospitality, with abundance of good-humor and native courtesy, combining much intelligence and true natural refinement, reside a pleasant society, of which the Mount family forms the centre of attraction. Pleasant excursions, and little parties at home or in the neighborhood, relieve the toils of the studio, the farm, the manufactory; and more real happiness is found than amid the splendid luxuries of the city.

The place of W. S. Mount, as an artist, may be considered as not easily assignable. He is an original painter, a follower of no school, an imitator of no master. But yet he may be classed generally with English painters, as partaking of certain of their qualities and as possessing similar attributes. Mount is not merely a comic painter, and by no means a caricaturist. At the same time, he is much above the most successful painter of still life. His forte properly is rustic picturesqueness, and heightened by true humorous descriptive power. He is something akin to Wilkie, with traits of the better part of Morland and a good deal of Gainsborough in him. Some of his cabinet pieces with a variety of figures deserve to be ranked in the same category with the admirable pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools. Of course we would not insult Mount by declaring such an extravagance, as that he equalled Ostade in coloring, or Douner in minute finish. The general characteristics of his paintings, however, are much the same with theirs.

A comic artist without doubt, he is still essentially a rural painter. There is nothing of the town life in his pictures: all are imbued with a feeling of the country—its freshness, its foliage, its sweet airs and soul-calming secret recesses. His best works are, in a word, humorous pastorals, with sweetness and fine-tempered satire, (where there is any at all;) no bitterness, no moral obliquity or personal deformity impair their effect; they present a picture of country life, at once satisfactory for its truth and agreeable in its aspect and general features.

The character of the artist is reflected in his works,—his sweetness of temper, purity of feeling, truthfulness, gayety of heart, humorous observation, and appreciation of homely beauties of nature that are overlooked by the common eye.

He loves to discover the good in others, in artists, especially beginners, in all pictures, and indeed in every thing. He is a practical optimist, in the best meaning of the term. With maturity of judgment and character, he has all the vivacity of youthful feeling and the freshness of the morning of life. A guileless, generous gentleman, indifferent to the pecuniary rewards of his art, except so far as they insure the essential comforts of life and bring the independence he cherishes with manly spirit.

In common with all the members of his family, who inherit a turn for humor and vivacity of spirits, he is a lover of and skilled in music, plays with spirit on the violin, and is fond of all social and innocent pleasures.

His figure is tall and slight, but graceful; his gait buoyant and springy; his manners cordial, cheery, and full of bonhomie; with a voice uncommonly musical and insinuating. Those who have not met him, may obtain a good idea of his physiognomy and expression, from the admirable head by Elliott, painted for Goupil & Co.'s gallery—a trifle too highly colored perhaps, and making him look more like a bandit than the painter, still a picturesque head of an artist, by one who well deserves that title. His smile and frank expression, both very attractive, give way in the portrait to a more elevated expression, not the habitual look. His eye is remarkably mild and intelligent: the whole profile, in a word, is such as one fancies a painter's face should be.

In conversation he is modest and unassuming; his remarks are direct, full of sense, humor and feeling. He speaks hurriedly at times, and without any pedantic precision; but his expressions are generally as pithy as his ideas are just and true.

HUNGARY:

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COUNTRY.

The last three years will ever be remembered with the deepest interest by the whole civilized world. Great events have transpired, and in evident preparation for greater still. The voice of the forerunner has been heard, and the multitudes have gone forth to listen to it. The baptism of fire follows. The minds of men are alert and watchful for the opening of the next scene of this fearful and momentous drama.

Thus far, no nation has acted a nobler or a more tragical part than that of the Hungarians. For many years scarcely thought of, and hardly known by any on this side of the water, and not at all understood, this people has surprised the world with an example of heroic devotion to a righteous cause, which, if it has been paralleled, has never been surpassed by any nation of ancient or modern times.

We propose, in three papers of moderate length each, to give an account of the late events in Hungary; commencing, in the present article, with a description of the country, of its position, natural resources, capabilities and relations; proceeding next to a brief summary of Hungarian history, with a statement of the condition of the nation at the opening of the late struggle, and concluding with a detailed history of the struggle itself. Our materials for this work are not so ample as we could wish they were, and yet they are sufficient, we believe, to enable us to present truthfully the great features of this most interesting passage in the recent history of the civilized nations of the earth.

In the description which follows, it has been our endeavor to convey both a distinct and correct general impression of the kingdom of Hungary, and also to give in detail the most important facts illustrative of its physical characteristics. Particular pains have been taken to retain the very language of those who have written from their personal observation, and in most instances this has been done. We hope the reader will put himself to the trouble of reading with a map before him; and we are confident that if he does, he will conclude this article with a clearer idea of the land of the Magyars than he will readily obtain in any other way.

The kingdom of Hungary lies north of Turkey and south of Poland, the great mass of it falling between the 45th and 49th parallels of north latitude. From the best statistics within our reach, we gather that its extent is about equal to that of the States of Ohio and Indiana taken together, or, with

Transylvania, to the united areas of New-York and Pennsylvania.*

Along the whole line of the northern frontier stretches the rough and wooded region of the Carpathian mountains. On the east is the principality of Transylvania, a beautiful, hilly country, girt about and intersected with elevated ranges, and rather more than equal in extent to the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island. The great western, central and southern regions consist for the most part of vast and fertile plains, in certain districts well wooded, and watered by four great rivers—the Danube, the Theiss, the Drave and the Save. The Danube, after having passed the outposts of the Carpathians at Presburg, continues in an easterly course for about ninety miles, until, a short distance west of Waitzen, it divides the mountain range of central Hungary, and bends abruptly southward. This range, stretching for more than two hundred and fifty miles from south-west to north-east, separates the western, or the "little Hungarian plain," from that vast central plain which occupies, with its pusztas and its rich marsh lands, nearly all the remainder of Hungary proper.

The north-western and northern portion of the kingdom is rich in mines of gold, silver and copper, which are of great extent, having been worked since the times of the Romans. "Many of the ancient 'levels' still exist, and are easily recognized from having been excavated with hammer and chisel;" and to this day there are not unfrequently found lamps, coins, tools, and articles of dress, evidently of Roman origin. An idea of the vastness of these excavations may be obtained from the fact that in one region the subterraneous caverns communicate with another through passages fifty miles in extent. The climate of this northern mountainous district is cold, and so subject even in the warmer seasons to sudden and severe changes, that it is scarcely ever prudent for the traveller to leave behind his fur cloak. These chilly ridges, however, exert it would seem no unfavorable influence upon the plains below: for Buda-Pesth, though as far north as Quebec, has the average yearly temperature of Philadelphia.

All the productions of our Middle States can be raised with equal facility in Hungary, wheat, maize, tobacco, flax, hemp, and grapes that afford some of the finest wines of the world. It is a land remarkable for the variety as well as the abundance of its products, fruitful of corn and wine, affording pasturage to countless flocks and herds, watered by great rivers, and well supplied with the treasures of the forest and the mine.

As has already been stated, the great mass of Hungary proper consists of two plains, separated by the mountains which are cut through by the Danube near Waitzen. Of these the western is about eighty miles long (from S. W. to N. E.) by sixty broad, and is almost a perfect level throughout its whole extent. The traveller who goes down the Danube from Presburg, for many miles, meets with no object to relieve the eye. The country all around is flat and sandy, sometimes woody, sometimes spread out into rich meadows, and looking every where as if it had at one period formed the bed of the river itself, which, even now, frequently changes its course. The immense arms which the Danube in this part sends off at every half-mile or less, are many of them wider than the parent stream itself, if that term can be applied indeed to any part of it.

At Grau, however, the scene undergoes a delightful change. Instead of the flat plain to which the eye had been accustomed, fine mountains rise on either side, green and precipitous, from the water's edge. These continue to skirt the river upon its right bank for a considerable distance.

Near the western frontier, and some thirty miles S. W. from Presburg, lies the Neusiedler Lake, a shallow body of water, being hardly any where more than ten feet deep, and in general not more than six, but covering an area of two hundred square miles. This lake is surrounded by low meadows and morasses. On its eastern borders sandbanks and islands of peat moss are frequent, which at length become united together, and a wide marshy district commences, which stretches as far as to the neighborhood of the Danube, where the land rises higher and assumes a firmer character. This vast morass covers an area of more than one hundred and fifty square miles, and the greater part of it may be regarded as a floating bog; but here and there trees are growing, and nearly in the centre there is a wood of alders which does not float. Over the whole surface of the morass lies a bed of moss, usually about six but sometimes as much as nine or even twelve feet thick. Beneath this lies almost every where a stratum of bog earth, resting on a firm bed of clay, covered like the bottom of the lake with stones and gravel. In the spring, when the whole Hansag (the Hungarian name) is overflowed, this moss covering, and sometimes also the stratum of turf, is loosened, and floats on the surface of the water. If the growth of the moss has been more than usually vigorous, it will sometimes cling closely to the lower soil, and become overflowed. Occasionally it happens that large tracts thus submerged are suddenly loosened, so that what the day before was a sheet of water, becomes apparently transformed into dry land. Much the larger part of the Hansag is still marshy and reedy ground, and only a very small portion is arable. The earth shakes under the tread, and it is impossible, in the middle portions of it, to obtain firm footing any where. Kohl, the German traveller, describes it as "stretched out before the eye, a boundless desert of reeds interspersed with marshy meadows, and skirted on the distant horizon by the alder forest which was just visible."

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* The statistics are strangely contradictory. We assume the more moderate.

"The whole country between Oedenburg and Raab (the former situated near the S. W. extremity of the Neusiedler and the latter fifty miles to the east, at the junction of the river Raab with the Danube) is as flat as though it had been adjusted by line and level. With the exception of the Hansag, the whole of the little Hungarian plain, containing about four thousand square miles, is exceedingly fertile. This fertility reaches its highest point in the island of Schütt—distinguished for its impregnable fortress of Komorn—which was formerly known by the name of the Golden Gardens."

The Hansag itself, however, is by no means useless, as it affords pasturage to many herds of cattle, reeds which are woven by the shepherds into mats, and large quantities of soda, which in hot summer weather issues from the ground on the eastern margin of the lake, and from the dried-up beds of the little pools that sprinkle over the marsh. In favorable seasons and situations this salt will cover the surface for miles, giving the appearance of snow.

One of the most remarkable natural features of western Hungary is the lake known by the name of the Platten See, or Lake Balaton. Its figure is a parallelogram. It extends fifty miles from N. E. to S. W., with an average breadth of eight or nine miles, and a medium depth of about six fathoms. The shores are nearly straight, with one notable exception however on the western shore, where a considerable peninsula runs so far into the lake, that between its extremity and the opposite side there remains only a channel of two hundred yards in width. The color of the water is generally a clear white, but when storms are approaching, even though no clouds have yet appeared in the heavens, it assumes a dark hue, and forms thus a convenient weather-gauge.

The following extract from Kohl, from whose book most of the above is taken, will not be uninteresting:—

"The whole nature of the Platten See has never been properly examined, and therefore I believe that the few facts related to me on the spot may offer something of novelty. The evening I speak of, when I looked upon its waters, waves were constantly beating against the shore, although the atmosphere was perfectly still. The following morning I went down to the ferry at the extremity of the peninsula. This ferry unites the comitat of Salader, at the north of the lake, to that of Schomoty, at the south. A road leads through the peninsula, over which the people who wish to go '*in's Schomoty*,' pass as over a bridge. On the Schomoty side there is a Hungarian, on the Tihany, a German ferryman. The walk from the convent to the ferryman's cottage is nearly a mile. His name is Dicker, and he has held the ferry over this lake for nearly eighteen years. He assured me that the water was never still, not even when there had been a calm for fourteen days. He also confirmed what had been told me respecting the changes in the weather to be foretold by the appearance of the water. 'Even when the storm is in Germany,' said he, 'the lake has got it in its stomach, and foams and grumbles beforehand.' In the little strait at the extremity of the peninsula, where the lake is only two hundred fathoms wide, the motion is the strongest, and in addition to the agitation of the waves on the surface, there is a strong current, strongest in the middle of the strait, where the water is not more than seven fathoms deep at the utmost. The current flows sometimes from west to east, and sometimes in a contrary direction; the people could not say whether there was a double current as in other straits. The monks thought this current was caused by the superfluous waters of either part of the lake, and that if the wind blew long from the east the water was driven into the western part, and *vice versa;* but the boatman was of opinion that the stream was continual, even when there had long been no wind to impel the waters to one part or the other. After a long continuance of wind the water became troubled, but in general, even among the reeds, it was as clear 'as aqua fortis.'

"The people employ a curious terminology for the different winds. The north wind, which blows from the Bacony forest, is the *upper* wind; the south, from the Schomotyer plains, the *under* wind; the west wind is the *Saler*, because it blows from the Salader comitat; and the east wind the Calvin wind, probably because it comes over the Hungarian steppes, where there are more Calvinists than in any other part of Hungary. The 'Saler wind' from the Alps, sweeping along the whole length of the lake, is the most violent; it raises the waves mountain high, and brings with it the greatest number of storms. As to the story of the rise and fall of the waters with the moon's changes, no one knew any thing about it.

"The foaming of the water may arise from the quantity of carbonic acid gas carried into it by the springs. The Platten See is so strongly impregnated with this gas, that Professor Schuster thinks the whole lake may be looked upon as one great receptacle of a much diluted acid. Yellow paper becomes pretty quickly of a brown red tint in its waters, and red is changed to blue. The taste is strongly astringent, and the skin, after washing in it, becomes rough and breaks. The eyes, after bathing in the lake, become sensible of great irritation, which sometimes even amounts to inflammation. Horses driven to swim in the lake would lose their hoofs if fat were not rubbed into them. The water may be preserved for a long time without becoming putrid, and it will even preserve meat and other substances completely fresh for several days. The fish found in this lake are said to differ greatly from those of the same species in other waters. The flesh is finer, firmer, and better flavored." (Kohl's Travels, pp. 369, 370.)

The Platten See, like the lakes Constance and Geneva, has one high mountainous, and one level shore. Its mountain side, like that of the Neusiedler Lake, boasts an admirable vine culture; while the low and swampy coasts are brought under the plough, and are used for pasturing cattle.

Behind the town of Tapolza the Bacony forest begins, a thick wood covering a hilly tract of country, and extending nearly from the Danube to Croatia. This forest, from the most ancient times, has been a resort for robbers. Within a few years indeed one *Sobri* has gained himself a reputation which rivals that of Robin Hood. Finer wood scenery than is here presented to the eye of the traveller is probably not to be found in Europe. In many parts of the forest the axe seems never to have been used; and even close by the road-side thousands of fine trees are decaying from age. They are mostly oaks, mixed with a few birches. The mistletoe grows in wonderful luxuriance, the dying tops of the oaks seeming often quite borne down with it. Where the surface is clear of trees for a few yards, a fine turf springs up naturally; though the swine, with which this forest is filled in the winter for the sake of the acorns, root it up most unsparingly. The swine-herds of the Bacony forest have never had a reputation for any extraordinary honesty, and to the present day are esteemed a lawless class. Many legends have gathered around this wild wood, and its name remains, as of old, a name of romance and mystery.

The "great Hungarian plain," lying to the south-east of the Bacony forest and its mountain range, and embracing the whole valley of the Theiss, constitutes the largest and most characteristic portion of the kingdom. It covers an area of nearly or quite 28,000 square miles, stretching from the mountains of Tokay on the north to the Danube, and from the lake Balaton on the west to the borders of Transylvania.

The traveller approaching Tokay along the "Hegyalla" mountain district, which skirts the river Boorog, that at this town pours its waters into the Theiss, journeys by a pleasant route among smiling valleys and by lovely brooks, refreshed by the shade of magnificent woods, and cheered by the prospect of cloud-capped mountains. But the Theiss once crossed, a scene so different opens upon him, that he can scarcely believe himself in the same hemisphere. The vast plain of Hungary stretches before him interminable. He launches forth into its wonderful solitudes. Around on every hand, unto the remote horizon, stretches this immense level, sublime as the ocean itself. There is no hill, nor even a considerable undulation, to break the monotony of the view. Scarcely a solitary tree is visible. The only inanimate objects that relieve the oppressive uniformity, are an occasional shepherd's hut, the tall beam of a well, or a small tumulus erected in ages past, for some now-forgotten use. The Puszta,* however, is neither without inhabitants nor without cultivation. It has cities, towns, and villages; few and far between it is true, but generally large and populous where they do occur. On the great road, or rather track, between Tokay and Debretzin, a village occurs almost every three or four hours; but in some parts, for a whole day no such welcome sight gladdens the eye of the weary traveller. The scene however presents so much that is new and wonderful, that he never for a moment experiences the weariness of monotony. The constant hum of insects, the screams of birds of prey, and the lowing of cattle, remind him through the whole day that the Puszta is no desert. Flocks of sheep may often be seen standing beneath the hot sun at noon-day, shielding their heads from his burning heat in the shade of each other's bodies; and again, vast herds of cattle, looking in the distance like so many regiments of soldiers; for, whether by accident or design it is impossible to say, they commonly feed in a long loose line of three or four deep. Falcons are wheeling and screaming in the air, sometimes a dozen of them in sight at once. Here and there a solitary heron may be detected wading about in the salt marshes, with which the region abounds, and occasionally a flock of noisy plovers flies up before your path; but of game and of small birds of any kind there are very few. In sandy districts the earless marmot, a pretty little animal about the size and color of a squirrel, is a constant source of amusement, always running at the slightest alarm to the mouth of his hole, and then, at the least movement on the part of the intruder, dropping down and remaining hid till his enemy has gone away.

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* *i. e.* Desert, void; equivalent to *steppe*, etc.

"The feeling of solitude," says the English traveller from whom most of the above has been taken, "which a vast plain impresses on the imagination, is to me more solemn than that produced by the boundless ocean, or the trackless forest; nor is this sentiment ever so strongly felt as during the short moments of twilight which follow the setting of the sun. It is just as the bright orb has disappeared below the level of the horizon, while yet some red tints like glow-worm traces mark the pathway he has followed; just when the busy hum of insects is hushed as by a charm, and stillness fills the air; when the cold chills of night creep over the earth; when comparative darkness has suddenly followed the bright glare of day; it is then that the stranger feels how alone he is, and how awful such loneliness is, where the eye sees no boundary, and the ear detects no sign of living thing.

"I would not for the world have destroyed the illusion of the first sunset I witnessed on the Puszta of Hungary. The close of day found us far from any human habitation, alone in this desert of luxuriance, without a mark that man had established his dominion there, save the wheel tracks which had guided us on our way, and the shepherds' wells which are sparingly scattered over the whole plain. I have seen the sun set behind the mountains of the Rhine, as I lay on the tributary Neckar's banks, and the dark bold towers of Heidelberg stood gloriously out against the deep red sky; as the ripple of the lagoons kissed the prow of the light gondola, I have seen his last rays throw their golden tints over the magnificence of fallen Venice; I have watched the god of day as he sank to rest behind the gorgeous splendors of St. Peter's; yet never with so strong a feeling of his majesty and power as when alone on the Puszta of Hungary."

Occasionally the traveller on these vast plains, when he opens his eyes in the morning upon the landscape which had faded from them with the declining sun on the evening before, finds himself in a wholly different scene. A few miles from him lies, it may be, an extensive lake enveloped in a gray mist. At one end, perhaps, there is a village, and beautiful woods and park-like meadows are spread all around. As he approaches this delightful region, however, new points of view gradually come out, while the objects first observed have vanished away. By-and-by the mist rises from the earth, leaving the view clear along the burning plain, while trees and water are still discernible in the air. It is the mirage.

"Such are some of the most striking pictures presented by the plains; but there are others of a more cheerful and social character. I have already said the Puszta villages are large; they sometimes contain several thousand inhabitants. Nothing can be more simple or uniform than the plan on which they are built. One long, straight, and most preposterously wide street generally forms the whole village; or it may be that this street is traversed at right angles by another equally long, straight, and wide. Smaller streets are rare; but, when they do occur, it is pretty certain they are all parallel or at right angles with each other. All the cottages are built on the same plan: a gable-end with two small windows, shaded by acacias or walnuts, faces the street. The houses are beautifully thatched with reeds, and the fences of the court-yard are often formed of the same material. The long one-storied house, roofed with wooden tiles, the best in the village,—unless the Seigneur's chateau happens to be there,—and behind which towers the odd half-eastern steeple, is the dwelling of the priest; and, should the traveller find himself benighted in the neighborhood, its rich and hospitable occupant would welcome the chance which bestowed on him a guest. A little further, perhaps, stands another house, whose pretensions, if below the priest's, are above those of its neighbors. On the shutters is pasted up some official notice, and before the door stands the stocks. It is the dwelling of the *Biro* or judge of the village. The *Hejség ház*, (town house,) the modest schoolroom, and the little inn, are the only other exceptions to the peasants' cottages. Besides the avenue of trees on each side, and, in wet weather, sundry pools of water, or rather small lakes, the street is often interrupted by the tall pole of a well, or the shed of a horse-mill. These horse-mills are clumsy contrivances: first, a shed is built to cover the heavy horizontal wheel in which the horse works; and then beside it is a small house containing the mill-works. Why they do not use wind-mills instead, it is difficult to say; except that the others are better understood, and require less care. Running water is so scarce on the Puszta, that water-mills are out of the question.

"In the neighborhood of the villages a certain portion of the land is cultivated,—perhaps one tenth of the whole; and produces rich crops of *Kukurutz*, or Indian corn, wheat, hemp, flax, tobacco, and wine. The gathering in of these products occupies the scanty population without intermission from the beginning of summer to the end of autumn. Our route did not lead us through the richest part of the plains; but I do not remember ever to have seen the kukurutz looking better than here. It was just the middle of September, and every hand was occupied in the harvest. Wagon-loads of the bright yellow cones, drawn by the large white oxen, were passed at every step. And what a trial of patience it was to pass those wagons! There the peasant sits quite composedly in front of his load, probably fast asleep, and often half drunk: until you are close to him, he will not hear you, shout as you may; and when at last he does condescend to be aware of your presence, and commences vociferating to his four oxen, and plying his whip at the same time to induce them to cede the only part of the road on which your carriage can pass, the time taken by the beasts to comprehend the full force of their master's argument, and the sort of consultation they seem to hold as to whether they shall obey it or not, is sufficient to exhaust the most patient of men.

"The part of the plain left for pasture is occupied during the summer months, as we have seen, by immense herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. In winter these are either brought up into the villages, or stabled in those solitary farms which form another striking peculiarity of the Puszta. Far from any beaten track or village the traveller observes a collection of buildings inclosed by a thick wall of mud or straw, with an arched gateway, and containing a large court, surrounded by stables, barns, sheep-houses, and a shepherd's cottage or two. Here the sheep and cattle are wintered, for the sake of saving the draught of fodder; and here their guardians often remain a whole winter without exchanging a word with any other human beings than those composing their own little domestic community, for the trackless snow renders communication extremely difficult. In summer the shepherd's life is even more monotonous. He often remains out for months together, till winter comes on, and obliges him to seek shelter." (Paget's Travels in Hungary and Transylvania, pp. 289–291.)

The soil of this great central plain, formed from the debris of several different kinds of rock, presents a very considerable diversity. A large portion of it is a deep sand, easily worked, and in wet seasons yielding fair crops; a second, found principally in the neighborhood of the rivers, is boggy and much deteriorated in value from the frequent inundations to which it is subject, but capable of the greatest improvement at little cost; and a third is a rich black loam, the fertility of which is almost incredible.

The traveller who sails down the Danube from Pesth finds the river frequently divided by low islands, and the shores on either hand likewise low and flat; that on the left being in great part marshy, and that on the right somewhat higher, and often stretching off in barren patches of sand. In crossing the country from Pesth to Szegedin, a similar contrast is observed, the whole northern and middle portions of the parallelogram between the Danube and Theiss being made up of desert plains and fertile marshes. Near its southern extremity, however, it rises into a low and sterile plateau. Between this and the Danube, still further south, lies a small alluvial plain, watered by small rivers, and extremely fruitful. This is the celebrated Batshka, in the times of the Romans colonized and cultivated with the greatest care, and now, beneath the diligent and skilful hands of German colonists, taught to bloom and bear fruit once more.

The country between the Danube and Lake Balaton is the same, in its general features, with that between the Danube and the Theiss. Both are capable of becoming vastly more productive than they now are, and would certainly do so under a wise and patriotic government.

It only remains now that we take a bird's-eye view of the *Banat*, and the reader will have obtained, probably, a clear idea of the natural capabilities of what is embraced within the kingdom of Hungary proper.

Between the Maros, the Theiss, the Danube, and the Transylvanian mountains, there is spread out one of the most fertile districts of country that the world can show. The route from Szegedin to Temesvar leads through a flat and often swampy country, but at the same time so overladen with the riches of production, that the prospect is one of surpassing luxuriance. In the season of the harvest, wide fields are waving with yellow grain, often so full in the head as to have sunk under its own weight, and the whole plain seems alive with laborers.

The soil is a rich black loam, and its productive powers, heightened by a climate more nearly tropical than temperate, are truly wonderful. The same crops are repeated year after year, on the same spots; the ground is only once turned up to receive the seed; a fallow is unknown; manure is esteemed injurious; and yet, such abundant produce as ill-treated, unaided Nature here bestows on her children, excites the astonishment of the traveller from western Europe. Except the olive and the orange, there is scarcely a product of Europe which does not thrive in the Banat. Wheat, barley, oats, rye, rice, maize, flax, hemp, rape, sunflowers, (for oil,) tobacco, (of different kinds,) wine, and silk are produced with facility, and even cotton (tried as an experiment) is said to have succeeded. The climate approaches nearly to that of Italy; but the winters are still too severe for the olive and the orange. Even in summer, the nights are often very cool. After the hottest day, the sun no sooner sets than a cool breeze rises, refreshing at first, but which becomes dangerous to those who are unprepared for it. The Hungarian never travels without his fur or sheep-skin coat, and the want of such defense is often the cause of fever to the unsuspecting stranger.

The following description by Kohl will serve to give one a good idea of the appearance of this remarkable country:—

"The appearance of the Banat beyond St. Miklos was very peculiar. The country is, as I have said, a perfect level. Many parts of Prussia and Holland are also quite flat and even, yet there is an immense difference between the flatness of those countries and that of the Banat.

"The neighborhood of Berlin, level as it appears, does yet contain small swellings of the ground, little insignificant hollows and rises, and here and there sandy hillocks six or seven feet high. If we view the country from a church tower, or any other elevated point, there are sure to be visible somewhere in the wide landscape hills thirty or forty feet high. Not so in the Banat, where every landscape is as perfectly level as if marked down with plummet and line. Here are no hills forty feet high; not even the smallest hillock or hollow is to be seen. All is smooth, unruffled, and flat, as the ocean during a dead calm.

"The landscapes of the Banat might be compared to those of Holland, but there is one great difference between them. Holland is full of rivers, canals, ditches, and dikes; all the country is intersected by them, and the boundaries of the fields are every where marked out by water. This feature is entirely wanting in the Banat. From St. Miklos to Szegedin, more than forty miles, we saw, with the exception of a small arm of the Maros, on which Szegedin stands, but one trumpery little brook, which was running about, to what purpose I know not, and in all probability it would have been puzzled itself to assign a reason for its existence. No canals intersect the country; the fields are divided neither by hedges nor ditches; all is one monotonous, dry, unbroken level.

"Holland is richly cultivated, and is thickly sown with populous towns and thriving villages. The whole Torontal province, occupying the northwest, contains not a single town, and but one hundred and sixty villages and hamlets, making on an average about one inhabited spot in every square mile. These villages are very unequally arranged, lying sometimes close together, and sometimes three or four miles apart. Between them, all is one dreary and desolate plain, without bush or tree, without hillock or stone.

"Among the excellent sketches of Hungary, lithographed by the Englishman Hering, which preserve the true character of the country with a remarkable accuracy and fidelity, unlike any other representations of Hungarian scenery which I have ever seen, there is a view of one of the desolate plains of the Banat. The print, although large, represents nothing whatever but one broad expanse of country, with a broad expanse of sky above; the only object of relief being a stork, who stands beside a well in the foreground. In spite of its monotony, the picture is striking, impressive, indeed I may say highly picturesque and poetical, as every genuine representation of nature is sure to be. The sky is covered with light clouds, faintly tinted by the morning sun, which follow one another in long gradual perspective to the distant horizon. The plain lies quite desolate and level in the foreground, and further and further, the long even parallel lines repeat themselves again and again, fainter and fainter, into the boundless distance of the far-off horizon. As the eye follows these lines, it seems to descry continually a further boundless desert, beyond what at first seemed the horizon. The colors change on all sides in the same gradual manner, from the bright green of the foreground to a more bluish green, then to gray, and lastly to a pale distant blue. There is a strange dreary solemnity in the spectacle; not even one little bird is to be seen fluttering through the air. A slight line of shading on the horizon alone indicates the possibility that some solitary herdsmen have kindled a fire at a distance. The lonely stork in the foreground stands motionless, the only living thing in the wilderness, save the frogs hopping about in the marshy ground around him. The pump at the well is desolate and seldom visited, and the clanking of its handle as the wind moving over the plain raises and stirs it, accompanies the croaking of the busy frogs, and thus forms a dreary concert, which night and day is the only sound that disturbs the perfect silence.

"This excellent picture of Hering is a true representation of a great many scenes in Hungary. Let the reader imagine a great picture-gallery, containing five hundred such pictures, each representing the same objects, sky, plain, pump, and stork, with only this variation, that in one picture the clouds shall be grouped differently from what they are in another; in one the pump-handle is swinging to the right, in another to the left; in one the stork stands on his right leg, in another on his left; in one he is routing among his feathers with his beak, in another he has caught a frog. At every tenth picture, the prospect might be varied by the presence of a solitary herdsman with his herd, and at every twentieth by some distant village steeple on the horizon. The marsh in the foreground might here and there contain a few reeds and rushes, with which variation, however, the painter must by no means be too liberal; and finally, every hundredth picture might represent the interior of a village. Such a gallery would be a perfectly correct representation of the plains of eastern Hungary." (Pp. 327, 328.)

The same author has also given a not uninteresting description of the desert pusztas, which are frequent between Szegedin and Pesth:—

"Immediately after crossing the Theiss, the traveller perceives that he has entered a new kind of country. At Szegedin, the first sand-plain begins, and the ground is no longer as perfectly flat as I have described it in the Banat. The plain is broken by little sand-hillocks; agriculture more and more gives way to grazing. The population consists either entirely of Magyars, or, at least, is thoroughly Magyarized. The sand of this district is very fine, and is mixed with fragments of shells. It extends so deep that nowhere have the inhabitants yet succeeded in boring through it, and reaching its clayey foundation. Large tracts are entirely desolate, without any trace of vegetation. In such places the sand is often raised by the wind into the air, as in the sand-storm of the Sahara. This sand-wind is much dreaded by the Hungarians, for in its course it often destroys the most fertile fields.

"Among the remarkable attributes of these deserts, is the total absence of water. In the two hundred German square miles between Pesth and Szegedin, there is no trace of running water, no single brook, river, or stream, and not even a solitary well, with the exception of one little bubbling stream, which rises in a marsh near Ketskemet. Another peculiarity of these deserts is the total absence of trees. Every thing is bare, desolate, and naked; nowhere rises a cooling grove, or even a solitary bush or tree.

"Sand-plains with sand-wind, green patches with wild birds, marshes with cranes and storks, soda bogs covered with white powder, and occasionally meadows with fine cattle; such are the only varieties seen when travelling on a Puste. Occasionally a lonely Sallash or Tsharde,[*] or a solitary herdsman's hut, gives token of human habitation; now and then a far-off pump rears and sways its long arm before us, and sometimes, too, though more rarely, we behold the unfailing token of our approach to a town or village, namely, a handsome, well-kept, large, white — gallows!" (P. 342.)

I know of no better way in which to conclude this account of Hungary, than with the patriotic apostrophe of Baron Joseph Eötvös to her "green plain." It forms the conclusion to his novel, "*The Village Notary*":—

"But before I close this book, let me turn to the boundless plain of my country, and to the scene of the joys and sorrows of my youth, to the banks of the yellow Theiss! There is a beauty in the mountains; there is a charm in the broad waters of the Danube; but to me there is a rapture in the thought of the pride of Hungary—her *green plain!* It extends, boundless as the ocean; it has nothing to fetter our view but the deep blue canopy of heaven. No brown chain of mountains surrounds it; no ice-covered peaks are gilded by the rays of the rising sun!

"Plain of Hungary! Thy luxuriant vegetation withers where it stands; thy rivers flow in silence among their reed-covered banks. Nature has denied thee the grandeur of mountain scenery, the soft beauty of the valley, and the majestic shade of the forest, and the wayfaring man who traverses thee will not, in later years, think of one *single* beauty which reminds him of thee; but he will never forget the awe he felt when he stood admiring thy vastness; when the rising sun poured his golden light on thee; or when, in the sultry hours of noon, the mirage covered thy shadeless expanse with flowery lakes of fresh swelling waters, like the scorched-up land's dream of the sea which covered it, before the waters of the Danube had forced their way through the rocks of the *Iron Gate;* or at night, when darkness was spread over the silent heath, when the stars were bright in the sky, and the herdsmen's fires shone over the plain, and when all was so still that the breeze of the evening came to the wanderer's ears, sighing amidst the high grass. And what was the feeling which filled his breast in such moments? It was perhaps less distinct than the sensations which the wonders of Alpine scenery caused in him; but it was grander still, for thou, too, boundless Plain of my country, thou, too, art more grand than the mountains of this earth. A peer art thou of the unmeasured ocean, deep-colored and boundless like the sea, imparting a freer pulsation to the heart, extending onward, and far as the eye can reach.

"Vast Plain, thou art the image of my people. Hopeful, but solitary; thou art made to bless generations by the profuseness of thy wealth. The energies which God gave thee are still slumbering; and the centuries which have passed over thee have departed without seeing the day of thy gladness! But thy genius, though hidden, is mighty within thee! Thy very weeds, in their profusion, proclaim thy fertility; and there is a boding voice in my heart which tells me that the great time is at hand. Plain of my country, mayst thou flourish! and may the people flourish which inhabit thee! Happy he who sees the day of thy glory; and happy those whose present affliction is lightened by the consciousness that they are devoting their energies to prepare the way for that better time which is sure to come!"

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[*] *Tsharde*—a shed by the road-side.

It still remains that we give some brief account of Transylvania, and of the Croatian and Servian dependencies of the crown of Hungary.

Transylvania, in shape a somewhat irregular trapezoid, contains about sixteen thousand square miles, or rather more than the united areas of the three southern States of New-England. It is surrounded and intersected by mountain ranges, which are so numerous as to give to the country the appearance of a mass of small mountains, traversed in various directions by rivers that have cut for themselves water-courses from one hundred yards to a mile or two in width, occasionally, where a tributary stream lends its force, widening into small plains. The principal roads are formed along these valleys, so that travelling in Transylvania presents a succession of beautiful scenes rarely to be met with in other lands. The country is divided by two principal ranges into three parts: the southernmost drained by the Aluta; the central, by the Maros; and the northern, by the Szamos. Hermanstadt and Cronstadt are in the first of these, Carlsburg in the second, and Clausenburg just over the border in the third. The traveller in the valley of the Hatszeg, which lies in the extreme south-west portion of Transylvania, finds ample consolation for the badness of the roads in the exceeding loveliness of the landscape. In the autumn, the whole plain from Varhely to Hatszeg, yellow with the ripe maize, and traversed by half-a-dozen streams, broken by low hills, and sprinkled over with cottages and country houses; its mountain boundaries rising through the clouds which hang on their sides, and disclosing their summits whitened by the first fall of the autumn snow; and all heightened by the magic lights and shades of a fitful sky; forms a picture of the most exquisite beauty. From some fortunate elevated position, the tourist often beholds an extensive panorama spreading at his feet—plains, valleys, rivers, and wooded mountains rising over each other as far as the eye can reach. Here and there he comes upon an ancient castle with its massive walls and weather-beaten towers, frowning from its crag over the smiling vale beneath. Frequently, too, he will stumble upon a little mining hamlet, or be surprised by the sudden apparition of blackened furnaces, and tall chimneys vomiting flame and smoke amid the beauties of some secluded mountain retreat.

The valley of the Maros, occupying the central portion of the country, is remarkable for its beauty. From the old castle of Dera, situated about thirty miles from the Hungarian frontier, the view extends for a considerable distance along this beautiful vale, and on the east is bonnded by blue mountains, whose tops in the colder months are white with snow. The western part of this valley is rich, well wooded, and occasionally ornamented with pretty country houses. Upon the borders of Hungary, however, the scenery becomes wild to the last degree—the river bound in its channel by precipitous rocks, and the valley darkened by forests of native oak which have never known the woodman's axe. A distance farther to the east again, at Kapolnas, the valley widens considerably and presents a scene of extraordinary loveliness. For perhaps fifteen miles in length by three or four in width extends a plain covered with white villages, and groaning under the richest crops of grain, surrounded on every side by mountains covered to their summits by forests of oak, and traversed in its whole extent by the river.

The Maros is a wide and wayward stream, and in summer has not more than two feet of water. There is no doubt, however, that it might be made navigable, and probably it will be so soon as increased population on its banks shall demand an outlet for its productions.

The northern portion of Transylvania, in its general features, resembles the others, and need not delay us at present.

Of the country as a whole, then, it may be said, that it is a hilly region surrounded and penetrated with mountains, well watered, of a diversified soil, which is excellently adapted in different portions to pasturage and to tillage, much of it formed from strata of a volcanic origin, and notwithstanding the severity of a long winter capable of assuming a high rank as a wine-growing district. Says a German writer: "There is perhaps no country which has not some beauties to exhibit, but I never saw any which like Transylvania is all beauty."

Its population in 1840 was a little more than 2,000,000, and probably has not increased much since. The Magyars occupy the whole central and western portion, the Szeklers (a Magyar tribe with some diversities in language and customs) the northern and eastern districts, while the south is mostly in the hands of the "Saxons," who about the middle of the twelfth century were invited by the Princess Helena to re-people her waste lands.

Clausenburg in thenorth, and Cronstadt in the south, are the largest towns; the former being the seat of government, and containing about 25,000 inhabitants, and the latter the principal place in the Saxon land, and a centre of considerable trade, with a population of some 36,000. Hermannstadt, lying on a branch of the Aluta, and Carlsburg on the Maros, are likewise places of some importance, the latter dating its origin from the time of the Romans. It is the ancient *Colonia Apulensis*, and has still to exhibit many interesting memorials of antiquity. It seems to have been the mining capital of the Romans in Dacia, the seat of the *Collegium Aurariarum*, and the residence of the Procurator of the Mines. The region in the neighborhood is mountainous and rich in mineral wealth. At Vörös Patak there is a hill, the entire rocky mass of which contains gold; and it has been pierced through and through on every side, and has acquired such a broken, perforated appearance that it is known in the region round about as the *csetatie mike*, or little fortress. In another place the top of a mountain has been so excavated by the miners that the shell has fallen in, and the summit presents now a hollow similar to a volcanic crater.

But the region is full of wonders, and interesting as it would be to describe them here, our plan does not allow us the space.

It will be evident from what has been said that Transylvania is a country of great natural resources, and very strong in a military point of view. Upon the Russian and Turkish side there are only three points where the mountains are penetrable by an army, the Dorna pass on the north-east, the arc south of Cronstadt, and the Rothenthurm pass. The last mentioned is a most beautiful valley, with bold and precipitous cliffs, and rich woods hanging upon the steep mountain sides, while here and there little green glades are discovered, the loveliest that the heart of poet or painter could desire. Through this pass in former days the Moslem hordes poured down upon the valleys of the Saxon land, and by the same road the Russian battalions entered two years ago to aid the Viennese Camarilla in crushing the liberties of Hungary. On the Hungarian side likewise there are only three passes that are practicable for artillery, and these all easily defensible.

Croatia, and Slavonia or Servia, need detain us but a moment. These countries have been dependencies of Hungary since the eleventh century. The soil of the former is inferior on the whole to that of Hungary, and but poorly cultivated.

The peasantry are oppressed by their *Seigneurs*. The nobles and the prelates are rich, but the people are poor. Notwithstanding all this poverty and wretchedness, the traveller sees more large churches and more images of saints in Croatia than in all the rest of Hungary together. The Drave and Save might easily be navigated into Croatia, and on the latter stream a line of steamboats has been established for a number of years.

The soil of Slavonia in the eastern part is exceedingly fertile, but being mostly in the hands of a few great proprietors, the mass of the people are poor. Very few Magyars are to be found in either of these provinces.

A line of military posts stretches along the southern frontier, all the way from Croatia to Transylvania. These border lands are divided into regiments and companies instead of counties and towns, and the adult male inhabitants are all disciplined soldiers, dividing their time between agriculture and arms. These Border Regiments are of course independent of any provincial control, and subject to the commands of the Emperor alone, administered through his military subordinates. This district is a camp, and knows none but martial law.

Viewing now the kingdom of Hungary

all together, we shall see that it is by *nature* one of the richest countries in the world. Possessing as it does a great variety of soil, and large quantities of the richest land in Europe, with a corresponding variety and excellence of climate, filled with an abundance of all the chief staples of human subsistence and civilized life, intersected with navigable streams furnishing to every portion of the country easy and cheap means of communication,—its surface adapted likewise in a rare degree to the construction of railroads and canals,—we should say that nature intended it for a great centre of wealth and of power.

In the first place, there are the mountain districts of the north, and of Transylvania, rich in wines, in timber, and in minerals. It has been stated by Beudant that there is more gold and silver found in Hungary than in all the rest of Europe besides. Copper is obtained in great abundance. Poorly as the mines were worked, they yielded fifteen years ago 2,000 tons annually. Iron abounds through extensive districts, said to be of very superior quality for conversion into steel, but badly wrought. Lead, and indeed every other metal, is obtained, but rather more sparingly. Sulphur occurs in eight different counties. The quantity of salt which this country can produce seems unlimited; and it can be produced as cheaply as in any part of the world. Soda, alum, potash and saltpetre are all abundant, but particularly soda, which occurs in great purity and plenty in the plain near Debretzin, as also in many other parts of the country. Coal is found in several districts, and of the very finest quality. The forests of Hungary are capable of furnishing vast stores of wood, especially of oak. Her hemp was several years ago both cheaper and better than that of Russia. Her broad pastures are fitted to yield an abundance of hides and tallow, of horse hair, of bristles, and of wool; which latter has long been an important staple in her commerce, chiefly because its exportation has been untaxed. The Hungarian wines rival the best in the world, and are produced over very extensive and very fruitful districts. Tobacco is raised easily and in abundance. A still more important article of produce is *grain*. Hitherto but a small portion of the land has been cultivated, and this although much of it is capable of furnishing the richest crops at very slight cost. The wheat of Hungary is allowed to be of excellent quality. Where the land is of little or no value for other purposes, and the rates of labor are low, it is difficult to see how it can be produced any where more cheaply than here. Nor has any other corn-growing region better natural means of communication. The very richest portions of it are those which border upon navigable rivers, viz., the region of the Batshka and the Banat, the plains on either side of the Theiss, and the valleys of the Waas, the Raab, the Drave, the Save, and the Maros.

Such is Hungary in her natural resources. Look now at her *position*. One of the most remarkable features in the continent of Europe, as it is presented to the eye by any good map, is the noble valley of the Danube and its branches. Surrounded on the north, west, and south by high ranges of mountains, the one reaching the sea, and the other coming within one hundred and fifty miles of it, this region is, geographically, a unit. It embraces the whole of the present kingdom of Hungary, with Transylvania and Bosnia, Servia, Bulgaria, Wallachia, Moldavia, and perhaps Bessarabia. Races and conquerors were not careful however to study physical geography when they divided this fruitful valley among themselves. The sword has assigned the upper part of it, the portion namely north of the Save, and of the southern mountains of Transylvania, to the Hungarians. The remainder has fallen to Turkey, and seems about to be yielded all of it, as a part has been already, to the mighty embrace of the northern Bear.

Now is it not clear that, so far as position and geographical relations are concerned, this great valley of the Danube, if it *must* be divided politically at all, has been divided rightly? Hungary is a unit, marked off by distinct and genuine natural boundaries from all the surrounding countries. The Carpathians divide it from Poland and from Prussia; the Sablunka mountains, with the Styrian and Illyrian Alps, from Germany and Italy. Other mountains and a wide navigable stream serve as its boundary on the side of Turkey; not so good indeed, not so *genuine* as the Balkan range would be, and yet a natural and sufficient boundary. The region thus marked off has all the essential characteristics and resources required by an independent State. It is capable of existing without commerce, upon its own productions. The several parts are connected with each other by natural means of communication, and the surface and soil afford unusual facilities for those of an artificial kind. In short, this land is evidently marked out by the Hand that made the world for the habitation of a great and prosperous people—*one* people; and sooner or later this design will be fulfilled. Who that people ought to be, in political ethics,—what nation has the best claim to the possession of the country, in the court of right and of expediency,—we shall endeavor to determine hereafter.

WINTERSLOW.*

THIS is exactly the kind of day on which to read an interesting book. The rain is pattering on the leaves; the flowers are inhaling the dewy blessing; the blades of grass are glittering with diamonds. Before the window where I am seated are some magnificent elm trees, spread over a beautiful green. How magnificent they are! There is a quiet, massive dignity about them superior to all others. A few months ago, widely different was the scene. Wintry storms were sweeping through the naked, shuddering branches; and how often in the early morning hours, when the daylight was contending with darkness, have I looked across the green, and beheld the lights moving about in the opposite dwellings. Miss Seward gives a natural view of such a picture, when she used to rise before day on a winter's morning, to sit down to her books. Many a time have I remembered the lines, on similar occasions:—

SONNET.

DECEMBER MORNING, 1782.

I love to rise ere gleams the tardy light,
Winter's pale dawn, and as warm fires illume,
And cheerful tapers shine around the room,
Thro' misty windows bend my musing sight,
Where round the dusky lawn, the mansions white
With shutters clos'd peer faintly thro' the gloom,
That slow recedes; while yon gray spires assume,
Rising from their dark pile, an added height
By indistinctness given. Then to decree
The grateful thoughts to God, ere they unfold
To Friendship or the Muse, or seek with glee
Wisdom's rich page. O hours! more worth than gold,
By whose blest use we lengthen life, and free
From drear decays of age, outlive the old.

These are good, true, sincere verses. A genial critic thinks that Miss Seward ought to have married and had a person superior to herself for her husband. She would have lost her affectation; doubled her good things; and, we doubt not, have made an entertaining companion for all hours, grave or gay. So we think. The daughter of the editor of Beaumont and Fletcher was no mean person, though lost among the egotisms of her native town, and the praises of injudicious friends. To return to Hazlitt. The essays in this volume were written by him at Winterslow, a village in Wiltshire—his favorite residence. He liked it for its quiet, and the delightful change it presented to the great capital. Many of his best books were written there. The woods around Norman Court—Salisbury Plain, stretching away mile after mile in the distance—Stonehenge, that "huge dumb heap"—all in the neighborhood, afforded him sources of never-ending enjoyment, varied by visits from his London friends. There Charles and Mary Lamb were frequent visitors. In an essay entitled "Whether Genius is Conscious of its Powers," written by Hazlitt, occurs the following:—

> "I am not in the humor to pursue this argument any farther at present, but to write a digression. If the reader is not already apprised of it, he will please to take notice that I write this at Winterslow. My style there is apt to be redundant and excursive. At other times it may be cramped, dry, abrupt; but here it flows like a river, and overspreads its banks. I have not to seek for thoughts or hunt for images; they come of themselves; I inhale them with the breeze, and the

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* Winterslow: Essays and Characters written there by WILLIAM HAZLITT. Collected by his Son. London: David Bogue. 1851.

silent groves are vocal with a thousand recollections:

> 'And visions, as poetic eyes avow,
> Hang on each leaf, and cling to every bough.'

Here I came fifteen years ago, a willing exile; and as I trod the lengthened greensward by the low wood-side, repeated the old line,

> 'My mind to me a kingdom is.'

I found it so then, before, and since; and shall I faint, now that I have poured out the spirit of that mind with truth, with freedom, and power, because I have been followed with one cry of abuse ever since, *for not being a government tool?* Here I returned a few years after to finish some works I had undertaken, doubtful of the event, but determined to do my best; and wrote that character of Millamant,[*] which was once transcribed by fingers fairer than Aurora's, but no notice was taken of it, because I was not a government tool, and must be supposed void of taste and elegance by all who aspired to these qualities in their own persons. Here I sketched my account of that old honest Signor Orlando Friscobaldo, which, with its fine, racy, acrid tone, that old crab-apple Gifford would have relished or pretended to relish, had I been a government tool. Here, too, have I written *Table Talks* without number, and as yet without a falling off, till now that they are nearly done, or I should not make this boast, I could swear (were they not mine) the thoughts in many of them are founded as the rock, free as air, the tone like an Italian picture. What then? Had the style been like polished steel, as firm and as bright, it would have availed me nothing, for I am not a government tool! I had endeavored to guide the taste of the English people to the best old English writers; but I had said that English Kings did not reign by right divine, and that his present Majesty was descended from an Elector of Hanover in a right line; and no loyal subject would, after this, look into Webster or Deckar, because I had pointed them out. I had done something (more than any one except Schlegel) to vindicate the *Characters of Shakspeare's Plays* from the stigma of French criticism; but our anti-Jacobin and anti-Gallican writers soon found out that I had said and written that Frenchmen, Englishmen, men, were not slaves by birthright. This was enough to damn the work. Such has been the head and front of my offending. While my friend Leigh Hunt was writing the *Descent of Liberty*, and strewing the march of the allied sovereigns with flowers, I sat by the waters of Babylon, and hung my harp upon the willows. I knew all along there was but one alternative—the cause of kings or of mankind. This I foresaw; this I feared; the world see it now, when it is too late. Therefore I lamented, and would take no comfort when the mighty fell, because we, all men, fell with him, like lightning from heaven, to grovel in the grave of Liberty, in the sty of Legitimacy! *There is but one question in the hearts of monarchs, whether mankind are their property or not. There was but this one question in mine. I had made an abstract, metaphysical principle of this question. I was not the dupe of the voice of the charmers. By my hatred of tyrants, I knew what their hatred of the free-born spirit of man must be, of the semblance, of the very name of Liberty and Humanity.* And while others bowed their heads to the image of the Beast, I spit upon it, and buffeted it, and made mouths at it, and drew aside the veil that then half concealed it, but has since been thrown off, and named it by its right name; and it is not to be supposed that my having penetrated their mystery would go unrequited by those whose delight the idol, half-brute, half-demon was, and who are ashamed to acknowledge the image and superscription as their own! Two half-friends of mine, who would not make a whole one between them, agreed the other day that the indiscriminate, incessant abuse of what I write was mere prejudice and party-spirit, and that what I do in periodicals and without a name does well, pays well, and is 'cried out upon in the top of the compass.' It is this, indeed, that has saved my shallow skiff from quite foundering on Tory spite and rancor; for when people have been reading and approving an article in a miscellaneous journal, it does not do to say, when they discover the author afterwards, (whatever might have been the case before,) it is written by a blockhead; and even Mr. Jerdan recommends the volume of *Characteristics*[*] as an excellent little work, because it has no cabalistic name in the title-page, and swears 'there is a first-rate article of forty pages in the last number of the Edinburgh from Jeffrey's own hand;' though when he learns against his will that it is mine, he devotes three successive numbers of the *Literary Gazette* to abuse 'that *strange* article in the last number of the Edinburgh Review.' Others who had not this advantage have fallen a sacrifice to the obloquy attached to the suspicion of doubting, or of being acquainted with any one who is known to doubt, the divinity of kings. Poor Keats paid the forfeit of this lèze majesté with his health and life. What though his verses were like the breath of Spring, and many of his thoughts like flowers, would this, with the circle of critics that beset a throne, lessen the crime of their having been praised in the *Examiner?* The lively and most agreeable editor of that paper[†] has in like manner been driven from his country and his friends who delighted in him, for no other reason than having written the 'Story of Rimini,' and asserted ten years ago, 'that the most accomplished prince in Europe was an Adonis of fifty.'

> 'Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
> That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian muse.'

I look out of my window and see that a shower has just fallen; the fields look green after it, and a rosy cloud hangs over the brow of the hill; a lily expands its petals in the moisture, dressed in its lovely green and white; a shepherd-boy has just brought some pieces of turf with daisies and grass for his young mistress to make a bed for her sky-lark, not doomed to dip his wings in the dap-

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[*] Vide Hazlitt's "Lectures on the English Comic Writers," Lecture 4.

[*] First edition printed in 1823. A second edition appeared in 1837.

[†] Leigh Hunt.

> pled dawn. My cloudy thoughts drawn off, the storm of angry politics has blown over. Mr. Blackwood, I am yours. Mr. Croker, my service to you. Mr. T. Moore, I am alive and well. Really, it is wonderful how little the worse I am for fifteen years' wear and tear; how I come upon my legs again on the ground of truth and nature, and 'look abroad into universality,' forgetting that there is any such person as myself in the world!
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> "I have let this passage stand, (however critical,) because it may serve as a practical illustration to show what authors really think of themselves when put upon the defensive."

Now I like an author to talk in this style. Egotism is not selfishness, and all of us ought to entertain a just opinion of ourselves. Good-heartedness and vanity are often found in company. Egotism for the most is blended with cordiality and contentedness. A person pleased with himself generally pleases others. There is a sociality in it likewise. Selfish and malignant men do not pour out their hearts in conversation or in books. They are shy and sullen.

Addison, in the first number of the *Spectator*, observes that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of a like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. Coleridge said, if he could judge of others by himself, he should not hesitate to affirm that the most interesting passages in all writings are those in which the author develops his own feelings. I will make one or two more extracts to show Hazlitt's love for the neighborhood of Winterslow. They are extracted from different volumes of his writings, and to many readers they will be entirely new, and those who have read them will be pleased to read them again. They are intensely personal:—

> "What I like best is to lie whole mornings on a sunny bank on Salisbury Plain, without any object before me, neither knowing nor caring how time passes, and thus, 'with light-winged toys of feathered idleness,' to melt down hours to moments. Perhaps some such thoughts as I have here set down float before me like motes before my half-shut eyes, or some vivid image of the past by forcible contrast rushes by me—'Diana and her fawn, and all the glories of the antique world;' then I start away to prevent the iron from entering my soul, and let fall some tears into that stream of time which separates me farther and farther from all I once loved. At length I rouse myself from my reverie, and home to dinner, proud of killing time with thought, nay, even without thinking. Somewhat of this idle humor I inherit from my father, though he had not the same freedom from *ennui*, for he was not a metaphysician; and there were stops and vacant intervals in his being which he did not well know how to fill up. He used in these cases, and as an obvious resource, carefully to wind up his watch at night, and, 'with lack-lustre eye,' more than once in the course of the day look to see what o'clock it was. Yet he had nothing else in his character in common with the elder Mr. Shandy. Were I to attempt a sketch of him, for my own or the reader's satisfaction, it would be after the following manner: but now I recollect I have done something of the kind once before, and were I to resume the subject here, some bat or owl of a critic, with spectacled gravity, might swear I had stolen the whole of this essay from myself, or (what is worse) from him! So I had better let it go as it is."

Again :—

> "On the road-side between Winchester and Salisbury are some remains of old Roman encampments, with their double lines of circumvallation, (now turned into pasturage for sheep,) which answers exactly to the descriptions of this kind in Cæsar's Commentaries. In a dull and cloudy atmosphere I can conceive that this is the identical spot that the first Cæsar trod; and figure to myself the deliberate movements and scarce perceptible march of close-embodied legions. But if the sun breaks out, making its way through dazzling, fleecy clouds, lights up the blue serene, and gilds the sombre earth, I can no longer persuade myself that it is the same scene as formerly, or transfer the actual image before me so far back. The brightness of nature is not easily reduced to the low, twilight tone of history; and the impressions of sense defeat and dissipate the faint traces of learning and tradition. It is only by an effort of reason, to which fancy is averse, that I bring myself to believe that the sun shone as bright, that the sky was as blue, and the earth as green, two thousand years ago as it is at present. How ridiculous this seems; yet so it is."

The following passage is exquisitely written :—

> "I remember once strolling along the margin of a stream, skirted with willows and plashy sedges, in one of those low, sheltered valleys on Salisbury Plain, where the monks of former ages had planted chapels and built hermits' cells. There was a little parish church near, but tall elms and quivering alders hid it from my sight, when, all of a sudden, I was startled by the sound of the full organ pealing on the ear, accompanied by rustic voices and the willing quire of village maids and children. It rose, indeed, 'like an exhalation of rich distilled perfumes.' The dew from a thousand pastures was gathered in its softness; the silence of a thousand years spoke in it. It came upon the heart like the calm beauty of death: fancy caught the sound, and faith mounted

on it to the skies. It filled the valley like a mist, and still poured out its endless chaunt, and still it swells upon the ear, and wraps me in a golden trance, drowning the noisy tumult of the world."

Hazlitt wrote his "Lectures on the Literature of the Age of Elizabeth" at Winterslow. In this work occurs the following beautiful passage:—

"There are neither picture galleries nor theatres royal on Salisbury Plain, where I write this; but here, even here, with a few old authors, I can manage to get through the summer or the winter months, without ever knowing what it is to feel *ennui.* They sit with me at breakfast; they walk out with me before dinner. After a long walk through unfrequented tracts, after starting the hare from the fern, or hearing the wing of the raven rustling above my head, or being greeted by the woodman's 'stern good night,' as he strikes into his narrow homeward path, I can 'take mine ease at mine inn,' beside the blazing hearth, and shake hands with Signor Orlando Friscobaldo, as the oldest acquaintance I have. Ben Jonson, learned Chapman, Master Webster, and Master Heywood are there; and seated around, discourse the silent hours away. Shakspeare is there himself, not in Cibber's manager's coat. Spenser is hardly yet returned from a ramble through the woods, or is concealed behind a group of nymphs, fauns and satyrs. Milton lies on the table, as on an altar, never taken up or laid down without reverence. Lyly's Endymion sleeps with the moon, that shines in at the window; and a breath of wind stirring at a distance seems a sigh from the tree under which he grew old. Faustus disputes in one corner of the room with fiendish faces, and reasons of divine astrology. Bellafront soothes Matheo, Vittoria triumphs over her judges, and old Chapman repeats one of the hymns of Homer, in his own fine translation! I should have no objection to pass my life in this manner out of the world, not thinking of it, nor it of me; neither abused by my enemies, nor defended by my friends; careless of the future, but sometimes dreaming of the past, which might as well be forgotten."

"Winterslow" contains some eighteen essays, and opens with that fine one, "My first Acquaintance with Poets." The first poet Hazlitt saw was Coleridge, who came down in the neighborhood to preach; at that time he was an Unitarian. This was in 1798. He visits Hazlitt's father; both father and son were charmed with him; he poured out a stream of rich and fervid eloquence. Hazlitt says he listened for a long time without uttering a word, and the poet was afterwards pleased to say that during two hours "he was conversing with William Hazlitt's forehead." Next morning Hazlitt walks through the mud, on a cold, raw, comfortless day, ten miles—it was in the month of January—to hear Coleridge preach at Shrewsbury. He was charmed, entranced. Coleridge leaves, and gives Hazlitt an invitation to visit him in the spring, at "Nether Stowey." Slowly the winter months pass, but their cloudiness is brightened with the hope of seeing Coleridge in the spring. The time at last arrives, and Hazlitt, with unworn heart and untried feet, proceeds on his journey,—passing through Upton, where he thinks of Tom Jones and the adventure of the muff. At Tewkesbury he sits up all night reading "*Paul and Virginia;*" stops two days at Bridgewater, and reads "*Camilla;*" reaches Nether Stowey, a beautiful, green, and hilly country, near the sea-shore. He and Coleridge, in the afternoon, go to All-Foxden, a romantic old mansion, where Wordsworth lived. Wordsworth was not at home, but they had access to the "lyrical ballads," and read them with great satisfaction. The next day Wordsworth returns. They have a fine time of it, talking, reading, and sitting under elm trees, hearing the bees hum, while they drink flip. They decide upon taking a jaunt down the Bristol Channel. A delightful walk it proved to be, cheered by the most interesting conversation, flowing freely. The walk sharpened their appetites, and they enjoy themselves at inns on the road, feasting on rashers of bacon and fried eggs, tea, toast and honey. This trip made a most enduring impression on Hazlitt. He observed one thing, that Coleridge kept continually shifting from one side of the footpath to the other. It struck him at the time as an odd movement, but then he did not connect it with any instability of purpose, or involuntary change of principle, as he afterwards did.

The entire volume is exceedingly entertaining, and the richest gems of Hazlitt's intellectual wealth are scattered about in it with a profuse prodigality. In the essay on "Public Opinion," he again writes about himself:—

"To have all the world against us is trying to a man's temper and philosophy. It unhinges even our opinion of our own motives and intentions. It is like striking the actual world from under our feet: the void that is left, the death-like pause, the chilling suspense, is fearful. The growth of an opinion is like the growth of a limb; it receives its actual support and nourishment from the general body of the opinions, feelings, and practice of the world; without that, it soon withers, festers, and becomes useless. To what purpose write a good book, if it is sure to be pronounced a bad one? If our thoughts are to be blown stifling back upon ourselves, why utter them at all? It is only exposing what we love most to contumely and insult, and thus depriving ourselves of our own relish and satisfaction in them. Language is only made to communicate our sentiments, and if we can find no one to receive them, we are reduced to the silence of dumbness, we live but in the solitude of a dungeon. If we do not vindicate our opinions, we seem poor creatures who have no right to them; if we speak out, we are involved in continual brawls and controversy. If we contemn what others admire, we make ourselves odious; if we admire what they despise, we are equally ridiculous. We have not the applause of the world nor the support of a party; we can neither enjoy the freedom of social intercourse, nor the calm of privacy. With our respect for others, we lose confidence in ourselves; every thing seems to be a subject of litigation—to want proof or confirmation; we doubt, by degrees, whether we stand on our head or our heels—whether we know our right hand from our left. If I am assured that I never wrote a sentence of common English in my life, how can I know that this is not the case? If I am told at one time that my writings are as heavy as lead, and at another, that they are more light and flimsy than the gossamer, what resource have I but to choose between the two? I could say, if this were the case, what those writings are. 'Make it the place, and never stand upon punctilio!'

"They are not, then, so properly the works of an author by profession, as the thoughts of a metaphysician expressed by a painter. They are subtle and difficult problems translated into hieroglyphics. I thought for several years on the hardest subjects, on Fate, Free Will, Foreknowledge absolute, without ever making use of words or images at all, and that has made them come in such throngs and confused heaps when I burst from that void of abstraction. In proportion to the tenuity to which my ideas had been drawn, and my abstinence from ornament and sensible objects, was the tenaciousness with which actual circumstances and picturesque imagery laid hold on my mind, when I turned my attention to them, or had to look round for illustrations. Till I began to paint, or till I became acquainted with the author of the '*Ancient Mariner*,' I could neither write nor speak. He encouraged me to write a book, which I did according to the original bent of my mind, making it as dry and meagre as I could, so that it fell still-born from the press, and none of those who abuse me for a shallow *catch-penny* writer have so much as heard of it. Yet, let me say, that the work contains an important metaphysical discovery, supported by a continuous and severe train of reasoning, nearly as subtle and original as any thing in Hume or Berkeley. I am not accustomed to speak of myself in this manner, but impudence may provoke modesty to justify itself. Finding this method did not answer, I despaired for a time; but some trifle I wrote in the '*Morning Chronicle*' meeting the approbation of the editor and the town, I resolved to turn over a new leaf—to take the public at its word, to muster all the tropes and figures I could lay hands on, and though I am a plain man, never to appear abroad but in an embroidered dress. Still, old habits will prevail; and I hardly ever set about a paragraph or a criticism, but there was an under-current of thought, or some generic distinction on which the whole turned. Having got my clue, I had no difficulty in stringing pearls upon it; and the more recondite the point, the more I labored to bring it out and set it off by a variety of ornaments and allusions. This puzzled the scribes whose business it was to crush me. They could not see the meaning: they would not see the coloring, for it hurt their eyes. One cried out, it was dull; another, that it was too fine by half: my friends took up this last alternative as the most favorable; and since then it has been agreed that I am a florid writer, somewhat flighty and paradoxical. Yet, when I wished to unburthen my mind in the 'Edinburgh' by an article on metaphysics, the editor, who echoes this *florid* charge, said he preferred what I wrote for effect, and was afraid of its being thought heavy! I have accounted for the flowers; the paradoxes may be accounted for in the same way. All abstract reasoning is in the extremes, or only takes up one view of a question, or what is called the principle of the thing; and if you want to give this popularity and effect, you are in danger of running into extravagance and hyperbole. I have had to bring out some obscure distinction, or to combat some strong prejudice, and in doing this with all my might, may have overshot the mark. It was easy to correct the excess of truth afterwards. I have been accused of inconsistency, for writing an essay, for instance, on the 'Advantages of Pedantry,' and another on the 'Ignorance of the Learned,' as if ignorance had not its comforts as well as knowledge. The personalities I have fallen into have never been gratuitous. If I have sacrificed my friends, it has always been to a theory. I have been found fault with for repeating myself, and for a narrow range of ideas. To a want of general reading I plead guilty, and am sorry for it; but perhaps if I had read more, I might have thought less. As to my barrenness of invention, I have at least glanced over a number of subjects—painting, poetry, prose, plays, politics, parliamentary speakers, metaphysical lore, books, men and things. There is some point, some fancy, some feeling, some taste shown in treating of these. Which of my conclusions has been reversed? Is what I said ten years ago of the Bourbons, which raised the war-whoop against me? Surely all the world are of that opinion now. I have, then, given proofs of some talent, and of more honesty: if there is haste or want of method, there is no commonplace, nor a line that licks the dust; and if I do not appear to more advantage, I at least appear such as I am. If the editor of the 'Atlas' will do me the favor to look over my 'Essay on the Principles of Human Action,'* will dip into any essay I ever wrote, and will take a sponge and clear the dust from the face of my 'Old Woman,'[*] I hope he will upon second thoughts, acquit me of an absolute dearth of resources and want of versatility in the direction of my studies."

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* First printed in 1805. Reprinted in London a few years ago. Bulwer, in his "England and the English," says it is "a work full of original remarks and worthy a diligent perusal."

This last extract was written by Hazlitt about two years before his death. I will copy one more of these personal disclosures of feeling, and then close: it was written in 1827:—

"It seems, in truth, a hard case to have all the world against us, and to require uncommon fortitude (not to say presumption) to stand out single against such a host. The bare suggestion must 'give us pause,' and has no doubt overturned many an honest conviction. The *opinion of the world*, (as it pompously entitles itself,) if it means any thing more than a set of local and party prejudices, with which only our interest, not truth, is concerned, is a shadow, a bugbear, and a contradiction in terms. *Having all the world against us*, is a phrase without a meaning; for in those points in which all the world agree, no one differs from the world. If all the world were of the same way of thinking, and always kept in the same mind, it would certainly be a little staggering to have them against you. But however widely and angrily they may differ from you, they differ quite as much from one another, and even from themselves. What is gospel at one moment, is heresy the next. Different countries and climates have different notions of things. When you are put on your trial, therefore, for impugning the public opinion, you may subpœna this great body against itself. For example: I have been turtled for somewhere calling Tom Paine a great writer, and no doubt his reputation at present 'does somewhat smack;' yet in 1792 he was so great, or so popular an author, and so much read and admired by numbers who would not now mention his name, that the Government was obliged to suspend the Constitution, and to go to war to counteract the effects of his popularity. His extreme popularity was then the cause (by a common and vulgar *reaction)* of his extreme obnoxiousness. If the opinion of the world then contradicts itself, why may not I contradict it, or choose at what time and to what extent I will agree with it? I have been accused of abusing dissenters, and saying that sectaries, in general, are dry and suspicious; and I believe that all the world will say the same thing except themselves. I have said that the Church people are proud and overbearing, which has given them umbrage, though in this I have all the sectaries on my side. I have laughed at the Methodists, and for this I have been accused of glancing at religion; yet who but a Methodist does not laugh at the Methodists as well as myself? But I also laugh at those who laugh at them. I have pointed out by turns the weak sides and foibles of different sects and parties, and they themselves maintain that they respectively are perfect and infallible; and this is called having all the world against me. I have inveighed all my life against the insolence of the Tories, and for this I have the authority of both Whigs and Radicals; but then I have occasionally spoken against the indecision of the Whigs, and the extravagance of the Radicals, and thus have brought all three on my back, though two out of the three regularly agree with all I say of the third party. Poets do not approve of what I have said of their turning prose-writers; nor do the politicians approve of my tolerating the fooleries of the fanciful tribe at all: so they make common cause to *damn* me between them. People never excuse the drawback from themselves, nor the concessions to an adversary: such is the justice and candor of mankind! Mr. Wordsworth is not satisfied with the praise I have heaped upon himself, and still less, that I have allowed Mr. Moore to be a poet at all. I do not think I have ever set my face against the popular idols of the day; I have been among the foremost in crying up Mrs. Siddons, Kean, Sir Walter Scott, Madame Pasta, and others; and as to the great names of former times, my admiration has been lavish, and sometimes almost mawkish. I have dissented, it is true, in one or two instances; but that only shows that I judge for myself, not that I make a point of contradicting the general taste. I have been more to blame in trying to push certain *Illustrious Obscure* into notice;—they have not forgiven the obligation, nor the world the tacit reproach. As to my personalities, they might quite as well be termed *impersonalities*. I am so intent on the abstact and its elucidation, that I regard every thing else of very subordinate consequence: my friends, I conceive, will not refuse to contribute to so laudable an undertaking, and my enemies *must!* I have found fault with the French, I have found fault with the English; and pray, do they not find great, mutual, and just fault with one another? It may seem a great piece of arrogance in any one, to set up his individual and private judgment against that of ten millions of people; but cross the channel, and you will have thirty milions on your side. Even should the thirty millions come over to the opinions of the ten, (a thing that may happen to-morrow,) still one need not despair. I remember my old friend Peter Finnerty laughing very heartily at something I had written about the Scotch, but it was followed up by a sketch of the Irish, on which he closed the book, looked grave, and said he disapproved entirely of all national reflections. Thus you have all the world on your side, except the party concerned. What any set of people think or say of themselves is hardly a rule for others; yet, if you do not attach yourself to some one set of people and principles, and stick to them through thick and thin, instead of giving your opinion fairly and fully all round, you must expect to have all the world against you, for no other reason than because you express sincerely, and *for their good*, not only what they say of others, but what is said of themselves, which they would fain keep a profound secret, and prevent the divulging of under the severest pains and penalties. When I told Jeffrey that I had composed a work in which I had 'in some sort handled' about a score of leading characters, he said, 'Then you will have one man against you, and the remaining nineteen for you.' I have not found it so. In fact, these persons would agree pretty nearly to all that I say, and allow that, in nineteen points out of twenty, I am right; but the twentieth, that relates to some imperfection of their own, weighs down all the rest, and produces an unanimous verdict against the author. There is but one thing in which the world agree, a certain bigoted blindness, and conventional hypocrisy, without which, according to Mandeville, (that is, if they really spoke what they thought and knew of one another,) they would fall to cutting each other's throats immediately."

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[*] Hazlitt's first attempt at painting. See his "Essay on the Pleasure of Painting."

Hazlitt passed many happy hours at Winterslow. Food, warmth, sleep and books were all he wished for. He watched the robin red-breast picking up the crumbs at the door, or listened to the notes of the thrush, startling the ear of winter. He quaffed libations of tea in the morning, viewed the clouds float slowly by, walked on the smooth greensward by the wood-side, sauntering along without book or companion. He thought of the past, or struck out some new train of thought; the shining trunks and branches of the birch trees attracted his attention; or hearing the gale sweeping through the wood, he would fancy he heard the cry of hounds, and the fearful group issuing from it, as in the story of *Theodore* and *Honoria*, and return home and read Dryden's couplets describing them,—a stream of sound,—or mourn over the downfall of Napoleon, his great idol:

> "Fall'n was Glenarty's stately tree!
> Oh, ne'er to see Lord Ronald more!"

Or he gazed around the room on some fine prints from Wilson and Claude, or recalled the first time he read Chaucer's "*Flower and Leaf*," that ever fresh and delightful production; and the scene, the cool, vernal landscape again appeared before him apparelled in celestial light, and the notes of the nightingale again sounded in his ear. With Charles Lamb and his sister, he would walk out in the evenings, and view the Claude Lorraine skies, azure, purple and gold, and gather mushrooms to throw into their hashed mutton at supper. Quiet, cheering, happy hours they were.

HAYTI AND THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.

It is an unfortunate, though perhaps necessary circumstance, resulting from the extreme humanitarian notions somewhat prevalent at the present day in our country, that the moment any political subject is agitated which bears directly or indirectly on the negro question, and consequently appeals especially to the "moral sense" of the nation,—that convenient hobby on which so many, resorting to it by design, or impelled by an inherent proclivity, ride to positions of influence and power,—the real merits of the question in point are apt to be either wholly overlooked, or soon lost sight of; while false issues, such as will best subserve the proposed end, are raised, to which the public attention is diverted by all the arts of sophistry and ingenuity known to those who are accustomed to make the sympathies and prejudices of the people subservient to their views and purposes. Thus, frequently a decision is obtained, based on matters collateral or wholly irrelevant, but having the same practical result as a verdict on the legitimate issue, which could never have been effected had the question been presented on its real merits, and the appeal been made to the good practical sense, the wholesome moral sentiment, and manly patriotism of the people. Even did the evil stop at the point of misled public sentiment and perverted sympathy, the effect, in matters relating to our foreign policy, might not perhaps be very serious. But in a popular government like ours, where public sentiment and its organ the press very properly influence its action in a very great degree, the evil cannot stop at that point. And hence, though it must awaken our regret, it cannot excite our wonder, that the action of the Government on questions where public sentiment is most liable to be swayed by sympathy or prejudice, should sometimes be vacillating and hesitating—wanting in that prompt, energetic straightforwardness which results from earnestness of purpose, guided by liberal and enlarged views of national duty and obligation.

We deem these remarks not irrelevant to

the subject of this article, particularly in its relation to the Dominican Republic.

The late failure in the attempt at mediation by the agents of the three powers, Great Britain, France and the United States, between the Haytians and Dominicans—or to speak more properly, in the attempt by those powers to induce his *soi-disant* Majesty of Hayti to cease his hostilities towards the Dominicans—and the discussion of the question at issue between them by the daily press, are attracting to it a no small degree of public attention at the present time. And the issues legitimately involved in the question, as well as some irrelevant ones which are sought to be connected with it, are a sufficient guaranty that it will continue, until its final adjustment, to engage, in an intenser degree than ever, the attention of the American people.

By a portion of the press, whose sympathies for the Haytian cause have apparently either blinded their judgment or overcome their scrupulous regard for truth and the claims of justice, this question has been studiously misrepresented, or its merits at least essentially perverted. By raising the alarm cries of "Slavery extension," "More annexation of slave territory," and others of a similar kind, in connection with this subject, popular prejudice is sought to be aroused, to the injury of the Dominican cause, on which an unfavorable prejudgment by the public is thus attempted to be gained, by appealing to passion and sectional prejudices, under the plausible cloak of philanthropy, on issues wholly irrelevant in fact, but none the less, for that reason, adapted to the apparent purpose in view.

We do not wish to speak harshly, nor do we intend to be unjust; but knowing, as we well do, that this course, pursued with a perseverance worthy of a better cause, is directly if not designedly calculated to shut out from the republican sympathies of the American nation a feeble, but brave and resolute people, who are battling manfully for the maintenance of their republican liberties against the unfounded claims of a crushing and cruel despotism,—nay, struggling to preserve themselves from absolute extermination in a war of races, unrelentingly waged against them on account of their white blood,—we feel compelled to step forward in vindication of their cause, which is identified with that of truth, justice, and republican liberty. And, without assuming to be the especial guardians of the Dominican Republic or its interests, we conceive that there is a propriety in our coming forward to take part in the discussion; having been, to speak in our individual capacity, the first, we believe, to present an account of that new State to the American public, which we did in the columns of one of the daily journals, more than three years ago; and having subsequently resumed the topic in the pages of this Review.*

During the interval which has since elapsed, we have watched, with what attention we could, from a far-off position,—one equally distant from our own country and the island people whose fortunes and destiny had once awakened our sympathy while among them,—the course of events affecting the Dominican Republic. We approach this discussion then, we confess, with some small degree of feeling, not a little heightened, it may be, by the fact that, owing to the form of our publication, we have been tied down to a month's silence, while this discussion has been carried on in the manner we have noticed.

A preliminary word further. We modestly believe ourselves to possess as large a share of rational philanthropy, even on the negro question, as those who make much more ostentatious pretensions to it. At the same time, we frankly confess that in any case where the merits of a controversy, as between the white and black races, were equi-balanced, our sympathies—and we are so unsophisticated as to suppose them very natural—would incline us to side with our own blood and color. *A fortiori* are we disposed so to do, where the balance in the scale of right and justice is decidedly in favor of the white race, and it, moreover, is the weaker party—the party not merely destined, if defeated, to lose its inherited civil and political rights, but doomed to the fate we have already indicated. And we confess ourselves deficient in that degree of astuteness requisite to discover the reasons and motives, on the supposition that they are good and proper, which can induce another, being a white man, to decide differently between the two parties in a case of this kind. For the question ultimately resolves itself into this, of Dominican independence on the one hand, or the extermination of the white race on the other; and it matters little whether this extermination be effected by a single bloody tragedy, like that by which the entire French colony in Hayti proper was swept off near the close of the last century, or—which would be more likely to be the course pursued now when the civilized world is watching the proceedings of the black power—by the slower but no less sure means of political proscription under color of law.

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* March and April Nos., 1849.

With these preliminary remarks, we proceed to execute the purpose we have in view in this article: First, to discuss the question at issue between Hayti and the Dominican Republic, having reference to the claims of the former to a political supremacy over the latter; and second, after a brief review of the past action of our Government in the matter, to consider the attitude which, in the present circumstances and state of the case, duty and policy require it to assume towards those States, especially the Dominican Republic.

As all our readers have not at hand our former numbers, before alluded to, it is necessary to a proper understanding of the subject to reiterate briefly a few facts and circumstances.*

The Dominican territory is identical in its limits with the ancient Spanish part of the island of St. Domingo, being the eastern portion, and embracing two thirds of its entire area; while Hayti proper includes the remaining, or western portion—the territory of the old French colony. The revolt of the blacks in the latter, near the close of the last century, not having extended to the former, then under the government of the Spanish Crown, the relations of master and slave remained, as they always had been, undisturbed in the Spanish colony after the blacks in the west had established their so-called republics, of which in the beginning there were two.

France, by treaty of cession with Spain obtained and held possession of the Spanish portion from the year 1795 or '96 to 1809, in which latter year the French were expelled by the native inhabitants. This repossession by the Spanish colonists was afterwards confirmed to the Spanish Crown by the treaty of Paris. From that time onward, the colony was ruled by Spanish royal governors until the year 1821, when the inhabitants of the capital, Santo Domingo city, revolted against the royal authority, deposed the Governor, and sent him out of the country.

With this expulsion ended the actual possession of Spain, the only European power that had the shadow of a claim to the Dominican territory. And it is in point to remark, that this claim, which was never seriously re-asserted, has been virtually relinquished by the fact that that Government has within the last few years once promised to recognize the Dominican independence, an act which was only left incomplete in form, at the time, by a crisis in the Spanish cabinet.*

On the overthrow of the Spanish royal authority, the inhabitants established a provisional government and hoisted the Colombian flag, wishing to unite themselves to that South American Republic. But that State either not having time, or wanting the inclination to consummate this union, and scenes of disorder and confusion meanwhile occurring to embarass the provisional government, a faction of the colored population communicated to Boyer, who had then recently united under his sway both the black republics in the west, their wish that he would come and take possession of the east also. The Haytian chief, at the head of a numerous and tolerably well-disciplined army, was, we believe, at the time on his march towards the Dominican capital, for the purpose of taking possession of it by force, which, with his appointments and in the state of things existing there at the time, he would have found no great difficulty in doing. Under these circumstances, on his presenting himself with his army before the gates of the capital, they were opened to him; but under the stipulation that the inhabitants should be left in the enjoyment of their ancient rights, laws, usages and customs. Such was the origin of the Dominican union with Hayti in 1822.

Let us now examine how these stipulations were observed by the Haytian chief.

The moment Boyer found himself securely planted within the city gates, and in full possession of the fortress and walls that commanded the town and its approaches, he proclaimed the universal emancipation of the slaves, against the remonstrances of the Dominicans, who reminded him of his pledges, and without making any stipulations or provisions for indemnification to their late owners.

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* See March No., 1849, p. 238, et seq.

* See April No., 1849, p. 382—note.

We admit that the conduct of Boyer, being a black man and the ruler of a people who had recently wrested from their masters the boon of freedom, was, in this particular, all very natural. Nay, we will even go so far, for the sake of the argument solely, as to admit that his course, though rigorously in violation of legal rights and of solemn faith pledged to respect this right among others, (which inference can be evaded by no sophistry or ingenuity,) was yet excusable as regarded him and his position. Still, in the view of the Dominicans, whose rights of property enjoyed through successive generations were thus trampled under foot, this circumstance in regard to Boyer and his position could afford no plea in extenuation of the act, coupled with the manner of it; nor the slightest valid reason for their submission to a political supremacy yielded on conditions so violated, any longer than while compelled by necessity to submit.

Considering the mild form in which slavery existed at this time in *Spanish* St. Domingo, (we speak in contradistinction to its form in the French portion, before the revolt of the blacks there,) and some other circumstances, it is not improbable that the Dominicans would have voluntarily acquiesced in the emancipation, had an adequate indemnity been given for the loss of this class of their property. But none was ever offered; so that even the act of emancipation, performed in the manner it was, stands glaringly out as one of treachery and bad faith.

Nor can the course pursued on this subject in after years, by the Dominican revolutionists, have the retro-active effect of mitigating this verdict. For then the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century had materially changed the position of affairs in regard to the relations of the races induced by this act; and besides, to put the matter on the ground on which the Congress that framed the Dominican Constitution of 1844 placed it, all classes, the whites, the people of color, (that is, the races of the *mixed* blood,) and the blacks, had indiscriminately united in the successful efforts to regain their country's liberties from the Haytians; and hence it was but just that all, without distinction of color, should be placed on a footing of political equality, as was done by that instrument.*

But the terms of the capitulation of the capital—the possession of which was the consummation of the annexation, inasmuch as the possession of that walled town was virtually the acquisition of the whole country—were not kept in other material respects. For soon after the annexation there followed in quick succession a series of confiscations, with or without color of law: First, of some of the possessions of the Dominican Church, the property of the religious corporations; among the effects of which illegal and unjust measure may be mentioned the ruin of the ancient University of Santo Domingo, an institution of learning which had through a long series of years sent forth numbers of men who, by their learning and talents, adorned, in Church or State, that and the adjacent Spanish countries. Second, the confiscation of the property of individuals. This was effected in several ways. First, indirectly and on a large scale, by a system of policy in flagrant violation of the terms of this compulsory annexation. To have applied directly to real estate in the Dominican territory the principle of the Haytian Constitution, which incapacitated whites from holding such property, would have been too openly outrageous an act of perfidy even for the unscrupulous but cunning and shrewd Boyer. He therefore proceeded indirectly to accomplish to a great extent the same end. We pass lightly over the fact of his requiring the Dominican landholders to naturalize themselves as Haytians as a condition of their continuing to reside in the country as proprietors, though it operated as a confiscation of their property in the case of the many who preferred banishment to the abjuration of their nationality; for the privilege which was allowed them of selling their estates amounted to nothing, inasmuch as the Haytian law excluding European immigration into the island, deprived those who might wish to avail themselves of this poor boon and abandon their country, of their only chance of finding purchasers; the people of the country having already much more land than they could cultivate or make any other use of. The concession of this privilege, then, was not only nugatory, but insulting.

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* See the analysis of this Constitution in the March No., 1849, of this Review.

The really flagitious part of this indirect system of confiscation, consisted in requiring the Dominican land-owners, mostly whites, to exhibit their title-deeds as a requisite condition of avoiding the forfeiture of their estates. Such a requisition applied to real estate, in a country where for generations titles had, in very many instances, rested notoriously and without being disputed on the authority of oral tradition alone, was in open and gross contempt of every principle of justice, especially as being the act of a foreign, not to say usurping power. And it had the intended effect of confiscating to the State, in other words, to the use of Boyer's minions, very much of the landed property of the Dominicans, which had been in the successive possession of the expelled owners and their ancestors in many instances for hundreds of years. By this process the European race in that part of the island had been diminished in number, as is estimated, about one third; and proportionally with this diminution had disappeared, in the words of the Dominican Manifesto, "wealth, commerce and agriculture."

In the second place, directly, by a measure adopted in reference to the property of those Dominicans of the white blood, who, by boldly advocating the entire independence of their country, and strenuously opposing its absorption by Hayti, had incurred the resentment of the black despot of that part of the island; and, holding in vivid remembrance the terrible example of Haytian mercy towards their race, which had been given in the west thirty years before, had now on the consummation of the annexation sought refuge in foreign lands. This latter class of confiscations was decreed not only against those who were then absentees, at the date of the law, July 8, 1824, but also, by a retro-active effect, against all those who had not returned nearly a year previously thereto, namely, by the first of June, 1823.

Besides, the French language, though a foreign tongue, and wholly unknown to the great mass of the Dominican people, was compulsorily substituted in the place of the native Spanish, in the courts of justice and in all legal proceedings, and in such business transactions as by the usages of the civil law are required to be of record. Thus were the Dominicans "deprived," in the words of their Revolutionary Manifesto, "contrary to natural right, of the sole privilege that remained to them as Spaniards, the use of their native tongue."

Other charges made against the Haytians by the Dominican revolutionary government were, of partiality and oppression against the Dominicans, and of their exclusion from offices of trust; and the truth of these charges is corroborated by the concurrent testimony of the opponents as well as friends of the present order of things. All whom we ever heard speak on the subject, concur in representing that the administration of Boyer, arbitrary and absolutely tyrannical as it was even over Hayti proper, was always exercised in a doubly oppressive manner towards the Dominicans, to the ruin of their trade and the harassment and impoverishment of the citizens.

These are among the charges made against the Haytians by the Dominican provisional government, and substantially embodied in their Revolutionary Manifesto of January 16, 1844; and, as we have on a former occasion remarked, "the statements were published to the world on an important and solemn occasion, by a body of intelligent men, as a vindication of the separation from Hayti; and, besides, were of easy refutation had any of the facts been distorted or falsified." They never have been denied nor their force extenuated; and taken especially in connection with the circumstances of the annexation, they present, we submit, a triumphant justification of the Dominicans in their act of throwing off the Haytian yoke. Nor is the force of this justification materially diminished by the fact that, after Boyer's flight and the accession to the Haytian presidency of Gen. Rivière in 1843, some modifications of the oppressive system of the former rule were adopted. For, though the Dominican absentees were now allowed three years in which to return and thus save their property from confiscation, no restitution of past appropriations was offered, no indemnity for the slaves arbitrarily set free; nor was the native language of the Dominicans restored to its place in the courts of justice and halls of record. Nor was the Dominican representation in the Haytian Congress, which they had always nominally enjoyed, still any thing more than a mere nominal privilege; for, composing but a small minority, and representing a people who were regarded as foreigners and a conquered race, they never could have exerted a modifying influence on the legislation affecting themselves, even had Haytian legislation ever been any thing more than a solemn farce.

The determination of the Dominicans to throw off the oppressive yoke of Hayti was no sudden impulse of the last moment, either spontaneous or instigated by foreign agency. On the contrary, the design had been long entertained; it had been brooded over for years. But during the continuance of Boyer's iron rule, their capital and other towns filled with his troops, as was always the case, no opportunity had presented itself for carrying their cherished scheme into execution. The first favorable moment occurred on the accession of his successor, as before noticed; when, a large portion of the Haytian garrison in the capital having been withdrawn to meet the requisition of some exigency in the west, the Dominicans rose by preconcert on the small garrison left, took them prisoners and sent them home, and then proclaimed a provisional independent government. This was early in January, 1844, and preliminary to the publication of the Manifesto above spoken of.

And here it may be well to speak briefly of the Dominicans as a race. The population is composed of the pure whites, and the mixed races of all shades of color; bearing about the same relative proportion as do the corresponding races in other Spanish American States. As in those countries, the whites are the intellectually predominant, and consequently the ruling class. All, by the Constitution, are, without distinction of color, citizens and equal before the law.

It is proper, in this place, to continue the history of the leading events which have transpired in the republic, from the point where our last article left it, in 1848. And this we shall do in as concise a manner as possible, and availing ourselves now of information derived from other sources than personal observation or the direct consultation of official documents.*

Santana, the Liberator, as he is deservedly styled, of his country, and its first President, resigned his office in August, 1848, having served out but half of his double term of eight years, which the Constitution in consideration of his services had accorded him. His successor, Jimenez, wholly disappointed whatever favorable opinions had been entertained in regard to his suitableness for the office. Under his administration the army seems to have been soon materially disorganized, and the finances of the country more seriously embarrassed than ever.

Soulouque, ever on the watch for a favorable opportunity for striking a blow, eagerly availed himself of the one presented by the withdrawal of his formidable adversary, Santana, and the confusion and difficulty consequent on the accession of an inefficient successor; and at the head of an overwhelming and well-appointed force, marched for the Dominican frontier. Instead of awaiting his arrival at the defiles which protect the approaches to Santo Domingo city, the Dominican President, who had taken the field in person, committed the error—a great one, considering the disparity of forces—of advancing to meet him nearly to the frontier and into an open and exposed country. Here, at a place called Las Matas, the hostile armies met, the Haytians led by Soulouque in person, and after an engagement of two hours' duration, the Dominicans gave way, falling back on Azua, a town near the southwest Dominican frontier, where Jimenez was posted with the reserve. This battle occurred on the 18th of March, 1849; on the 6th of April, Azua fell into the possession of Soulouque. The Dominican army had abandoned all their artillery, military stores, provisions, and even their wounded. One resource was left, and that was, to have defended a defile through which Soulouque would have to pass. But there was treason in the very air, and the soldiers, whom there was no one to rally, betook themselves in confusion to the woods and thickets.

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* We avail ourselves of the statements made in an article in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," (of Paris,) for May 1st, 1851. And we adopt them in regard to simple historical facts connected with this particular period, with the more confidence, as its minute details of certain transactions and events of the years 1847 and 1848, we know from personal knowledge, are very accurate, and in fact could have been obtained by the writer from only one source in France,—the official dispatches of the French Consul resident at that time in Santo Domingo city, communicated through the Consul-General of France in Hayti. Some peculiar coloring, however, which he gives to certain political events and circumstances, we may perhaps have occasion to notice at a future time.

A terrible panic, augmented every hour by the lamentations of women and children who arrived in troops from the villages of the frontier districts, now reigned in Santo Domingo city.* The imminent danger of famine, owing to this large increase of the population of the capital, heightened the anguish which terror had already inspired. In this critical situation, the eyes of the people and of the Congress then in session were turned once more towards their former liberator and President, Don Pedro Santana, who was now on his estate in one of the provinces. By a decree, Congress recalled him to the capital, and he lost no time in obeying the summons. His preparations detained him there three days, at the end of which time he was ready to set forth to meet the advancing enemy. And what was the force that accompanied him? About *sixty* men! He set out, as may well be conceived, with little hopes. Possessed of an indomitable energy and cool courage, a fertility of resources, and a power of commanding the affections and controlling the will of men, which on a larger field and with better advantages would have distinguished him as a military leader, while, in regard to patriotism, he would not suffer by comparison with the revered names of our own revolutionary history, he did not wholly despair. "I go," he said to his friends on taking leave of them, "I go to endeavor to check the progress of the Haytians until France shall come to our aid; in any event, if I am vanquished, you will never see me more." And he issued forth from the city gates with his sixty men. At a short distance from Santo Domingo, he began to fall in with solitary stragglers from the late routed and dispersed army, between each of whom and himself would occur a conversation somewhat after this sort: "Where are you going?" "I don't know, General; I am going off." "And why?" "Because we are betrayed." "Very well!" Santana would rejoin, as he retired with an air of vexation; "very well, and I am going off to get slain, alone." "Why didn't you say that before!" his interlocutor would exclaim; and thereupon would follow after him, and take his place in the little troop, regarding it as monstrous that Santana should think of dying alone. In this way, at the moment when the long black lines of the Haytians deployed on the horizon, the microscopic army had tripled, and Santana, with a look of re-assurance, already counted around him near two hundred men.

And now he began to take steps seriously to make the attempt of checking the advance of the Haytians through the defiles of the mountains; the last chain of which, towards Santo Domingo, and separating him from that city, Soulouque had neglected to take possession of, having committed the serious error of halting ten days at Azua. Meanwhile the scattered Dominican soldiers continued to flock in as they heard of the arrival of their old and favorite leader, Santana, who at the end of a week saw himself at the head of seven or eight hundred men. The invaders were now brought to a check.

Hard by the spot where the opposing forces lay, runs the small river of Ocoa, the only source from which it was possible for them to obtain water; and the Dominicans were so posted as to command from secure positions, behind huge mahogany trees and thick underbrush, all approach to its banks, and thus to be able to shoot down any Haytian whom parching thirst emboldened to make the attempt. At last the sufferings of the enemy from this cause became intolerable, and Soulouque was reduced to the alternative of retiring before a handful of men, or of attempting to force the pass. He resolved on the latter course; but, on the first demonstration made for that purpose, coupled as it was with a manœuvre to outflank the little band of its defenders, the latter at once changed their attitude from that of assailed to assailants; and adopting the mode of attack which under similar circumstances had, in some of the battles of the revolution, secured them victory against an odds of even ten to one, they now fired only one round of musketry, and throwing aside their empty pieces, rushed upon the dense masses of the Haytians with their swords—the terrible *machetes*—and lances. The contest was as short and desperate as it was bloody. It was a combat of demons, to use the words of another: on the part of the Dominicans, the rage of desperation; on that of the Haytians, the rage of thirst. Soulouque himself at last cried out, "Sauve qui peut!" and the Haytian army broke away in utter confusion, abandoning on the field six cannons, more than a thousand muskets, three hundred horses, together with a quantity of military stores and provisions; but no wounded—there were only the dead. In revenge for this signal defeat, the retreating army burnt the towns of Azua, San Juan, and Las Matas; Soulouque arrogating to himself the honor of setting fire to Azua, the principal one, with his own hand, when he had first shot and mutilated some Dominican soldiers who had fallen into his hands. The destruction of fruit-trees, the burning of habitations and other property, the massacre of several isolated families, marked, for an extent of thirty to forty leagues, the precipitate retreat of Soulouque, who expended his rage even on the domestic animals, while the black soldiers *put out the eyes* of those whom they did not kill outright.

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* The French Consul-General at Port-au-Prince, (M. Raybaud,) apprehensive of the terrible fate that would await the Dominicans in case their capital should fall before the attack of Soulouque, "wrote repeatedly to the Haytian head-quarters, reminding Soulouque that he would dishonor his victory by any useless cruelties, and how great an interest, on the contrary, he had in effacing the stains which attached to his reputation by the massacres of the preceding year," namely, those in his own capital, referred to on a subsequent page.

Santana now turned his steps towards the capital, at the head of seven or eight thousand men. On his march he was every where received as the deliverer of his country. After some delay, occasioned by the opposition and other measures of President Jimenez, he was received within the city gates, the President retiring on board an English brig. Sailing first to Curaçoa, he afterwards retired to Port-au-Prince, where he repays the hospitality of Soulouque by inciting him to hostilities against his countrymen.*

Thus Santana found himself again, by the force of circumstances, at the head of the government. This post, once voluntarily resigned by him, he now declined filling a second time, deferring the presidency to his friend Baez, while he contented himself with the post of commander-in-chief of the army.

Buenaventura Baez, formerly a deputy, is one of the most wealthy proprietors in the country. He was born in the town of Azua, the ayuntamiento or town-council of which once enjoyed the honor of having for its bailiff the afterwards celebrated conqueror of Peru, Hernando Cortez. He is yet a young man, being only about thirty-eight years of age. He is represented as being a man of ability, and the fast and intimate friend of Santana.

We will now turn for a few moments to a contemporary journal, which has recently been laboring, with a diligence that would have been most commendable in a better cause more intelligently advocated, to obfuscate and distort this whole subject. And to begin, we will quote, in immediate connection with and reference to most of the preceding facts, the following passage:—

> "In 1821 [1822] both the Spanish and French parts of the island were united under Boyer; and for twenty-two years they remained together without difficulty. After Boyer had left the government and the island, a Convention was held to form a new Constitution; this was finally completed and published on December 30, 1843. This Constitution, following the example of the United States, guarantied liberty and equal rights to all denominations of religion. To the Spanish prejudices of the eastern part, this was an intolerable thing; and when the article was adopted, several deputies from that section rose and withdrew from the Convention.* They were intolerant Catholics, and

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* Santana, it seems, is now convinced that Jimenez, who at the time escaped all suspicion of complicity in the plot we have on another occasion noticed, was really colleagued with the minister who then suffered death for his share in it.

* We never heard of this fact of the Dominican deputies leaving the Convention. We subsequently became acquainted with one of them, but never heard him mention any such circumstance, though it might for all that still have occurred. It is of itself of little importance any way, as will be seen. We heard from the same person, and other sources, of the imprisonment of these delegates by the Haytian authorities, for concerting measures looking to the separation of their territory from Hayti. And on these points our impressions and information are confirmed by the writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who says in regard to the first, that the delegates "continued, for form's sake, to sit in the Constituent Assembly."

In regard to this constituent body or Convention, and some of the events that preceded its sitting, the material facts are concisely these: When the Haytians in the west rose against Boyer, the inhabitants of Santo Domingo, and successively the rest of the Dominican territory, followed the example thus set them. But this first movement of the Dominicans did not have for its primary and immediate object a separation from Hayti; at least, not ostensibly. For that ulterior step they did not feel themselves yet fully prepared. And would not consent to admit other professions to equal privileges. Accordingly, on the 16th of January following, the Dominicans published their Manifesto, declaring themselves separate from and independent of Hayti. That document we have now before us; it alleges many grounds of complaint, but the only one that we can see to be perfectly well founded and indisputable, is that relating to their religion. And the only attack the Haytians made on that, was, in a public convention where all sections were equally represented, to establish it as a constitutional principle that all religions should be equally respected and protected by law."*

We have quoted the whole passage, though the last half of it only concerns our present purpose particularly, in order to give the journal in which it occurs the full benefit of its statements, to whatever extent and in whatever sense they may be true.

The facts we have before adduced prove that the question of religious toleration was *not* the real issue between the Haytians and Dominicans.

During the whole period of the union with Hayti, religious toleration had practically existed in both parts of the island; and the Dominicans *never changed this policy of toleration after the separation,* whatever disposition there may have been

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besides, the opposition which, under General Rivière, had recently overthrown Boyer's power, had shown itself professedly favorable to their cause, and the hope was very generally indulged that their grievances would be removed. But this illusion was soon dispelled. When the Haytian provisional government was established, on the expulsion of Boyer, not a single Dominican was called into the administration; and besides, Rivière, who very soon after at the head of a division of the army advanced into the Dominican territory, for the purpose of proclaiming and establishing the revolution in that part, seized and threw into prison all whom his suspicions marked out as ill-disposed towards Hayti or favorable to a movement for independence, removed the provisionary functionaries whom the people had substituted in place of Boyer's, replacing them with others of his own choice, generally Haytians who had followed him from Port-au-Prince, and perpetrated other acts of tyranny which indicated for the future the same course of policy which had rendered the administration of Boyer odious and intolerable. Still the Dominicans sent their quota of deputies to the Constituent Congress or Convention which was now appointed to convene at Port-au Prince, for the purpose of revising the Constitution. Why did they do this? We reply, because they were not yet ready to act openly. The time was not yet fully come for striking the blow. They had been led to expect aid from the French fleet, then lying in the Haytian waters; and the expected co-operative measures were not as yet arranged. And being the weaker party, as regarded their oppressors, they were obliged to temporize and dissemble, as such parties often must. Ultimately, it is true, the separation occurred without this French intervention, but this was due to circumstances connected with the revolutionary movement at the capital. Once assembled in Convention with the Haytian delegates, the Dominican representatives proposed, as a necessary preliminary condition to a conciliation, to their own abandonment of the idea of independence, that the prohibition of the immigration of whites, which then existed as a law of Hayti, should be abrogated so far as regarded their part of the island, whose sparsely peopled and very partially cultivated territory demanded, for the development of its resources and the prosperity of its people, the adoption of a system of immigration. Had the Haytians, who were of course largely in the majority, been willing to make this concession, which would have assured the future safety of the Dominicans, the latter would not in all probability have persisted in their scheme of separation. But this concession was obstinately refused, a fact that afforded the clearest demonstration that the old policy of gradually reducing the absolute number, and consequently in a still more rapid progression the relative proportion of the whites, which could only end in their final extinction as a race, was still to be persisted in. Surely, if any circumstances and prospects could have afforded adequate and justifiable cause for reverting to their old cherished ideas of independence, these and the facts before stated were amply sufficient. To all these there was still added the innovation of destroying the nationality of the Catholic religion. We have as little intention of justifying as we have of concealing the somewhat bigoted religious notions of the Dominicans, as manifested on this occasion. But we mean to do them justice. If bigoted, according to Protestant ideas, they were *not* intolerant, as will be fully shown in the sequel. It is to be borne in mind that the Haytians have, as a nation, very little real respect for any religion. This is notorious to all who know any thing about them. The atheistic notions of the French revolutionary times took too deep root in their character at the moment of their national birth, to be easily or speedily eradicated; and they have borne the fruits that were to have been expected from such seeds, planted in a more than demi-savage soil. When, therefore, the Dominican revolutionary authorities say in their Manifesto, "If, when Catholicism was the religion of the State, its ministers had been scorned and vilified, what would its situation now be, surrounded by sectaries and enemies?" the interrogation is evidently pointed mainly to this state of public sentiment among the Haytians, as is shown by the fact that this same Manifesto declares, that "though the Roman Catholic religion would be protected as that of the State, no one would be persecuted or punished for his religious opinions." At all events, this latter clause defines clearly and explicitly the limits to be placed on the construction of the former.

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* New-York Daily Tribune, of May 21st, 1851.

in some quarters, as we have shown on a previous occasion, to do so. But further, and more directly to the point, as regards the journal from which we have quoted, this very revolutionary Manifesto, which the writer of the passage quoted states lay before him as he wrote, contains a clause explanatory of the views of the revolutionary government on the subject of religious toleration; but which clause the writer, for reasons, it would seem, sufficiently transparent, has seen fit to suppress. It is to this effect, that "the Roman Catholic religion would be protected as that of the State; but that no one would be persecuted or punished for his religious opinions."* Now this Dominican Manifesto, it is to be borne in mind, was published but a few days after the promulgation of the new Haytian Constitution referred to in the passage before quoted from our journalist. And in full view of the preceding facts in the case spread out on the face of that Manifesto, and this last one promulgating the views of the revolutionary government on the subject of religious toleration, contained in the same paper, and bearing directly on the point of the material allegation made against the Dominicans by this writer, how, we ask, is his substantial charge, that opposition to religious toleration on the part of the Dominicans was the real cause of their separation from Hayti, to be reconciled with any recognized code or principles of candor, justice, or truth? especially when the charge is contradicted by every specification, every declaration,—by the whole scope and tenor of the very instrument from the ostensibly careful, candid, and thorough examination of which, the writer, with an air of judicial impartiality and fairness, draws the above conclusion, and spreads it out before the public, who have no means of testing its fairness or legitimacy, as the only one deducible from that document? We speak of the public having no means of testing the fairness or legitimacy of his conclusion, because we hardly suppose, now that our own copy of the document is lost, two others can be found in the country. Fortunately our translation of the clause on religious toleration, contained in a note to a previous article, has enabled us to tear the veil from this flimsy sophistry —to expose this unwarrantable perversion of the record.

We should be sorry to allow ourselves to be betrayed into any expressions of unbecoming harshness or severity. We think we have not. The attempt was so palpable, by putting an unfair and wholly unsubstantiable construction (to give it a no harsher designation) on an important document, and one of difficult access, to bolster up the iniquitous pretensions of Hayti, and to justify her past and present attitude towards the Dominicans, while inflicting a serious wound on the cause of the latter by misrepresenting the real issue between them and the Haytians, and assigning one that would tend to excite against them the Protestant feelings of our countrymen, as being intolerant Catholics, and contending especially in vindication of their intolerant principles, instead of for liberty and their just rights, that we could not permit ourselves to pass it lightly over. We knew that a gross wrong had been done; we distrusted—with good reason, we believe—the motives that had induced its perpetration; and so we have deliberately exposed and characterized the proceeding, in the manner we think it deserved.

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* We quote from our previous publication in the March No., 1849, page 246, note; not having the Manifesto at the present time lying before us. It, together with the other Dominican documents referred to in those articles, and lying before us at that time of writing, were lost during our absence from this country, in the confusion occasioned by a fire in the vicinity of the office where they were deposited.

For the reasons why the whole of the above clause on the subject of religion was not incorporated into the constitutional provision on the subject, instead of silence being observed in regard to toleration, see the number last referred to, page 245-6, note. That the spirit of the declaration of the Manifesto was practically adopted, we have there shown; and we might have added that the place of worship of these Protestants (Methodists) was a house owned by the Government, and its use furnished them, we are quite sure, free of rent. The Dominicans have simply continued the policy established in 1824 towards the American colored immigrant citizens. We are far from claiming for them any peculiar credit on the score of religious toleration; Spanish Catholics are not apt to be pioneers in that line. But on the other hand, we have no intention that they shall be misrepresented and unfairly dealt with, in this respect, to answer designing purposes, without exposing and rebuking the attempt. As their constitutional article stands, providing for the Roman Catholic religion as that of the State, and stopping short there, they took a step in advance of all or nearly all Spanish States. Even in Chile—the most advanced of all the South American Republics—the Constitution contains a similar provision to the above in the Dominican, but adds a clause excluding (or forbidding) "the public exercise of any other religion whatever;" "*con eselusion del ejercicio publico de cualquiera otra,*" [*relijion,*][a] are its words; though, as is generally known, toleration does practically exist there also.

[a] Constitucion de la Republica de Chile, Art. 5. Santiag^{o}, 1845.

We will now pass in review some other passages in the article before quoted from.

"When this event happened," it proceeds in the paragraph immediately following the one already quoted, "our country enjoyed the glory of having Messrs. Tyler and Calhoun at the head of the Government. Mr. Calhoun lost no time in sending out an agent to foment and confirm the split between the two parts of the island. The opportunity was a good one for a stroke of Southern policy, and the Secretary improved it." * * "His [the agent's] report no doubt lies among the dusty papers of the State Department."

We suppose the writer refers to the agent and report we have alluded to on a previous occasion.* The circumstances of that mission are there explained, and fully vindicate the propriety of the course pursued by Mr. Calhoun. Our Government very properly took the necessary steps, before committing itself towards the Dominicans, to inform itself as to the condition of affairs in Spanish St. Domingo, about which so very little was known at that time. It was a similar proceeding to that which, in imitation of Mr. Calhoun's example, though with less occasion, and (at so late a day, when a step much farther in advance ought to have been taken) with less propriety, Mr. Clayton sent out *his* agent, in regard to whose mission and acts the public have been recently treated to so much unnecessary mystification and misrepresentation. As to Mr. Calhoun's agent being sent out to foment and confirm the split between the two parts of the island, every reliable fact in relation to the separation, deduced from any quarter, thus far goes to show that this "split" was brought about and confirmed solely by intrinsic causes, and not by foreign agencies. The assertion, though made with the air of straight-forward historical narrative, is as yet simply unsupported assertion. And in regard to this mission to which we suppose the journal quoted from alludes, or any other, (for it seems not to be fully posted up on the subject of these early missions to St. Domingo,) we challenge it to adduce, we will not say from the files of the State Department at Washington, but from *any* reliable source, the evidence requisite to support the charge it makes against Mr. Calhoun's administration in this matter, in the offensive sense in which it is brought forward.

We are tempted, though at the risk of incurring the charge of lifting up a prostrated and disabled adversary, for the sheer purpose and malicious pleasure of knocking him down again, to follow our contemporary into some of the deductions, political and moral, at which he arrives from the purview of his array of historical facts. "It is to Hayti a matter of great consequence," are the words of a subsequent paragraph, "that the entire island should be under one government;" and, after stating the reasons why,—such as the danger of dissensions from foreign interference, especially from "Slavery Propagandists" of the South,—it is remarked, apparently to give direction and point to the whole, as a sort of logical clencher, that "that lovely island seems allotted by Providence to the development of the black race."

Now we are not at all disposed to deny that it *is* a matter of great consequence to Hayti to possess the whole island of St. Domingo. Indeed, since Soulouque has set up for an Emperor, it would show a mean, unroyal spirit not to be ambitious that his empire should be laved on all sides by the waves of the isle-encircling ocean. As an *empire*, his dominions would not even then be over-extensive. His ambition is therefore a very natural, and, abstractly considered, perhaps even a commendable one; and is undoubtedly a necessary concomitant of the transition state of his gradually unfolding imperial ideas. But that he has *therefore*, and in the absence of all other valid claims, a just right and title to the republican Dominican territory, which never formed any part of his *empire*, we beg leave very modestly to suggest, is, as the logicians say, a *non sequitur*, or in plain English, a wholly irrelevant conclusion, though backed by the pious presumption that Providence has allotted that island to the development of the black race.

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* April No., 1849, of this Review, page 382.

Away with this silly, nonsensical cant about the supposed designs of Providence, in derogation of natural right and plain justice; this prostitution of holy names to most unholy uses! and which sounds most singularly hollow, to say the least of it, coming from the quarter it does. It is insufferable that Providence should be thus *lugged in* to bolster up an unfounded, unprincipled claim on the one hand, while it is made to ignore the rights of thousands of its creatures of the white blood, equally with the blacks the object of its care, it may be presumed, who derive their rights, civil and political, in the Dominican territory, from their ancestors, the early Spanish settlers; which rights, to the extent they are now claimed and enjoyed, it is directly and emphatically in point to remark, are not in the least degree called in question by the only parties who, on any supposable plan of Divine allotment, can have a shadow of right to interfere with them; we mean, the *descendants of their ancestors' slaves, with whom, as fellow-citizens, they live on terms of perfect political equality, and who unite with the whites in resolutely defending their common homes, their common and co-equal rights against the pretensions of this foreign despot of Hayti.*

Truly, if we wished to be satirical on our contemporary, which however is not our object, limited as that has been to an exposition of his fallacies, by a plain, unvarnished statement of facts, we should have need only to quote, after the exposition we have made, as a cutting satire on the article referred to, one of its own concluding paragraphs. "*Our only purpose*," are its words, the italics being our own, "in the present discussion of this matter, *has been to put the public in possession of some facts not generally known*, and to call to the subject a degree of popular attention it has not hitherto received."

Having thus brushed away some of the cobweb mists in which this subject has been studiously enveloped, we will now proceed to the next point proposed—the early policy of our Government towards Hayti; premising, however, that the question as to whether that policy was justifiable and proper, or not; whether the non-recognition of that republic was or was not a right position for our Government to assume in the first instance and maintain afterwards, has no bearing whatever on the question of the pretensions of either republican or imperial Hayti to the Dominican territory, nor can it in any manner influence or modify our duty and obligations as they now exist towards the latter republic. Still, as this topic has been mixed up in the discussion, let us give it a passing notice.

The first attempt made by the black goverment, we believe, to obtain its recognition by the United States, was indirectly, by its efforts to obtain a representation in the Congress of Panama.

France had recently, (in 1825,) in consideration of a stipulated sum of money to be paid by Hayti, and of certain peculiar commercial privileges, recognized the black republic. This was a compromise on both sides. France could not reconquer her lost colony nor avenge her slaughtered subjects; she had tried that already, in vain. She needed the trade of the island to help revive her then prostrate commerce; and besides, it may charitably be supposed that the French Government had a becoming solicitude that the few expatriated colonists who had escaped the exterminating butcheries of the blacks, should be indemnified for the loss of their property and country, in the enjoyment of which the parent State, after drawing a large revenue from that quarter, through a series of years, had been unable to secure them in their time of need. The conditions, therefore, on which the recognition was made, were an ample inducement in the eyes of Charles the Tenth and his ministers for their act. And on the side of the blacks, this act of condescension and regard on the part of the countrymen of their recently murdered masters, was well worth to them the price they agreed to pay for it.

But to the Government of the United States—the pioneer Republic among the young American States,—the question presented itself at that era under very different aspects. Hence President Adams, in view of the proposed representative family meeting of the American Republics at Panama, says in his special message of the 15th of March, 1826:—

> "Whether the political condition of the island of Hayti shall be brought at all into discussion at that meeting, may be a question for preliminary advisement. There are in the political constitution of government of that people circumstances which have hitherto forbidden the acknowledgment of them by the Government of the United States as sovereign and independent. Additional reasons for withholding that acknowledgment have

been seen in their acceptance of a nominal sovereignty by the *grant* of a foreign prince, under conditions equivalent to the concession by them of exclusive commercial advantages to one nation, adapted altogether to the state of commercial vassalage, and retaining little of independence but the name. Our plenipotentiaries will be instructed to present these views to the assembly at Panama; and should they not be concurred in, to decline acceding to any arrangement which may be proposed upon different principles."*

These circumstances are alleged to be petty and insufficient grounds on which to base a refusal to recognize Hayti;† and Mr. Adams is charged, in putting forth these reasons, with having resorted to a "poor specimen of special pleading."

Now, we conceive that our Government acted at that time very properly, as it had previously done, in refusing to recognize Hayti, and that Mr. Adams put the question of the admission or rather refusal of a representation to Hayti in the Congress of Panama on good and sufficient grounds. That was to be a Congress of independent Republics—Republics in character and not merely in name. It then seriously behooved the Government of the United States, as the head of the great family of American States, to look well to it that no State was allowed a representation on the ground of political kindred and on a footing of political equality, which did not essentially sustain the character claimed. And as to the recognition of Hayti at that early day at all, when that question was presented to a republican government like ours, it was a circumstance not only deserving of reflection, but of carrying with it great weight, that the black race had always been an inferior and servile one.

The presumption, therefore, was at that time against their capacity for administering a regular, stable, and especially a republican government. Nor had this presumption been materially weakened, much less removed, by the events of the thirty years of the black ascendency in the west, a period whose history is made up of an almost uninterrupted series of scenes of tumult, confusion, and bloodshed, resulting from the assertion of the conflicting claims of the rival and hostile chiefs—the Christophes, Tousaints, and Dessalines of that day, whose very names are suggestive of scarce aught else than treachery, brutality, and barbaric cruelty. During this period of thirty years there had not been a single principle of rational liberty or genuine republicanism wrought out and reduced to practice in either of the so-called republics into which the west was then divided. Boyer had recently united both these petty States under his sole rule; and had then added, as we have seen, the larger territory in the east to his dominions. Such was the new aspect of affairs in Hayti at the era of the proposed Congress of Panama. After the scenes of indiscriminate butchery by which this African liberty had been inaugurated, and the developments of its subsequent history, what proof had the Haytians yet practically given of their claim to a position of political equality among republics, or even of a title to a position among civilized nations, on any footing? What position or rank the black government and nation would take under the new auspices of Boyer's recent accession and more extended sway, was not then known. Sufficient time had not then elapsed for the development of even the germ of a new and better political and national character, if any such was ever to be.

To the honor, then, of the younger Adams's administration, the United States Government sternly refused to admit the unconditional representation of the Haytian so-called republic in the Congress of Panama; and by so doing, saved the cause of republican liberty, then in its infancy, from the disgrace of leaguing itself with treachery, barbarity and military despotism. As appropriately might the despotic chiefs of the islands of the Pacific, or of Africa, have claimed a representation on the score of the patriarchal character of their governments.

How stood the question on its merits during the long administration of Boyer? It must be admitted that his was a somewhat strong and vigorous rule. But apart from the mere name and semblance of a republic, the government under that chief was virtually an arbitrary, irresponsible despotism. The will of the chief, though sometimes expressed in the form of legislative enactments, was the sole law.* True, had any great interest of our country been materially concerned in the question of the recognition of Hayti, and that act on our part been sought as simply towards a government *de facto*, and not as a republic, such a recognition might not have been altogether impolitic or improper. But to have made the recognition on the basis of the political equality of Hayti as a republic, we hold would have been both undignified in itself, and not less discreditable than unjust to ourselves.

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* "Presidents' Messages," vol. I. p. 63.

† N. Y. Tribune, as before quoted. We know not where that journal gets its authority for saying, as it does, that "when the Congress of Panama was proposed by the Republic of Colombia, the propriety of admitting Hayti to a representation was insisted on." Certainly not from Mr. Adams's special message, which simply states that "the consideration of the light in which the political condition of the island of Hayti is to be regarded" was "among the subjects mentioned by the Minister from the Republic of Colombia as believed to be suitable for deliberation at the Congress."

How does the question present itself, now that the form of government of Hayti is changed from pseudo-republican to quasi-imperial? And, apart from the fact of this change, what new and improved phase has Haytian civilization assumed of late years, to entitle that people to the more favorable regard of our government and nation?

After the flight of Boyer, the jealousy and inveterate hatred of the blacks not only towards the pure white blood, but all shades of color that reminded them of their ancient masters,—which had lain comparatively dormant during the strong and secure rule of that black chief, supported as he was by a large army blindly devoted to his interests, because it shared to some extent with him in the plunder of the country,—again manifested themselves, now that the master-spirit was gone, and the strong bonds of military discipline which had held the discordant elements of society together in repose, were to some extent weakened, and the secure ascendency of the blacks was consequently, in their jealous apprehension, in the same degree endangered. This sentiment of jealous hate assumed an active form in the early part of the presidency of Gen. Soulouque, now Faustin the First; who, it may be remarked in passing, had reached the presidency not without suspicions of foul practice.*

It is within the recollection of all who are in the habit of watching the course of events in that island, that no longer ago than 1848, on some frivolous pretext, unsupported by a shadow of evidence, Soulouque commenced at his capital a cold-blooded, indiscriminate massacre of the people of color, and only stayed the further execution of what is well known to have always been his favorite scheme of policy, the utter annihilation of all traces of the white blood among the subjects of his dominion, when compelled to do so by the energetic and direct interference of the French Consul, backed by a naval force placed in position for summary action.

That Soulouque did not include the white foreign residents in the number of his intended victims, was owing, not to the absence of inclination to do so, but simply to the fact that he did not dare to do it. That this portion of the resident population were apprehensive of outrage, is well known; and that the respective governments whose duty it was to protect them considered their apprehensions not unfounded, is evidenced by the fact that some of them, ours we believe among the number, dispatched vessels of war thither to protect their citizens and subjects.

Such is the character and policy of the man and of the government, of which he is the absolute head and the sole source of power, as he is the fair representative, the true type of the national disposition and character, in whose favor such studied pains are taken to awaken the sympathies of the American people, to whom he and his nation are virtually held up as the objects of a long-continued course of political persecution and proscription at the hands of our Government on account of their African blood. This is the nation towards which it has long been and is still doing the outrageous injustice of not acknowledging as our political equals and receiving to our fraternal embrace.

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* For years no accounts were rendered to the Congress of the disbursements or appropriations made of the public moneys; and whenever that body called upon the Minister of Finance for his accounts, Boyer would interpose, stating that *he* would render them. This suggestion was always understood and prudently acquiesced in. At times he would stop on their way to the capital, and send back home, such members of the Congress as he apprehended would be refractory or in any way troublesome to him. We state these facts on the authority of an intelligent Dominican citizen, who for several years held a civil office under Boyer's government. The *finale* of Boyer's administration tallies with them; for it is well known that on leaving the island, he carried with him to Europe, or had sent beforehand, an immense fortune, said to have amounted to several millions of dollars.

* At the time of his accession on the death of his predecessor Riché, it was a very general rumor in Santo Domingo that the latter had been put out of the way by poison through the agency of Soulouque, then a general in the Haytian army.

First let his Imperial Majesty Faustin the First bring himself and his subjects within the pale of civilization,—we will not say, doff his harlequin crown and robes, for on that we do not insist;—let him demonstrate to the world that he and his people are advancing in the scale of humanity, by showing a *disposition* to respect its most ordinary requirements, and not by exhibiting the mere fact of refraining for the moment from outraging them, under the constraint of foreign compulsion. When he does this, but not before, will the proper time have arrived for our Government to take into consideration the question of the propriety of recognizing his government and nation, and that of establishing the international footing on which they shall be placed.

And here it is proper to notice, partly as illustrating the character and policy, or craft, of Soulouque, and partly as being a suitable introduction to the discussion of the last division of our subject, a recent curious and to us significant proclamation issued by his Imperial Majesty, and addressed *ostensibly* to the Dominicans. It is the more deserving of notice at our hands, as its character and purport seem to have been quite generally misunderstood; its plausibility being likely to impose on the judgment of those who are not well acquainted with the character and policy of the man. As any analysis we could give of it would dull its point and mar its uniqueness, we present it entire, as we find it translated (not having the original by us) in the *Tribune* of May 31 :—

"To the Inhabitants of the East.

"Faustin I., Emperor of Hayti:

"For a long time, discord has waved his torch over unhappy Hayti, and kept us divided contrary to sound reason, and to our interests, which are the same in all things. We lament this separation; *and often, fulfilling our duty, we have called upon you as brothers, as children of the same family, to terminate* it by a reconciliation, for our happiness, for the benefit of our common country. *We regret and deplore the continuance of a state of things* which is, we confess, the greatest calamity that can fall upon a young nation which has need of peace, union and concord, in order to increase and occupy the station designed for it by Providence. Think calmly on all the sacrifices, on both sides, which the deplorable war existing between us has already cost, and let us hasten to terminate them. Humanity demands it; the kindred blood that circulates in our veins makes it an imperious duty. *Who can doubt the desire with which we are animated, the prayers of our hearts for this reconciliation?*

"*Has not the truce*[*] *proposed by the mediating powers*, under date of the 18th of June last, *already been long in existence, and does it not still exist?* The good effects which it has produced *cannot escape your appreciation. It is an established mark; let us look to the same end,* extending our hands to each other, and accomplish that reconciliation so earnestly desired by those civilized nations who are interested in our welfare, and in our social and political progress.

"It is time, dear countrymen, to put an end to our differences. We, therefore, propose to you a plan of negotiation. We will name deputies; you will name an equal number on your side. They will be empowered to treat freely of some agreement which will terminate this disastrous situation, the burden of which we both feel, and guaranty to each the benefits of peace and repose.

"In the mean time, come in all security to transact your commerce, and exchange with us the relations of good friendship. Come; an outlet is opened to your products. From our reciprocal exchange will spring advantages without number, which cannot fail to spread joy and prosperity around all our hearths. *Let us cast a veil over the past,* and fulfil by our reconciliation the hope of all friends of humanity.

"On all our military lines we have given order that persons and property shall be respected, and that the most cordial reception shall be given to you. We venture to trust that the same measures will be taken on your part. Respond to our desires, *and receive this overture as brothers* to whom the name of Country is dear.

"And you who hold authority in the East, think on the incalculable evils which this system of separation will draw upon us. The interests of Humanity, of Civilization, and our common future, demand peace. Do not remain deaf to the voice that invites you to union. In neglecting that voice, you will have assumed a terrible responsibility, for which posterity will demand a reckoning of you and your descendants.

"Given at our Imperial Palace, in Port-au-Prince, May 14, 1851, in the 48th year of Independence and the 2d of our reign. Faustin."

This language is certainly very affectionate and right royally gracious. And mark, reader, as indeed you cannot fail to do, with what a rhythmical smoothness and musical cadence its periods float along, falling on the ear like the seductive strains of some sweet melody that leaves a lingering echo behind it. For ourself, it carries us back to other days, evoking the slumbering memories connected with the enchanting island which his Majesty fondly wishes to make all his own; memories of the times when, after the heat of the tropical summer day was past and the night was lit up with the hazy light of the stars,—not there twinkling brightly, but shining with a softened, half-veiled light, like the liquid eye of a tropical beauty,—we were wont to wander forth and listen to the eternal sound of the shore-kissing billows, borne from the distance to our ear in strains of deep, subdued melody by the soft and gentle breezes from those summer seas. It was evidently under the influence of such scenes and associations as these that the above proclamation was written. And of this striking illustration of the subduing and humanizing influence of association, in moulding the expression of sentiment though perverted to a base purpose, let his Majesty have the full benefit. Or, who shall say that he may not for the moment have been really softened and humanized by these associations, and thought himself sincere; just as the greatest story-tellers are said sometimes to melt at the recital of their own inventions, told so oft that they at last believe them to be true?

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[*] To the effect, as we understand, that two months' notice shall be given before the renewal of hostilities by either party.

But the siren has seduced even us far away from our purpose; and arousing ourselves with an effort, we shake off the spell, and return to our matter-of-fact business.

The first thing that strikes us on re-reading the document, under the influence of calm judgment, is the cool, impudent (and we were about to add, unblushing, but that is excusable) effrontery that characterizes it from beginning to end. Indeed, it is inimitably beautiful, so to speak, in that regard. The next circumstance that challenges our admiration, is the skilful manner in which, without expressly making the allegation,—for his princely heart was too overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and too replete with royal magnanimity to do that,—Soulouque throws on the Dominicans the whole blame and responsibility for the continuance hitherto of their international troubles and open hostilities. And, reader, would you not naturally suppose, from the light afforded by the mere reading of that address, that the Dominicans had been generally, if not always, the aggressors, the assailing party, the one by whom the peace and repose of the two parts of the island had been constantly disturbed, to the injury of both parties?

We shall examine this matter, and endeavor to set your misled judgment right, by dissecting some of these honeyed sentences. "We lament this separation, [undoubtedly he does; there he speaks the truth,] and often, fulfilling our duty, we have called upon you as brothers, as children of the same family, [on the theory of the unity of the human race, we presume,] to terminate it by a reconciliation." But we will not take up space in requoting particular paragraphs, for dissection. Our italics shall indicate the particular passages to which our criticisms will be more particularly pointed.

We are reluctant to characterize such gentle language, such sweet and commendable expressions, with any thing so discordant as harsh and ugly epithets. But we are nevertheless compelled to do so, and to say that the whole paper, and especially the passages noticed, convey directly and by implication a tissue of broad, bare-faced, and, were the address really and primarily meant for the Dominicans, we should have to add, stupid and senseless falsehoods. How stand the facts? On separating from the Haytians, for the causes and in the manner we have seen, the Dominicans sent, with a copy of their Manifesto, a respectful address to the Haytian government, in which they deprecated any hostile collision on account of their act, and inviting them to conciliation and amity. And to show still more strongly the kindly feeling that mingled with their resolute determination to be free and independent, they went so far—and it was a great way for them to go under the circumstances—as publicly to invite the Haytian residents to remain in the country, guarantying to them perfect security of person and property on their conforming to the laws; a guaranty which, as we have said on a previous occasion, "has never, we believe, in any instance been violated," in the case of those who availed themselves of the permission thus granted.

From the moment of the separation, the Dominicans have stood and acted solely on the defensive. All the battles of the revolution were fought on the lines, or on the Dominican side of them; and on the part of the latter people they were purely defensive acts—the repulsion of Haytian invasions or attacks. They were fought with great numerical odds in favor of the Haytians, but still with the same result in every important instance—the signal defeat of the latter; the Dominicans, meanwhile, following up their victories no farther than simply to resume their defensive attitude along the line of the frontier.

On the other hand, scarcely a year, if indeed *one*, has passed by since the separation, in the course of which a hostile expedition, by land or sea, has not been set on foot, or the design of one industriously rumored by the Haytians, having for its object the invasion of the Dominican territory and the subjugation of its people. Such of these expeditions as have been really projected have failed in the execution, generally from the fact that no sooner was the military force withdrawn from any point at home, or the army put on the march for the frontier, than the turbulence or rising of the "most easily governed" people on earth has, fortunately, necessitated the recall of the troops to preserve domestic quiet. Still, these and the feigned expeditions have all answered one purpose,—the *sole* purpose of those of the latter kind,—that of keeping the Dominicans in a state of constant alarm, obliging them to maintain a large military force on foot, thus exhausting the resources of the country by withdrawing a large portion of the effective population from agricultural and other industrial pursuits, and thereby producing, as the shrewd chief designed, and knew it must produce, a state of general embarrassment and difficulty, by which he has hoped, all other more direct means failing, to finally destroy the present government, and bring the coveted prey within his grasp. And this is the way the truce has hitherto been kept, so far as he is concerned. Such has been the manner, and the only one, in which he has frequently called on the Dominicans *as brothers* to terminate their differences.

What then is the object, the real purport of this invitation to the Dominicans to a reconciliation, that is, to a reunion with Hayti, which is so affectionately and pathetically urged? As we have before intimated, it was never designed in its primary intent for the Dominicans. It was really addressed to the civilized world, outside the island, especially to the late mediating powers. Nor do we believe that Soulouque, or any of his ministers, was the author of the original idea or the general plan of the address. It was intended to *tell* particularly in the United States, and had, if we are not much mistaken, a resident-foreign origin. Soulouque is too sagacious not to know that its shallow plausibility, its palpable insincerity, and its slavering tone of affection, can never for a moment impose upon the credulity of the least intelligent rustic among the Dominicans. They know him too well, and he is fully aware of it. But abroad, where he is not so thoroughly known and justly appreciated, there was a chance that the imposition would not be detected. And the real, primary design in putting forth the address, was to place himself *rectus in curiâ*—in a defensible and justifiable attitude—at the bar of the civilized world; an attitude which, none better than he himself knows, neither he nor his people have ever yet occupied; while by means of it, the Dominicans, if they refuse his proffered terms of peace,—that is, refuse to abjure their nationality and to throw themselves into the clutches of a cold-blooded, relentless and arbitrary despot—for the question, be it marked, is not of returning even to the confederated republic of Boyer,—the Dominicans, we say, will, to the same extent, be ostensibly placed in the wrong; and whether they fall in, or survive the struggle which assuredly awaits them at the expiration of the truce, if they refuse compliance, they will, as he calculates, lose the sympathy of mankind, and be allowed to fall a prey to his designs. We say the struggle that awaits them; for Soulouque has no intention of relinquishing either his hopes or attempts to add, in some way, the Dominican territory to his dominions. There is nothing in his address that indicates the slightest change in his long-cherished designs in this respect. With this further piece of duplicity, at least, he is not chargeable in the address. Like some of his white friends and apologists, he is evidently of opinion that the island of St. Domingo, in its entire extent, "is allotted by Providence," (in other words, by "manifest destiny") "to the development of the black race." And to fulfil this destiny, the war, when renewed, will be prosecuted in a spirit of fell revenge, only to be stayed or checked in its exterminating purposes by the limits which the desperate resistance of the intended victims may haply be able to offer successfully, or by the interference of other nations in defense of outraged humanity.

But let us for a moment suppose that this address was dictated in all sincerity, as regards Soulouque's future plans and purposes;—as regards his *past* course of policy, the mere supposition of its truthfulness is wholly inadmissible. He might, then, well afford for once to adopt a conciliatory and even affectionate tone, when the object to be attained was the addition to his dominions of a territory twice as extensive and equally fertile as that which he now possesses; a territory from which, when so annexed, he would be enabled to draw a revenue that would materially assist in defraying the ex-extravagant expenditures of his harlequin royalty.

Since preparing our article for the press, information has been received from Santo Domingo city, which fully confirms our construction of Soulouque's address to the Dominicans. The *Gaceta* of June 15th, the Government organ published in that capital, announces officially, as we find by the *Herald* of July 4th, that, on the 29th of May,—that is, just two weeks after the date of the address, and before it could much more than barely have had time to reach the Dominican capital,—the Haytian troops, cavalry and foot, passed the Dominican post at Caleta, on the southern frontier, and forced their way across the lines. The next day, however, the Dominicans having been meanwhile reinforced, the enemy, after sustaining a considerable loss, were driven back to their own side; the former thereupon resuming their defensive attitude, as we have represented them to have always done on previous occasions of a similar kind. It would seem, however, that they are preparing to act on the offensive, as it is full time they should do, if circumstances warrant a hope of success.

This act of combined insolence and perfidy on the part of Soulouque, after having agreed to a truce, thus broken by him the next moment after re-assenting to it by the words of his address, and after the assurance understood to have been given him by the agents of the mediating powers, that the renewal of hostilities by him against the Dominicans would be regarded as an act of hostility towards their governments,—will doubtless astonish most persons. We confess ourselves taken somewhat by surprise, though knowing him to be capable of almost any thing.

We thought that motives of policy—and we gave him credit for no other restraining ones—would hold him to the literal terms of the truce, whatever they were, though we had no doubt of his predetermination to renew hostilities the moment it expired. We hardly thought his effrontery would go to the extent of setting at defiance and outraging the sentiment of the civilized world to the full extent he has now done. But after all, why should policy restrain him from thus acting out his nature? He, and an army with him, could, if the three powers were to combine against him, subsist for years in the mountain fastnesses of Hayti, without one resource from commerce, *or even from agriculture.*

President Baez, in his proclamation to the Dominicans, congratulating them on the victory achieved by their arms, says, in a tone that contrasts nobly with this Haytian perfidy:—

> "Our arms, protected by Providence, will be, as they have been on this occasion, always victorious in the repression of all invaders, and in opposing the occupation of our territory by the Haytians. The actual aggression of the enemy is a manifest violation of the stipulated treaty. We have fulfilled our duty in repelling them, and till the treaty has ceased by fair means, we will faithfully follow it as the usage of civilized nations."

Well did the ancients say: "Whom the gods purpose to destroy, they first bereave of their senses." And if Soulouque obstinately persists in his mad schemes and purposes, both he and his people may exhibit in themselves, ere another lustrum is past, a terrible example of the significancy of the aphorism.

We shall conclude our proposed view of this subject in a subsequent number.

S. A. K.

INTERPOLATIONS.

I.

PEDANTRY is not confined to men of books. It shows itself in every man who makes much of his own pursuits. There is a pedantry of the shop and the ledger equally ridiculous with that of the closet; and it is hard to tell which is the more intolerable, affectation of commercial or scholastic technicalities.

II.

The virtue of filial gratitude is overwhelmed with much well-meant nonsense. Gratitude only begins with the child when obligation ceases with the parent.

III.

It is sometimes lamented that learning is becoming superficial by being made common. But it may be doubted if that learning is worth having which cannot be popularized without being degraded—which loses its attractions for the scholar as soon as it becomes accessible to the mass.

IV.

If Dickens and Thackeray become classics, the English vocabulary must be enlarged. Many lady readers have been sadly puzzled to share the furtive episodes of the Artful Dodger, or the resolute march of Mr. Arthur Pendennis.

V.

The wisest social philosophers have done little more than start themselves on their proposed courses, and their followers have rarely come up with them. A philosopher who is equal to his theory may not despair of re-creating the world; but we must find our philosopher. The health-doctor who for a dollar offers to put you into a way of living for ever is subject to bilious attacks, and shudders as much as yourself at the undertaker.

VI.

It is no sin against our mother tongue to use words not to be found in the dictionaries, provided they are necessary, and are not manufactured barbarously. Every word must have had a beginning, and if our fathers had had no inventive genius we should have had no language.

VII.

Judging of the French by the specimens we daily meet, we very naturally wonder how they are ever brought to committing a desperate or a momentous action. It is easier to imagine an Englishman cultivating transcendental philosophy on a crust and water, or an American neglecting his business to patronize the fine arts, than a Frenchman heading an insurrection or dying for his country. And yet of all others he is the man to do both.

VIII.

Our poetical literature is just now in a critical position. Our laureates are growing old, and the public does not seem to recognize the right of younger candidates to fill their places.

IX.

In reading the thousand and one criticisms of Tennyson's poems, it is curious to note the contradictory conclusions at which critics arrive. By some Tennyson is styled an infidel; others rank him among benevolent hermits; and others are sure that he is an active moral reformer: whereas he is very careless of the world, and although warm-hearted, too lazy to be any thing but a *poco-curante.*

X.

The arrogance of English journalists is certainly amusing. But some apology may be offered for men who have not got beyond the Greeks in believing all the world barbarous except Attica.

XI.

Monsieur Jourdan talked prose all his life without knowing it, but certain modern writers cannot even do that. Witness Gilfillan, and our own very noisy H———.

XII.

The ancients must have been very dull without novels. To a nation that made much of Gellius and Apuleius we could very well have spared the hero of the "Two Horsemen."

XIII.

Virgil is the only great poet who has not given us characters. Æneas is a walking gentleman, and beside him who but "fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthem!" The genius of Virgil is remarkable in having made amends for the tameness of his characters, and his frightful plagiarisms.

REINHOLD.

BENVENUTO CELLINI:

A TALE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

CHAPTER I.

THE INTRUDER.

The day was near its close, the sun was sinking beneath the horizon in a sea of fire, and at the moment of his setting, the king of day cast the most brilliant colors over the surrounding landscape. In the heavens there shone a bright blending of hues, from the deepest crimson to the lightest rose; and upon the earth, the tops of the forests and the surface of the streams were tinged with gold, purple and azure—a vast and wonderful mirror, in which was seen the all-powerful hand of the Creator!

At a distance of four leagues from Florence, on the summit of a mountain, from which the eye could embrace this marvellous spectacle, a young horseman, mounted upon a glossy, jet-black steed, had paused, motionless and dreamy, to contemplate this sublime picture; and to judge from his ample forehead, his strongly-marked features, the gloomy and ardent fire which burned in the depths of his dark eyes, it seemed that this man was well able to comprehend the grandeur and magnificence of the scene which lay outspread to his view.

Unconsciously he himself added something mysterious and fantastical to this vast picture. Perched on the very summit of this wild mountain, with his black steed, his doublet and cap of velvet, whose deep crimson hue seemed a reflection of the horizon, from his immobility, as well as from the nobleness of his attitude, he might have been taken for some rare equestrian statue.

He remained in this attitude of contemplation until the sun was completely engulfed in the waves of flame that surrounded it; until he had seen the magnificent colors which tinged the sky and the earth grow pale and fade away; then, when gray twilight had cast its uniform, indistinct, and dreamy tint over the landscape, he shook off his revery, and horse and horseman disappeared, like the phantoms of a dream.

After having spurred about a league's distance, with fantastic rapidity, leaping hedges, ravines, ditches, as if secure of the protection of some all-powerful genius, to shield him from the death which he braved at every step, he suddenly checked his steed before a castle, the approach to which was defended by a broad moat and a formidable drawbridge.

This structure was formerly a strong fortress, and had been transformed into a villa, such as the gay and brilliant fancy of Boccaccio alone would have imagined. The young man rode slowly around it, and at the sight of the lengthening vista and admirable points of view which were developed beneath his eyes, he murmured involuntarily those beautiful verses in which Tasso describes the gardens of Armida, (for this immortal poem of the sublime and unhappy Torquato was already in every mouth;) and while he recited these lines, he asked himself if he should believe his senses, or if it were not the power of poetry which called up imaginary pictures to his glances.

And, in truth, it seemed as if the wand of a fairy alone could have combined in the same spot views so diverse and enchanting. On the one hand lay outspread, like a dazzling carpet, a meadow, enamelled with red and blue flowers, and beyond the meadow extended a broad sheet of water, interspersed with little islands, like emeralds upon a ground of white satin. Beyond this prospect, which recalled to the young man's mind the cool, calm landscapes of the north, appeared suddenly a broad torrent, bordered by a pile of calcined rocks, from which here and there rose plantains, larches, palm and aloe trees, and many other of those rich and vigorous plants which flourish only on the soil of America. The arid nakedness of these picturesque rocks, which the sun had checkered with brown and gilded tints, stirred in the youth's soul the full, warm poetry with which it overflowed; for there existed an intimate and mysterious affinity between his organization and the wild grandeur of this rude and vigorous scene, between the passions that devoured his heart and this luxuriant vegetation. He gazed long, lost in thought, at that solitary torrent, and when he left the spot he often turned his head to view it yet again.

But a new and fascinating picture soon riveted his attention, and then indeed he felt convinced that he had been transported to the garden of some enchantress, so strange, and, as it were, so marvellous was the spectacle offered to his glances.

In the centre of a wide lawn, which was intersected by a verdant arbor, a fountain cast its waters into the air, which fell in cascades into a basin of white marble. Tall trees environed this lawn on every side, and through various openings, skilfully contrived between their long files of green and waving boughs, was seen, here and there, an old dilapidated turret, or on the summit of some ascending labyrinth a Belvidere, concealing its antiquity beneath garlands of flowers and luxuriant herbage. Here and there tame deer darted from the depths of these woods, and came to sport upon the lawn; beautiful birds, with hooked beaks, discordant notes, and dazzling plumage, rocked on the tops of the trees, pursued from branch to branch by marmosets, whose shrill cries re-echoed through the wood as often as they saw the former take to flight at their approach.

About a score of persons of both sexes, elegantly attired, were assembled around the fountain. The most joyous liberty, the most familiar intimacy seemed to prevail among this group. Some chased the deer, which suffered them to approach and caress them; others were walking to and fro, arm in arm, laughing and discoursing together. The greater number were reclining upon the herbage, some partaking, amid the flowers, of a rural repast, others playing at dice, or singing to the accords of the mandolin. Pure and unmingled joy seemed to prevail among them; their radiant brows, their expanded and smiling lips betrayed no regret for the past, no care for the present or the future. It was a fair sight, in truth, to see them sporting thus with the careless ingenuousness of childhood, beneath the bright blue sky, under the shade of those tall green trees, and amid the cool vapors of that magnificent cascade, whose murmurs fell with such melody upon the ear.

A single person formed a remarkable contrast to this joyous assemblage, casting by her presence something strange and mysterious upon this charming scene. It was a young maiden, younger and more beautiful than any of those who surrounded her. Her step was at times abrupt and irregular, at times slow and melancholy, and her glance now wandered careless and wild, and was now fixed in gloom upon the ground. She displayed all the symptoms of madness, and still no one seemed to sympathize in her condition, no one seemed to perceive her presence. The games, the laughter, the songs were still prolonged, and not a person present appeared to remark the movements of the poor maniac.

An indifference so profound to a misfortune so touching, above all, at such an age; a joy so natural and so unrestrained in the presence of madness, was something singular and inexplicable, and it appeared to produce a violent impression upon the imagination of the young horseman who witnessed this scene, for he deeply sympathized with the young maiden; still he remained rooted to his place by some irresistible emotion.

The poor maniac had approached the basin, where she kneeled, collected the daisies and butter-cups that grew around her, arranged them into a nosegay, and having dipped them in the water, rose, walked slowly towards those who, extended upon the grass, were enjoying a rustic meal, and scattered the flowers upon the viands, murmuring at the same time a few notes of a sad and serious melody.

The persons who composed the group did not even raise their heads; they cast aside the daisies and butter-cups, and continued their repast as if nothing had interrupted it. Then the young girl collected one by one her poor slighted flowers. As she stooped to raise them from the ground, she addressed to each some words, bathing it with her tears; and when she had gathered them all, she carried them to a young fawn, which ate them from her hand. When not a single one remained, she untied a cord of silk and gold which encircled her waist, fastened it about the fawn's neck, and disappeared with the animal in the forest.

Scarcely had she vanished when those whom she had left started suddenly from the ground, and then stood motionless and stupefied as if a thunderbolt had burst above their heads. The young horseman, who had watched all the maniac's gestures with such interest, had just leaped his steed across the wide ditch which surrounded the castle, and with a single bound was in the midst of the gay throng. For some moments they stood confounded at this act of audacity. When the first feeling of surprise had passed, every man rushed indignantly towards the bold intruder, and one of them, grasping him by the throat, dragged him rudely from his horse.

The young man leaped up so suddenly, that it seemed as if he had scarcely touched the ground, and confronting the one who had just forced him from the saddle, he cast a fierce glance upon him, and half drew his poignard from its sheath. Still he did not attempt to execute the significant menace intimated by this energetic gesture.

The man from whom he had suffered this indignity was of lofty stature, and so vigorously formed, that he seemed endowed with strength sufficient to crush him in his hands. His temples, worn by the chafing of his casque, his lofty, calm, and intrepid brow, the large mustachios, which covered half his face, together with his cold and sarcastic air, his imperturbable attitude as he faced that poignard which was raised against his breast, all gave him an aspect singularly imposing. Whether it were that his adversary was daunted by an exterior so intimidating, or whether another thought, flashing across his mind, had changed his resolution, he restored his poignard to its sheath, and calmly picking up his cap, which had rolled to a distance, and returning to the man from whom he had received so serious an affront, he said:

"Your name, Sir?"

"I am very willing to tell it to you," replied the other, "but I will first give you a little piece of information, which will probably cool your curiosity."

"Let me hear it."

"About a year since, a personage, whom I had treated somewhat roughly—as I have you—demanded my name—like you—and, on the following day, the poor fool suffered my sword to pass through his body; and this was the eighth that I had cured of the sin of curiosity. Do you still wish to learn my name?"

"Most certainly."

"Well, then, my poor friend, know that I am Captain Hector Fiaramonti."

"I shall not forget it."

"The d—l is in it, if you do not forget it within twenty-four hours. I am in the habit of acting generously with my adversaries; I always allow them twenty-four hours of existence, before I send them to the shades."

"It is a display of generosity that I am willing to recognize, by giving you a piece of information in my turn."

"It must be something curious."

"You shall judge. Do you see this, and this?"

He pointed with his finger to two deep scars that he had received, the one upon the temple, the other above the left eyebrow.

"A man almost as robust as you," he continued, "and perhaps as skilful in the use of his weapons, grossly insulted me one day; it is now two years since. I challenged him, and he came upon the ground, scoffing at my youth and weakness, for I was then even more slender and delicate than I am to-day; but I calculated neither my strength nor my skill in the art of fence. The result was such as might have been expected. I was stretched upon the meadow, with this wound upon my temple, a wound which brought me to the verge of the grave, and confined me for eight months to my bed. As soon as I was healed, my first thought was to seek out my victorious adversary; and after having roamed over all Italy, I encountered him at Milan. We fought a second time, and I received another wound, which, like the first, was almost mortal, and the scar of which you see here, above my eyebrow. This double failure, the result of which had, in both cases, so nearly proved fatal to me, had not yet appeased the thirst for vengeance that devoured me; and as soon as I had recovered health and strength, I hastened to Rome, where I learned that my enemy was passing the summer. He laughed in my face when I challenged him to a third combat; but an hour after he laughed no longer."

"You wounded him?"

"I slew him. Captain Hector Fiaramonti, remember this narrative; I shall soon remind you of it. And now, gentlemen, is the Princè Vivaldi present among you?"

"He is before you," replied an old man, whose white beard, whose sad and serious features, were well adapted to inspire respect.

"Prince, will you consent to grant me a moment's interview?"

"The manner in which you have introduced yourself here, Signor, might well justify me in refusing your request; still I deem you already too severely punished, by the lesson which the Captain Hector has given you; therefore I will not treat you rigorously. I will listen to you, but in the presence of these knights and dames, who are my friends, and when you have told me your name."

"My name is Fiorentino."

"And you are a soldier, doubtless, if I may judge by your exterior?"

"No; I follow another calling."

"And what have you to communicate to me, that is of such importance? What has brought you hither?"

"I have come to heal your daughter, if you will confide her to my care."

"You!" cried the Prince, casting a glance of astonishment upon the young man, whose exterior promised none of those qualifications that in all ages are required of a physician.

He whispered a few words in the ear of another old man, of an austere and imposing visage. The latter replied by an incredulous smile, and cast upon Fiorentino a glance of the most profound contempt.

"I thank you," replied the Prince at last; "but here is Messire Pezzolini, whose reputation is widely spread throughout Italy, and it is to him that I have intrusted my daughter's recovery."

With these words he pointed to the old man with whom he had just spoken.

"And during the year that Messire Pezzolini has been engaged in this task, what has been his progress? Scarcely such as to promise great hopes of his success. Since the first day of his attendance he has not advanced a step towards the desired result. Well, if you are willing to trust to my skill, I engage to heal her in three days."

"This young man is mad!" said Messire Pezzolini, disdainfully.

"Decidedly mad!" re-echoed Captain Fiaramonti, turning his back upon the stranger.

The Prince cast a glance of compassion upon Fiorentino, and departed, followed by all present.

But the young man hastened after him, and barring his passage, said:

"Prince, pardon me for still insisting; but I feel a profound conviction that I shall be successful in the cure that I wish to undertake. I cannot offer my life as a guarantee, since I am to venture it against Captain Fiaramonti, but I offer you my good steed, Uzelino, which I value more than life."

The Prince Vivaldi cast an irresolute glance upon those who stood around him; so tenacious a resolution moved him in his own despite.

"Remember," resumed Fiorentino, "that during the year that she has been a maniac, your daughter's condition has remained unaltered, and that the more inveterate her malady, the more difficult will be the cure. Let her madness endure yet for a year, and without wishing to question the skill of Messire Pezzolini, I declare that it will be incurable."

"And you aspire to do that which is beyond the science of Signor Pezzolini?"

"I do; and I demand three days to give the proof."

"What say you to this self-confidence, Signor?" said the Prince, turning to the old man.

"I say, Prince, that it will be the first time that I have ever seen a madman cure madness. If you are inclined to make the trial, however, I confess I am not less curious than you to see the result."

"So, then, it is agreed," said Fiorentino; "your daughter's health is, from this moment, intrusted to my care; and for three days I assume the responsibility of her cure."

"Well, be it so! I consent."

"And if within three days I do not fulfil my engagement, my poor Uzelino is yours. A word more. Every means which it shall please me to employ, in order to reach my aim, shall be left at my disposal, provided Signor Pezzolini acknowledges them to be without danger?"

"Certainly."

"In addition, I will act always beneath your eyes, and those of the persons here present. And now that you have accepted my proposal, Prince Vivaldi, I wish to be informed on many points. It would be well that I should learn the cause of this madness, and the means that have been employed to heal it."

"Let us sit upon this greensward, my young Signor, and I will relate all to you."

All the assemblage, both men and women,

seated themselves upon the grass. Fiorentino took a place in their midst, enduring with imperturbable calmness the scoffing glances which were cast upon him from all sides.

"Signor, I listen!" he said to the Prince.

The Prince began. "When I lost my wife, the Princess," he said, stifling a sigh, "I sent this poor child to my sister, who dwelt near the little village of W——, wishing to remove Vanina for a while from the spot where her mother had just breathed her last. I left her there for six months, at the expiration of which time I wrote to my sister to send her back to me, as I had resolved to conclude her marriage with Captain Fiaramonti; a marriage which had been agreed upon before her departure. The domestic whom I dispatched with this letter returned in a few days with an answer from my sister, in which she prayed me to leave Vanina with her for some time, as she was ill, and found in the society of her niece a great relief to the sufferings that she endured. I could not refuse without harshness. I left my daughter with her, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the Captain, who was vexed at this new delay, and I waited patiently for my sister's recovery, that she might send her back to me.

"Still, as after an interval of two months she did not return, I resolved to go for her, and I set out with the Captain, who persisted in accompanying me, in order that he might, a few days earlier, see her who was soon to be his wife. But we were both far from anticipating the misfortune that awaited us at the end of our journey. We reached my sister's mansion, after a ride of two days. She was dead! I advanced to embrace my daughter. She uttered a piercing shriek when she beheld us, and fell senseless to the floor. When we raised her, she was a maniac! Was this sad event to be attributed to grief at her aunt's death, or to our sudden appearance? Alas, I cannot say. I questioned all those among whom she had lived, as to her pleasures, her habits, the persons whom she visited, collecting the slightest particulars, in the hope of discovering some fact that could enlighten me. I learned nothing, except that during her aunt's malady, she often went to pass part of her days in a neighboring castle, in which dwelt a young maiden, an intimate friend, of about her own age. I repaired to this castle; its occupants had left it several days before.

"Overwhelmed with grief, we returned hither with my poor child, and I at once dispatched a messenger to Messire Pezzolini, begging him to come upon the instant, and to employ for my daughter's cure all the means that lay in his power, let the cost be what it might. Messire Pezzolini informed me that it was necessary that Vanina should have, incessantly, charming scenes before her eyes, and gay society continually around her; that she should often receive novel and always agreeable impressions. It was of great importance, above all, he said, that she should enjoy the utmost liberty, and that no one should appear to regard her movements, however singular and senseless they might be. All these instructions have been scrupulously followed. I have so arranged every thing within and about this mansion that the eyes of my poor Vanina can always repose upon a beautiful and varied landscape. I have gathered around her a circle of devoted friends, who aid my efforts with all their power; and, in fine, no one appears to hear her incoherent words, or see her unmeaning glances. This is all that we have thus far tried, and, until now, these means have remained without result. She has not yet displayed a ray of reason."

"Well, Signor Fiorentino," said Messire Pezzolini, in a tone of irony, "do you approve of these measures?"

"I approve of them much; but this will not prevent me from pursuing a course directly opposite. I have conceived a plan that I have formed from my observations upon nature and the human mind."

"We are about to see something rare, I think."

"You will see a cure effected, which you have looked upon as hopeless. I do not think that there is any thing rare in that."

"That which I see most clearly in this arrangement," said Captain Fiaramonti, "is that the Signor Fiorentino gains thereby two days of existence, upon which he had no right to count; and this proves that he is a skilful man, to say the least."

"You have no farther particulars to tell me concerning your daughter?" said Fiorentino to the Prince, without replying to this insolent speech.

"You remind me of one thing that I had forgotten; one thing rather singular indeed. Among the friends who have been willing to seclude themselves with me in this mansion is a young sculptor, the Signor Gabuzzi, who is now seated at your side. As he could not renounce his art, he has arranged for himself a studio in my castle; my daughter often repairs thither, and seems to take the greatest pleasure in examining, one by one, the productions of his chisel. Chief of all, there is a vase of bronze there, for which she has shown such decided partiality, that my young friend has consented to have it placed in her chamber, and she often passes long hours in admiring it, conversing with it, and sometimes kissing it, or bathing it with her tears."

"And is there any person here for whom she seems to display a marked attachment?"

"Yes; she manifests an evident predilection for Captain Fiaramonti."

"Very well; all this suits admirably with my plan. I need but one thing, and your daughter's recovery is certain. It is necessary that one of these charming Signoras should consent to consider me, for an hour only, as a favored lover. Beautiful Signorina," said Fiorentino, turning to a pretty maiden, who was seated a few paces from him, "will you refuse to assist me in this little comedy?"

"On the contrary, I will do so very willingly, Signor."

"The sacrifice that I have to demand of Signor Gabuzzi and the Captain Fiaramonti is somewhat more difficult, but I do not doubt that both will be sufficiently generous to accord it to me."

"What can I do to serve you?" said the artist.

"I need your vase of bronze."

"And I?" said the Captain.

"I need your life. When I shall have broken both, the Princess will no longer be a maniac, and in three days, Captain Hector Fiaramonti, she will have recovered her reason."

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST TRIAL.

On the following morning, at break of day, all the guests of the villa Juliana, except Fiorentino, were assembled around the fountain. They were discoursing of this strange personage, and the conversation was very animated, for in the bold engagement which he had taken upon himself, and the first trial of which he was now about to make, he found as many partisans as opponents. The women, especially, always fond of the marvellous, warmly defended him against the attacks of Captain Fiaramonti, who represented him as a contemptible adventurer.

"If he were a man of courage," said the Captain, "would he have coldly borne, as he did yesterday, the most deadly insult that a man can suffer?"

"But did you not remark, Captain," observed the sculptor Gabuzzi, "the rage that sparkled in the glance that he cast at you on rising, and the rapidity with which he placed his hand upon his poignard to avenge the affront?"

"Most certainly," replied the Captain. "I remarked all that very plainly; but I saw also, and you saw it as well as I, that this great rage disappeared as soon as he saw with whom he had to deal."

"It may be so, but I cannot believe that this man is a coward. There is that about him which too completely contradicts this opinion."

"You think, then, that he will not try to escape, in order to avoid the combat?"

"I believe so, firmly."

"And have you the same confidence in his science as in his courage?"

"No; and still I do not deny that he possesses it. I cannot resolve to pass judgment upon this matter before the issue of the first trial, which we are about to witness."

"If he ventures to attempt it, indeed; for I do not see him approach."

"Here he is, Captain."

Fiorentino, in truth, now joined those who expected him so impatiently, and with sentiments so diverse. His air was firm and decided, but grave and thoughtful.

"Prince, and you, Signorina," he said, addressing Vivaldi and the young maiden who was to aid him in his attempt, "the Princess Vanina is at this moment in this meadow, on the borders of the large sheet of water. Be so good as to accompany me."

The three went, and the rest followed them at some distance, as far as the middle of the meadow.

When there, Fiorentino begged them to pause, the Prince Vivaldi with the rest, and advancing alone with the young Signorina, they took their seats upon the grass, at a few steps' distance from the poor maniac, who was gazing at the water that murmured at her feet.

"Your name, beautiful Signorina?" said Fiorentino to the young maiden, "or that which it pleases you to adopt?"

"My name is Giulia."

"Well then, my charming Giulia, be so kind as to imagine for a moment that you have given me all your soul, and, without anger, suffer me to take those slight favors that are granted to a happy lover."

"Well, Signor," said Giulia, smiling, "I will not refuse you."

"And bear well in mind, divine Signorina, that it is very important for the success of our enterprise that you should do all that I demand of you with the most rigorous punctuality."

"Command! I will obey."

"In the first place, it is necessary that I should sit somewhat lower than you do—so! that is very well; then my head must rest partly upon your lap, and my lips must touch your hand as I speak to you."

"This is all, I suppose?"

"This is all, as regards the pantomime, O divine Giulia! But I must address words of love to you, and it is necessary for you to answer."

"That appears to me a little singular."

"It is nothing but a jest; and then have you not promised to obey me with the docility of a child?"

"Well, then, be it so! Murmur in my ear your words of love, and I will do my best to suit you in my answers."

"I commence then, for here comes the Princess."

The poor girl, in truth, had just perceived the young pair, in the attitude indicated by Fiorentino, and she seemed to feel a sudden agitation at the sight; then she advanced slowly towards them, her lips smiling, her brow radiant. As soon as he saw her approach, Fiorentino half leaned his head upon the lap of the beautiful Giulia, and spoke to her in the language agreed upon between them.

At this decisive moment no one thought longer of jesting; the most vivid anxiety seized upon every mind, and the Prince Vivaldi, his heart palpitating, his eyes fixed upon his child, almost swooned beneath the violence of his emotions.

Vanina approached close to Fiorentino, and bent her head aside, the more distinctly to hear the words that he addressed to Giulia.

"Do you see, beloved Giulia," said the young man, "do you see these waters so calm, these islands so verdant, that horizon of a blue so delicate and soft? Do you see below yonder those tall poplars almost hidden in the mists of the stream? Do you see yonder bark, that glides so slowly by that bank, which is almost concealed by flowers? Well, then, my Giulia, if you will come with me to France, with me, who love you more than I love myself, more than I love my brothers and my sisters, such are the lovely views that we shall have incessantly beneath our eyes, and we shall enjoy them together, for there we shall be united."

"Ah, but why, my Fiorentino," replied Giulia, resigning her hand to the young man's lips, "why should we go so far to seek the pleasures that we can find here in this fair Italy, where we were both born?"

"But do you not know, Giulia, that if we remain here we shall never be united? Do you not know that another spouse is already chosen for you? Can you live happy far from Fiorentino? Do you wish that, seeing you in the power of my rival, I should die with grief at your feet? Oh, my Giulia, your heart is pure and calm as the waves of this quiet lake, but mine is agitated and stormy as the sea in its fury. Do not arouse the tempest which now scarcely sleeps in my bosom."

"Is it true, then, that you love me, Fiorentino?"

"Love you?"

He was interrupted by Vanina, who, placing her hand upon Giulia's shoulder, said, with a glance that was veiled with tears:

"Good morrow, Vanina!"

Giulia started.

"This is the first time that she has uttered her name," she said, whispering in Fiorentino's ear.

"I will not carry the trial farther at present," he said, in a low voice; "it is enough for one day."

"You have returned to me then, Vanina?" said the maniac. "I thought that you were dead, it is so long since I have seen you."

"You remember me, then?" said Giulia.

"Ah, yes, I well remember having seen you long since in a lovely meadow with your betrothed."

"My betrothed?"

"Yes, your betrothed, the Signor ——"

She passed her hand across her brow, as if to recall her remembrances.

"The Signor Fiorentino?" said Giulia.

"No, no, it was the Captain—the Captain Hector Fiaramonti; you were married, and you were very unhappy—yes, very unhappy!" she murmured in a dreamy tone.

And she sank into a profound revery.

"Let us leave her," said Fiorentino, addressing Giulia.

They rose and walked away, but the young girl did not perceive their departure. She remained seated in the same spot, motionless, with her eyes fixed upon the ground.

"Well!" said the Prince to Fiorentino.

"Inquire of Signorina Giulia," replied the young man; "she will inform you that I have made more progress in one hour than the Signor Pezzolini has made in a year."

"I know not what to think of it," said the beautiful Giulia, "but your daughter has pronounced her name, and although her words were incoherent, as usual, yet her mind has succeeded in seizing some remembrance of the past."

This slight success transported the unhappy father with joy, who, from this moment, looked upon his daughter as restored to him.

"Do not yield to joy so prematurely," said the Signor Pezzolini; "hope too early cherished adds cruel stings to disappointment."

"But have you not yourself told me," replied the Prince, "that on the day when my daughter should pronounce her name, and recall past remembrances, her cure would be almost certain?"

"Yes, Prince, but in the case that I alone guided the progress of her cure, because then I should have been convinced that this result was due to my cares, and not to chance. But let us wait, and witness Signor Fiorentino's second trial, which he has promised on the morrow, I believe."

"Yes, Signor, on the morrow; and I can answer for it in advance, that to-morrow, as to-day, chance will ever be favorable to me."

"Ever?" said Captain Fiaramonti, casting a glance of irony upon Fiorentino.

"I hope so," replied the latter, measuring him with a calm, cold gaze.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

UNWRITTEN MUSIC.

We hear its low and dreamy tone,
  Like some sweet angel-spell,
Among the wood-haunts, wild and lone,
  Where the young violets dwell;
Where the deep sunset-flush hath thrown
  Its glory on the sea,
We linger for its ceaseless moan,
  That wordless minstrelsy!

The primal world its echoes woke
  When first the ardent Sun,
In all his fresh'ning day-spring, broke,
  His regal race to run:
It floated through those lonely skies,
  Each immemorial hill,
Where now such countless cities rise,
  The might of human will!

The cavern'd depths of the wild sea,
  That gather in their lair
Such shrieks of mortal agony,
  Such pleadings of despair!
Upon their turgid billows wreathed,
  Such lulling strains have sped,
As if their charnel-waters breathed
  No requiem for the dead!

Oh! earth hath not a lonely plain
  Unblest by mystic song;
The diapason of the main,
  Its anthem to prolong!

The seaman, in his home-fraught dream,
  Upon the moonlit waves,
Hears, in its undulating stream,
  The music of sea-caves!

Through Hippocrene's violet fount
  The haunting Spirit rung;
To every old Thessalian mount
  Its storied legends clung!
It filled the wild Bœotian hills,
  With fabled visions blent,
And murmured through the Pythian rills—
  A melody unspent!

An incense-breath upon the wind,
  For morning's glorious dower;
A fairy-spell, the heart to bind
  At noontide's languid hour:
A voice the forest-child hath sought
  By every glade and stream,
But most, at twilight's hour of thought,
  Half-shadow and half-dream!

A song upon the summer-prime,
  Of gladness and of praise;
A voice that bids the vintage-time
  Its choral tribute raise:
A tone ubiquitous and free,
  A deathless music given;
A strain of immortality,
  An attribute of Heaven!

C.

Brooklyn, July 8th, 1851.

DAVID A. BOKEE.

One of the most glorious results of a free Government is the kindly influence it exerts in the development of Intellect. Under its institutions the want of rank, fortune, or early scholastic training, opposes no insurmountable obstacles to advancement. The ardent soul and the energetic mind may gaze upward, and move onward in the pathway of hope and honorable ambition, unfettered by prejudices, and unimpeded by social distinctions. Man, with virtuous purposes, may avail himself of all his faculties to become great, honored, and useful, with every thing to excite his action, and no conventional barriers to check him in his noble career! The blessings of living under such a Government cannot be too deeply impressed upon those who enjoy them; more particularly the rising generation, into whose hands its guardianship must fall, and whose sacred duty it will become to transmit the institutions of their country unimpaired to their successors—an inviolalable legacy.

We know of no means better calculated to enhance the respect and affection of a citizen for his Government than by pointing out the incentives to virtuous ambition which its institutions offer, especially as illustrated in the career of those who have attained an honorable distinction, under disadvantages which in a less favored country would be deemed insurmountable. It is the biography of SELF-MADE MEN which affords the most useful lessons to the youth of a country like ours. They are thus taught the rewards of perseverance and merit, and the vanity of mere social position and adventitious aids in the struggle for honor and distinction. It is, therefore, with undisguised pleasure that we present to our readers the subject of this brief memoir, as emphatically a SELF-MADE MAN, and one who is destined, we hope, to a long career of public usefulness.

DAVID A. BOKEE was born in the city of New-York, in October, 1805. He is descended from the old Knickerbockers, a race too well known for their deep energy of character, their strong minds, their honesty and patriotism, to need any eulogium here His paternal ancestors, ABRAHAM BOCKEE. and WOLFERT WEBBER, were among the earliest settlers in New-York, and were among the nine grantees of a large tract of land in Dutchess and the adjoining counties, called the "Nine Partners' Grant." WOLFERT WEBBER was an alderman of the outer ward of New-York as early as 1668, and was considered one of the most substantial and useful citizens of his time.

The subject of this sketch had the misfortune to lose his father before he was *five* years old, and the care of him devolving upon relatives, he obtained only the advantages of a common school education. While at school he was distinguished for his aptness, especially in mathematics, in which science his attainments soon reached the extent of his teacher's capacity to instruct him. At the early age of twelve years he left school to battle with the world alone, without the aid of friends or fortune. Entirely through his own exertions he obtained a situation in a counting-house, and, sustained by the indomitable perseverence of his character, and a proud spirit of independence, he was soon enabled, by his industry, integrity, and intelligence, to win the confidence and esteem of his employers. Since the time of entering their service, a period of about thirty-three years, Mr. Bokee has been connected with the mercantile interests of New-York, and has been universally known and respected among that honorable and important class of citizens who are engaged in commercial pursuits.

At eighteen years old Mr. Bokee's mercantile acquirements were of a nature to fit him for a better position than it was in the power of his employers to afford him; and an opportuuity offering to establish himself in business, he removed to Georgetown, South Carolina, where his mercantile knowledge, his integrity of character, and habits of industry, won him popularity and esteem, so that he was early elected, and frequently served, as an alderman of the town. During his residence in Georgetown, Mr. Bokee enjoyed the first opportunity of distinguishing himself for patriotic attachment to the Union. The sheriff of the county being in ill-health, it devolved upon Mr. Bokee as deputy to fill his place, during the hottest of the nullification strife in South Carolina; and his prompt, fearless, and considerate discharge of his duties made such an impression upon the friends of the Union, that *he was nominated as their candidate for the office of sheriff at the ensuing election*, and, notwithstanding the excitement which existed, and the prejudices arrayed against him as a Northern man, he was only beaten by some *fifty* votes!

Mr. Bokee was married in Georgetown, S. C., and has six children. In the year 1834 he returned to this State, and took up his residence in the city of Brooklyn. He immediately formed a connection with one of the largest and most respectable mercantile houses in Pearl street, New-York, with which he remained until he was induced to take a situation as an Under-writer in Wall street, in which position he has formed an extensive and favorable acquaintance among the leading merchants of the city.

In 1839 Mr. Bokee was elected an Alderman of the City of Brooklyn, and remained in the Board until he became senior member and President thereof. He also served, for successive terms, with much credit to himself, and efficiency for the party, as Chairman of the Young Men's Whig Committee, and of the Whig General Committee of Brooklyn. On the adoption of the new Constitution, when Kings county became a senatorial district, he was nominated by the Whig party as their candidate, and elected to the State Senate by *fourteen hundred* majority, notwithstanding that the Whigs of his county had been defeated but a few months before in the Judicial elections.

As a Senator, Mr. Bokee was distinguished for his industry, perseverance, and business talents, and for his fearless and manly advocacy of whatever he thought to be right. For these qualities he was selected as chairman of several important special committees, and particularly of the Committee of Investigation on the affairs of the Canal Bank, in which capacity he made an able report, exposing so completely the monstrous frauds of that institution as to excite public indignation against it to the highest degree, while he won enviable applause for his honesty and independence.

Ere he had closed his senatorial career, his well-deserved popularity, and the high order of talents he had evinced, pointed out Mr. Bokee to the Whigs of his district as their most eligible candidate for Congress. He accordingly received the nomination, and was elected triumphantly, over two opponents, by a majority of between *two* and *three thousand* votes! The first session of his attendance in the National Legislature was one of the stormiest through which our country has ever passed, and will be remembered as long as the history of the Republic shall exist. The long-smouldering embers of dissension on the question of African slavery burst into a flame which threatened the dissolution of the Union and the destruction of our glorious Institutions. The wisest statesmen, and the purest patriots of the age, aroused by a sense of the imminent danger to American liberty, threw their mightiest energies into the conflict, and, forgetful of previous differences, of personal ambition and of party strife, labored nobly together, with hearts united as one by the holiest sentiments of patriotic devotion, to rescue their beloved country from the impending peril! Side by side with these, with all his energies bent to useful ends, and disdaining, in the frankness and fearlessness of his nature, the slightest concealment of his opinions, was DAVID A. BOKEE, always a patriot, and friend of the Union!

In the protracted debates of the session Mr. Bokee took no prominent part: a natural diffidence of his abilities as a public speaker, for which his previous career was not such as to have qualified him, and an appreciable modesty, deterred him from attempts at rhetorical display in an arena where the first orators of the age were pitted together; but his talents, his judgment, his industry, and his business habits soon gained him the respect and appreciation of his fellow members; and his services in the passage of the Compromise measures through the House of Representatives were as essential as those of any member thereof. It was in great part through his exertions that the New-York delegation cast so large a number of votes for those measures, and had the emergency demanded it, through his perseverance and tact two more notes were ready to have been given in their favor.

Mr. Bokee's energy of character, business qualifications, and untiring industry were sensibly and favorably felt, during his labors as a Representative, especially where the interests of his immediate constituents or his own State were concerned; and his frank manners, generous disposition, and gentlemanly deportment made him a universal favorite with his compeers and associates. During the last session of Congress Mr. Bokee on more than one occasion gave evidence of a readiness and power in debate entirely unlooked for even by his warmest friends and admirers, who were aware of the absence of all pretension on his part as a public speaker, and which afford promise of extended usefulness in his rising career as a statesman. In connection with this subject it will not be inappropriate for us to refer to an oration delivered on the Fourth of July last by Mr. Bokee in Brooklyn, which ranks in our estimation among the most eloquent and patriotic ever delivered on that glorious occasion, and a few extracts from which our readers will readily excuse.

The exordium of Mr. Bokee is classic, and in good taste:—

"There are times and seasons when it is proper for men, in travelling the journey of life, to pause and take a retrospect of the past, that they may see what progress they have made, and whether they have deviated from the right course ; and that they may also look forward and take as extensive a survey of their future route, as their own vision and the surrounding objects will permit. No wise man, indeed, will allow himself to neglect these proper occasions of self-examination in regard to the past, and serious contemplation of the future.

"The same may be said of nations. With them there are recurrences of important epochs, when the people are emphatically called upon to pause and reflect; to contemplate the past and survey the future. Can there be a more fitting occasion for such a pause and for such examination than upon the arrival of another national birthday ? This is an annual resting-place, and it will be well for us to seize the opportunity it offers to deepen the impression and refresh our recollections of the events with which it is in every mind associated Circumstances of a momentous character that have lately transpired, and are now agitating the public mind, give additional interest to these events, and add greatly to the duty of the American people rightly to appreciate the blessings which flow from them, and which have made us a great and happy nation."

The orator then gives a brief but comprehensive view of the first settlement of the American colonies; refers to the diversity of feelings and sentiments among the colonists, and paints forcibly the powerful causes which brought them, through compromise and mutual concession, into one harmonious and united *nation*.

"The colonies which were planted in North America, and which at the commencement of that noble struggle which resulted so gloriously to them, were commenced at different periods, by different persons, and for different purposes. They were distant from each other, separated by an unexplored wilderness filled with wild beasts, and wild men, much more to be dreaded than the most savage and dangerous animals, and had little communication or sympathy for each other. They were neither all of one race or language, nor was there a community of interest or religion to bind them together as one people. So far from this, there existed among some of them strong feelings of hostility, growing out of those embittered religious contests that had disturbed the peace of England before they had left their parent land, for these then western wilds. The Cavalier of Virginia, Maryland and South Carolina, saw in the New-Englander the same sturdy, bigoted Puritan, who had kindled his ire, and against whom he had drawn his sword in the conflicts between Puritanism and Prelacy, or Protestantism and Papistry in Old England. And the Puritan beheld his old enemies settled upon the same continent, but at such a distance, and beyond such intervening obstacles, that there was little prospect of their ever being brought into proximity or association with each other.

"Between these, and the staid, cool, and imperturbable settlers of New-Amsterdam, there was little affinity or intercourse, and sometimes even hostilities. Such were the disjointed members of that confederacy which was afterwards formed, and which eventually became a well-cemented Union.

"And what, let me ask you, fellow-citizens, were those causes—powerful, indeed, they must have been—which overcame the repulsive force of these scattered members, and united them in a firm, fraternal, national band ? What were the causes which brought the Cavalier, the Roundhead, and the sturdy Dutchman to forget former antipathies, to embrace as brothers, and to pledge their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to stand by each other in the deadly conflict they had embarked in ?

"It was the love of Liberty ; it was a firm resolve never to be deprived of the rights of freemen."

Of the difficulties which the early revolutionists encountered, especially those who were in favor of declaring the colonies independent, he speaks eloquently and feelingly, and accords to John Adams, from whose autobiography he quotes some extracts not generally known, all the credit which is so eminently due him, as one of the fathers of the Revolution. Mr. Adams was for independence, and the following fine pass[illegible] from Mr. Bokee's oration throws light upon that period of his career, and tends still more to consecrate his memory in the hearts of his countrymen:—

> "But there were those who were faithful to the cause, that were unprepared for the great step which was taken in the Revolution, declaring the Colonies independent, and were even shocked at the suggestion of such a procedure! Will you believe it, fellow-citizens, that when this idea first got out through a private letter which had been intercepted, and published by order of General Gage, the author was shunned, even by members of the Congress of '76, as a dangerous person! Mr. Adams was the writer of that letter, and after its publication, he says, 'I was avoided like a man having the leprosy. I walked the streets of Philadelphia in solitude, borne down by the weight of care and unpopularity.' And this account is confirmed by Dr. Rush, who says, 'I saw this gentleman (Mr. Adams) walk the streets of Philadelphia alone, after the publication of his intercepted letter in our newspapers, in 1775, an object of nearly universal scorn and detestation!' Such, fellow-citizens, was the odium which in Philadelphia fell upon those who dared even to hint at independence, as late as the fall of 1775, some months after the battle of Bunker's Hill, and after General Washington had taken command of the American army! Am I not then borne out, in saying that the labor of those great men who prepared the public mind for separation from the mother country—who led the way to independence, and who toiled in Congress to sustain the army and the conflict in the long years of a doubtful struggle, and of gloomy prospects—was no holiday labor, no drawing-room amusement? Nothing less than the most sacred conviction of the justness of their cause, the inborn love of liberty which belongs to freemen, and a firm reliance on the goodness and justice of that Providence who had ever watched over the destinies of North America, could have sustained and encouraged them in those times that literally and emphatically 'tried men's souls.'
>
> "But they were borne up through all trials, hardships, and difficulties, and had the satisfaction of seeing their country take her place among the nations of the earth, as their acknowledged equal. And here a reflection is forced upon us. John Adams was the first Minister who represented the United States at the Court of St. James, after the peace of '83, and the acknowledgment by Great Britain of our independence; and what a contrast must there have been in his feelings when he stood before George the Third, the proud representative of a nation of freemen, and when he walked the streets of Philadelphia, 'an object of nearly universal scorn and detestation,' because he had in a private letter dared to hint at independence! Amply was he then repaid for all the odium that had been attempted to be cast upon him for being six months in advance of some other members of Congress, and well might he afford to forget their scorn and contumely."

The want of space prevents us from quoting as fully as we could wish from this admirable address. Briefly, but clearly, and in eloquent and energetic terms, Mr. Bokee describes the difficulties which surrounded the framers of the Constitution:—

> "The Constitution was brought into existence by compromise. Had each member of the Convention, and each section of the country adhered pertinaciously and unyieldingly to its own views and wishes, the delegates must have separated without accomplishing the glorious work which stands as an everlasting monument of their forbearance, conciliatory spirit and wisdom. What the condition of this country would now have been had they thus separated, and what the contrast between what it would have been and what it now is, I must leave to the imagination of those who may reflect upon the subject. May our own and all future generations prove themselves not less wise, patriotic and conciliatory than those who left us the inestimable legacy of the Constitution and the Union."

The following passage is exceedingly fine, and will be read with feelings of admiration and pleasure by every friend of the Union:

> "Could the genius of America then have taken our fathers up into an exceeding high mountain, and showed them the United States as the country then was, almost entirely covered with boundless forests through which the wild beasts and the red man roamed undisturbed; and then, by shifting the scene, exhibited the United States as they now are, stretching from ocean to ocean, and from the St. John's to the Rio del Norte, covered with splendid cities and flourishing towns; our lakes, rivers and canals teeming with commerce; our railroads running in every direction, through valleys, over rivers, ascending mountains, creeping along frightful precipices, and leaping fearful chasms; our boundless fields of wheat, corn, cotton and other productions of the earth; the three or four millions of people multiplied into twenty-four, among whom intelligence is communicated from one extremity to the other, not only with the speed of lightning, but by lightning itself; what would have been their wonder and amazement! Surely they would have thought that what they saw was not reality, but a vision, a dream, a hallucination, conjured up by spirits of the air, by some Prospero and his tricksy Ariel. But we, fellow-citizens, find the vision sober reality. Never, in any part of the globe, since the earth was given to man for his habitation, have there been such astonishing changes, improvements, and increase in the physical comforts of man, as have been witnessed in this country within the sixty-two years that have passed away since the ratification, by the people, of the Constitution of the United States. I wish I could say that there had been a corresponding increase in the patriotic attachment of the people to the simplicity of republican institutions, and an equal improvement in the moral and religious character of the country; but I fear, that if we greatly excel our fathers in physical

comforts, we fall behind them in some of those moral qualities which are essential to form a truly and permanently great nation.

"And now, let me ask, my friends, if we are prepared to tear to pieces that Constitution which was formed with so much labor and with such a patriotic surrender of prejudices and sectional feelings, under whose protection the American people have run so splendid a career of national prosperity? Are we prepared to rend that UNION asunder, and scatter its fragments to the winds of heaven, which our fathers made such efforts to establish? Are we prepared to condemn that noble work which they looked upon with so much pride and exultation, and pronounced *good?* Are we ready to destroy that which has caused the forests of the West to disappear like the mist before the morning sun, and the tide of population to flow on, like the irresistible sweep of the ocean, driving before it the wilderness, the buffalo and the red man, and carrying with it industry, agriculture and the arts, intelligence, education and religion?—that which has whitened every ocean and sea and river with our commerce, and brought the products of the whole world to our doors?—that which has made us a great, a prosperous, a brave and powerful people? Look around you: what do you now see, standing where you are, or upon the beautiful heights of our own city? Every ship and steamer of the thousands in view,—every warehouse and dock of our own and the adjoining city,—every spire of the hundreds that point like so many fingers up to heaven,—all, indeed, that goes to make up 'the great emporium of commerce,' is a monument to the wisdom of those who formed the CONSTITUTION and established the UNION, and a cogent argument in favor of their faithful maintenance. Palsied be the hand that would touch the first stone of that noble edifice to remove it from its place, and nerveless the arm that is outstretched to do it harm! Let him who would destroy our reverence and attachment for the UNION, and persuade us to do aught that should weaken its foundations, be *anathema maranatha;* let him walk an object of scorn and detestation in our midst, and be shunned by every good citizen as one infected with moral leprosy,—a loathed lump of living corruption, whose touch is pollution, and whose breath is pestilence!"

And in conclusion of our extracts, we commend the succeeding to the earnest attention of our countrymen:—

"And now, what is the remedy for the evils which threaten the integrity of the Union, and what are our duties as good citizens and Americans? The remedy is in faithfully adhering to and carrying out every requirement of the Constitution, and the execution of all and every law enacted by Congress, and especially those Compromise laws, one and all, entitled 'the adjustment measures,'—for if these are not faithfully observed and executed, no one having seen what it has been my lot to see within the last two years, and who is not utterly incapable of judging of coming events by the shadows they cast before, can for a moment doubt that the secession of the entire South, and the formation of a Southern Confederacy, would be the consequence. Our duties, then, are plain and palpable; listen to them from the lips of WASHINGTON himself, who speaks to us as a father in his ever memorable Farewell Address: 'It is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as the palladium of your political safety and prosperity—watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety—discountenancing whatever may suggest a suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.' These are the words of wisdom; they are words uttered from the tomb; let us take heed that we obey their solemn injunctions. And, my friends, while we 'cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to the Union,' we must also cherish and cultivate a cordial respect, and kindly fraternal feeling for our brother Americans, to whatever section of the Union they may belong. We must indulge in no jealousies, no prejudices, no heart-burnings towards any one, and especially of a sectional character. 'The name of *American* which belongs to you in your national capacity,' says the same warning voice of WASHINGTON, 'must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations.' Without this respect and kindly feeling mutually maintained and cherished by Americans, there may be a union of the States, but there cannot be a cordial sympathy and brotherly union among the people; and they will be like man and wife, when all love is fled, bound together by the bonds—no longer silken bonds—of matrimony, but becoming more and more averse to each other, and more and more restive under the restraints which those bonds impose."

In looking around for a suitable person to fill the important office of Naval Officer of the port of New-York, vacant by the death of the late and lamented Philip Hone, Esq., Mr. Fillmore fixed upon DAVID A. BOKEE, a selection creditable to the discrimination and judgment of the President, and an honor well deserved by the recipient thereof, and an appointment which cannot fail to give general satisfaction.

Mr. Bokee is under the middle stature, a man of nervous, sanguine temperament, quick perceptions, clear, sound judgment, fine reasoning faculties, untiring industry, and indomitable perseverance; his disposition is open, frank, and generous. In the prime of life, with many warmly-attached friends, and a rising reputation, it is not hazarding too much to say that his career as a public man is destined to be both useful and brilliant.

THE APPROACHING PRESIDENTIAL CANVASS.

There is at present an unusual calm in the political atmosphere of the country, but during the coming fall the elements will be again in agitation. It will be well, whilst the passions are asleep, to take a survey of the field of conflict from a distance, and endeavor to settle the principles which should govern our actions when the day of battle arrives.

It is obvious to the most casual observer that there are many who are determined to fight the battle of the coming Presidential campaign upon the ground of sectional differences, the North against the South. Relying upon that unconquerable faith in the abstract principles of universal freedom which undoubtedly underlie our system of government, pervading as its very political atmosphere the entire mind of the North, there are those who are calculating upon the excitement always attendant upon political strife, to destroy the influence of that reason and those considerations of honor and expediency which must in all things so generally modify our actions, even when they spring from the purest dictates of our highest conscience. Whilst in the South, those who would make a local institution a political power, will endeavor to keep alive the animosity of sections to accomplish their ends, either of real separation, if there can be any so mad, or personal notoriety.

We are then to expect that some candidates will be pertinaciously insisted upon by no insignificant factions, North and South, who must be considered the express representatives of those ideas which are essentially sectional in their character. Now, however desirable to either section the enthronement in the presidency of their own exclusive ideas may be, it must be obvious to all reflecting minds that the nature of the Constitution by which these States are confederated is utterly inconsistent with such an idea. If a difference arise between these States purely and entirely sectional in its character, such difference must in all cases be adjusted by compromises and concessions within all reasonable limits; must be settled by discussion and arrangement, and not by arbitrary force. Whatever imperfection in our system this may discover to some minds, there are no arguments that can show that it is not essentially the nature of the case.

The Constitution adopted by these States, and under which they were to be united as one nation, was nevertheless in one sense a limited one. It was made sovereign over certain matters of government, while in certain other matters of government no sovereignty was granted. Nay, so far from any sovereignty being given, it was not even permitted, as in the power of the English government over its colonial legislation, to have any controlling influence. The States reserved a large field of legislation entirely and exclusively to themselves, and made provision for all new States thereafter to be formed to enter into the bonds of the Union and to assume the nationality of the great Republic, possessing, and for ever to possess, the same freedom to regulate their domestic concerns, in all things not affecting the interests of the whole. This peculiarity, the highest reach of political wisdom, that has now stood the test of seventy years' experiment, and which we believe to be the grand discovery of political science, which the *world must* imitate if it is ever to be blest at large with true freedom, is at stake in this controversy, and therefore we may be earnest in its defense. However wrong *to us* may appear any thing in another State than our own, we must never be tempted to encroach upon that freedom, to make or mend it, which guarantees us the very rights by which we may defend *ourselves* against its encroachments or influence. This great principle, we say, factions both North and South are about to put at stake, in the next Presidential canvass. They are about to make nominations which, on the question of the unfortunate sectional difference, will represent the one or the other side of the question. Now, that no man, who does not maintain a strictly national attitude in relation to all questions, is qualified for the office of President in the present crisis, will, we think, be evident to the thinking men of all parties and sections.

During the last Presidential canvass, viz., in the August No. of this Review for 1848, (to which we beg to refer the reader,) we stated and enforced the principle which should govern the Whig or Constitutional party in their choice of a candidate, to wit: That a candidate should never be put forward as a representative of, or pledged to, any one idea or measure, but should merely be a representative of the general principles on which the government ought to be administered, without being a special champion pledged to exert himself, or use any undue influence in carrying measures. Otherwise, you violate the very spirit of our Constitutional Republicanism, under which the President is intended to act only in a *judicial*, an executive, and an advisory capacity. The immediate representatives from the people alone in Congress assembled, have the power and the right to originate and enact those measures which are to govern. The simple statement of this view we should think sufficient to establish it. For in a nation jealous of all power in the hands of governors, it must be instantly perceived that the opposite idea is of the very essence of monarchy. The flagrant case of the violation of this principle in the nomination of Mr. Polk is, we admit, a strong temptation for the other party to follow the bad example. This gentleman was put forward by his party solely to carry their then prominent purpose of the "Annexation of Texas." The "Whole of Oregon" was included; but merely as a deception to help the main purpose, as its ultimate abandonment proves. But if this case is a temptation to partyism, it is a serious warning to patriotism; for through it came *discord* and "all our (present) woes." Now, if these principles to which we have referred are sound as applicable to any subject on which serious differences of opinion exist, how much more must they be true when those differences are sectional in their character, and not to be enforced either way without alienating one part of the nation from the other?

If, then, in any of the local nominations that have yet been made, the parties making them have fondly hoped to create a dictator of their sectional views, they must abandon them, or the persons they have named must distinctly aver that they will be the President, if elected, of the whole Union, and not the President of one section and the tyrant of the other; that they cannot do otherwise than the Constitution which they must swear to will allow; and that their private judgment is not to be the sole interpreter of what the Constitution is. General Scott or any other man must do this, or he cannot receive the nomination of the Constitutional party. But in a time like the present, no man must receive it, who has on the eve of such nomination to make his declaration of principles. It must be some one who has been well tried, and during a long career conspicuously the champion of an all-embracing nationality. There are at least two men in this position, eminent to the country, and to the world, as the representatives not only of this patriotic nationality, but of all the beneficent principles which constitute the creed of the Whig party.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

American Archæological Researches. No. I. The Serpent Symbol, and the Worship of the Reciprocal Principles of Nature in America. By E. G. SQUIER, A.M., &c. &c. New-York: G. P. Putnam.

This contribution of Mr. Squier to the archæology of the American continent will add to the well-earned fame of the author in this department of investigation. The work is an exceedingly curious and interesting one. Some of the conclusions arrived at by the author we are by no means prepared to admit, especially the one as to the diversity of the human race. The question as yet must be considered an open one. As it is our purpose to present an extended review, we will reserve further comment on the work at present, commend- it as well worth the attention of the scholar and thinker.

Travels in the United States, &c., during 1849 *and* 1850. By the Lady EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

This very pleasant book, full of life and amiability, and "the gossip of travel," will surely be among the favorite reading of the season. We may heartily commend it, too, as a set-off to the books of Trollope, Dickens, &c., on this country; as the lady has the good sense to appreciate not only its grand and beautiful features, but the characteristics of our people.

The current of English opinion will certainly begin to turn in the other direction, as the weight of evidence in our favor is certainly on the increase. The names of those already on our side should far counterbalance those on the other. We shall be glad, for their own sakes, when they get over their prejudices, and are able to appreciate the remarkable phenomena of this Republic. Any book that contributes to that end deserves well of them. The following description of Mr. Webster's residence will give a fair specimen of the style and manner of the book:—

"We have been much charmed with our visit to Green Harbor, Marshfield, the beautiful domain of Mr. Webster. It is a charming and particularly enjoyable place, almost close to the sea. The beach here is something marvellous, eight miles in breadth, and of splendid, hard, floor-like sand; and when this is covered by the rolling Atlantic, the waves almost come up to the neighboring green, grassy fields. Very high tides cover them.

"There is a very agreeable party in the house, including Mr. and Miss Everett, &c.; and in addition to the guests here, those staying at Mr. F. Webster's (Mr. Webster's son) generally assemble here in the evening. Among them was Miss S——. She was an exceedingly pleasant and agreeable young lady, full of life, spirits, information, and good humor. * * *

"This house is very prettily fitted up. It strikes me as being partly in the English and partly in the French style, exceedingly comfortable, and with a number of remarkably pretty drawing-rooms, opening into one another, which is always a judicious arrangement, I think. It makes a party agreeable and unformal, I think. There are a variety of pictures and busts, by American artists, and some of them are exceedingly good. There is a picture in the chief drawing-room of Mr. Webster's gallant son who was killed in the Mexican war. The two greatest of America's statesmen each lost a son in that war, Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster. There is also a fine picture of Mr. W. himself, which, though a masterly painting, does not do justice to the distinguished original. It was executed some years ago, but I really think it is not so handsome as the great statesman is now, with his Olympus-like brow, on which are throned such divinities of thought, and with that wonderful countenance of might and majesty. * * * The utmost good taste and refinement are perceptible in the arrangements of the house; and a most enchanting place of residence it is. All the domestics of the house are colored persons, which is very seldom indeed the case in this part of the United States. Mr. Webster tells me he considers them the best possible servants, much attached, contented, and grateful; and he added, he would 'fearlessly trust them with untold gold.' They certainly must be good ones, to judge by the exquisite neatness of every thing in the establishment. Mr. Webster's farm here consists of fifteen hundred acres; he has a hundred head of cattle."

The Heir of Wast-Wayland. By MARY HOWITT. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

This novel will be read with great interest by the numerous admirers and friends of Mary Howitt, and well will it repay an attentive perusal. It is an unexceptionable book, written with true Christian feeling. *Honour Mildmay*, the heroine, gains our love by the simple discharge of her duties; mild, affectionate, and heroic, she overcomes "the worldly strong and worldly wise, by being simply meek." *Mrs. Dutton* is a well-drawn character of the unpleasant kind. She is a crusty batch of nature, a core of envy; and we can't help rejoicing in her final disappointment in not receiving a portion of the Wast-Wayland estate. The work is enriched by the manly, frank, free, and generous William Elworthy and Christie o' Lilygarth, "on hospitable thoughts intent."

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UNITY OF THE WHIGS:

THEIR PRINCIPLES AND MEASURES.

Owing to the fact of the last Whig Convention of the State of New-York occurring so soon after the passage of the great compromise measures of the last session of Congress, that the heats engendered by the debate on those measures had not had time to cool, there occurred a division in that body touching the compromise, which led to the appointment of two Whig State Central Committees holding hostile opinions on the policy in question. Since that time it has been obvious to all reflecting politicians that the smoke of the conflict has been gradually clearing away, and the landmarks of duty and principle have become more or less distinct to the minds of all but those who are constitutionally incapable of seeing. The steady light of the Constitution—that beacon of all true American statesmen—is again being recognized as the guide through the difficulties that surrounded us. Under the influence of these facts, the Whig Committee of the State Legislature invited the two Committees above mentioned to meet in Albany, "with a view to harmonize the Whig party in this State." They accepted the invitation, and met about the first of the present month; and after a conference of three days, agreed to a call of a Convention for September next, to be held at Syracuse; and also agreed to a statement of the principles and measures of the party, on which all could reunite and harmonize.

We congratulate the country on this result. The following is the statement of principles which they have agreed, after discussion, to set forth:—

> "Believing that an expression of the views and principles of the Whigs of this State, as they are understood by us, in relation particularly to questions which now agitate the country, should be made, in order to induce an intelligent, honest, and cordial co-operation among ourselves and with the Whigs of the other States of the Union, the State Committees, appointed at the respective Conventions held in 1850 at Syracuse and at Utica, and the Committee appointed by the Whigs of the Legislature at its recent session, have agreed upon the following, as presenting what they believe to be the sentiments of the great body of the Whigs of the State of New-York:—
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> "An Economical Administration of the Government:
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> "The strict accountability of public officers, and their rigid adherence to the limitations of power prescribed by the Constitution and the laws; an honest and faithful performance of all obligations made with foreign nations, with a scrupulous regard for their rights, and a firm and steady defense of our own:
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> "The Improvement of the important Rivers and Harbors of the country, so as to render them navigable and accessible, by prudent and systematic appropriations, founded upon examinations made by competent and disinterested public officers:
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> "Such a discrimination in the Duties necessarily laid upon Imports for the support of Government,

as shall secure to the Industry of our countrymen a just remuneration, and shall stimulate Mechanical and Manufacturing Enterprise, and thus provide a home consumption for the products of Agriculture, which may control and counteract the unsteady demands of foreign markets, and as shall promote that healthy interchange among ourselves of the fruits of our own skill and labor, which is so well calculated to cement our Union, and maintain the spirit of national independence:

"That the Whigs of the State, as a body, are inflexibly opposed to the subjection of any territory of the United States, now free, to laws imposing involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, and they rejoice that no proposition to that effect is now pending, or is likely to be presented; while, at the same time, they unqualifiedly acknowledge the right of every sovereign State to regulate its own municipal institutions, in such manner as its people may deem most conducive to their safety and happiness, without interference, directly or indirectly, by citizens of other States, or subjects of other countries:

"That the Whigs of this State will abide by the Constitution of the United States, in all its parts, and that they will receive its true meaning and construction from the judicial tribunals it has created for that purpose, and will always sustain and defend such decisions, as the law of the land, until they are reversed by the same tribunals:

"That the laws of Congress and of the State Legislatures, pronounced constitutional by the judicial tribunals, must be enforced, and implicitly obeyed; and that while this is cheerfully recognized as the duty of all, as subjects of the laws, yet that the right of citizens, as voters, is equally undeniable to discuss, with a full and mutual regard for the rights and interests of all parts of the confederacy, (which is as necessary now to maintain, as it was indispensable to achieve the blessed Union of these States,) the expediency of such laws, and the propriety of any of their provisions, and to seek, by constitutional means, their repeal or modification:

"That all who are animated by a sincere desire to preserve the Union unimpaired, and the free institutions which it sustains and guarantees, by which alone individual security and national peace and prosperity can be perpetuated, must condemn all attempts to resist, defeat, or render ineffectual any laws passed by constitutional majorities of legislative bodies, in either the Federal or State Governments; and that the Whigs of New-York will ever be found prompt to render a patriotic acquiescence in all such laws:

"That the National Administration is entitled to the confidence and support of the Whigs of New-York, for the eminent ability and patriotism which have characterized its measures; for its successful management of our foreign affairs; the generous sympathy it has exhibited toward an oppressed people struggling for freedom; the force and dignity with which it has maintained the right to indulge such sympathy, and with which it has rebuked the threats of an imperious Government to violate the immunities of an accredited public agent; and the determination it has evinced to repress and defeat all movements tending to impair the public faith, and all unlawful enterprises calculated to disturb the public peace and provoke civil war, or to sever or weaken the relations of any State with the Union:

"That the Administration of this State has fully justified the confidence in its capacity, intelligence and integrity, which called it into being; that the public interests in the various departments of Education, Finance, and Jurisprudence, and in the extension of the means of intercourse and of cheap transportation, have been vigorously and prudently sustained and promoted; Constitutional Government by legal majorities has been vindicated, and the general prosperity of the State has been sedulously and successfully maintained; and by employing the means which previous expenditures, guided by enlightened forecast, had placed within our reach, to consummate the great work of the age, has presented a vivid contrast to the narrow, unjust, and wasteful policy of those who would scatter those means by such an impotent application of them as would postpone to a very distant posterity, if not indefinitely, the enjoyment of an inestimable heritage of wealth and prosperity:

"That for the purpose of sustaining these views and principles in the election of State officers entertaining them at the ensuing general election, the Committee above mentioned recommend that a Convention, consisting of one delegate from each Assembly District of the State, be held at Syracuse, on the 17th day of September next, at 12 o'clock at noon."

It will be seen that reflection and patriotism have combined to produce a reconciliation of the conflicting elements. There must in all questions be some absolute principles, which are ascertainable by reason and candor combining to discover them. In this case we believe these principles have been ascertained and set forth. On the practical application of them there may still differences of opinion arise; but in the mean time a great gain has been made, inasmuch as the party can act together under them, and await the issue of events for their application, when the same reason, patriotism and candor will, we have good reason to hope, prevail, should occasions arise when they have to be acted on. In this statement we conceive each division has conceded to the other the abstract principles that lay at the foundation of their opinions. The *right* of objection and *constitutional* resistance has been conceded, whilst on the other hand the policy and necessity of *acquiescence*, submission to and maintenance of existing law, has been admitted and enforced. This is in perfect accordance with the very genius of our political institutions, and must command the approval of all candid minds.

There has undoubtedly been, as we have

already intimated, a reaction in the public mind; and it has become generally apparent to all, that no practical good can result from the agitation of any of those questions which were intended to be settled by the compromise measures. Parties, it has at last become perfectly plain, can accomplish nothing towards their ascendency as such, by incorporating into their legitimate creeds any thing sectional. Very properly, therefore, these Committees have repudiated for the Whigs any such idea, and have prominently set forth those doctrines which have distinguished them heretofore, and which have animated those known by this name in every part of the Union, North and South.

The action of the Whigs of the great State of New-York on this subject has been watched with great interest and anxiety by its friends in other sections of the country, and the proceeding on which we are commenting will be hailed by them as an auspicious omen of a return to that harmony which will enable them, as heretofore, to labor together for those great principles of national beneficence for which they have ever contended.

Those principles are, it will be perceived, very properly put forth prominently in this call. They are such as the country cannot do without and prosper. They are essential to the independence and the vigor of the nation. Its true progress is involved in them, as is demonstrated by every page of our history.

An essential feature in the administration of a republican government is *economy;* an economy that has no merely technical signification, but that also embraces the idea of obtaining real value and service for the money expended; discouraging by its positive requirements that bane and canker of our political life, *office-seeking*, by retaining all who have conscientiously qualified themselves to serve the country, and appointing none but those who have the character and ability to do the same. To the victors do not belong the spoils, for there are no spoils, unless parties confess themselves thieves and plunderers of the public purse.

Under a republican government there are no irresponsible public officers. The Constitution and laws of the land confer and limit all powers and proceedings, define all duties and privileges; the judiciary explains and settles all questions. No officer, however high, can administer "*as he understands*," or make his will the law. He must be held strictly accountable to the nation—the people. Not their will of to-day or to-morrow as he may conceive it is, or will be, but their will as it has been enacted into constitutions and laws.

Honesty and good faith (for we must divide this paragraph of the "platform") are the very soul of the Republic. Our agreements and obligations with and to other nations must be preserved inviolate by the administrators of the government, if they would not create a moral atmosphere in which the nation will sicken and die. Without this how can we assert, maintain and defend our own rights from encroachment? Without this, instead of going forth to fight for them, when the occasion may arrive, in the bright armor of right, we shall be covered but with the shirt of Nessus, that will poison and destroy; happy if, like Hercules, we have but the spirit left to make our own funeral pyre, and become immortalized for what we have done in our more heroic and virtuous youth.

So far these propositions may appear to some to be undeniable abstractions, not properly belonging to the creed of any party as such; but whoever so considers them has taken little note of the last twenty years of our political history. During that time they have been openly and palpably violated by our opponents. Some of their great men have avowedly acted in opposition to them. They have been the apologists for State delinquencies to them, and they have encouraged irresponsible combinations for the infraction of some of the most important by the desperate and reckless "fellows of the baser sort" amongst them. If not openly incorporated into their creeds, "Baltimore platforms," and so forth, opposition to these principles has become part of the common or unwritten law of the party.

Among the passages of recent history which crowd upon us in illustration of this, there is one which covers so much ground, and illustrates and confirms in so striking a manner these observations, that we will fortify our position by quoting it.

In Mr. Calhoun's speech *against the Conquest of Mexico*, delivered in the Senate, January 4th, 1848,[*] occurs the following significant, we had almost said terrible passage:—

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[*] See American Review, March, 1848.

> "Sir, there is no solicitude now for liberty. Who talks of liberty when any great question comes up? Here is a question of the first magnitude as to the conduct of this war; do you hear any body talk about its effects upon our liberties and our free institutions? No, sir. That was not the case formerly. In the early stages of our government the great anxiety was, how to preserve liberty. The great anxiety now is for the attainment of mere military glory. In the one we are forgetting the other. The maxim of former times was, that power is always stealing from the many to the few; the price of liberty was perpetual vigilance. They were constantly looking out and watching for danger. Not so now. Is it because there has been any decay of liberty among the people? Not at all. I believe the love of liberty was never more ardent, but they have forgotton the tenure of liberty by which alone it is preserved.
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> "We think we may now indulge in every thing with impunity, as if we held our charter of liberty by 'right divine'—from Heaven itself. Under these impressions we plunge into war, we contract heavy debts, we increase the patronage of the Executive, and we talk of a crusade to force our institutions of liberty upon all people. There is no species of extravagance which our people imagine will endanger their liberty in any degree. Sir, the hour is approaching—the day of retribution will come. It will come as certainly as I am now addressing the Senate, and when it does come, awful will be the reckoning; heavy the responsibility somewhere."

Such is the tone and purpose of that unscrupulous party; as plainly exhibited at this day as it was when this warning was uttered by this great and experienced statesman. It has not, it is true, made as yet a new field of action such as it had then; but it is rapidly preparing to do so, and thus strike another blow at the Union and existence of these States, which if it is permitted to do we have no doubt will be its death-blow. How necessary then for the Whigs to reiterate and claim as belonging to the party the doctrine of Administrative Economy; the accountability and limitation of the powers of public officers; the faithful performance in letter and spirit of our obligations to other nations; a scrupulous regard for their rights, and firm maintenance of our own. What reliance can any section of the country have, for the observance of their constitutional rights, upon a party that practically consider nothing as *law* but the demagogue-excited fanaticism of the hour? What madness in the South, for instance, to encourage in any degree this spirit so utterly fatal to those constitutional guarantees on which they rely for the security of their rights against such fanaticism. If our treaty obligations with other nations, and the laws enacted by ourselves to carry them into effect, are to be thus infamously trifled with, who can tell what other laws, no less sacred, will share the same fate? Resistance to such a spirit, in any and all its forms, is the most sacred political obligation that can rest upon a republican citizen, be he of what party or what section he may.

It will easily be perceived that these last sentences have been penned in view of the new hydra head that is just making itself apparent in the *Cuban* attempt to repeat the Texan abomination. It bids fair to be a monster more hideous than the last—a much more illegitimate progeny of the lawless party of the Republic. Those desperadoes who engage in it, without the honor, heroism, or courage to regard it as a purely personal adventure, but desire to tarnish the honor of this nation by involving it in the scheme, will (there is no alternative) either meet their own destruction, or bring destruction upon this Union. From the questions growing out of the Texan scheme we have barely escaped this result. This, following so closely upon it, would inevitably effect it.

But passing these principles, let us proceed to the *measures* set forth by the Committees. That the Federal Government should undertake a judicious system of improvements of the rivers and harbors of the country, is, we believe, a universally admitted doctrine by Whigs of all sections.

The miserable fallacies which the other party have opposed to this beneficent measure are utterly unworthy of refutation. They have in fact already failed to prevent its passage through Congress; and the arbitrary tyranny of the veto had to be resorted to to destroy the bill. The internal commerce and facility of communication between almost any *two* States of this Union, is of more consequence than our whole external relations, if we except one or two nations. The party that opposes this measure has no objection to spending thousands of dollars through chargés and ambassadors in obtaining commercial arrangements with the most insignificant nations—arrangements many of which only benefit two or three mercantile firms—such is the force of traditional, technical politics; whilst they strenuously oppose expenditures by the Government, which in a single year might save from absolute destruction property beyond the whole amount required, and through all time facilitate the flow of that "vital current" of prosperity—the internal trade between the various States of the Union—that of all other things most tends to cement our nationality, and insure prosperity and independence.

Following this, we have a statement of the doctrine of Protection to our native industry, at the present time the most pressing necessity of all. We write in the midst of a threatened commercial crisis and convulsion, when money is commanding on the best mercantile paper fifteen per cent. per annum; and that in the midst of the unexampled influx of gold from our Pacific possessions. It is notorious that this alarming fact is owing to the excessive purchases of foreign goods, *induced* by a most senseless and undiscriminating ad-valorem tariff; a tariff that is throwing into the hands of other nations all the pecuniary advantages we expected to reap from that amazing enterprise of our countrymen, by which they have opened to the world the vast riches so long hidden in the streams and mountains of California. We are taking all the risk and they all the profit. Whilst we are making these excessive purchases abroad, and thus contributing to pay the grinding taxations of monarchical powers required for their senseless splendors and excessive debts, —debts contracted, in many cases, to put down the liberties of man,—our own mills, mines and furnaces are to an alarming extent idle and useless, the capital invested in them utterly unproductive. Our farmers are obliged to expend most of their labor in cultivating the most unprofitable products, in consequence of the limitation of the home market, and to sell them at the most unremunerating rates, in order to compete, in a market three or four thousand miles off, with products grown on the spot, or only brought across the British channel, or from the shores of the Baltic sea. Our republican system demands and requires protection to our republican laborers. Of what avail is it, so far as their material well-being is concerned, that these classes have the franchise of freemen and a voice in all the affairs of state, if they are obliged to compete with those who, having no voice in the legislation of their country, are bound hand and foot and must labor for whatever the avarice of their master pleases to pay them? The false political systems of the European nations reach and enslave us, to a greater or less degree, as long as this state of affairs lasts. The British system of "free trade" pharisaically demands that we should consider our "brethren in bonds as bound with them;" but we would rather invite the bondmen to leave their shackles behind, and join us in the establishment of a nation, that in its political, social and economical equality and perfection, will by its peaceful progress shame those nations into the adoption of a like system of freedom, equality and justice. Such are the wide, important, world-embracing views with which we would advocate protection to American industry and American freedom. A freedom thus secured and thus protected appears to us to go beyond the mere political idea usually attached to the term, and, if thoroughly understood and carried out, to be the solution for most of the social enigmas that perplex and distract the age—so far at least as that solution is to be sought for, or expected, outside of the individual regeneration.

Other results there are of this measure of protection to our native industry, that reach beyond the mere economic, (this, too, we also claim as has so often been demonstrated in these pages,) calculated, with that we have referred to, to inspire the party that maintains it with a unity of devotion and an enthusiasm of action, before which the theorists for a mere material national wealth, however *unequally* distributed, should be swept away as *chaff* before the wind.

One of these is diversity of labor and enterprise. Looking at the gigantic and horrible evils resulting from the competition among laborers for the same employment, as recently exhibited in such books as "London Labor and the London Poor," "Alton Locke," &c.,—undeniable representations of facts,—every thoughtful statesman must be led to the conclusion, that here is discovered the pit-fall of modern civilization, the inevitable doom of unrestricted or *unadjusted* competition; and that unless this *gulf* be avoided, his labor for his country or mankind is in vain, and there can be no continuous progress for the race. Modern civilization, like the ancient, must fall into ruin. The human intellect must return to barbarism and anarchy, and again lie fallow through "dark ages," to renew its strength for another contest with Fate. Now this diversity of industrial occupations, in which it would appear that the very safety of civilization itself rests, can only be obtained by us in the present condition of the world by Protection. Besides this *vital* result involved in the proper establishment of diversity of occupations, there are others of the greatest importance. Nations are educated, refined, and invigorated by their pursuits more than by any other causes. Intellect is thus developed in all directions. Thus only can be acquired that combination of scientific discovery and mechanical skill, in which almost the entire strength of modern nations consists. From whence have come those inventions and improvements that indicate the existence of a living energy in nations? Where, but from the centres of diversified industry, where minds, clashing together, communicate to each other those various ideas which, combined by excited genius, produce those great results that constitute real national glory?

They come not from the necessarily isolated condition of an exclusively rural population. This kind of population is undoubtedly the most important of all—the great underlying foundations of the social edifice; but remaining a dead level of mere material comfort, unless it be surrounded and interpenetrated, by centres of more varied industry and enterprise: places where the genius for other pursuits, which will inevitably appear in almost every family among this population, may find its legitimate field of action, instead of chafing in uncongenial pursuits, or rusting in inactivity. The English doctrines of free trade, so industriously promulgated among our farmers, may tempt their adherence by some of their plausibilities. But should they not consider to what a dead level it must consign them—what a restricted freedom they would have, if they must be confined to the one round, no matter what desires, genius, or ambition their sons may possess?

Yes, this great foundation of society must be so laid and so cemented, that from out it and incorporated with it, may arise those structures of mechanical and manufacturing ingenuity, those domes of science and temples of art, that not only educate, dignify, and perpetuate the fame of a people; but reacting upon agriculture itself, make of it also a science and an art, infinitely more efficient and refined.

Such are the doctrines of internal improvement and protection to our native industry in their more enlarged aspects, and in those results of them, that appeal to the deeper principles of our nature, demanding from us by all the motives of patriotism and humanity an enthusiasm and a self-sacrifice that should induce us to bear and forbear every thing to the last point of honor, with all who are with us in the sacred cause, that we may present an unbroken front to its enemies. Contrast these beneficent principles with the barren negations that constitute the creed of our opponents, and say which should be considered the party of progress and action?

Responding to the call of these Committees of the Whigs of the great State of New-York, we have thus endeavored to present in bold, though rude outlines the principles and measures that have heretofore bound together the great constitutional party of the Union and the laws. We have done this that we may show the imperative reasons for a universal acquiescence in the principles upon which they have agreed to forego all action upon sectional issues; holding each to their own opinions and rights, yielding only, but implicitly, to the Constitution and the laws, respecting the rights and opinions of others, but demanding the like obedience.

The opinions that divided the party were upon matters that have been settled after the most thorough discussion. These committees express no desire to disturb that settlement, but, on the contrary, yield an unqualified submission to the laws that have been passed to effect it. They recognize the right, without any reservation, of every State to regulate its own municipal institutions without any interference, directly or indirectly. Any action tending to resist, defeat, or *render ineffectual* any laws passed by Congress, they unqualifiedly condemn. They have unreservedly expressed their confidence in, and demanded the support of, the party for the administration of President Fillmore; an administration whose principles in reference to that subject are emphatically summed up in the following sentiments:—

"The series of measures to which I have alluded are regarded by me as a settlement, in principle and substance—a final settlement—of the

> dangerous and exciting subjects which they embraced." * * * * * *
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> "By that adjustment we have been rescued from the wide and boundless agitation that surrounded us, and have a firm, distinct, and legal ground to rest upon. And the occasion, I trust, will justify me IN EXHORTING MY COUNTRYMEN TO RALLY UPON AND MAINTAIN THAT GROUND as the best, if not the only means, of restoring peace and quiet to the country, and maintaining inviolate the integrity of the Union."—*President Fillmore's Message.*
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> "The President's Message, at the opening of the present session of Congress, expresses fully and plainly his own and the unanimous opinion of all those associated with him in the Executive administration of the Government, in regard to what are called the Adjustment or Compromise measures of last session. That opinion is, that those measures should be regarded in principle as a final settlement of the dangerous and exciting subjects which they embrace; that though they were not free from imperfections, yet, in their mutual dependence and connection, they formed a system of compromise the most conciliatory and best for the entire country that could be obtained from conflicting sectional interests and opinions, and that therefore they should be adhered to, until time and experience should demonstrate the necessity of further legislation to guard against evasion or abuse. That opinion, so far as I know, remains entirely unchanged, and will be acted upon steadily and decisively. The peace of the country requires this; the security of the Constitution requires this; and every consideration of the public good demands this. If the Administration cannot stand upon the principles of the message, it does not expect to stand at all."—*Daniel Webster's Letter to the Union Meeting at Westchester.*

Such we believe have become, or are rapidly becoming, the universal sentiments of the Whigs of this State, and of the whole country. The election of ex-Governor Fish to the Senate of the United States last winter, was deemed by many as an evidence of a contrary tendency. But this was a conclusion without data. How false it was, may be seen by the following extracts from a speech delivered by him on the 4th of July last, before the Cincinnati Society:—

> "[A member present put the question, 'Are you in favor of the compromise measures of the last Congress?']—Gov. Fish would answer that question. He had been for several years in various public positions, and in none had he ever attempted to conceal his opinions upon any public question upon which it became his duty to express them. He challenged the closest examination of his whole life, both public and private, for any evidence of desire to evade the expression of his sentiments upon any question of public interest, or for the slightest evidence of any action or sentiment to justify a suspicion of the want of respect and deference to the laws of the land, or of devotion and loyalty to Union and the Government under which we live. And at the same time he wished the scrutiny into his past life to be extended so as to detect if possible any instance in which he had manifested a disposition to agitate any sectional or exciting question whereby any parts of the country, or any classes of the community, might be arrayed against others, or which might tend in any degree to disturb the mutual confidence and attachment between all sections and all classes, which is essential to the preservation of the government which has been transmitted to us. He had always endeavored to avoid and discountenance the unnecessary discussion of all sectional questions. In the high office which he had lately held he had felt it his duty to refer to questions which then disturbed the public mind; those questions were then *present;* their decision was to be made, and it was necessary that the voice of the great State, at the head of whose government he had the honor to be placed, should be heard. It was due to her—it was due to her sister States—it was due to the General Government—that the views, the feelings, and the determination of New-York with regard to those most embarrassing questions, should be declared. In two annual messages to the Legislature he had endeavored calmly, but truthfully and faithfully, to present what he believed to be the sincere and abiding conviction, upon the then pending issues, of the large mass of the people of this State, without reference to their party predilections. And in so doing, he gave utterance to his own honestly entertained views. Those views are before the public and upon record, and from the almost unanimous expression of the Press at the time, and from other indications of public sentiment, he had reason to believe that they met a general, an almost universal response from the people who had placed him in the position from which he had felt bound to give utterance to those opinions. He thanked God that he was an American citizen —a citizen of the Union of thirty-one States. He prayed that that Union should never lose any one of its members. He was, too, a Northern man, with all the love of Northern men for universal freedom; he found in that, however, nothing inconsistent with his duty as a member of a confederacy consisting of Southern as well as Northern men. Strong and ardent as were his attachments to all the cherished principles of the North, much as he might deplore the existence of human slavery, he felt that it was an institution wholly within the jurisdiction of those States which see fit to allow it. He respected their rights to regulate their internal policy according to their own convictions, and no act of his would interfere with their rights. *He respected too, and would abide by, all compromises of the Constitution, in the spirit in which they were framed. He considered that their adoption had been essential to the formation of the Constitution under which we had become a free, a great and a happy nation; and he considered also that their faithful observance was necessary to the perpetuity of that Constitution, and the preservation of the Union which it has blessed.*
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> "Such had ever been his sentiments. When the compromise measures of the last Congress were

under consideration, they did not meet his approval. In several particulars he thought them liable to objection. One, particularly, he thought open to exception as well on the ground of omission as of enactment. He recognized the rights which the Constitution had guaranteed to the South, and he believed the South to be entitled to the enactment of laws which should be efficient to the enjoyment of those rights. He thought that those laws (the compromise measures) might have been made equally effective as a measure of relief and protection to the South, while they might have been deprived of some features which tend to irritate and excite the North, and at the same time, by possibility, unnecessarily to jeopard the rights of the free citizen. He thought that without impairing any principle they might have been improved so as to afford the country *substantial* repose, and to silence clamor and opposition from any section.

"But these measures passed into laws in the spirit of compromise and of mutual concession. It was not to be expected that they should embody, exclusively, such enactments as any one section would have preferred. They were enacted, as he believed, constitutionally, and in conformity with all the requirements and forms necessary to secure obedience, and to demand submission to their provisions. If, in any respect, either of them was liable to any constitutional objection, the Constitution itself provided the tribunal which was to adjudge the question. He believed that they did not, in all respects, meet the views of the President of the United States, but they received his official sanction and signature; and in his opinion the President could not have done otherwise than give that sanction. As President of the United States, his responsibilities were very different from those of a representative in Congress from the Erie District.

"*From the moment that the compromise measures became laws, he* (Gov. F.) *had unhesitatingly, at all times, avowed his acquiescence in them. He would not allow his private judgment as to some of their provisions to interfere with his duty, either as a citizen or as a magistrate,* to uphold the supremacy of the laws, to submit to its provisions, to let it be enforced; and he would add, while he could not sacrifice the right to maintain his own opinions with regard to the impolicy of some of the details of those laws, he would not here, or in any position, or at any time, press those objections for the purpose of agitation, or to the risk of producing or reviving sectional controversies or embittered geographical divisions. *Believing that the Constitution entitled the South to laws, efficient to secure the rights which were guaranteed to it, he could not look with favor upon a proposition for repeal;* and while he earnestly hoped for a modification and amendment of some of the provisions of these laws, the time of excitement was not, in his opinion, the time for wise and prudent action. He did not desire, at present, to discuss these questions. He hoped and believed that the time would soon come, when the excitement of the late agitation should be only a matter of history, and should, from its remembrance, serve to draw more closely the bonds which had united, and will again for long years unite in friendly, harmonious, and confiding affection and sympathy and brotherhood, the remotest portions of our common country; and when, he confidently believed, the justice of our brethren in one section of the country will not deny the reasonable demands of those in another. He earnestly and anxiously hoped for the arrival of that day."

We have not thought proper to curtail these remarks, as they appear to us to exhibit the true temper and feeling of the Whigs of the State of New-York, and to be calculated to allay all fears that have been entertained of a re-opening of the issues to which they refer. They confirm and strengthen the inferences and hopes we have drawn from the action of the Albany Committees; and we may confidently invite the Whigs of the whole Union to a candid consideration of the views presented. On the liberal, conciliatory, constitutional, and conservative grounds thus set forth and agreed to, there need be no further contrariety of action among any who are actuated by disinterested desires for the stability of the Union, and its highest purposes. It appears to be conceded by all, that nothing but mischief can come from the further agitation of those abstract points on which those differences, now happily harmonized, arose. No man, we think, dare again, in the present temper of the country, open anew the unprofitable and dangerous theme. All sides must see that nothing practical could come from it; whilst it is inevitable that all those measures essential to the business, the strength, and the progress of the Nation must be left untouched. Parties must become utterly disintegrated or dead, the soul of their principles being gone, whilst demagogues and other harpies prey upon the lifeless bodies that in their living energy and generous strife for their legitimate principle, animated the body politic with a wholesome antagonism.

Yes, there has been enough discussion and excitement to show the temper of all. Those principles which *cannot* be yielded on either side, have been clearly brought into view. The rights of all have been clearly defined in the intense discussions already had, and the duties of all have been made plain; so that "he that runs may read."

THE ANGLO-SAXONS AND THE AMERICANS:

EUROPEAN RACES IN THE UNITED STATES.*

We are glad to learn that a new edition of Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons is about to be published in London. The American edition of 1841 of this excellent and authentic work is, we believe, nearly out of print. The sixth London edition was published in 1836, the first edition having been issued in successive parts between the years 1799 and 1805. In his preface to the edition of 1836, the author remarks: "That he should live to revise its sixth edition was more than he expected; for it is now thirty-seven years since he published its first volume. This is pleasing; but it is still a greater gratification to observe, that so much of the attention of the public continues to be directed to the transactions and remains of their Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and that so many able men still apply themselves to illustrate this truly national subject by various and valuable publications."

An American edition of the History of Normandy is also announced; the first volume only having as yet appeared in England. The author, Sir Francis Palgrave, is favorably known for his large work on "The Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth," and a smaller work on the "History of the Anglo-Saxons." In his History of Normandy, and the effects of the Norman Conquest on the English nation, he elucidates a most important portion of English history, the particulars of which have heretofore been much neglected by historians, as well as general readers. The origin and character of the Normans, and the manner in which nearly all the lands in the kingdom were transferred from their Saxon possessors to the conquerors; also the way in which the families that under the Anglo-Saxon dynasty had been distinguished by their opulence and power successively disappeared, to give place to a proud Norman nobility, are among the subjects of the history undertaken by Sir Francis Palgrave. We shall expect to see these and other topics connected with the Norman Conquest fully detailed in the volumes, of which the first is mainly introductory.

The "English in America" is a work of a different character than we might have expected from Judge Haliburton, whose happy delineations of American character in his "Sam Slick," and other humorous works, have gained him much celebrity. In the two volumes of his new work, the English in America are described principally as uncouth, disingenuous and repulsive Puritans, who emigrated to America in the early part of the seventeenth century, for the sake of an envied indulgence in disloyalty and schism. In his introductory chapter the author states in effect that one of the principal objects in writing the volumes has been to inform Englishmen that Democracy did not appear for the first time in America during the war of Independence; and that the peculiar form of religion that prevailed at an early period in the New-England States exerted a very powerful effect over their politics and modes of government. The author of "Sam Slick" cannot surely claim any originality for this idea. Doctor Robertson, in his posthumous History, George Chalmers, in his various works on the Colonies, Burke, in his speeches and writings, and other British statesmen, politicians and historians of the last century have fully developed, not only all the facts, but most of the philosophy which is contained in the present volumes. The circumstances connected with the early history of the British settlements in America are too well known to permit any attempt at systematic and unscrupulous disparagement of the early Puritan colonists to be successful. Judge Haliburton confines himself almost wholly to the events which took place in the colony of Massachusetts, and on that basis has written a book, half declamation and half treatise, against Democracy and dissent to the Church of England. Still, this publication possesses very great merit, so far as the mere composition is concerned. It is written with the usual ability of the author; the style is vigorous, lively, and sometimes eloquent. The narrative parts are extremely pleasing, and where the peculiar opinions of the writer on the subjects referred to are not prominent, the reader is delighted with the acute observation and good sense which distinguish the work. But the unfair statements of the learned Judge respecting the early settlers of New-England, and his attempt to unsettle the verdict which an impartial age has long ago pronounced on questions relating to the character of the pilgrim fathers and the Puritan colonies, will not be likely to be received with favor by the unprejudiced at the present day, or to add to the popularity the author enjoys as a delineator of traits of human character.

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* The History of the Anglo-Saxons, from the Earliest Period to the Norman Conquest. By Sharon Turner. In 2 vols. London and Philadelphia.

The History of Normandy, and of England. By Sir Francis Palgrave. Vol. I. London: John Murray.

The English in America. By Judge Haliburton of Nova Scotia. London: Colburn.

Those who would obtain an accurate knowledge of the people of the United States, and look to the internal moving forces of human affairs as developed on this continent, cannot but attach great importance to the consideration of races. To understand the national character of our government and the spirit of our laws, we must go back to the earliest ages of the history of England, and study the character of the various races that from early times have settled on the island of Great Britain. Of the great influence of race in the production of national character, no reasonable inquirer can now doubt. "As far as history and social circumstances generally are concerned," says a late British writer, "how little resemblance can be traced between the French and the Celtic Irish!—in national character, how much! The same ready excitability; the same impetuosity when excited, yet the same readiness under excitement to submit to the severest discipline—a quality which at first might seem to contradict impetuosity, but which arises from that very vehemence of character with which it appears to conflict, and is equally conspicuous in revolutions of three days, temperance movements, and meetings on the hill of Tara; the same sociability and demonstrativeness; the same natural refinement of manners, down to the lowest rank; in both, the characteristic weakness of an inordinate vanity, and their ready susceptibility to influences in a degree to which the more obstinate races are strangers;—to what, except their Gaelic blood, can we ascribe all this similarity between populations, the whole course of whose national history has been so different? We say Gaelic, not Celtic, because the Cymri of Wales and Brittany, though also called Celts, have evinced throughout history in many respects an opposite type of character, more like the Spanish Iberians than either the French or Irish;—individual, instead of gregarious; obstinate, instead of impressible; instead of the most disciplinable, one of the most intractable races among mankind."

Historians who preceded Michelet had seen chiefly the Frankish or the Roman element in the formation of modern France; Michelet in his History of France calls attention to the Gaelic element. "The foundation of the French people," he says, "is the youthful, soft, and mobile race of the Gaels, *bruyante*, sensual, and *legère*,—prompt to learn, prompt to despise, greedy of new things." To the ready impressibility of this race, and the easy reception it gave to foreign influences, he attributes the progress made by France. It is certain that no people in a semi-barbarous state ever received a foreign civilization more rapidly than the French Celts. In a century after Julius Cæsar, not only the south, but the whole east of Gaul, was already almost as Roman as Italy itself. The Roman institutions and ideas took a deeper root in Gaul than in any other province of the Roman empire, and remained long predominant, wherever no great change was effected in the population by the ravages of the invaders. But, along with this capacity of improvement, M. Michelet does not find in the Gauls that voluntary loyalty of man to man, that free adherence, founded on confiding attachment, which was characteristic of the Germanic tribes, and of which, in his view, the feudal relation was the natural result. It is to these qualities, to personal devotedness and faith in one another, that he ascribes the universal success of the Germanic tribes in overpowering the Celts. He finds already in the latter the root of that passion for equality which distinguishes modern France; and which, when unbalanced by a strong principle of sympathetic union, has always, he says, prevented the Celts from becoming a nation.

Although it is impossible at this time to estimate the full effect produced on the character of the British people by the Roman occupation and dominion of four centuries, yet it is certain that the influence of Roman institutions and ideas was far less in Great Britain than in Gaul and in other provinces. The Britons retained their language and many of their manners and customs, modified by the early introduction of Christianity.

It is generally admitted that the numerous population which the Romans found in the occupation of the southern part of the island of Britain, about half a century before the commencement of the Christian era, was principally a wild race called Cymri, who had in all probability been immediately derived from the neighboring country of France, then known by the name of Gallia. Julius Cæsar, the first of the ancient writers who saw the people, or who has described them, informs us that their buildings were almost similar to those of the Gauls, and that their religion was the same; and it appears also that a close political alliance existed between Britain and Gaul, and that the Gauls were all along aided by the Britons in their contests with the Romans.

Cæsar makes a marked distinction between the inhabitants of the coast of Britain and those of the interior, not only describing the latter as much more rude in their manners, and less advanced in civilization than the former, but also expressly declaring them to be of a different race. Cæsar could speak from personal knowledge only of the tribes that dwelt near the mouth of the Thames. These he informs us were of Belgic descent. Their ancestors had, at no very distant period, invaded the island, expelled the original inhabitants from the coast, and in their new settlements still retained the names of the parent states. The number of the inhabitants in the districts which fell under his observation astonished the Roman general, and there is reason to believe that many other districts were equally well peopled. The population of the whole island comprised above forty tribes, of which several, while they retained their appellations, had been deprived of their independence, at the same time that others, amid the revolutions of two or three centuries, had risen to a high pre-eminence of power.

It has been a much controverted question to which of the two great races from whom the population of the principal part of Europe appears to be derived—the Celts or Goths—the ancient Belgæ or maritime Britons are to be considered as belonging. It must be admitted that the point is an exceedingly doubtful one. The distinction, in respect both of language and of lineage, between the Celtic and the Teutonic, Germanic or Gothic races, may be said to be the fundamental canon of the modern philosophy of the origin and connection of nations, but it is not very long since its importance came to be understood. The most elaborate discussion the subject has met with, is that which it received from the late John Pinkerton, a most learned and acute Scottish antiquary, in all whose historical investigations the radical distinction between the Celtic and the Gothic races, and the inherent inferiority of the former, are maintained with as much zeal and vehemence as if the writer had a personal interest in the establishment of the point. The correctness of the new views, in so far as respects the general position of the non-identity of the Celtic and Germanic nations, and also their importance to the elucidation of the whole subject of the original population of Europe, are now universally admitted.

Mr. Pinkerton, after long and laborious investigation, thinks he has established the fact, that the Belgæ, who were a German or Gothic people, and did not speak the Celtic but the Gothic tongue, came into Britain about three centuries before the Christian era. Their descendants were those Britons whom Cæsar saw, and who resisted the Roman army with such remarkable and continued bravery. The people of the interior were, says Pinkerton, palpably the Welsh, afterwards called Britons, as the most ancient inhabitants, for all memory of the Gael or Celts who are supposed to have preceded the Cymri in their emigration to Britain, was unknown to the Roman and Saxon writers.

It is also contended by Pinkerton, that the Picts or Caledonians were also of the Gothic or Scythian race, and, emigrating from Scandinavia, settled in Scotland about the same period as the Belgæ—a kindred Gothic tribe from Belgic Gaul—settled in South Britain, or about three centuries before the Christian era. The Picts, it is asserted, are the ancestors of the Lowland Scotch, while the Highlanders of Scotland, it is well known, are Celts. We may here add that many antiquaries consider the Lowlanders as of Anglo-Saxon descent. The proportion of real Gael or Celts in Scotland and its isles, was estimated by Pinkerton, who wrote over sixty years since, at four hundred thousand, or about one quarter of the inhabitants of that part of the British isles. The north of Ireland, it is well known, is mainly peopled with the descendants of the Lowland Scotch, who emigrated to that quarter principally during the seventeenth century. It is from the stock of Lowland Scotch, it should be remembered, that most of the Scotch and Irish emigrants to America in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries came, and but few were of the Celtic race.

The Anglo-Saxons were the people who transported themselves from the Cimbric peninsula (now Denmark) and its vicinity, in the fifth and sixth centuries, into England. They were branches of the great Saxon confederation, which, from the Elbe, extended itself at last to the Rhine. According to Sharon Turner, the Anglo-Saxons, Lowland Scotch, Normans, Danes, Norwegians, Swedes, Germans, Dutch, Belgians, Lombards and Franks, have all sprung from that great fountain of the human race, distinguished by the terms Scythian, German, or Gothic. The first appearance of the Scythian tribes in Europe may be placed, according to Strabo and Homer, about the eighth, or, according to Herodotus, in the seventh century before the Christian era. The first scenes of their civil existence and of their progressive power were in Asia, to the east of the Araxes. Here they multiplied and extended their territorial limits, for some centuries, unknown to Europe. Their general appellation among themselves was Scoloti, but the Greeks called them Scythians, Scuthoi, or Nomades. They have become better known to us in recent periods under the name of Getæ or Goths, the most celebrated of their branches. In the days of Cæsar, the most advanced tribes of the Scythian or Gothic race were known to the Romans under the name of Germans. They occupied all the continent but the Cimbric peninsula, and had reached and even passed the Rhine. One of their divisions, the Belgæ, had for some time established themselves in Flanders and part of France, then Gaul. It is most probable, says Sharon Turner, that the Belgæ in Britain were descendants of colonists or invaders from the Belgæ in Flanders (now Belgium) and Gaul. On this point, it will be observed, Turner agrees with Pinkerton.

Although classed under one general head as Saxons, there were three tribes of Anglo-Saxons which composed the adventurers who conquered England. These tribes were the Jutes, the Angles, and the Saxons. Bands of adventurers from the Frisians and other German tribes joined the invaders, and also settled in Britain. These promiscuous conquerors have been since known in history by the common appellation of Anglo-Saxons. When Beda wrote, in A. D. 731, or nearly three centuries after the first appearance of the Saxons in England, he informs us that there were four languages spoken in Britain, namely, English, Pictish, British or Cumraig, and Scottish or Irish. Hence, Pinkerton infers that as the name of Angli was given to all the possessors of South Britain except the Welsh, this speech, which Beda calls Anglic, (or English,) was in fact the Belgic, with a new name. Pinkerton also thinks that the Latin language was very little used by either Belgians or Welsh. Tacitus, in Agricola, tells us indeed that the *filii principum* of Britain used the Latin; and it seems to have been always confined to the upper ranks, for all Roman Britain did not produce one Latin author, although Spain and Gaul did many: as Mela, Lucan, Seneca, Martial, Sidonius, Ausonius, and others.

The most important conclusion arrived at by Pinkerton is, that at the conquest of England by the Anglo-Saxons, the Belgic Britons were not exterminated. While the Cymri were driven into Wales and Brittany, the Belgæ, he supposes, having been so lost in the luxuries of Rome during the dominion of that power, that they seem to have totally abandoned their character of the bravest of the Gauls, could not exist without Roman protection, submitted to their Saxon conquerors, and became their serfs and vassals. The Jutes, Saxons and Angli were really the Gothic brethren of the Belgæ, but finding them so defenseless, usurped their power, and became their masters. Admitting the Belgæ only to the ranks of *coloni* and *villani*, their natural enmity to the Cymri induced them to give them no quarter, till driven to the highlands of Wales and the rocks of Cornwall, after an extermination of nearly a third, and expulsion to France (Brittany) and Ireland of nearly another third. The Belgæ Pinkerton rather extravagantly estimates to have amounted at that time to three millions, whereas, he says, their Anglo-Saxon conquerors never appear to have exceeded one hundred thousand. The numerous coloni and slaves of the Saxons, even down to the Norman invasion in 1066, surprise historians who know that the Cymri or Welsh were expelled, but forget that such a people as the Belgæ existed. No traces of Welsh names being found among the Saxons, these numerous coloni must all have been Belgæ, who, by intermarriages, &c., gradually changed their fortunes, so that before the Norman times the Saxons and Belgæ had nearly coalesced into one people; though even then Domesday Book shows that the coloni and villani possessed the far greater part of the lands in England. "When the English history becomes studied by English writers," Pinkerton sarcastically remarks, "and it is universally perceived that the Belgæ, a Gothic people, who fought in this isle against Julius Cæsar, are the real ancestors of three quarters of the present English, it may prove a national question whether the Belgæ or Picts were the first Goths who took possession of Britain. This question might be agitated for ever, for it is absolutely impossible to decide it. All authorities, facts and reason warrant us to believe that the Belgæ entered the south and the Picts the north of Britain, about one and the same time."

Admitting the probability of Mr. Pinkerton's conclusion, we have the interesting fact, that what are now by general consent termed Anglo-Saxons, at the time of the Norman conquest included not only the descendants of the Saxon conquerors of the fifth and sixth centuries, but those of the ancient Belgic inhabitants, besides the Danes and other Scandinavians who made inroads in Britain, in the ninth and tenth centuries; and among all these were few or none of Celtic blood. The term Anglo-Saxon applied to such a people, even after the Norman graft on the original stock, may seem a misnomer; but it should be recollected that names are often arbitrary or accidental, and applied incorrectly, of which we have abundant instances on this continent; but long-continued custom sanctions what cannot be strictly approved by the rules of criticism or abstract propriety.

We have thus endeavored to give our views of what races and people composed the Anglo-Saxons or English, at the time of the Norman Conquest, since when Scotland and Ireland, with the colonies, have been added to the British empire. From that period until the seventeenth century, when the settlement of the British colonies in America commenced, no change of importance occurred to affect the relative position of the different races inhabiting the British Isles. Probably very little amalgamation took place between the descendants of the Gothic and Celtic races. The Welsh, who we have seen are the descendants of the Cymri, have doubtless mixed more with their English neighbors than have the Scotch and Irish; and of the emigrants to America, particularly to New-England, it was often difficult to distinguish between the Welsh and English who came over together. There were, however, a few Welsh colonies in the United States in the last century, where the emigrants retained their language, manners and customs. Such is the county of Cambria in Pennsylvania, and some smaller settlements in New-York and other States.

The British colonies in America forming the original thirteen States were settled by colonists, a large proportion of whom were natives of Great Britain. No considerable emigration of Celtic Irish, or other people of Celtic origin, took place to this country, until after the commencement of the present century. The New-England States, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia were mainly settled by Englishmen, as is well known. New-York, the only Dutch colony, passed under English dominion, with a small population, partly Dutch and partly English, in 1674. The Dutch records of 1673 say: "They, and as many of the Dutch nation as are yet residing under this Government, are calculated to amount, women and children included, to about six thousand." In 1698, the total number of inhabitants in the colony was 18,067, and in 1723, the whites had increased to 34,393, and the blacks to 6,171; total, 40,564. This was under the English Government. A few Dutch and Poles settled in New-Jersey, a few Swedes in Delaware, many Germans in Pennsylvania, where they afterwards became one third of the population, and some French Protestants, called Huguenots, in New-York and South Carolina. Settlements of Lowland Scotch and Scotch-Irish from the north of Ireland were made in Pennsylvania and the Carolinas, and a small number of Irish Protestants settled the town of Londonderry, in New-Hampshire. With the exception of a few Scottish Highlanders who settled in North and South Carolina, and Georgia, we believe no Celtic colony is to be found among the American settlements of either the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries. At the revolution in England in 1688, that is, eighty-one years after the first settlement in Virginia, and sixty-eight after that of Plymouth in New-England, the population of the colonies, then twelve in number, Georgia being a subsequent settlement, was estimated at about two hundred thousand, of which 75,000 were in New-England, and 50,000 in Virginia.

We thus see that the British North American colonies were settled almost exclusively by Anglo-Saxons, and their rapid progress was owing in a great degree to the energy and vigor peculiar to the race to which they belonged. The Rev. Dr. Baird, in his work entitled "Religion in America," has some appropriate remarks on this subject:—

> "The Anglo-Saxon race possessed qualities peculiarly adapted to successful colonization. The characteristic perseverance, the spirit of personal freedom and independence that have ever distinguished that race, admirably fit a man for the labor and isolation necessarily to be endured before he can be a successful colonist. Now, New-England, New-Jersey, Delaware and Pennsylvania, with the exception of Dutch and Swedish elements, which were too inconsiderable to affect the general result, were all colonized by people of Anglo-Saxon origin. And assuredly they have displayed qualities fitting them for their task such as the world has never witnessed before."

But how did the people of the colonies themselves view the question with regard to their common origin? The documents the patriots of the American Revolution issued to the world, abundantly show that they considered themselves as Anglo-Saxons, their possessions *British* colonies, and the English people their kindred and of the same origin.

We need only quote as an example, the paragraph from the Declaration of Independence, drawn up by Jefferson, who surely was not remarkable for his Anglo-Saxon attachments:—

> "Nor have we been wanting in our attention to our British *brethren*. We have warned them from time to time of attempts made by their Legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them by the ties of our *common kindred* to disavow these usurpations which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and *consanguinity*. We must therefore acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind—enemies in war, in peace friends."

Of the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, thirty-six are believed to have been of Anglo-Saxon origin; five Pictish or Lowland Scotch; seven Welsh or Cymbric; four Anglo-Irish; one Scotch-Irish; one Austro-Irish; one Swedish; and one Spanish. On examining the list of delegates from the various States to the Continental Congress, from 1774 to 1788, we find that two hundred and forty-eight were of Anglo-Saxon, three of Anglo-Norman, thirty-one of Scotch, ten of Irish, twenty-four of Welsh, seventeen of Huguenot or French, eleven Dutch, three German, one Swedish, and one of Spanish origin. Total, 349. The Anglo-Saxons represented the States in the following proportions, viz.: New-Hampshire, 17; Massachusetts, 20; Rhode Island, 12; Connecticut, 23; New-York, 12; New-Jersey, 17; Pennsylvania, 27; Delaware, 13; Maryland, 27; Virginia, 25; North Carolina, 19; South Carolina, 19; Georgia, 17.

An examination of the names of the leading officers of the Revolutionary army would doubtless show a similar result to that of the Congressional list, but we do not deem it important to enter into the examination. If our Revolutionary fathers, when signing the Magna Charta of Independence, did not hesitate to recognize the ties of kindred in those from whom they were separating, there is no occasion at this day to deny the truths of history, and refuse to acknowledge our common origin as a nation with that Anglo-

Saxon people, against whom we have contended in two wars for independence, but who still hold us in commercial subjection, in consequence of our false system of legislation; which, contrary to the spirit of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, refuses to protect our own industry.

The effect of the mighty stream of imigration which Europe is now pouring upon our shores is yet to be determined by the events of the future. But our former experience as a nation in receiving the people of various races who have sought this favored land as an asylum, and the ready adoption by the various masses of the Anglo-Saxon language, laws, manners and customs, induces us to believe that our national character will not be materially changed by the effects of imigration. It should be the duty of all true Americans to discourage the separate action and trans-atlantic attachments and associations of the foreigners who come to reside among us; and to impress upon them the truth, that as all meet here on equal ground, so all distinctions of race should here be lost sight of, and all denizens, from whatever land or clime, should be anxious to be known in this republic only by the common name of AMERICANS.

NOTES.

I. Sir William Betham, a distinguished British antiquary, in a recent work expresses the opinion, founded on his investigations, that the Welsh and the Gael must have been a totally distinct and separate people; that the Welsh language differs totally from the Gaelic, and has not in fact the slightest affinity, unless it could be considered an affinity that a few words are to be found in each tongue which have the same or similar meaning. Lhuyd and Rowland, two of the most eminent Welsh writers, admit that a people who spoke the Irish language were the predecessors of the Welsh in Wales, and gave names to most of the places in that country; and that Welsh names of rivers and places were only to be found in the eastern and southern parts of Scotland. "Therefore," says Betham, "it appears clear that the Picts who inhabited that country must have been the ancestors of the Welsh, and that they conquered Wales, Cornwall, and Brittany, on the fall of the Roman empire; and calling themselves Cymbri, they were a colony of the Cimbri, a people who once inhabited the neighboring coasts of Jutland, (Denmark,) the ancient Cimbric Chersonesus, the country opposite the land of the Picts." Sir William Betham concludes, that the Irish, the Gael of Scotland, (Highlanders,) and the Manks, (of the Isle of Man,) are now the only descendants of that ancient people, of Phœnician origin, who speak their language.

II. The following are the names and origin of the twenty signers of the Declaration of Independence, who are not considered of Anglo-Saxon origin:—

Lowland Scotch.—William Hooper, Philip Livingston, George Ross, James Wilson, John Witherspoon.

Irish.—Charles Carroll, Thomas Lynch, jr., Thomas McKean, James Smith, Matthew Thornton, George Taylor.

Welsh.—William Floyd, Francis Lewis, Joseph Hewes, Thomas Jefferson, Lewis Morris, Robert Morris, William Williams.

Swedish.—John Morton.

Spanish.—William Paca.

The name of Paca, we believe, is only to be found in the Spanish and Portuguese. William Paca, of Maryland, whom we consider of Spanish descent, was of a highly respectable family; but his origin is not mentioned in his biography.

Thomas Lynch, jr., of South Carolina, one of the signers, was of a distinguished family of Connaught, Ireland. His biographer says that the South Carolina branch of the Lynch family, from which he was descended, was originally of Austria, where it was called Lince or Lintz. They removed to England, and from Kent to Ireland.

The names of Thornton, Smith, Taylor, and Carroll, in Ireland, we believe to have been originally of Anglo-Saxon origin. We have some doubt of the latter. It may be Celtic; but we think it is either Saxon or Norman. The ancestor of the family, Charles Carroll, grandfather of the signer, came to Maryland with the early English Catholic colonists, sent out by Lord Baltimore. He was a native of King's County, Ireland, and was a clerk in the office of Lord Powis, in the reign of James the Second.

Among the names of the delegates to the Continental Congress, besides the signers of the Declaration, are Sullivan, Burke, Duane, and Kearney, which it is well known are Irish.

The Sullivans (O'Sullivan originally) are a distinguished ancient Celtic family in Ireland. The Burkes are descended from an Anglo-Norman, named De Burgh, who accompanied Strongbow in his expedition to Ireland in the reign of Henry the Second. (*See Burke's Landed Gentry.*)

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

I.

Hell's gates swing open wide!
Hell's furious chiefs forth ride!
The deep doth redden
With flags of armies marching through the Night,
As kings shall lead their legions to the fight
At Armageddon.

II.

Peers and princes mark I,
Captains and Chiliarchi;
Thou burning Angel of the Pit, Abaddon!
Charioteers from Hades, land of Gloom,
Gigantic thrones, and heathen troopers, whom
The thunder of the far-off fight doth madden.

III.

Lo! Night's barbaric Khans,
Lo! the waste Gulf's wild clans
Gallop across the skies with fiery bridles!
Lo! flaming Sultanas, infernal Czars,
In deep-ranked squadrons gird the glowing cars
Of Lucifer and Ammon, towering Idols.

IV.

See yonder red platoons!
See! see the swift dragoons,
Whirling aloft their sabres to the zenith!
See the tall regiments whose spears incline,
Beyond the circle of that steadfast sign,
Which to the streams of Ocean never leaneth.[*]

V.

Whose yonder dragon-crest?
Whose that red-shielded breast?
Chieftain Satanas! Emp'ror of the Furnace!
What bright centurions, what blazing Earls,
In mail of Hell's hot ores and burnished pearls,
Alarm the kingdoms with their gleaming harness?

VI.

All shades and spectral hosts,
All forms and gloomy ghosts,
All frowning phantoms from the Gulf's dim gorges,
Follow the Kings in wav'ring multitude;
While savage giants of the Night's old brood,
In pagan mirth, toss high their crackling torches.

VII.

Monarchs, on guarded thrones,
Ruling Earth's southern zones,
Mark ye the wrathful archers of Gehenna;
How gleam, affrighted Lords of Europe's crowns,
Their blood-red arrows o'er your bastioned towns,
Moscow, and purple Rome, and cannon-girt Vienna?
Go bid your Prophets watch the troubled skies!
"Why through the vault cleave those infernal glances?
Why, ye pale Wizards, do those portents rise,
Rockets and fiery shafts and lurid lances?"

VIII.

Still o'er the silent Pole
Numberless armies roll,
Columns all plumed and cohorts of artillery;
Still girdled nobles cross the snowy fields
In flashing chariots, and their crimson shields
Kindle afar thy icy peaks, Cordillera!

IX.

On, Lords of dark Despair!
Prince of the Powers of Air,
Bear your broad banners through the constellations!
Wave, all ye Stygian hordes,
Through the black sky your swords;
Startle with warlike signs the watching nations.
March, ye mailed multitudes, across the deep;
Far shine the battlements on Heaven's steep.
Dare ye again, fierce Thrones and scarlet Powers,
Assail with Hell's wild host those crystal towers?
Tempt ye again the angels' shining blades,
Ithuriel's spear, and Michael's circling truncheon,
The seraph-cavalier, whose winged brigades
Drove you in dreadful rout down to the Night's vast dungeon?

G. H. M.

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[*] . . . . Ἄρκτον . . . . Ἄμαξαν . . . .
Οἴη δ' ἄμμορός ἐστι λοετρῶν Ὠκεανοῖο.
Iliad, xviii. 489.

EARTH AND MAN.*

This is one of a class of subjects which of latter years has grown out of and been laid open by the growth of other sciences. As the visible world has been mapped out, explored, and defined, and the harlequinism of the youthful sciences has given place to the greater marvels of the truth, every form in which nature manifests herself to us shows an increasing mutual dependence, and a convergence to one centre—man. From this connection and newly-discovered unity, the whole range of human knowledge has received an increased and increasing impulse, while on some of its paths a most unexpected blaze of light has been shed. Among others, Geography—or Geology, as it should rightly be called, were not the term already appropriated to a portion of it—is no longer the dry, unmeaning science it once was held to be, involving no great principle and tending to no great purpose; but it is at last felt to be, in its growth and perfection, a foreshadowing of the physical destinies of mankind. Astronomy and Geography, as Laplace and Herschel, Humboldt and Ritter have unfolded them, are now history—the history of the material universe and of created life; covering, not thousands of years, but thousands of cycles; and not stopping with the present, but prophesying of futurity.

Let us go back to those far-off scenes which their latest and most brilliant discoveries have laid open. "The earth was without form and void." Vaporiform, shapeless, glowing with combustion, a thousand times more rarefied than the atmosphere around us, huge volumes of the ultimate particles of matter filled the firmament, fleeting though space before the breath of the Almighty. As the billows of this fire-mist rolled on to their common centre, huge whirlpools would be formed from its approaching currents, and thus, from the well-known law in physics that, when streams of fluid matter converge in their course or meet in a centre, they establish a rotary motion, was formed our planetary system, rough-hewn and formless, but with all its magnificent purposes fully engermed within it. The same law of matter that drives the little eddy of dust and straw along the highway, or covers the bosom of the streamlet with dimples, guides the course of suns and planets and astral systems, and, we have every reason to believe, of the whole material universe. The nebulous sphere thus formed, filling up the space inclosed within what is now the orbit of the outermost planet, was a vast heated furnace, torn with the flaming tornadoes that raged and howled through its depths, but still following the same path that its chaotic materials pursued while yet a fire-cloud. Its rotary motion, a product of the conflict between this original movement and the mutual attraction of its particles, marks the natal hour of our planetary system. In the struggle between the contending centrifugal and centripetal forces, the outlying portions of the mass have become cooled, partly by radiation of their heat into space, and partly in consequence of their condensation. The least excess of the centrifugal over the attractive force would now suffice to detach this ring from the central body, preserving, however, its rotary motion, as well as the primary onward movement of the whole mass. The condensation of the inner nebulous matter still goes on; the space between the ring and the sphere becomes a vast abyss; the ring, of varying proportions and materials, breaks up and becomes itself a sphere; its rotary motion becomes its orbitual, and we at last behold the eldest-born of the planets careering through the ether, and hailing, as the ages float by, the successive births of its younger brethren.

And now, in its turn and due time, our own globe takes its place in the winged phalanx. Its satellite is thrown off by the same laws to which it owed its own existence. At this period the mass of the earth was upwards of 482,000 miles in diameter, and its time of rotation about twenty-nine and a half days. This rate of speed—the day and night of those primeval years—its satellite still preserves in its revolutionary period; while the parent globe, by continued condensation, is reduced to the sixtieth of that diameter, and its rotation accelerated to its present fixed rate of twenty-four hours. It now assumes its three most marked natural appearances, the gaseous envelope or atmosphere, the liquid or the waters of the ocean, and the cooled and hardened crust. Within this mighty caldron still roars the original and central heat, intensified by its narrowed limits, and ever straining against the rock walls of its dungeon.

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* The Earth and Man: Lectures on Comparative Physical Geography, in its Relation to the History of Mankind. By Arnold Guyot.

And now we come to that era in this great history which shows more immediate marks of the preparation of the earth for the home of man; a time inconceivably remote, but which seems but as yesterday when compared with those immense cycles through which its previous course must have run. The newly-formed crust must have been in great part, perhaps wholly, covered by the seas. The waters themselves were probably at a temperature nearly approaching the boiling-point. We have no reason to think that the solid parts were otherwise than irregular in their contour and groupings, nearly as much so, in fact, as at the present hour, though not possessing the same elevation. The marine currents doubtless existed. The sharp outlines of these submarine mountains and continents must thus have been subjected to a violent chemical and mechanical action, and must have been worn away with a rapidity unknown since. The turbid seas would hold these materials in suspension or chemical solution. A deposit would then take place of the heavier particles first and the lighter afterwards, while those substances held in solution would be precipitated according to their chemical combinations. Each successive layer, which, when first deposited, would be protected from the effects of the internal heat by rapidly radiating it into the superincumbent ocean, would, in its turn, when covered by new strata, be exposed to the full intensity of its fires. Thus were formed the aqueous rocks. At this period, and even at later epochs, judging from the uniformity of their fossiliferous remains, there must have been a remarkable sameness and tranquillity of climate over the whole surface of the earth. The heat of the almost seething waters must have gone far to counteract the climatic inequalities. There was no dry land to disturb the equilibrium of the atmosphere, by producing different degrees of rarefaction, or deflecting from their regular and gentle course the great wind-currents; while the marine currents swept equally unobstructed around the earth's circumference. The great density of the atmosphere must also have contributed to this effect. This was the period of the earlier sedimentary rocks, and the hour before the dawn of animated creation. "And darkness was on the face of the deep." The sun's rays struggled feebly through the thick, murky atmosphere. The gloomy sea was undisturbed by storms, and in silence the rains were gathered and returned to its bosom. No life breathed, no voice was heard in those dreadful solitudes. But far and near, wheresoever the eye could rest, was the vague, illimitable main.

As the cooling of the planet continued, new changes took place. Slowly upheaving, the sunken continents reared their crests, and dry land appears. The earth, the air, and the waters, now act and react on each other, and become prolific under the life-giving rays of the sun. The rains, which before fell in the barren lap of the ocean, now pour down on the peaks and jagged sides of the mountains. Disintegration rapidly goes on. Soils and alluvial deposits are formed, and marine and land vegetation is now seen. At first, animal life is found in a few types, but little varied, and belonging to the lowest grade in the scale of animated creation; but in the succeeding epochs, the traces of life become more abundant, and the number of species extended. Before, however, nature has put forth all her strength, and given to land, and sky, and ocean their thousand forms of life, let us look at the map of the globe of those early years, as the earth has preserved it for us in the rock-tablets of her autobiography.

"The largest domain above the surface of the water, in the regions of the future continent of Europe, was Scandinavia and a part of Russia. England and Scotland are only marked by a few islands along the existing western coast; Ireland, by a few others placed at the corners of the present island. All

France is represented merely by an island corresponding to the central land of Auvergne, and by some strips of land in Vendée, in Brittany, and in Calvados. In Germany, Bohemia, forming a great island, the Harg, and the plateau of the Lower Rhine; small portions of the Vosges, and of the Black Forest, and some low lands on the spot occupied by the Alps, between Toulon, Milan, and Tyrol, compose an archipelago which is to become the centre of the continent. All the regions of the south, except, perhaps, a few small portions of Spain and of Turkey, do not yet exist. North America, at the coal epoch, which, though a little more recent, belongs almost to the same age, is in like manner made up of a few islands only, analogous to Scandinavia, but less numerous, less parcelled out than we find them in Europe at the same period. A large island occupies all the present north-east of the continent, with the region of the Alleghanies and the Apalachian, and all the region north-west of the Valley of the Mississippi, and forms a species of small continent, in the interior of which are three inland seas, or three large swamps, where the plants are vegetating that compose the great coal deposits of the present day. A similar sea doubtless lay between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, bordered perhaps by lands which have disappeared beneath the waves. All the great belt of low lands along the Atlantic coast and the Gulf of Mexico, including Florida, did not exist; the ocean formed a deep gulf, running up the Valley of the Mississippi one half its length. The vast plains west of the Mississippi, the Rocky Mountains, the table-lands, and the high snow-capped chains from California to the Frozen Ocean, were still at the bottom of the sea."

The coal epoch, or the era of the carboniferous formation, was the triumph of vegetable nature. The insular forms of the newly-created continents, the ocean permeating and encompassing them in every direction, and the consequent universal humidity of climate; the large proportion of morasses and low-lying lands, hardly raised above the surface of the waters; and, above all, the heated atmosphere, surcharged with the peculiar food of plants—carbon—gave birth to a Titanic vegetation, of a low rank indeed in the vegetable kingdom, but surpassing in luxuriance and extent any thing that is found at the present day, even in the most favored of the tropical latitudes. Plants that now hardly raise their humble heads above the ground, then attained the size of our forest trees. Such was the *lycopodium*, or club-moss family, seeking, even at this day, hot, humid situations at the tropics, and especially in small, low islands, but never exceeding the height of two or three feet, and of flimsy and weak structure. But in the ultra-tropical climate of those far-off years, and under their watery skies, this lowly plant reached the imposing growth of seventy or eighty feet, and spread to such an immense extent that it is thought to have composed a larger proportion of the entire coal formation than any other of its vegetable compeers. Almost rivalling these in size and importance was the *equisetum*, or common horsetail, a plant which is now found in ditches and rivers in most parts of the world, within and without the tropics. From the researches of M. Brongniart, it appears indisputable that plants, very nearly the same as these in their organization, formed a considerable part of the original vegetation of the globe; not the diminutive species of the present day, but towering vegetables, many yards in length; and indeed, if certain striated fossils of the coal fields should be referable to this family, it will be found that some of them must have been vast trees. The ferns too played an important part in this early flora. From these facts, less disputable than aught recorded by the pen of human historian, we can form a tolerably accurate idea of the appearance of nature—the nature whose gentler face now fills the heart of man with delight, then sorrowful, sombre, pale, with the agonies of her mighty travail. Archipelagos, the germ of continents, almost lost in the immensity of ocean, and darkened by perpetual mist; mountain ranges, of no great height or extent, but dangerous with gorges and precipices and jutting cliffs; rivers, swollen with floods and surcharged with detritus, heaving mournfully through the silence of primeval forests; endless fens, where the children of nature stand in ranks so close and impenetrable, that no bird could pierce the net-work of their branches, nor reptile move through the stockade of their trunks. But neither bird nor quadruped had yet started into being, for no living creature could breathe for a moment the noxious air, from which vegetation drew in safety the sustenance of its gigantic development. The leafy Titans waved over a world that was yet their own; from the reservoirs of the sky they drank in the liquid carbon; they drained off the poison and locked it in the bowels of the earth; they filled the estuaries and water-courses and shallow seas with their prostrate forms; the purification of nature was the purpose of their creation, and for unbroken ages the work went on. This was the twilight of the morning.

Succeeding epochs present a continuous upheaving of the bed of the ocean, and a nearer approach of the dry land to the present forms of the continents. Animal life at last appears in shapes fitted to the gradual preparation of the earth for the reception of the highest types. Heretofore, fishes and mollusks had found protection in their proper element from the deadly impregnation of the atmosphere. But now, reptiles are found—a class of animals, from their slow respiration, peculiarly fitted for a medium yet wanting its due proportion of oxygen. Each era of the world's history seems to have brought its especial form of life to its maximum size, and we accordingly find these animals to assume a magnitude and variety of attributes no longer possessed by the similar species of the present day.

> " It does not seem unphilosophical to infer that the bays, creeks, estuaries, rivers, and dry land were tenanted by animals, each fitted to the situations where it could feed, breed, and defend itself from the attacks of its enemies. That strange reptile, the Icthyosaurus, (one species of which, *I. platyodon*, was of large size, the jaws being strong, and occasionally eight feet in length,) may, from its form, have braved the waves of the sea, dashing through them as the porpoise now does ; but the Plesiosaurus, at least the species with the long neck, (*P. dolichodeirus*,) would be better suited to have fished in shallow creeks and bays, defended from heavy breakers. The crocodiles were probably, as their congeners of the present day are, lovers of rivers and estuaries, and, like them, destructive and voracious. Of the various reptiles of this period, the Icthyosaurus, particularly the *I. platyodon*, seems to have been best suited to have ruled in the waters, its powerful and capacious jaws being an over-match for those of the crocodiles and plesiosauri. Nor are we unacquainted with some of the food upon which these creatures lived ; their fossil fæces, named *coprolites*, having afforded evidence not only that they devoured fish, but each other ; the smaller becoming the prey of the larger, as is abundantly testified by the undigested remains of vertebræ and other bones contained in the coprolites. Amid such voracity, it seems wonderful that so many escaped to be imbedded in rocks, and, after the lapse of ages on ages, to tell the tale of their existence as former inhabitants of our planet. And strange inhabitants they undoubtedly were ; for, as Cuvier says, the Ichthyosaurus has the snout of a dolphin, the teeth of a crocodile, the head and sternum of a lizard, the extremities of cetacea, (being, however, four in number,) and the vertebræ of fish ; while the Plesiosaurus has, with the same cetaceous extremities, the head of a lizard, and a neck resembling the body of a serpent."*

In the tertiary formation, the continents have assumed very nearly their present outlines, while the superior class of animals—the mammifers—have become abundant. Spain, France, Central Europe, the British Isles, are well defined ; Scandinavia has reached almost its present limits. Italy, the Morea, Barbary, the Levant are there ; while, from the north, Russia already hangs like a cloud over the future realms of civilization. With the increase of dry land and the continued diminishment of the surface-heat of the earth, is lost the uniformity of temperature that has hitherto prevailed through the whole course of these elementary wars. From these two changes follow the most momentous results. Climates are established somewhat as they exist at the present day, and the various forms of the animal and vegetable kingdoms become localized. Living nature is henceforth parcelled out according to its natural affinities, and individualized by geographical and climatic barriers. Each type finds itself in the sphere in which alone it can reach perfection. Nature becomes more prodigal of creative power, and more avaricious of space. Animals analogous to existing species are now found in the greatest abundance. The Saurian still possessed the muddy margins of the seas, and the early vegetation still continued under the equatorial sun. But, in more temperate latitudes, a nobler and higher life bursts forth tumultuously. On the hill-slopes it basks and sports ; in the wooded valleys it flutters, and sings the morning-song of creation. The uplands tremble beneath the tramp of bovine myriads ; and in the desert prowl the felinæ.

Thus, step by step, from its earliest baptism of flame, through convulsions when the central fire fought for its ancient dominion, through alternate cycles of rest and agitation, we come to the final chapter in this wonderful history, the submersion of the continents, and the subsequent withdrawal of the waters. The geological appearances of Europe and North America render it probable that those regions were at a late period swept by powerful currents of water, which rounded off the forms of the mountains, scooped out the valleys into gentler shapes, filled up with the transported débris the fissures and breaks in the superficial strata, in a manner which no atmospheric influence could possibly have effected, and smoothed and softened the whole in its final preparation as the abode of the human race.

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* De la Bèche's Geology.

Let us now look at the surface of the earth, perfected and fitted for a new day, and seek for the connection which we cannot doubt must exist between its physical conditions and the past history of man. And thereby we may obtain a clue to his terrestrial destinies. For if we can see an evident fitting of the powers of nature to the purposes of individual existence, we may rest assured that there is an equal parallelism between the great features of nature and the past and future fortunes of the race.

The outline of a continent, depending as it does on the height of the surrounding seas, and liable to assume a most complete change of appearance with the elevation or depression of those seas, even with the slight variation of a few hundred feet, would seem a matter altogether accidental and devoid of significance. But as there is nothing accidental in nature, but every thing the result of physical laws fixed in fate, by observing closely these sinuosities of shape, together with their associated natural phenomena, we may be enabled to detect, in the apparent confusion, a system and design world-wide as the materials out of which it is wrought. And first we will refer to the work with which we have headed this paper, for some of the coincidences and contrasts, the resemblances and irregularities in the vertical and horizontal forms of the different bodies of dry land which compose the habitable earth.

A glance at the map of the globe will show us the continents surrounding the northern pole, and springing out from it like an opened fan, jutting into the great southern ocean in pyramidal forms. The points of these pyramids are invariably the extremities of mountain belts, which proceed from the interior and break off abruptly, forming bold and precipitous promontories. Thus we see America terminate in the rugged heights of Cape Horn, Africa in the Cape of Good Hope, Asia in Cape Comorin, the extremity of the chain of the Ghauts, and Australia in Cape Southeast, of Van Diemen's Land. This tendency of the continents to group together in the north, and to become attenuated and narrow towards the south, is carried out in all the separate and minor forms in which they present themselves. For instance, Greenland, California, Florida, in America; Scandinavia, Spain, Italy, and Greece, in Europe; the two Indies, Corea, Kamtschatka, in Asia, all point to the south. The next series of resemblances is found by grouping the continents in three double worlds: the two Americas, Europe-Africa, and Asia-Australia. Each pair we find to be united together by an isthmus or chain of islands. On one side of the isthmus is an archipelago, on the other a peninsula. Thus, in America, on one side of the connecting isthmus is the archipelago of the Antilles, on the other is the peninsula of California. In Europe-Africa, (considering Italy and Sicily as the true isthmus, since they almost touch by Cape Bon the Barbary shore, and the sea between being shallow and full of ledges of rock,) we have on the east the Grecian archipelago, and the peninsula, Spain, on the west. In Asia-Australia, there is the continuous chain of islands, stretching from the peninsula of Malacca, by Sumatra and Java, up to New-Holland, presenting thus the appearance of an isthmus in embryo; and on one side is the archipelago of Borneo, Celebes, and of the Moluccas, and on the other the peninsula of India. Another fact worth noticing, with regard to the disposition of land and sea, is that the surface of the globe is found to be divided into two hemispheres, the one containing all the principal terrestrial masses, the other, only vast oceans; forming, in this way, a continental hemisphere and an oceanic hemisphere.

Again, instead of the great masses of dry land rising at irregular and hap-hazard elevations above the surface of the oceans, and interspersed with depressions below that surface, as can be witnessed in the isolated cases of the Caspian and Dead Seas, the valley of the Jordan and the beds of a few of the Italian lakes, we observe a gradual and steady rise in each of the continents towards a range of highlands constituting its crest. These apices are never in the centre, but always on one of the sides, presenting thus two slopes of unequal length and inclination. Of these, the long slopes tend invariably towards the Atlantic or the Frozen Ocean, which is only a portion of it; while the short slopes descend to the Pacific, or its continuation, the Indian Ocean. Incidentally, we can find from these facts a clue to the manner in which the continents emerged from the bed of the ocean. Lifted up by the internal volcanic forces, the crust of the earth would seem to have been raised either way, from a line following the centre of the Atlantic, by successive diverging upheavals, until it attained the height of its loftiest mountain barricades. That this was effected by a series of convulsions, and not by a single one, is proved by the comparative geological appearances. The Grampians of Great Britain, and the Scandinavian mountains, are far more ancient than the Alps, Carpathians, and Himalaya; while, in America, the Rocky Mountains and the Andes are of much later origin than the more moderate ranges along the Atlantic coast; the general elevation of the uplands and plains corresponding also very closely with that of the mountains. The same tilting motion, we may observe, which raised the outer or Pacific margins, would be likely to cause a proportionate depression on the inner line of junction; and to this cause may be owing the existence of the Atlantic Ocean, which has more the character of an inland sea than the Pacific, resembling in its form a *trough* between the opposite continents. Strengthening the above view is the fact that the greater part of the volcanoes of the globe are strung along the shores of the Pacific, while the Atlantic is comparatively free in this respect; pointing thus to the latest theatre of elemental strife. In addition to this main system of slopes, there is a system of counter-slopes, commencing in both the eastern and western hemispheres at the poles, and reaching their greatest altitudes at the tropics.

These are a few of the points of resemblance or intimate connection between the two great divisions of the globe. There are others of contrast, however, equally striking, and not to be forgotten in a view of the influence exerted by the forms of the continents upon the physical destinies of mankind.

Whilst the mountain systems have presented the most attractive field for the labors of the geologist, and have in fact, until of late years, almost engrossed the attention of scientific men, it is nevertheless not there that we must look for the solution of the momentous questions to which their labors have been but the prelude. It is in the low, level stretches of land, or *plains*, and in the high and level table-lands, or *plateaus*, that men build their homes, and make the scene of their labors and hopes, of their trials and rewards. The first to point out the importance in physical geography of these divisions of the earth's surface, was Humboldt; and later geographers have followed closely in the track that his great intelligence opened for them, whilst their moral bearings upon human fortunes have hardly yet had bestowed upon them a due share of attention.

> "The Old World is that of table-lands and mountains. No continent exhibits plateaus so elevated, so numerous, so extensive, as Asia and Africa. Instead of one or two chains of mountains, like the Andes, Central Asia is traversed by four immense chains, supporting vast table-lands of from five thousand to fourteen thousand feet in elevation, and the loftiest mountains of the globe. The extent of this elevated region is more than two thousand four hundred miles in length, by one thousand five hundred miles in breadth. The principal mass of Western Asia is nothing but a plateau, from three to six thousand feet in height. Africa, south of Sahara, seems to be only an enormous pile of uplifted loads. It has been calculated that the mountains and plateaus of Asia cover five sevenths of its surface, while the plains occupy only two sevenths. In Africa, the high regions form two thirds of the continent, the plains only one third. But although the Old World may be called the world of plateaus, it is not because great plains are wanting there. The whole north of Europe and Asia is nearly a boundless plain. In Africa, also, the plains of Sahara extend two thousand five hundred miles in length, by one thousand in breadth. But the situation of these plains of the Old World, under the frozen sky of the north, and under the fires of the tropics, together with the nature of their soil, takes from them all their importance. The one is a frozen waste, a Siberia; the other a burning desert; and neither the one nor the other is called to play an essential part, nor do they impress upon their respective continents their essential character. The New World, on the other hand, is the world of plains. They form two thirds of its surface; the plateaus and the mountains, only one third. The high lands form only a narrow band, crowded upon the western coasts of the two continents. Almost the whole east runs into immense plains, covering it, one might say, from pole to pole. From the Frozen Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico, over an extent of nearly two thousand four hundred miles, we cross only insignificant heights.

> From the 'llanos of the Orinoco to the banks of La Plata, we traverse more than three thousand miles of low plains, slightly interrupted by the somewhat more elevated regions of western Brazil; they are prolonged even to the Pampas of Patagonia, six hundred miles further south, to the southern extremity of America. The length of the rich plains watered by the Maranon, in the direction of the current, is nearly one thousand six hundred miles. . . . . . . Finally, if we were seeking for a continent where the form of mountains, without plateaus at their base, should be the characteristic feature, it would be necessary to name Europe, comprehending in it only Western Europe, without Russia; that is, historical Europe, the true Europe, after all. Traverse Europe from one end to the other, whether over its central mass or its peninsulas, you will find every where its soil modified, cut in all directions by chains of mountains intersecting each other. In all this part of the Continent, the largest existing plain, that of northern Germany and Poland, is only six hundred miles long by two hundred broad. It is the extremity of the great Asiatic plains in the north. The other plains, as those of France, of Hungary, of Lombardy, are smaller in extent, and do not deprive this part of the Continent of the mountainous character essentially belonging to it."

In connection with these varying shapes of the earth's surface, and essentially modified by them, is the question of climate. The great zones of the astronomical climate are due, it is true, to the spherical form of our globe, causing the unequal distribution of the sun's rays. But these are modified to such a degree by the great divisions of land and sea, that in the same latitudes we will find at one point the freshness and verdure of a perpetual spring, and at another, winters almost arctic in their severity, followed by summers where the sun beats down with equatorial fervor. For instance, at the Faroe Islands, situated in the midst of the Atlantic, the thermometer falls, during the coldest month of the year, ts 36.8° Fahr., while in the hottest month it only rises to 55°. In the same latitude, in the wilds of Siberia, stands the city of Yakutsk. Here the thermometer ranges from 40.9° below zero, during the coldest month, to 68.5° of Fahr., during the summer heats, making an annual variation of 109.4° On the southern shores of Great Britain, delicate shrubs suffer no injury from the mild winters, while the summer sun has not power to bring to its full ripeness the grape. On the northern shore of the Caspian, wines are grown of equal richness with those of Spain, while in the same latitude at the mouth of the Loire, the vine can hardly be raised. These extreme variations are due not alone to the mere contour of the confines of ocean and dry land, but to the extent of the continents and the varying altitudes and depressions of their surfaces. And whether the ocean breezes are met by inhospitable mountain barricades, robbing them of their humid treasures, and sending them inland dry and sterile, or whether they pass for thousands of leagues over low-lying plains, are matters involving not only climate, but civilization and barbarism, and place and precedence of the continents in the preparation of the earth for the universal home of the human family. But before we consider these great physical features, so important in their moral results, we must call to mind the various atmospheric phenomena by which land and sea are enabled to act and react on each other. And first the general theory of the winds.

Among the causes of atmospheric disturbance, the chief is the unequal rarefaction by the sun's rays of the different levels and sections of the atmosphere, the more heated layers of air rising, in consequence of their lessened density, and the adjacent colder and heavier volumes rushing into the comparative vacuum thus formed. What is true incidentally and on a small scale, it is clear must also be the case in the regular and grander operations of nature, and more especially with respect to the two great reservoirs of heat and cold, the poles and the tropics. From these causes we would conclude an uninterrupted march or progression of the winds, from the arctic and antarctic regions, in the direction of the equator. This hypothesis observation has rendered certain, modifying it, however, by antagonistic phenomena sufficiently numerous to leave this element its character as the type of all change and uncertainty. As the waves of air roll from the poles to the tropics, they are affected by the rotary motion of the earth. The speed of the earth's rotation on its axis is of course almost nothing at the poles, and obtains its maximum at the equator. The polar winds, as they sweep towards the equator, do not acquire this increased velocity at once, but, as the earth rolls from west to east, lag behind, presenting thus the appearance of a current of air from east to west. This tendency to the west increases, the nearer the approach to the tropics, and at last assumes a due westerly direction, and becomes what navigators term the trade-winds. These winds are found on either side of the equator, and are separated by a zone of calms, where the ascending current seems to neutralize the horizontal. In this region the breezes are variable and shifting, and calms alternate with the most terrific tornadoes. But on the north and on the south, the trades pursue their stately and gentle march, gathering the vapors from the surface of the ocean, to enrich the far-off continents. For as the tropical sun forces the heated strata upwards, they become cooled in those frigid heights, and are drawn into the upper return current to either pole, to run again on the endless round of nature. The temperature of these upper currents steadily decreases, and their greater density forces them slowly but surely to the earth, which they reach at about 30° north latitude. Their superabundant humidity is condensed, and their course is marked by copious showers, the warm and genial rain of southern winds, which brings to the lap of the earth germination and increase. The existence of these upper return currents is well established, as is also the fact that they are affected by the rotary motion of the earth equally with the surface currents, but in a reversed order. For, starting with the full velocity of the earth's rotation at the equator, they do not immediately lose it as they proceed on their northward travel, but find themselves at every step a little in advance of their original longitude, forming thus, between the two propelling forces, a current from the south-west, as the corresponding surface current runs from the north-east. This on our side of the equator. In the southern hemisphere, the upper current tends from the north-west, and the lower from the south-east. Accordingly, in the middle latitudes of the northern hemisphere, where the upper and lower currents come into contact, we have but two normal winds, the north-east and the south-west wind. Both bring clouds and rain, but the south-west alone bears with it the prolific warmth of its native climate. The north-east, cold, and from its density comparatively dry, especially if its course is overland, meets the vapors rising from lakes and rivers and morasses, and condenses them into chilling rain-storms. Where it crosses lofty plateaus, such as the steppes of northern Siberia, it adds a deeper gloom to their desolation. Where it gains warmth and moisture from the open sea, and is subsequently checked by the forests and mountain ranges of the main land, as in eastern India, China, and the Atlantic coast of America, it deposits its temperate rains on their slopes and recesses. Where it sweeps over extensive tracts of depressed and parched-up plains, such as the deserts of Arabia, their dry heat melts away its small modicum of moisture, and we behold the singular phenomenon of a country doomed to perpetual sterility by the joint action of a tropical sun and polar winds. A more striking instance of this may be found in the humid breezes that are wafted over the Mediterranean into the depths of Sahara. The burning breath of the desert dries up the humid airs, the mists are dissolved into invisible vapor, the clouds disappear, and southward rolls the northern blast, until, condensed on the mountain slopes and snowy peaks of central Africa, clouds, and rain, and mist, once more appear. Here they swell those mysterious floods whose fountains, long sought for, must thus, in the vast econmoy of God, be found in the waters of Europe and Asia, and even in the ice of arctic seas. On the south of the equator, from the great preponderance of ocean over dry land, the trades blow with greater regularity than in the northern hemisphere. But even here, the Indian Ocean, from its land-locked character, breaks in upon the course of this great aerial system, and establishes one of its own. On the north of this huge mediterranean sea we find India, with its towering mountain ranges, and the elevated regions of middle Asia. On the south are the table-lands of southern Africa. These lie in opposite hemispheres; and while it is summer in India, the plateaus of Africa are covered with snow; and when winter passes over to the Himalayas, the African uplands glow and quiver with furnace-heat. Thus, alternately, for six months of the year, there is a strong wind setting in from either quarter, forming the north-east and south-west monsoons. To the east and south is New-Holland, with its minor monsoons, while the great Australian archipelago, feeling the influence of these double systems, and at the same time of the great Pacific trade-wind, to which it is the barrier, is constantly the scene of the most terrific tempests.

Equally with the atmosphere, are the oceanic waters affected by the shape of the earth, and the unequal distribution of the sun's heat. Driven from the poles by the eternal laws of matter, they hurry on to the tropics, washing their burning shores, to return in their great round of compensation with borrowed warmth to mitigate the rigor of arctic winters. But the continents, which present obstacles only partially insurmountable by the winds, break up the marine movements into a more complex system; and instead of the general form of upper and lower strata, we have numberless lateral currents, whirling furiously around the continental promontories, foaming along the coasts that hem them in, seeking as eagerly for outlets to the west as did Columbus for the great western world, and finally taking the course which their original impulse, the outlines of the masses of dry land, and the varying depth and form of the bottom of the ocean, unite in giving them. In the gulf-stream we behold an ocean current corresponding to the upper return trade-wind of the northern hemisphere; in the uniform movement to the west of the equatorial seas, we have the counterpart of the trade-winds of commerce; and in the fact of the annual progress to the south of numbers of icebergs, moved directly against the set of the gulf-stream by the submarine current which envelopes their base, we have a beautiful proof of the general correctness of this theory.

Let us now observe the manner and extent to which the earth is affected by the influences of sea and sky, and in what degree these combine to impel the growth, not of the individual, but of the tribes of men whom history finds planted on its surface. As we have seen, the two Americas, from their long and narrow form, and the comparative nearness of their opposite coasts, are permeable in every direction by the ocean vapors, and possess what may be called a *maritime* climate. The old world, on the other hand, heaped up in a compact mass between the pole and the equator, presenting a region of such immense extent as to drain the winds of the eastern and western oceans of every vestige of their humidity, affords an instance of a climate essentially *continental*. In the latter, dry, free, and open, animal life finds the best materials of its growth and early development, while vegetation is dwindling and imperfect. In the new world, on the contrary, the vegetable kingdom is triumphant, and aboriginal man sinks overpowered beneath its magnificence. But in these contrasts lies the fitness of these two great continents to produce their mutual ends. The superabundant natural wealth of the new world, too vast for the unassisted energies of infant humanity, is reserved as the field of the labors of its manhood; while in Asia, where stinted nature cradles the young Hercules, we may clearly see the design by which her powers are merely chained and not entirely destroyed. From the valley of the Atlantic, the land of Europe and America rises by a succession of long and gentle slopes to the Rocky Mountains in America, and to the Himalayas in Asia. Had the Atlantic shores been fringed by high mountain ranges, the whole expanse of either continent would have been a howling wilderness, leafless, a grave to all organized life. An instance of this may be seen in the eastern coasts of North and South America, where the Andes and Rocky Mountains arrest and condense the moisture of the sea-winds, pour it down in prolific floods on the short eastern slope, while the winds, thus rendered parched and thirsty, sweep down on the western slopes, leaving waste and ruin in their track, and forming the deserts which may be found from Cape Horn to the Frozen Ocean. Not so in the old world. The Pacific winds are, it is true, prevented from penetrating far inland by the mountains of Eastern Asia; but to the Atlantic winds no such obstacles are presented. The south-west, or upper return trade-wind of the northern hemisphere, losing its caloric in the upper regions of the atmosphere, strikes the earth again at about 30° north latitude. Beating along the Atlantic coasts of Europe, it drenches these shores with the first-fruits of its rains. But the easterly tendency, gained from the rotation speed of the earth at the equator, increases with every step northward, and finally these winds, rich with the distillation from nature's laboratory, sail landward, over central and northern Europe, over the grassy plains of Asia, until checked in Siberian deserts by the polar currents. Thus there are but two normal winds in the temperate regions of each hemisphere, constituting in their alternations the variations of weather, of cold or warm rains, of soft or chilling winds, characteristic of those latitudes. But under the pluviose skies of western Europe, vegetation almost equalled American luxuriance; and we accordingly find the early tribes that spread over these countries to be but a grade above the red savage of the opposite continent,—solitary hunters, and unable to subdue nature to their will.

But in Asiatic steppes, on the prairies of the old world, began the solution of the question of man's advancement. For thousands of miles spread out the grassy wilds; league upon league was the pure sky overhead dotted with the small breezy clouds peculiar to a great champaign country; and as the shadows of these clouds floated over the verdure, so coursed across the horizon the pastoral cohorts of the young world. In this facility of communication and of intercourse with his fellows, man found the first secret of strength, union and congregated numbers; and a terrible power it was in the hands of an inexperienced, unthinking age. It spread to the east and south, and surged against the billows of the Pacific and Indian Oceans; and there it remains to this day, stamped and stereotyped in the peculiarities of the Chinese and Hindoo races, as the *boy era* of history. It spread to the south-west, and culminated and fell in oriental dynasties. It spread towards the west, and there its purpose becomes manifest. By uniting their strength, and held up by the grasp of despotic authority, men have thrown off the slough of their embryo state, and become fitted to take possession of their great inheritance, the powers and fertility of nature. But despotism is lethargic, unthinking, uninventive, and no great progress can be made, except by free individual thought and action. But free thought and action need the protection of nature herself against overgrown power; and in Europe, more than in all the world beside, are found these natural safeguards of freedom in double and triple strength. Mountain, lake, and stream, morass and precipice, Alpine snows and wintry sierras, are the broken ground on which the vanguards of absolute power are thrown into confusion. Within these natural geographical divisions, not only the flora and the brute creation, but humanity become localized and individualized. Each tribe developed its type, and the individual man began to put forth powers and energies which hitherto had belonged alone to numbers. History was no longer the mere chronicler of the movements of armies or devastating hordes, but received a new and portentous element—*opinion*, or, in other words, the sum of individual thought and will.

This was first apparent in Greece. Greece, indeed, is microscopic Europe, and its germ. As the living tide of population rolled westward out of Asia, one stream of the current flowed into this nook between the continents. The rude voyagers cared but little for its loveliness, but their axes soon resounded in its ancient forests, and their skiffs crept cautiously along the shores. Here, protected by mountains and the boundless Mediterranean, and nursed by the sweet breath of the sea, mankind grew strong. In their sheltered coves and diamond isles, their cities were built, the token of a new day for humanity. In Arcadian glades walked men, bold, thoughtful, and vigorous. Power, as before, was with the numbers, but it was in their own hands, and not in those of a master; for their orators were only great when they spoke the thoughts that had stirred, without utterance, the breasts of the multitude, and their great captains were only successful as they marshalled the valor of their citizen soldiers. The state was but the concurrence of popular thought,—the *sana mens* of a whole people, reared under similar auspices. As the peopling of the west of Europe went on, Greece sent forth, by her colonies, arts and science, the power by which the Titan Nature was to be subdued; and, above all, she sent forth *individuality*,—the thought and deed of the unit, man. With the changing of the equipoise of population, the centres of trade shifted, and Greece fell; but each successive nationality into whose hand the sceptre of trade has passed, and with it wealth and power, has been built up by the field which these conditions offered for individual exertion and individual thought, and with their loss has fallen.

And now the scales of commerce stand quivering over the Atlantic. Here nature hitherto has been completely and terribly triumphant. This proud young world has strangled empires that have sprung into premature birth. Their ruins she has mantled with woods gray with years. The red man alone is left, flitting in silence through the unharvested forests, and saddened by the wealth that nature mocks him with. But now the day cometh. Caucasian tribes, whose horses once cropped the herbage of Bactrian plains and the uplands of Iran, and who watered their herds in the freshness of the

Gihon and Sihon, have grown to adolescence amid the mountains of Europe and along the borders of her sheltered inland seas. Step by step they have acquired the mastery of the powers and the wider realms of nature, which, seized too soon, would have destroyed them, either by stimulating their growth to a precocious and faulty development, as in the case of the kingdoms of Eastern Asia and the buried empires of Central America, or would have chilled them to death, as with the painted savages of early Europe. More than this, they have become masters of themselves.

In the training afforded by the great natural features of two continents, we have seen the progress of the conservative principle of free individual action. On this side of the Atlantic we now see it in a still fuller development. In the beginning, Asia poured out its hordes to fill up the waste earth. They were organized and led on by absolute power, for in no other way, in the infancy of mankind, could these great replenishments be effected. Wave after wave succeeded each other, and the path of emigration and its history were marked by terrible scenes of human misery. Truly did the Sclavonian poet say of the dark days of the infancy of those nations, that their soil was " cut up by the tramp of horses, fertilized by human blood, and white with bones, where sorrow grew abundantly."

And still the current sets westward. The yearly migration across the Atlantic is as great as that of the armed horsemen that once periodically filled Europe with despair. But they come singly. One by one they spread through the land, and the last of the wave is spent beyond the Mississippi. And here is the truly wonderful change. On the skirts of civilization, unnoticed and in silence as the leaves grow at night, young States yearly germinate into life. Without strife, unconvulsed, almost without thought, quietly and naturally as the sap ascends the tree, these principalities, that yesterday were not, to-day take their seats in the world's councils. This is a link in the chain of events which began in Asia, and for which, through cycles of time, the earth's surface had been fitted. Distinct, yet homogeneous, wherever a handful of men of the nineteenth century meet, society instantly *crystallizes* into government. This great thing is not done by the mass, but by the units; not by consolidated power, but by free wills and judgments, working with the precision of fate. The world has never seen so strange a spectacle as is to-day witnessed in California; a kingdom built up in an hour by the free hands and bold hearts and thoughtful brains of *un*organized, not disorganized, men. Asia colonized with fire and sword; the colonies of Rome, and Greece, and Tyre, were sent out with pomp and divination, and long tenderly nursed by the mother State; but this Minerva-kingdom of the Pacific created itself, and has at this moment, in spite of adverse influences, a securer government than two thirds of the European monarchies. Deseret, too, hemmed in by deserts and savages, and dragged back by its fantastic faith, thrives—a new Palmyra in the desert.

Thus, then, in Asia man subdues nature by union, in Europe he subdues and perfects himself by isolation, and in America the two principles conjoin to enable him fully to enter upon his birthright. For in this new world we behold a continent that is little else than one illimitable plain, traversed in every direction by magnificent water-courses, spotted with lakes that are really mediterranean seas, washed on all sides by the great highway of nations—the ocean—and crossed by every zone of the earth's surface. Never before was there such a field for the labor and intercourse of men, when the purification of centuries had rendered their hands safe to hold it. For in the vastness of these plains lies the very danger to civilization. Cloud after cloud of savages would sweep from the Frozen Ocean to the Cordilleras, from the Rocky Mountains to the Atlantic. Wherever industry had made the faintest mark, in the teeming distance would swarm the destroyer to restore the ancient chaos. In Europe, nature provides defenses in her mountains and her narrow indented shores. These protect her nationalities from barbarian invasion and from each other. The confines of her kingdoms are marked out by great natural land-marks and lines. In America there is no alternative between a hunting-ground for wandering tribes and a wide-spread and strongly-cemented *Union*, for unity is stamped on the face of the continent by the hand of God.

Sectional union, then, and individual distinctness, are the great features of this century, for which have been all the convulsions of the moral and material world, and which have first met on this side of the Atlantic. And now mark the difference. In oriental civilization there was union, too, but it was the union of banded men. Their trade was led on by armed caravans, in perilous overland journeyings. Their external commerce cut its way through seas clouded with pirates, the sabre was their tax-gatherer, and the balance of trade was tribute. In occidental development we behold an incessant, tumultuous, commercial intercourse; armies of peaceful men, greater than the levies of Xerxes, daily and hourly ascend and descend the trade-veins of the country, self-sustaining and self-generalled. The circulation is atomic, each atom gyrating and whirling onward, self-propelled; but the great heart of the nation beats for ever with a strong, steady, immortal throb.

But the end is not yet. The centres of power, civilization, commerce, are determined by the geographical position of countries with reference to the great masses of the inhabitants of the earth's surface. If we look at the mass of the globe, we will find one portion of it where all these conditions meet in a singular degree. Central America sits at the apex of the scales,—a continent on either hand, and to the west and the east the opposite shores of the old world. Here must arise the seat of a vast dominion—an eternal city, before which the splendor of old Rome was but the gray light preceding the dawn. This country, scarcely one hundred and fifty miles in width, unites within itself the most opposite features of soil and climate, giving intrinsic evidence of the future in store for it. Although tropical in situation, its elevation is so great that it may be classed among temperate countries; and in fact there is no vegetable production that is raised from Labrador to the equator, that cannot be here grown in equal perfection. Within its coasts, half way from sea to sea, are calm and deep lakes, that seem, as we look upon them in the map, like huge natural docks, intended to receive the riches of a universal commerce. The gold of California and the silver mines of South America are on either side. On the west is the barbaric luxury of Asia, on the east the sybarite refinements of Europe. Above are the men of North America, the nurse of republics; below is the southern continent, with what futurity has reserved for it. The Pacific too is the ocean of steam, its calm waters being well fitted for that species of navigation. Australia lies beyond, with its rapidly increasing emigration, and southern Africa, whose population of Caucasian descent may renovate the whole of that least favored of the continents.

Still not yet is the end. In the north-east of Europe, a few centuries since, appeared a little cloud no larger than a man's hand. It came down on the polar winds, and now darkens half the sky. Russia in Europe—death in life—is the Asia of the nineteenth century. There is nothing European in it but the arbitrary classification of geographers. Its civilization is entirely Asiatic;—its passive but enthusiastic people, its stern national policy, its ferocious warfare, the summary mode in which it changes its rulers and dynasties, the fact that you may cross through Germany—which is its outpost—through the whole extent of Russia, through the steppes of the Caspian and Siberia to the Pacific ocean, a distance of more than six thousand miles, without meeting an eminence more than a few hundred feet in height, —these show that in Russia we have to deal with the old antagonism that more than once has overwhelmed Europe. And now once more the hordes gather; no longer in scattered swarms arrayed against each other, but in grim consolidated barbarism, that wonderful Sclavonian race, the concubine of tyrants and the mother of freemen, for ages hiding its face in the dust, but ever, when the hour and the man come, springing up young and bold and buoyant—Pansclavism, the destroyer and restorer—again and for the last time rages around the defenses of European civilization. Europe has performed her special task. Her mountains and peninsular outlines no longer divide or protect. Her people are impatient for a new day, but the lifeless forms of the past encumber the present and cloud the future, and, to be regenerated, Europe must pass through death. We hear much said of the unfitness of European nationalities to enjoy the developed institutions of the new world; but the fact that, when her inhabitants are transferred to this side of the Atlantic, they sit down under those very institutions with as much steadiness as if to the manor born, leads us to suspect the existence of other obstacles. And we find them in the infatuation with which she holds on to the husk of social and political ideas which have already budded into something better, and to her national divisions and rivalries, which once nourished and now oppress. Her mountains have done their work, and now no longer present, before the science of the nineteenth century, the same forbidding and impenetrable fronts. If Europe possessed the same accessibility in every section as does our continent, had she the same wide natural channels by which the wave of population could roll freely through all her shores and find its natural level, filling up the waste places and possessing every forgotten nook, then surely the path of the future is as open for them as for us. These great channels nature does at last provide *through science*, but the shadows of the past yet obscure the future,—the long shadows of the setting sun. And for this the Russian bear still advances, and his hug is fate. His tread crushes the life out of the nations, and with them die their feuds and mutual exasperation, their baneful political forms and still more odious social castes,—and all is enveloped in the pall of a barbarous oriental monarchy. Does such a foreboding seem idle dreaming before the glories of that cluster of kingdoms whose power is felt to the antipodes? Have we then forgotten the fears that oppressed society when the star of Bonaparte was in the ascendant? when the wisest saw and shrunk from the coming night of a universal despotism? Bonaparte passed away, for he was but the forerunner of the scourge of God, which has ever come from the east and not from the west. The great northern Czar sits in his judgment-seat, and will interpret to Europe the handwriting on the wall. The spirit of humanity is eager and hopeful, but the miseries of men are greater than they can bear, and the iron grasp of the Kalmuck conqueror, with the chill of death in it, is preferable to the chronic horrors of European misrule.

But this is the fallow of the Great Husbandman. The stubble and weedy growth of the old year must be passed under the ploughshare, for thus only will the good seed bear fruit. Europe is reproduced in America, and has found in union the secret of Asiatic strength. Asia crouches on the eastern shore of the Atlantic, sullen, threatening, wary;—America stands before her, daring, and lavish of her young strength. Again they meet on the opposing Pacific coasts. If ever the horoscope of nations was so plainly cast that even the most incredulous must have faith, it is in the fact of the absorption of European civilization by the fast-growing power of Russia. But along with this, we read the twin fact, that the race that now inhabits the temperate regions of North America must also absorb and spread over the whole of the new world, from the Cape of Storms to the Frozen Ocean. This globe is too narrow for two such mighty antagonisms. We of to-day are darkened by a shadow from the spectral twentieth century. There is a murmur, too, as of arms—*clamorque virum*—a monstrous Titan-war, which shall chill the flaming heart of the old Earth, lest her children perish utterly. Then the primeval Saturnian desolation, which has for so long devoured its own offspring, will be met by its last and mightiest. Front, flank, and rear,—over the placid Pacific,—out of the typhoon-swept Southern Ocean,—across the hardy Atlantic,—the stream of emigration and invasion pours back towards its fountains. Through the wreck of kingdoms the columns of the new world hold their steady march, revivifying and raising the nations from their trance, tramping out narrow patriotisms and lingering national traditions, and bringing back the light of a new day to the ancient homes of the human family.

BENVENUTO CELLINI:

A TALE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER III.

THE SECOND TRIAL.

On the following day Gabuzzi was in his studio, when he saw Fiorentino enter. The two young men at once began to converse in a friendly tone; a secret sympathy attracted them towards each other.

"Are you aware," said the artist, "that you have excited the hatred of many here against you?"

"That disturbs me but little," said Fiorentino; "my aim and only wish is to relieve this young maiden from her fearful malady."

"Stay, there is one thing which grieves me; it is the thought that you are to meet this Captain Fiaramonti in single combat, for, I swear to you, he is a very dangerous adversary."

"You do not think me able to contend against him, then?"

"To speak frankly, no. Besides his physical superiority, he has this advantage over you, to wit: he handles the sword with unequalled address. I have every reason, therefore, to fear that the result of this combat may prove untoward for you, and I shall deem you very fortunate if you escape with but a single wound, even though it may be as serious as your two former ones."

"I hope to escape with less. But enough of myself: let us speak a little of your own affairs, Signor. You have consecrated your life to the art of sculpture, it appears, and so far as an ignorant person like myself can judge, you are very skilful; for here is an admirable torso, and your vase of bronze that I have just seen in the Princess's chamber seemed to me a most exquisite piece of workmanship."

"By my life, Signor Fiorentino, you have a quick eye. Do you know who executed these two works of art?"

"Yourself, I suppose."

"Ah! I would gladly give ten years of my life to have sculptured them."

"By whom were they sculptured, then?"

"The torso by Michael Angelo, the vase by Benvenuto Cellini."

"I am no longer astonished that they attracted my attention."

"Ah, there lives not a man, whether an artist or not, who could gaze coldly upon the works of such men."

"You appear to feel a very ardent enthusiasm for them."

"Next to God and Nature, there is nothing that excites my admiration like Genius."

"You have been their friend or pupil, perhaps?"

"Would to God it were so! it has ever been my dearest wish, my cherished dream, but I have been compelled to renounce it."

"Ah! and wherefore?"

"Michael Angelo is a gloomy spirit, who delights only in solitude and seclusion. As to Benvenuto Cellini, he leads too wandering a life to find leisure to instruct a pupil. I am obliged, therefore, to renounce the hope of studying under either of these great men, and I confess to you, it is a never-ceasing source of vexation to me; for I doubt not but under their guidance, and daily inhaling their genius, I should make rapid progress; while, abandoned to my own inspirations, I shall not rise above mediocrity, and my name will always remain buired in obscurity."

"With all this admiration for these two men, you must attach great value to their productions."

"Far greater than you could believe, Signor. This torso and that vase are in my eyes an inestimable treasure, and it is with great pain that I resign a part of it to you; but you assert that this sacrifice is necessary to restore reason to the daughter of my aged and unhappy friend, and I submit."

"You have a noble heart," said Fiorentino, with an expression that deeply moved the young artist; "and I shall be proud of your friendship, if you will grant it to me."

"With all my heart," said the artist; "for, I know not wherefore, I felt attracted towards you at the first moment, and while you excited anger and hatred in all these hearts, I felt impelled to hasten towards you, and to clasp your hand."

"It is still time," said Fiorentino.

With these words he reached his open hand to the artist, with an air of the most cordial friendship.

"And now," said Fiorentino, with the energy which he infused into his actions as well as into his words, "now, Signor Gabuzzi, it is for life and death between us. Whether you are rich or poor, whether your name remains unknown or shines above the crowd, my hand has clasped your hand, and henceforth you will find me always ready to devote myself to your service; my poignard and my purse are at your disposal."

At this moment a domestic entered, with Signor Gabuzzi's vase, which he placed in a corner of the studio.

"It was I who ordered this vase to be brought here," said Fiorentino, "for it is here, Signor Gabuzzi, that the sacrifice must be accomplished."

"And when?" said the artist.

"As soon as the Princess shall have entered this studio."

"But how will you contrive to guide her steps in this direction?"

"Nothing is easier. Since yesterday the Princess has been smitten with a sudden friendship for the beautiful Giulia; she follows her every where, and she will accompany her of her own accord, when the charming Signorina repairs hither, as has been agreed."

"And when will she come?"

"In a few moments."

"So soon!" said Gabuzzi, casting a troubled glance at his vase.

"Poor youth!" murmured Fiorentino.

"Stay, Signor," cried the artist suddenly; "I must go hence, for I confess I could not witness this spectacle, without feeling my heart break within my bosom. When all is over, come and join me on the lawn; but be silent, do not speak to me of it."

He left the apartment, and a few moments after his departure, Fiorentino saw the Princess and Signorina Giulia enter the studio, followed by Vivaldi and all his guests.

Fiorentino permitted no one to enter, but Giulia and the maniac.

"Place yourself yonder near that window," he said in a low voice to the Signorina, "and contrive it so that not one of my movements may escape Vanina's notice."

He then took Gabuzzi's hammer and chisel, approached the vase of bronze, gazed upon it long, motionless and dreamy, and at last, applying the chisel to one of the figures of the vase, he struck it with a slight blow, as if employed in carving it. He then recoiled suddenly, and began to pace back and forth in the studio, striking his forehead with every sign of despair, and pausing often, with a gloomy and thoughtful air, before the work upon which he appeared to be engaged.

At first, wrapped entirely in Giulia, in whom since the scene upon the meadow she seemed strangely interested, Vanina at last began to pay some attention to Fiorentino, and by degrees her interest increased to such a pitch, that soon he alone appeared to occupy her entire thoughts. When he approached the chisel to the vase, she started, and when he gazed upon it, motionless and gloomy, her glance became sad, and she imitated the expression of his features, and the attitude in which he stood. But suddenly, seeing his despair, she began to tremble, and grasping Giulia's arm, she said in a brief, affrighted tone:

"Vanina, are you not afraid?"

"Why should I be afraid?" replied Giulia.

"Do you not remark his grief? do you not forbode some misfortune?"

"What misfortune?"

Vanina appeared to question her memory.

"What misfortune?" she said; "ah! you know, indeed—he wishes to die at your feet; he wishes to descend the stream with you, to the flowery banks. I know not what more he wishes. Come, my Vanina, we will repair to France, where there are sweet blue lakes and fair green isles; come!"

She was silent, and her eyes were turned again upon Fiorentino.

"Vanina!" she resumed, "who is this man? Is it not the Captain, Hector Fiaramonti?"

"Yes," replied Giulia, "it is he."

"I know him well, but he is greatly changed. Despair is in his glance. What can have happened to him?"

At this moment Fiorentino approached the vase, with a gesture replete with anger, and Vanina began to tremble.

"Be silent!" she said, whispering in Giulia's ear; "restrain even your breathing. Do you not see how wretched he is? Some misfortune is about to happen to us; be silent!"

She pushed Giulia to the wall, nestled close against her, and followed every movement of Fiorentino, pallid, dejected, scarcely venturing to breathe.

After remaining for some moments silent and motionless, she suddenly uttered a piercing cry, and fell senseless in Giulia's arms.

"He has broken it!" she murmured in a languid voice; "I knew that he would break it!"

Fiorentino, in truth, had just dashed Gabuzzi's beautiful vase in pieces.

At the cry uttered by his daughter, Prince Vivaldi rushed into the studio, followed by all his friends, who had assembled to witness the result of this second trial. When he beheld his daughter swooning in Giulia's arms, turning to Fiorentino, he exclaimed:

"Great Heaven! what have you done?"

"What have I done?" replied Fiorentino. "I have restored your daughter to perception and emotion. Instead, therefore, of despairing, rejoice to see her thus, for it is a certain prelude to her recovery. I had not hoped so much. She has understood what has just passed beneath her eyes, since she is so deeply affected by it: is not this a most convincing proof that order and clearness are beginning to awake in her intellect? I repeat it, fear nothing; to-morrow a more violent shock will cast her into a more prolonged swoon, and when she recovers from it, her reason, at present still disordered, will be as clear and lucid as your own."

"You prophesy with the conviction of an apostle, Signor Fiorentino," said Captain Fiaramonti, with a laugh.

"Captain," replied Fiorentino, with the steadfast calmness which never forsook him, "when I undertook to heal this young maiden, I said that it would be necessary for me to break this vase and your life. You see by these fragments that I have already accomplished one of the conditions which I imposed upon myself; to-morrow at this hour the other will be accomplished also."

CHAPTER IV.

THE THIRD TRIAL.

The Captain Hector Fiaramonti had scarcely finished dressing, when Fiorentino entered his apartment, bearing beneath his arm one of those long basket-hilted swords which were at that time commonly used in single combat.

"Hail to the bravest of captains!" said Fiorentino, bowing profoundly.

"My young Signor," said the Captain, without returning his salutation, "do you know how the gladiators formerly saluted the Roman Emperor, at the moment when they were about to butcher each other for his pleasure?"

"I do not precisely remember, Captain: how did they salute them?"

"*Cæsar Imperator, morituri, te salutant!* If you properly understood your position, this is the manner in which you would have saluted me."

"Pardon my forgetfulness; I will not delay to repair it. Captain, I have come to request your opinion, upon a subject that you should comprehend better than any one else, perhaps."

"I am perfectly at your service, my poor Signor; express to me your last wishes."

Fiorentino drew his sword from its sheath.

"You see this blade, Captain; the sculptor Gabuzzi has lent it to me, assuring me that it is of excellent temper: what say you to it?"

Fiaramonti took the sword, and bent the blade in his muscular fingers.

"In a strong and skilful hand," he said, "this weapon would be of inestimable value."

"Do you think that it could strike a breast like yours, for example, without breaking?"

Fiaramonti laughed.

"As to that," he said, "have no fear; your sword will never reach so far."

"If, by chance, this little blade should reach so far," said Fiorentino, showing his unsheathed poignard, "do you think that it is of a length sufficient to touch the heart?"

"It would be a pity to stain its lustre," replied the Captain, "for it is very beautiful; the hilt, above all, is of admirable workmanship; therefore, my young Signor, we will manage matters so that it shall remain innocent of all blood, for I presume it has nothing as yet upon its conscience."

"You judge it too favorably, Captain; there are already a few trifles with which it may be reproached."

"Your weapons are magnificent, Signor," said Fiaramonti, "but tell me, do you think them sufficiently vigorous to contend against these?"

He now displayed to Fiorentino a sword and a poignard, of nearly the same dimensions as his own, except that the blades were much broader and thicker.

"You find these weapons somewhat weighty for your arm, ha, Signor?" said Fiaramonti haughtily.

"I find them coarse and fit for a common hireling," replied Fiorentino, glancing at them with contempt.

For the first time the Captain was stung by Fiorentino's words, and he was unable to repress his fury. This affront to his arms robbed him of all his coolness, and tearing them roughly from the hands of him who dared to asperse them, he cried, his face purple with rage:

"Miserable adventurer! know that these arms which you despise, you are not worthy to touch, for I have dipped them in the blood of twenty enemies, while yours have never been aught but a ridiculous bauble in your hands."

"You jest admirably when you choose, Captain," said Fiorentino, in a tone of calm disdain; "but you will not jest long; it is a pity."

"In this I confess you have the advantage over me," replied the Captain, striving to resume a tone of irony; "you have given me a striking proof that there is no affront, however galling, which you cannot endure without wincing, and I own I cannot push my meekness to such a pitch."

"My poor Captain, you have not understood one thing, then; to wit, that I have but one way of replying to him who insults me: I slay him, or he slays me; that is all."

The Captain did not reply; he gazed at his sword, and remained long in contemplation before the weapon, which recalled to him all that composed his life, all that composed his joy in the past, the present, and the future; in short, all that intoxicated his soul, and inflamed his imagination—combats and blood.

"When do we fight?" he said, turning suddenly to Fiorentino, and casting upon him a glance that seemed to thirst for vengeance.

"On the instant, for all are awaiting us near the great torrent to the south. If we but stand face to face, with weapon in hand, what matters the place? Are you ready?"

"I am!"

"Follow me, then."

"You will confess, Captain," said Fiorentino, as he struck into one of the narrow forest paths which led to the lawn, "you will confess that the plan which I have adopted to heal the Princess is much more simple, more rapid, and less troublesome than that employed by Signor Pezzolini."

"By my life, your assurance confounds me," said the Captain; "you speak of this cure as accomplished, and yet the Princess is still a maniac."

"True; but the clouds which obscure her reason have receded at each trial; you cannot deny this, and I announced it in advance. You see then, in truth, that I am not a lying prophet, and if you were not destined to play so important a part in the third trial, you might judge that my prediction will be verified throughout."

"Is it then absolutely necessary for the Princess's recovery that I should be the one to fall?" said the Captain, in a tone of raillery. "Would not the result be the same, if I should have the misfortune to pass my sword through your body?"

"Alas, my brave Captain! it would not be the same in any manner; it is absolutely necessary, therefore, that you should play your proper part on this occasion."

"You have but little time left to jest, my young Signor; you do well to profit by it. But by what road are you leading me? We are advancing in a direction exactly opposite to that of the torrent."

"It is true, Captain; but a few steps, and we are upon the lawn."

"Wherefore have you led me hither?"

"I will tell you, now that we are here."

"Proceed!"

"Captain," said Fiorentino, whose countenance suddenly put off its expression of mockery, to assume the gravity and energy habitual to it, "do you recognize this spot?"

"Perfectly; but I am astonished that you should take the trouble to lead me hither to-day; for it was here that you fell, when I hurled you to the ground."

"Yes, Captain, and it was here that I told you, as I showed you these two scars, that the man who imprinted them upon my face fell by my hand. At the moment of venturing our lives against each other, I wished to bring you to this spot, which still preserves the tokens of my shame and of your triumph; for this print that you see here is the print of my spur; I wished to bring you hither, to convince you that within the hour one of us will have ceased to live. I do not know the lot which fortune has this day reserved for me; but I have always lived, and until the event falsifies my confidence, I always shall live in the conviction, that I am destined, inevitably, to triumph over my enemies. I have been insulted thrice, Captain, and I have left three lifeless bodies upon the earth. It is true, I have never encountered an adversary as formidable as you; I confess it; but not the less do I feel the certainty, that the one of us two who is to lose his life in this combat is yourself. If I were not destined to be avenged of the most shameful affront that I have ever received from man, should I feel the boundless joy which at this moment overflows my heart?"

"But why speak after this fashion, my poor Signor Fiorentino? Do you not see that your head just reaches to my breast, and that I can clasp your body with my two hands? But enough of words; let us repair to the torrent, and we shall soon know what to think of your presentiments."

As they walked onward, they perceived Gabuzzi, who made a sign to Fiorentino that he wished to speak with him.

"Pass on," said the latter to the Captain; "I will overtake you in a moment.—What brings you here," he said, turning to the artist, "and why are you not with the rest at the place of combat?"

"My dear Fiorentino," said the artist, with emotion, "all are convinced, and I with the rest, that you will fall before the sword of Captain Fiaramonti; it is for this reason that they are at the torrent, and that I am here."

"Do not be alarmed too soon," said Fiorentino; "the Captain, I confess, is a dangerous antagonist, but he is not invincible."

"If you will follow my counsel," said Gabuzzi, in a tone of the warmest interest, "you will hold yourself, at first, upon the defensive, without venturing the slightest attack; you will wait prudently until the Captain shall lay himself open to your thrusts, whether in consequence of fatigue, or from the fury which will not fail to seize him, when he finds the combat prolonged without result; in this way, perhaps, you will avoid the fate which, I fear, awaits you."

"I will do my best to draw myself from the encounter with honor," said Fiorentino; "but I wish, and if necessary, I demand, in the name of that friendship which we have solemnly plighted to each other, that you should witness this combat; let me at least feel myself supported by the presence and the wishes of a friend."

"I will be there, since you desire it," said Gabuzzi; "and I need not tell you that you can count upon my prayers, since, unhappily, I can do nothing further for you in this emergency."

"Let us go then; we must not keep them waiting."

In the course of a few moments they had reached the torrent of which we have spoken at the commencement of this narrative. The Prince Vivaldi and all his male guests were already collected here beneath a palm-tree; but none of the females had been willing to be present at the sanguinary spectacle which was in preparation except Giulia, and Vanina the poor maniac, who had come hither ignorant of that which was to pass before her eyes; but by a mechanical instinct she perpetually followed the beautiful Signorina Giulia, who awaited, not without great terror, the commencement of the combat.

The Prince pressed Fiorentino's hand in silence, and his eyes were turned sadly towards his daughter, who was seated upon a stone a few paces distant from him. Fiorentino understood his thought.

"Prince," he said, "when, three days ago, I implored you to intrust me with the difficult task which I have undertaken, I might then have harbored some doubts, although even then success appeared to me infallible; but to-day, after that which I have already accomplished, I would stake my existence that, at the moment when this contest is ended, the Princess will entirely recover her reason. But she is seated at much too great a distance; it is indispensable that she should not be more than a few paces from us."

"So near!" said the Prince; "do you not fear that she may experience an emotion too violent?"

"It is the contrary rather that I fear."

"Do you know, Signor Fiorentino," said Pezzolini, "that you are a rare genius; you, who to-day give lessons to a physician and to a soldier, although you are neither a soldier nor a physician? It will be a glorious triumph, and I wait impatiently until you have vanquished both myself and Captain Fiaramonti, to pay you my compliments on the occasion."

"Signor Pezzolini," replied Fiorentino, "admitting that my method is a good one, and that I shall presently give you a proof of it, do you feel yourself capable of practising it in all its parts?"

"Why not, Signor Fiorentino?"

"Why, without intending to question your courage, it seems to me that were you to measure swords with a man like Captain Fiaramonti, his blade would soon traverse your body."

Fiorentino left the Prince to request the Signorina Giulia to follow him with the maniac, and having called to the Captain, the four advanced toward the most elevated rock on the borders of the torrent.

"You see this fair, smooth platform," said Fiorentino, turning to the Captain; "you will confess that no place could be better arranged for the little interview which we are about to have together; the very sight is enough to move a man to draw a blade, even had he no ground for quarrel. It is precisely twice the length of our swords, and this will prevent me from retreating, as you might fear; here, too, we combat in the view of all, and this dispenses us from taking seconds; and finally, it rises like a promontory over this beautiful and picturesque torrent, which will serve as a tomb ready made for him who falls. Come, then, Captain, let us commence the game."

He signed to Giulia to direct the Princess's glances towards them, who was seated a few paces distant, near a gentle slope close to the verge of the platform; then he grasped his sword in his right hand and his poignard in his left, and the combat began.

Every eye was turned towards them with breathless anxiety, except the eyes of the Prince, which were fastened upon the face of his daughter.

Fiorentino did not follow the counsel given him by his friend Gabuzzi; he assailed the Captain with such fury, and harassed him with such rapidity and pertinacity, that the latter, who had expected to see him bear himself with more prudence, was as it were dazzled by his impetuosity. Still, as he was a most skilful swordsman, he soon recovered the coolness which had for a moment forsaken him, and, ashamed at having suffered himself to be anticipated by an adversary whom he deemed so little worthy of his arms, although this adversary was fast acquiring importance in his eyes, he resolved to take the offensive in his turn. But a sword-thrust from Fiorentino, which grazed his cheek, forced him to renounce this course.

Then Fiaramonti decided to accept the defensive, although he felt humiliated by acting this part. He was convinced that the furious ardor which his antagonist had thus far displayed would soon exhaust his strength, and place him at his mercy. But it seemed as if Fiorentino was endowed with a frame of iron and sinews of steel; the more rapid his thrusts the greater seemed his vigor and agility, and to his great surprise, Captain Fiaramonti found that it required all his skill and strength to parry the rapid blows which menaced his breast at every assault.

Vanina followed at first with an attentive eye, but without the slightest manifestation of alarm, the rapid movements of the two combatants. The Signorina Giulia had fled as soon as she had seen them cross blades. The maniac remained for some time indifferent to the spectacle, smiling at times upon that deadly encounter, or gazing upon it with dry eyes. But this calmness was not of long duration; by degrees her glance grew animated, her face turned pale, her brow was knitted, and the poor maniac, kneeling upon the stone on which she had been seated, clasped her hands upon her breast, and with her eyes still fixed upon the combatants, her lips murmured some words in a low, inaudible tone.

Prince Vivaldi, who had not turned his eyes from his daughter for a single instant, felt his strength fail him, for he saw that the critical moment had arrived.

"O my God!" he murmured in a trembling voice, "protect my poor child!"

At this moment he cast a glance upon the combat, on the issue of which depended, perhaps, the destiny of his daughter.

The Captain Fiaramonti was pushed to extremity; he felt his strength desert him, while Fiorentino's freshness and vigor seemed unabated. He saw that he was infallibly lost if he prolonged the strife in this manner, and that nothing remained to him but to grasp his enemy in his Herculean arms, and to poignard him or stifle him in his clutch. Convinced then that this was his only means of safety, he collected all his remaining strength for a last and desperate effort, and violently dashing aside Fiorentino's sword, he rushed upon him and grasped him in his arms.

"Thine be the torrent!" he cried, raising his poignard.

"*Morituri salutant!*" replied Fiorentino.

And dexterously extricating himself from the Captain's grasp, he plunged his poignard to the hilt in his bosom.

The Captain Fiaramonti fell without uttering a moan—he was dead!

Then a fearful cry re-echoed in Fiorentino's ears; he turned, and beheld the Princess Vanina standing erect before him, pale as a spectre.

"O Heaven!" exclaimed the young girl, "I am not deceived; it is indeed he!"

She approached the young man, and placing her hand upon his shoulder, as if she feared she were deluded by a dream—

"Oh, speak to me," she said; "tell me that it is thou, Cellini!"

"Great God!" exclaimed the Prince, who had hastened up with his friends to aid the Captain, "she is still a maniac!"

"No," said Fiorentino, "no, your daughter is no longer a maniac, for she recognizes me."

"What! you are——"

"Benvenuto Cellini."

At the same moment the Princess fell swooning into the arms of her father, who at once bore her to the castle.

CHAPTER V.

CONCLUSION.

No sooner had the great artist revealed his name than a complete revolution took place in the feelings of those who, until now, had displayed such animosity towards him. All at once thronged around him with an air of respect and admiration; for at this epoch the liberal arts excited enthusiasm in every mind. Benvenuto appeared sensible to the flattering testimonials which were showered upon him; but amid all these distinguished personages, his glance sought out the youngest and most obscure, the sculptor Gabuzzi. He alone had not intruded himself upon the artist; far from endeavoring to attract his attention, he had retired behind the crowd, gazing upon him stealthily, and feeling confused at the thought of the familiarity with which he had treated this great genius. Benvenuto approached the young man, and clapping him with a friendly air upon the shoulder, he said:

"What, Signor Gabuzzi, one would think that you wished to avoid me; have you already forgotten our pact of friendship?"

"Signor," said Gabuzzi, "when I thought that I was addressing Signor Fiorentino, I could treat you without ceremony and as an equal, as I have done, indeed; but——"

"But now you refuse to look upon me as a friend?"

"Ah, Signor!"

"Let us see, Signor Gabuzzi; you told me yesterday that it was your most ardent wish to study under Benvenuto Cellini; well, this is an excellent occasion to speak with him of the matter, if you are still of the same mind."

"What, Signor! you would consent——"

"I receive as a pupil the man whom I have judged worthy of my friendship; what is there strange in that? Come, then, your hand, or I shall think that you have changed your purpose."

"With all my heart," said Gabuzzi, clasping with transport the hand which Cellini reached to him.

"And now let us go and inquire after the Princess."

The two directed their steps towards the castle. All present followed the artist with as much respect as if he had been the Grand Duke di Medici himself.

On the way they encounterad the Prince Vivaldi.

"Well?" said Cellini.

"Ah, my preserver!" cried the old man, his face bathed in tears of joy, "my daughter has just returned to consciousness; she recognized me, she cast herself into my arms; she is saved!"

"I was convinced of it; and now that all fears are banished, perhaps you are curious to know the cause which led me to adopt the singular means that I have employed to restore the Princess to her reason."

"To speak truth, Signor, I have been far from comprehending them; I have left all blindly to you."

"And you see, Prince, that I have not made an ill use of your confidence. But I will in a few words reveal the secret of my system.

"When you informed me that the Princess Vanina had dwelt for some months in the village of V——, I already knew this; for at that time I inhabited the castle adjacent to your sister's, where she often came to pass the day. Your daughter, Prince, possesses every attaction—the charms of the mind and the graces of the body. I could not, therefore, steel my bosom against her attractions, and I soon saw, as I thought, that she did not look upon me with indifference. I resorted to the following means to acquire certainty on this point. One day when in the park with the daughter of my host, I saw the Princess Vanina approaching at a distance; I then said to Marie, who loved me as a brother, for we had been friends since childhood, 'Here is Vanina coming towards us; let us mislead and perplex her.' I persuaded her to sit near me, and began to speak to her of love, in the language of a man who was passionately enamored of her; she lent herself admirably to this jest, which I prolonged for some time after I had heard the light steps of the Princess behind us. At last I turned towards her to observe the effect which the spectacle of this imaginary passion had produced upon her: judge of my alarm when I beheld the Princess lying in a swoon at the foot of a tree.

"While Marie had gone to seek assistance from the castle, your daughter recovered her senses, and I confessed the stratagem which I had employed to discover if I were loved. She did not reply, but from the glance that she cast upon me I felt that I was not indifferent to her.

"Some time after this, being unable to succeed to my wish in carving a figure upon a vase which the Duke di Medici had been long expecting from me, I was seized with anger, and with a single stroke I dashed my work in pieces. At the same moment a cry resounded upon my ear; it came from the Princess, who, at the sight of this disaster, stood for some moments pale and cold as a corpse.

"On another occasion, a man, imagining that he enjoyed the privilege of insolence because he was of illustrious birth, insulted me in the presence of several persons, among whom was your daughter. Unhappily for him, this man was wanting in coolness, and on the following day, after a combat which lasted two minutes, I stretched him dead upon the meadow.

"As I turned my eyes from the body, I perceived the Princess behind me, dumb with horror and affright. Having reached the spot at the moment when we crossed blades, she had had the courage to control herself and to repress the cry which was about to escape her lips, fearing that, aware of her presence, I might lose the calmness of which in that moment I stood in such need. But this effort, combined with the terror which had seized upon her, completely overcame her, and the first words that she addressed to me were so strange and incoherent that I thought her mad. She soon returned to herself, however, but she then confessed to me, and repeated it several times, that after the three shocks that she had successively experienced in so short a time, she felt that the slightest emotion would suffice to impair her reason.

"Now, Prince, you know the secret of my conduct. I have some wrongs wherewith to reproach myself towards you, but I think that I have repaired them in restoring to you a child, who but for me was lost to you for ever. If I did not come hither sooner, it was because I was ignorant of the misfortune which had befallen the Princess; it was because, having learned her departure, without knowing its cause, without receiving from her a word of counsel or of consolation, I attributed this conduct to disdain; and listening only to the promptings of offended pride, far from seeking to approach her, I accompanied my host on a journey which he undertook at that time to Romagna. It was only on my return to Florence, that is to say, three days ago, that chance informed me of all that had happened, and two hours after, I was here."

"Signor Cellini," said the old man, clasping the artist's hand, "I will be frank with you. I would willingly have offered you half my fortune, did I not know the nobleness of your character, but under other circumstances I would never have consented to give you my daughter's hand; not but that I esteem the alliance very honorable for my house, but your turbulent character seems little calculated to secure the happiness of a wife. I give my daughter to you, however, for, I will not conceal it from you, the first name that she uttered after mine, on recovering her senses, was the name of Benvenuto Cellini."

"I can take no offense at fears that proceed from the heart of a father," replied the artist; "but be assured, in receiving her from your hands, I take a solemn engagement to render your daughter happy, and you know that I do not pledge myself presumptuously."

A year after the events that we have just recounted, two horsemen, the one mounted upon a handsome sorrel courser, the other upon a steed black as yet, rode from the Villa Juliana on a fine summer evening. The one was the sculptor Gabuzzi, the other his master, the great Benvenuto Cellini.

When they had crossed the drawbridge, the latter turned, and casting upon the castle a glance marked with profound sadness, he murmured:

"Alas! who would have said, when I restored to the unhappy Vanina the reason that she had lost, when her unfortunate father rendered me the arbiter of her destiny, who would have said, that in the space of a short year I should leave this castle, with a soul racked with despair, and a heart crushed by misfortune! for in this castle, where I hoped to pass so many happy years, I leave two graves, in one of which reposes the old man, in the other sleeps the young wife."

He rode onward, for a long while, absorbed in these sad thoughts; then, raising to the heavens, in which already shone some scattered stars, a glance glowing with the fire of inspiration, he said:

"There is but one consolation for me now—it is fame."

And turning to the young artist, he added:

"And thou, Gabuzzi, my friend, my pupil, art thou ready to follow me, whithersoever caprice may lead me?"

"Every where," said Gabuzzi, "were it to the end of the world."

"Well then, let us depart for France! It is there that noble hearts do breathe, that intellect exists in its vigor, that the halo of genius shines in all its splendor. To France! I have renounced happiness, and I must have fame, ay, fame!"

He pressed his horse with the spur, and both disappeared like the flashing lightning.

EVENINGS WITH SOME FEMALE POETS.

FIRST EVENING.

We were sitting alone the other evening, taking a quiet and meditative solace from our meerschaum, thinking and dreaming over the past as usual, and building up towers of happiness and misery, by turns, over our frosted pate with the weed-o'ergrown and mouldered ruins of our youth. The pleasures of such memories and such fabrics are delightful unto the mind of Johannes; but the reaction of later misfortunes, like the full charge of a reserve battalion on a battle plain, cry havoc on his dreams, and route, annihilate and render miserable the previously buoyant and glorious cavalcade which passed through, or tournamented on the pleasant plains of memory.

We shook ourself out of the dismals caused by the reaction of thought, puffed mightily at the consoling meerschaum, and by degrees weaned our thoughts into another sphere. As we gazed on the beautiful and fantastic shapes into which the smoke curled and wound itself, attracting by its grotesqueness for a while, then vanishing into the imperceptible atmosphere, we thought on the men whose representatives stood around us, on our desk and book-shelves. Most of them had been brilliant in their day. They wrote poetry, started theories, propounded philosophies, painted pictures, chiselled statues, navigated the waters, spanned the heavens, shook the earth, defied the skies—laughed, scorned, hated, wrote, sung. Some of them attracted attention; some, notoriety; some, reputation; some, homage; and all, died. All passed that mystic portal, and found in their graves the "true tranquillizer." All knocked, and it was opened unto them.

How many of them died for ever! How few underwent the metempsychosis, and came back to us and lived with us as 'household gods!' How few!

"Am *I* not here," cries **Shakspeare**. "Do I not cast into the caldron of your brain, like one of my own witches, the ingredients whereof to make this life enchantment? Do I not bend to suit your every mood—your sorrow, your joy, your moments of hatred, or your transfigured hours of love? Did I not give you an Ariel and a Robin Goodfellow to lighten your cares; a Miranda, Juliet, Beatrice, and a Portia to love; a Hamlet to philosophize with; a Lear to reverence; a Shylock to hate; a Falstaff to tipple with; jesters to laugh with, and heroes to gird your swords on? and——"

"Bravo! Master Shakspeare. For the love of Titania, whom does the heart of Johannes worship, speak thy speech, I pri' thee, in thy own blank verse."

Shakspeare.—For thy audacious tongue and addled pate,
I hate thee, Johann—what shall old Will swear?
May ev'ry tear that fair Ophelia shed
Be turned to senna, or some purgative drug,
To cleanse earth of such scruff. May Falstaff join
Old Mathew's rebel crew, and make hydraulic engine
Of his throat, experimenting like the vasty deep
In water-spouts, Johannes, if I love thee!
May Launcelot's dog know manners, and the hail
Stay its fierce pelting in the pitiless storm—
Which, on each decent and dramatic stage,
Should shiver Lear to madness—if I love thee!
May Caliban attune Apollo's lyre,
And Prospero's wand be made a fiddlestick,
(Which, by the way, gave Franklin wise the cue
Which like Prometheus stole the fire from heav'n;)
May Slender grow like Barnum's o'er-fat boy,
And all the witches, like the Broadway ones,
Parade in Bloomer kirtles—if I love thee!
Go to, and seek in Blackwell's storied isle—
Where lately Tupper of Proverbial cant,
And lazy city fathers, held carousal—
And seek within its mansion's granite walls
The cool asylum for the dread insane.

"Oh! Master Shakspeare, in the language of the nursery rhyme, 'Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,' for Johannes loves thee. Think of good Lear's gray hairs, and look at mine."

Shakspeare.—Ah, forsooth, the word hangs heavy on me too.
I did but spleen in sickness; but my gall

Doth rise to see those Bunyan footmarks on the Broadway stage,
Where erst I trod majestic; and the town
Made up of guns, drums, blunderblus', and thunder,
Where Denmark's ghost was used to stalk at night.
Forgive me, Johann, if I, heated, hurl'd
On thee the soda-water of my mind.
But think of me, and mine, my pretty ones,
Rasped for domestic use, like bakers' rusks,
By ev'ry canting editorial cur,
Who seeks to solve my true men into knives,
And blushing wenches, who in secret chinks
Prison their "Juan," and "Tom Little's" rhymes.
Ah! it makes me mad, and I myself may seek
From welcome Blackwell a congenial cell.

"Alas! poor ghost! Old Johannes joins thee in thy misery. Still, is it not true that few indeed of all this glorious circle live in our midst again?"

"Am I not with you in your melancholy?" said the sweet voice of MILTON, which once on a time charmed the ear of Mary Powell. "Do I not weep over the bier of your friend? Who is there that had not a Lycidas? Do I not take you back through the snows of six thousand years to the palpitating and sinless bosoms of your primal parents?"

"Dear old Sir, Johannes, professor of laughter, laws and literature, has long wished this interview. By the way, who sat for your portrait of Lucifer?"

"Sat for Lucifer? Thank Heaven I am blind, that I may not see the caitiff who thus insults my omnipotence. Immortal Lucifer was born armed of *my* brain, as Pallas Athena sprang cap-a-pie from the brain of Jupiter."

Johannes S. was humbled, but still whispered to himself, "How few immortals!"

"Am I not here?" cried SHELLEY, his beautiful eyes deep as a twilight in Italy. "Did I not lift you from the wretched earth, 'unbar the golden gates' of Imagination, and vouchsafe unto your aching soul the Gilead of the spirit-sphere?"

"And I!" sneered SWIFT—"did I not make you powerful with malignity, and steep your hate in scorn? Did I not crush your enemies with mind when steel refused its office? *Do* I not make you feared and respected? Do I not make you ruler, if not loved, beseeched when not caressed, as I was myself, and envied even when hated? Did I not unveil hypocrisy—show the world its false delicacy—scourge ministers, and act a ato? Let the world lose me if they can. They fear me too much to despise me."

"And have I not soothed you at all times? Come, move on, Jonathan Swift," said the good Vicar of Wakefield, who evidently thought the Dean of St. Patrick's far too coarse for our acquaintance.

"And I!" blustered GOLDSMITH, whose cherry-colored coat was visible immediately beside the Vicar. "I'll give you my life in a cherry-stone. Have I not borne the slurs of all the upstart scribblers of London to make you happy? Hasn't Garrick imitated me, Jos Reynolds painted me, Johnson begged for me, Dr. Milner's school-boys pulled my hair, Mrs. Griffiths starved me, Boswell and Hawkins ridiculed me, bailiffs arrested me, Dr. Sleigh taken me out of jail—all for your sake? Hasn't all the world laughed at Tony Lumpkin? And sure, man alive, 'twas I that wrote the *Deserted Village* and *Citizen of the World—I'm Noll Goldsmith!* And if I wasn't rich, 'twas because I had no money save what I gave away. Besides, I died two thousand pounds in debt, and Sam Johnson wrote my epitaph."

"My dear Dr. Goldsmith——"

"Sir—Mr. Johannes—you ought to be ashamed of yourself; you should care about me. Sam Johnson said in his epitaph that I could *draw tears*, and he was right, sir; for if I had my cane here I'd soon have you spouting as freely as Evans of the London Packet, the ignorant fellow who abused my comedy; but he felt my cane—yes—oh! if you were to see Higgins, *Captain* Higgins, how he enjoyed it——"

"My dear *Doctor*."

"*Mister* Goldsmith, sir, at your service. I discarded the *Doctor* a year before I died."

"If you had not discarded the *Doctor* so soon, you might have lived *longer*, *Mister* Goldsmith."

"No joking, Mr. Johannes, on *my* death; it is a serious subject, and a date, sir, that the world *will not*, *cannot* let die."

"Johannes S., dear *Mister* Goldsmith, has the honor to agree with the world then, sir. J. S. never said any thing to the contrary, and if you will just look around, you will perceive the esteem you are held in here—how ardent an admirer of you J. S. is, sir. There is a copy of the very picture Jos Reynolds painted of you."

"My dear, good fellow! I am sorry I did not know you ninety years ago in London—

made thirteen hundred pounds by my two comedies—you *must* want money—you are a scribbler—bad business, sir. You put me in mind of Green Arbor Court, only you are much snugger—bad business. Stay—[and here Goldy tried his pockets]—no ——I have *not one* blessed image of the King in my fob. Publishers are great scoundrels, Mister Johannes. Did you ever hear my joke about fame? I'll tell you. Well, sir, at the Royal Academy I remarked to Reynolds, when I was given the chair of History, (but no emolument,) that it was like, sir, a shirt without ruffles.—Oh! no—no—that wasn't it, but like ruffles to a man that had no shirt. That's it—that's it, sir; ha! ha!"

A great noise just at this moment interrupted Goldsmith, who laughed heartily, thinking his joke had produced a "thunder of applause;" but presently loud shouts of "Halloo, halloo, let me in," so vividly reminded him of his landlady scenes that he instantly decamped. A continuation of the noise had the effect of making us jump up, (in the act of which the patella of Johannes' knee-pan very nearly underwent the unpleasant performance of dislocation,) when we found we must have been enjoying a "Midsummer Night's (or rather evening's) Dream."

"Let me in," again broke on our ear, to which we duly answered, "Come in," but recollecting that the door of our sanctum was locked on the inside, we arose and admitted the visitor. He was a young man of prepossessing appearance, but with a certain air of uncertainty about him, which is remarkably perceptible in those unwise young men who listlessly swing on the slack rope of manhood without having will or sense enough to walk steadily some one path of life. Young men at this state of existence think they are above the earth, and enjoy their swing with much self-satisfaction, until grim Starvation, also in search of something to do, mounts the rope with them, and threatens to make the pleasure-cord a noose, or sever with its clasp of steel the hemp, so that the youth is in momentary danger of being flung, and dashed to fragments upon the earth he had disdained. The young man who had entered our sanctum was enjoying his aërial excursion, swinging lazily, scarcely agitating the air which was pressing him, but fancying, deluded individual, that he should yet even dare to mount the clouds, and reform, if not revolutionize, the realms of Imagination. In fact, he believed himself to be a born Genius. His manner, naturally respectable, had fledged itself with the sickliness and sentiment which literary aspirants, without literary ability, assume; and the cadence of his voice in making the merest remark, through sympathy with nature we suppose, was slow, and beginning in a pert spring measure, so to speak, worked its seasonable movement into a summer*ily* tone of approbation, thence into an autumnal sombreness of shakeheadativeness and critical omnipotence, finishing appropriately with a wintry bareness, leaving the impression on his hearers that he was remarkably cool in taking such a long time to prove that his tree of literary knowledge bore no fruit, and was even destitute of a decent bunch of leaves—"point of fact," that he was a sort of fashioned board such as we see at booksellers' doors, whereon the announcements of new books are pasted. If titles were *en*titled to a position, then would our poor friend take no mediocre stand in the world, for he possessed more titles than the English Book of Heraldry, and, catalogue makers excepted, he was the greatest walking *hearsay* we have ever met.

Our reading friends will say, as our personal ones have often said, "Why does Dr. Johannes, a man of years and experience, tolerate such a ream of soiled foolscap to lumber his studio?" Well, the reason is, we believe him, apart from his literary ideas, to be a young man of parts. The airs he has taken has blown his nature out, and he is too great a genius to think of filling the vacuum by the study of the great masters, believing that he is a great master himself. If he had read Emerson's "Representative Men," especially the paper on Shakspeare, (whose great rival he allows himself to be,) he might be changed in his opinion; for Emerson clearly shows, we never doubted it, that the greatest geniuses are the greatest appropriators; they are great collectors and amassers, for they cannot build a pyramid without large stones and long labor. MORTON BELLOWS was not without sense on other topics than literary ones, and being a comely, respectable youth, we rather encouraged his visits in the hope that we might be able to dissuade him from becoming a martyr for the sake of the reading world. It is a strange truth that our boy, J. S., junior, never could relish poor Morton, although the latter was markedly kind to the boy, and once or twice brought him some volumes of Peter Parley. J. S., junior, who is a wag in his way, made a discovery one evening which our visitor did not relish. It was rather true to be well received. The boy was bent over a book by the stove last winter, and Bellows patronizingly asked him what was he studying? "Johnson's Dictionary," answered the young J. S. "Ha!" resumed Bellows, "great book —great man Johnson, very fond of tea." "Did he take milk and sugar in it?" asked the boy archly. "Can't say, my little wit, but he was a great man—a very great man; I'm exceedingly fond of Johnson." "You oughtn't to be," said the boy. "Why so?" quoth Bellows. "Because he calls you a *Blower*, Mr. Bellows." Morton's chin fell. But to resume.

"Why, Doctor, what in the name of Heaven were you thinking about? I have been rapping considerable," said Morton Bellows as he entered.

"Well, my dear Morton, I—sit down, you will find a glass empty—fill it, boy." (And as we are getting *dram*atic, our readers will allow us to get into a dialogue.) "I might say with poor Poe,

'The fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you.'

However, now that you *are* in, make yourself at home. Ha! what's the volume, 'the ponderous volume,' I trust of not 'forgotten lore,' under your arm?"

Bellows.—The Female Poets of America. (And he threw carelessly that volume on the desk.)

Johannes.—The Female *Humbugs*, boy, of America.

Bellows.—Oh, Doc——

Johannes.—Don't get into a *fume* in a minute; here's a cigar, get in the clouds as soon as you like, boy, but don't fume about the fair *paper stainers*. I beg the ladies' pardon, all round—I did not mean *humbugs*, but you know I do not like such verses.

Bellows.—Did—you—Doctor, read Miss ——'s new poem in the Milliner's Magazine? —'t—was—beautiful.

Johannes.—No, Morton—no, sir—balderdash—I never read waste paper. I would not light my pipe with such verses, lest I might imbibe any such d——n nonsense into my head.

Bellows.—But, sir, the Home Journal, which no fashionable parlor could possibly be fragrant without, praises her lyrical contributions to the poesie of the age exceedingly. The editors, poets themselves, Doctor, consider her destined to add another star to the literary flag of our glorious Union.

Johannes.—Literary fiddlestick! But you are the only literary fiddlestick I know; you are a great bow, (beau,) though I must say producing rather inharmonious sounds. And as to a woman writing lyrics—sheer nonsense, Morton! If we want true, great songs, we must give up the inspiration of the Bloomers and such like swaddling clothes before we can produce a poet worthy of America—a great poet; and to be the greatest poet of the greatest Republic on the earth will be a proud position. A song is to poetry what a well-chosen bouquet is to the flower garden—a culling and concentrating of the most perfect and refreshing fragrance of the entire in a small space. And so you must choose the component parts according to the theme, be it of love, war, Bacchus, or hate. Yes, sir, and no woman that I wot of can do this. Your lady scribblers may be great poets, but, by the perfumed kerchief and affected frontispiece of Satan Montgomery, they have not shown it as yet. Morton, my friend, you must think for yourself; don't take your opinions from newspaper puffs, and above all, read the books you introduce as subjects of conversation. None but a looker-on can see how exceedingly ridiculous it is for a person to talk on what he knows not of, save from the publisher's announcement and the collection of "opinions of the press" on the fly-leaf, which nefarious habit is, I see, getting fashionable. I have in *my eye* several young men—*one I am certain of*—who have been spoiled and rendered the bores of society and gibe of their friends by such a course. It's lamentable, and as for your Female Poets, it's a phantasmagoria—now, boy, be quiet— I know what you would say—gallantry and so forth. All exceedingly good in its place. But look you, look at them books—books that Tom Carlyle would bow to! Allah il Allah! true *Books*.

Bellows.—I will admit that we have no women who can write *such* books; still shall

I believe that in this volume you will find some poems of excellent merit, and as good in their way as can be met with. I think it is Tom Moore, that glorious fellow, who says in one of his "melodies,"

> "'Twere ill, when flowers around us rise,
> To make light of the rest if the rose is not there."

And, by the same rule, I think we must not despise those simple daisies and primroses in the fields of poesy because we have not the aromatic rose in their midst.

Johannes.—True; but poetry is poetry, whether conveyed by the eye, the ear, or the pen. We can think poetry; see it in the mountains, rivers and trees; write it from the soul; but unless I can judge of it in the works given to me, I know not how. I cannot listen to every sentimental school-girl or childish old woman in the land, or walk with them, or boat with them, one after another, to give the one or the other a chance of talking her thoughts to me. They may be all poets, but I want the proof; and I believe, further, that if there is any of the "divinity" in the soul, it must come out, be it in rough chunks, like Mrs. Barrett's, or in polished groups, like Alfred Tennyson's. You can no more stay the sunshine than the poetic fire. Every poet is a sort of Stromboli, Cotopaxi, or Mount Hecla; and if his or her soul does not burn externally all the time as the one, it rages interiorly, and flames at intervals like the other. You might as well strive to put out Vesuvius with a wet blanket as put down *the poet.* And as to your quotation about liking all flowers because the rose is not present, it is folly. If the rose is your *idea* of a flower, never be satisfied with any thing less. So in poetry; toil after the first class of it. It is such ridiculous and unmanly patronage as you would bestow, that brings all those bardlings about us like mosquitoes in August. True genius discards your "grim patronage," as Douglas Jerrold truly characterized it; for it is grim even in its smiles. You say there are some excellent poems in that book. I should like to see them; for, with the exception of one or two of Anne Lynch's, a couple by Alice Carey, and some few by Mrs. Osgood, I don't know where to find any thing even tolerable by our American poetesses.

Bellows.—And yet, Doctor, I don't know why they should not write, and well too.

Johannes.—Women should *not* write; only, indeed, such women as Elizabeth Barrett Browning or Mary Shelley, or perhaps Maria Edgeworth, who have something to write. Women ought to mend their fathers', brothers' and husbands' stockings, and look after the *domestic*, instead of the POETIC fire. Longfellow, though sometimes a wrong-fellow, was pretty right when he said:

> "What we admire most in woman
> Is her affection, not her intellect."

I think a little of both good. Lyttleton's advice to a lady may be, as he himself says,

> "Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear;"

but ne'ertheless it contains much that a lady of *sense* (which, by the way, is no great acquaintance of our American *poetesses*) ought to be glad to profit by. One passage just suits our talk; advising a lady—a Belinda, too—he says:

> "Seek to be good, but aim not to be great;
> A woman's noblest station is retreat;
> Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
> Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light."

Bellows.—But there is Eliza Cook and Mrs. Partington and the Women's Rights Convention.

Johannes.—Eliza Cook? She is no more a poet than Cardinal Wiseman is a Mussulman—not but there are many wise-men Mussulmen; but her rhymes are mere sermons and humanitarian speeches, cut up into set lines of syllables beginning with a capital letter, and ending with a jingle. Now, Mrs. Partington is a sensible old lady, and much after my own mind; but the Convention is a conspiracy on the part of some ill-satisfied and jealous husbands, to drive their wives into the Lunatic Asylum. Put all the district fire-bells into a lecture-room, Hope Chapel or Clinton Hall, and have them all rung together, and you may have some idea of a senate of women. Oh, horrible! Poe evidently had them in his mind when he sung:

> 'Oh, the belles—brazen belles!
> What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
> In the startled ear of night,
> How they scream out their affright!
> Too much horrified to speak,
> They can only shriek—shriek,
> Out of tune!"

And again—what a prophet he was:

"What a tale their terror tells of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!"

Carlyle, too, who anticipated the American women's movement, knew well its dire effect. In his French Revolution, Vol. I., if you recollect, he says: "Might there not be a female Parliament, too, with 'screams from the opposition benches,' and 'the honorable member borne out in hysterics?'" No, no; such is not true womanhood. Push that decanter this way.

Bellows.—Doctor, I find you are as testy as ever on this subject.

Johannes.—Oh! if all your lady scribblers were obliged by law, as a license for their literary aspirations, to send with every contribution to a magazine half a dozen shirts, and the same quantity of knitted stockings, (the work of their own hands,) to be delivered over to some public hospital by the editor of said magazine, you would see what a pleasant change would come over society.

Bellows.—Won't you listen, sir, while I read you a few lines?

Johannes.—Of what?

Bellows.—A poem by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. I claim a hearing now—it is my turn, Doctor.

Johannes (*sarcastically*).—Mrs. Hale! who is Mrs. Hale? You had better make a biographical oration concerning each feminine too——

Bellows.—I beg you won't interrupt now, Doctor; 'pon my life, it's only fair—my turn now.

Johannes.—Stay, Morton, like a good youth; just hand me that pillow—ha, thank you. I know I shall be asleep ere the second stanza is closed.

Bellows (*rather impatiently*).—Listen, sir; it is from a poem entitled "Iron," and which I think you will say is vigorous and musical.

Johannes (*settling his head on the pillow*).—Go ahead; I'm all ready; cool as an ice-cream, but presently shall be drowsy as a dose of laudanum.

Bellows (*reads*).

"As in lonely thought I pondered—"

Johannes (*parenthetically*).—I wish to heavens you were pondering alone!

Bellows.—Ungallant, by the umbrella of Halleck—ungallant! What, not give a lady a hearing?

Johannes.—Well, I really apologize—go on.

Bellows.—If you interrupt again, Doctor, I shall impose a penalty, and that is, that *you* read every thing I mark in this volume.

Johannes.—Enough said—read.

Bellows (*reads*).

"As, in lonely thought, I ponder'd
On the marv'lous things of earth,
And, in fancy's dreaming, wonder'd
At their beauty, power, and worth,
Came, like words of prayer, the feeling—
Oh! that God would make me know,
Through the Spirit's clear revealing,
What, of all his works below,
Is to man a boon the greatest,
Brightening on from age to age,
Serving truest, earliest, latest,
Through the world's long pilgrimage.

"Soon vast mountains rose before me,
Shaggy, desolate and lone,
Their scarred heads were threat'ning o'er me,
Their dark shadows round me thrown;
Then a voice from out the mountains
As an earthquake shook the ground,
And like frighten'd fawns the fountains,
Leaping, fled before the sound;
And the Anak oaks bow'd lowly,
Quivering, aspen-like, with fear;
While the deep response came slowly,
Or it must have crush'd mine ear:

"'Iron! Iron! Iron!'—crashing,
Like the battle-axe and shield;
Or the sword on hemlet clashing,
Through a bloody battle-field:
'Iron! Iron! Iron!'—rolling
Like the far-off cannon's boom;
Or the death-knell, slowly tolling,
Through a dungeon's charnel gloom!
'Iron! Iron! Iron!'—swinging,
Like the summer winds at play;
Or as bells of Time were ringing
In the blest Millennial Day!

* * * * *

"As the rivers, farthest flowing,
In the highest hills have birth;
As the banyan, broadest growing,
Oftenest bows its head to earth;
So the noblest minds press onward,
Channels far of good to trace;
So the largest hearts bend downward,
Circling all the human race;
Thus, by Iron's aid pursuing
Through the earth their plans of love,
Men our Father's will are doing,
Here, as angels do above."

Johannes (*patronizingly*).—Well, that

is rather a *Hale* production; there are some capital lines, especially,

"And like frighten'd fawns the fountains,
Leaping, fled before the sound,"

in that chant.

Bellows.—What, not asleep yet? Doctor, (*sarcastically,*) perhaps this verse will have the effect; it is from the poems of the same *Iron* hand. It is a verse from "Alice Ray," which I believe, with Miss Caroline May, "contains several exquisite touches of nature." Mrs. Hale's poetry has much strength, vivacity and chasteness, and, my dear Doctor, you only need to read her to be her admirer. Here is a sweet stanza:

"An only child was Alice,
And, like the blest above,
The gentle maid had ever breathed
An atmosphere of love;
Her father's smile like sunshine came,
Like dew her mother's kiss,
Their love and goodness made her home
Like heaven, the place of bliss."

Here is a fine passage; speaking, in the poem entitled *The Mississippi*, of the clouds breaking on the mountain tops, she says:

"The jagged rocks, * * *
Whose splinter'd summits seize the warring clouds
And roll them, broken, like a host o'erthrown,
Adown the mountain's side."

And tracing the course of the river, a fine passage occurs thus:

"But now it deepens, struggles, rushes on;
Like goaded war-horse, bounding o'er the foe,
It clears the rocks it may not spurn aside,
Leaping, as Curtius leap'd adown the gulf,
And rising, like Antæus, from the fall,
Its course majestic through the land pursues."

Johannes.—That is really a fine passage. The course of the noble river is told with noble force and vigor. It is very expressive, full, though condensed, and the impetuous characteristic in the line,

"It clears the rocks it may not spurn aside,"

is but the more admirably carried out by the simile to Curtius leaping "adown the gulf," to which the application is very perfect.

Bellows.—One more passage from the same poem, and I'll warrant you won't desire to sleep to-night, sir, at least, while I cull passages for you; but truth to say, many may be found of equal vigor to those which I have read—listen:

"Great Source of Being, Beauty, Light and Love!
Creator! Lord! the waters worship thee!
Ere thy creative smile had sown the flowers;
Ere the glad hills leap'd upward, or the earth,
With swelling bosom, waited for her child;
Before eternal Love had lit the sun,
Or Time had traced his dial-plate in stars,
The joyful anthem of the waters flowed;
And Chaos like a frighten'd felon fled,
While on the deep the Holy Spirit moved."

Johannes.—Mrs. Hale's similes are not seldom *frightened* into a position. That is a very good passage.

Bellows.—Yes. I think her works are remarkable for a healthiness of style, which would be an acquisition to many of your male writers of the day. You will admire Mrs. Hale's motives, Doctor Johannes, for writing, when you learn that she first became an authoress in 1822, when the death of her husband, a lawyer, placed her the sole guardian and support of her children, without the necessary means to procure them that education which her own early culture prompted her to seek for them. A gifted woman, the daughter of an intelligent and gifted mother, she the more strongly felt the onerous charge Providence allotted her, and then it was she cast her talents before the public, and, I am happy to say, with some effect, and has the double happiness of benefiting it and herself. She has published several works, including *Northwood*, a novel, *Sketches of American Character*, *Traits of American Life*, *The Ladies' Wreath*, edited the *Ladies' Magazine*, and at present is the discriminating editor of the *Ladies' Book*. A volume entitled *The Vigil of Love and other Poems* was published in 1848, and since then, *Henry Guy, a Tale of the Sea*. Mrs. Hale has also published a Tragedy entitled *Ormond Grosvenor*, founded on the life of Colonel Isaac Hayne, the revolutionary martyr of South Carolina. Caroline May, in her edition of the Female Poets, justly remarks: "In all, there is some good lesson inculcated; showing a healthiness of sentiment and a soundness of heart—more valuable than the most brilliant imagination." And Griswold, in his biographical preface to a selection of Mrs. Hale's poems, says that all her miscellaneous criticisms, essays and sketches are "indicative of sound principles, and of kindness, knowledge, and judgment."

JOHANNES.—Bellows, you should have told me the motives which actuated Mrs. Hale before you read me her poems; but perhaps it is as well. There is one thing evident: the lady, if she never wrote a line, must be allied to a poet in action. There is nothing so grand as a woman conquering difficulties; I honor such persons. I have made it the rule of my life to love those upon whom misfortune hath left its mark, or attempted to do. Turn to that book again, Morton, and open it at the Miss Carey *division*, as Captain Cuttle would say. Do you know that I think Miss Alice Carey has perhaps the strongest imagination among the lady minds of the land. It is sometimes heavy in expressiveness, from the very fact of its being rich. She seems as if she did not or could not say all she thought. I have no doubt, in the words of Keats,

> "But to her heart, her heart was voluble."

And that like Madeleine her side was "paining with eloquence,"

> "As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
> Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled in her dell."

But Miss Carey will not "die heart-stifled;" we shall have some grand things from her yet. Her *Pictures of Memory* is very beautiful. When I have done reading it, the cadence of the rhythm is running through my head. "I am haunted by the tune," as Griffin says. The ballad, entitled "An Evening Tale," which begins:

> "Come, thou of the drooping eyelid,
> And cheek that is meekly pale,
> Give over thy pensive musing,
> And list to a lonesome tale;
> For hearts that are torn and bleeding,
> Or heavy as thine, and lone,
> May find in another's sorrow
> Forgetfulness of their own," &c.,

has three or four capital pictures in it. I can't recollect poetry as well as I used to—Morton, boy, fill your glass. Female poetry needs ardent spirits to make a man a Lothario against his will. By the way, did you read "Lyra, a Lament," by Alice Carey—one of her latest poems? It is crisp and quaint as an old dirge, and possesses much beautiful appreciation.

BELLOWS.—Yes, I have read it, and I wondered much that Savage did not allude to it in his essay on "Death-Verses" in the June *American Review*.

JOHANNES.—True, boy. I must ask the editor why he did not suggest that to "*le bon Sauvage.*"

BELLOWS.—Are you acquainted there—writer for the Review?

JOHANNES.—Yes. I am thinking very seriously of a paper on some Female American Poets—good subject, by Jove! I have it—I'll write down our conversation to-night—a sort of *noctes*. Capital! you will find a magazine on the shelf yon, with that poem in it—*there*—a little to the right—not that one—ah! now you have it. Read it for me. I like it very much.

BELLOWS (*reads*).

LYRA.—A LAMENT.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Maidens, whose tresses shine,
Crowned with daffodil and eglantine,
Or, from their stringéd buds of brier-roses,
Bright as the vermeil closes
Of April twilights, after sobbing rains,
Fall down in rippled skeins
And golden tangles, low
About your bosoms, dainty as new snow;
While the warm shadows blow in softest gales
Fair hawthorn flowers and cherry blossoms white
Against your kirtles, like the froth from pails
O'er-brimmed with milk at night,
When lowing heifers bury their sleek flanks
In winrows of sweet hay, or clover banks—
Come near and hear, I pray,
My plainéd roundelay:
Where creeping vines o'errun the sunny leas,
Sadly, sweet souls, I watch your shining bands
Filling with stainéd hands
Your leafy cups with lush red strawberries;
Or deep in murmurous glooms,
In yellow mosses full of starry blooms,
Sunken at ease—each busied as she likes,
Or stripping from the grass the beaded dews,
Or picking jagged leaves from the slim spikes
Of tender pinks—with warbled interfuse
Of poesy divine,
That haply long ago
Some wretched borderer of the realm of woe
Wrought to a dulcet line:
If in your lovely years
There be a sorrow that may touch with tears
The eyelids piteously, they must be shed
For LYRA, DEAD.
The mantle of the May
Was blown almost within the summer's reach,
And all the orchard trees,
Apple, and pear, and peach,
Were full of yellow bees,
Flown from their hives away.
The callow dove upon the dusty beam
Fluttered its little wings in streaks of light,
And the gray swallow twittered full in sight—
Harmless the unyoked team
Browsed from the budding elms, and thrilling lays
Made musical prophecies of brighter days;

And all went jocundly; I could but say,
Ah! well-a-day!
What time spring thaws the wold,
And in the dead leaves come up sprouts of gold,
And green and ribby blue, that after hours
Encrown with flowers;
Heavily lies my heart
From all delights apart,
Even as an echo hungry for the wind,
When fail the silver-kissing waves to unbind
The music bedded in the drowsy strings
Of the sea's golden shells—
That sometimes, with their honeyed murmurings,
Fill all its underswells:
For o'er the sunshine fell a shadow wide
When Lyra died.
When sober Autumn, with his mist-bound brows,
Sits drearily beneath the fading boughs,
And the rain, chilly cold,
Wrings from his beard of gold,
And as some comfort for his lonesome hours,
Hides in his bosom stalks of withered flowers,
I think about what leaves are drooping round
A smoothly-shapen mound;
And if the wild wind cries
Where Lyra lies,
Sweet shepherds, softly blow
Ditties most sad and low—
Piping on hollow reeds to your pent sheep—
Calm be my Lyra's sleep,
Unvexed with dream of the rough briers that pull
From his strayed lambs the wool!
O star, that tremblest dim
Upon the welkin's rim,
Send with thy milky shadows from above
Tidings about my love;
If that some envious wave
Made his untimely grave,
Or if, so softening half my wild regrets,
Some coverlid of bluest violets
Was softly put aside,
What time he died!
Nay, come not, piteous maids,
Out of the murmurous shades;
But keep your tresses crownéd as you may
With eglantine and daffodillies gay,
And with the dews of myrtles wash your cheeks,
When flamy streaks,
Unpruning the gray orient, tell of morn—
While I, forlorn,
Pour all my heart in tears and plaints, instead,
For LYRA, DEAD.

BELLOWS.—It is beautiful; but does it not strike you that the language is Miltonic, like his—what d'ye call it—poems about Allegories and Penserosos?

JOHANNES.—You had better call them Alley-Careys and Pensive-Rosas—you *mean* L'Allegro and Il Penseroso, Lycidas, and so forth. Well, what of it? Her language *is* Miltonic in his pastoral mood, and for that very reason we should most admire her. *I do*—as I admire Mrs. Browning for her Miltonisms (though often crude) in his more imaginative and sombre moods. You might as well say that soldiers in a battle should not follow their chief, as that the young poets should not follow in the paths of the chiefs of poetry. It does not harm or crush the originality out of one to do so. Follow the best spirits of song in the spirit of loving rivalry, not as servile echoes, and when you have learned to be led, you may be able to take the lead and lead others. There is a poem by her sister, some stanzas of which I have always felt refreshing: show me the book; I will read those I allude to. They are in a poem entitled "Bearing Life's Troubles," by Phœbe Carey, and run thus:—

"Oh, there are moments for us here, when, seeing
Life's inequalities, and woe, and care,
The burdens laid upon our mortal being
Seem heavier than the human heart can bear.

"For there are ills that come without foreboding,
Lightnings that fall before the thunders roll,
And there are festering cares, that by corroding,
Eat silently their way into the soul."

And again:

"Nor yet to him are strength and wisdom given,
Whose days with profitless scourge and fast are spent.

"*But him whose heart is as a temple holy,*
Whose prayer in every act of right is said—
He shall be strong, whether life's ills wear slowly,
Or come like lightning down upon his head.

"He who for his own good or for another
Ready to pray, and strive, and labor, stands;
Who loves his God by loving well his brother,
And worships him by keeping his commands."

Did you ever meet the Miss Careys?

BELLOWS.—Yes; I have had that pleasure. There are several sisters, three of whom write poetry.

JOHANNES.—Why, they are a flock of poetic Mother Carey's chickens, quite as aërial as those mystic little birds who never touch land, but who, as it were, find in "airy nothing" a local habitation. I myself met two of the sisters at Miss Lynch's, which by the way, puts me in mind of *her* poetry. She has written some fine poems. You must be acquainted with those so often admired—the "Ideal" and the "Ideal Found." Poe thought exceedingly well of them. He told me so one day we had a delightful stroll at Fordham, poor fellow. Every body now is looking for his failings, and never think of the enjoyment his writings have given them. There is a strength and a soldier-like sincerity (to use an expressive term of Miss May's) about Miss Anne Lynch's poetry which is exceedingly pleasurable in this day of cant and whine. There is a poem of hers which has ever excited my sympathy, because it embodies my ideas and recollections of my misfortunes;—it is entitled,

A THOUGHT BY THE SEA-SHORE.

Bury me by the sea.
When on my heart the hand of Death is prest,
If the soul lingereth ere she join the blest,
And haunts awhile her clay,
Then mid the forest shades I would not lie,
For the green leaves like me would droop and die.

Nor mid the homes of men,
The haunts of busy life, would I be laid:
There ever was I lone, and my vexed shade
Would sleep unquiet there;
The surging tide of life might overwhelm
The shadowy boundaries of the silent realm.

No sculptured marble pile
To bear my name be reared upon my breast;
Beneath its weight my free soul would not rest.
But let the blue sky smile,
The changeless stars look lovingly on me,
And let me sleep beside this sounding sea:

This ever-beating heart
Of the Great Universe! here would the soul
Plume her soiled pinions for the final goal,
Ere she should thence depart;
Here would she fit her for the high abode;
Here, by the sea, she would be nearer God.

I feel his presence now:
Thou mightiest of his vassals, as I stand
And watch beside thee on the sparkling sand,
Thy crested billows bow;
And as thy solemn chant swells through the air,
My spirit, awed, joins in thy ceaseless prayer.

Life's fitful fever o'er,
Here then would I repose, majestic sea;
E'en now faint glimpses of eternity
Come o'er me on thy shore:
My thoughts from thee to highest themes are given,
As thy deep distant blue is lost in Heaven.

That is a poem which it will do you good to peruse often. I never read it without feeling a cooling but ennobling sympathy float o'er me, and then I sink into a thoughtfulness which I love. It makes me think of the sea; the sea, of circumstances connected with it, and so on a chain of memories are unlinked, and I live over again, until, in the words of the poet, I am lost in the "deep distant blue of Heaven." Ah, I am getting into my thoughtful mood—and I had much to say; but some other evening we shall have a chat on——

BELLOWS.—The Miss Mays, Mrs. Welby, Mrs. Hewit, and—oh—on many others.

JOHANNES.—Well, leave me the volume of Dr. Griswold, that I may read it over. I think he has done a great deal more for the so-called poets, male and female, than ever they could do for themselves. Let us have a refreshing smoke before we part. Morton, boy, fill your glass—and "push round the bowl," as that little devil Moore says.

BELLOWS.—Or, as a distinguished poet remarks:

"Fill the cup, and fill the can,
Have a rouse before the morn;
Every minute dies a man,
Every minute one is born."

JOHANNES.—Good, boy—you are improving; but who was the distinguished poet who sung thus?

BELLOWS.—It was—um—I just now disremember.

JOHANNES.—Caught again. The lines are by Tennyson, sir. Did you read Tennyson, Morton—his "Princess?"

BELLOWS.—I have heard it is an exquisite melody.

JOHANNES.—"Medley," you jackanapes! I'll get mad with you, you good-for-nothing young book-cover establishment—why don't you drink, sir? If you don't read, I really must hand you over to J. S., junior, and Johnson's Dictionary.

BELLOWS.—I'm going, sir. My dear Doctor, it's all hours.

JOHANNES.—Well, mark what I have said. Good night.

BELLOWS (already on the stairs).—Good night—*au revoir.*

J. S.

TOUCHING THE LIGHTNING GENIUS OF THE AGE.

"Primus philosophiam devocavit è cœlo, et in urbibus collocavit, et in domos etiam introduxit."
CICERO (of Socrates.)

Science first summoned electricity from heaven, established it in cities, and even introduced it into households.—(Free translation.)

"Audax Japeti genus
Ignem fraude *bonâ* gentibus intulit."—ANTI-HORATIUS.

"Carry them here and there—jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many days
Into an hour-glass."—SHAKSPEARE.

"Titanic forces, taking birth
In divers seasons, divers climes."—TENNYSON.

ONCE upon a time, as we may read in old Lydgate's "Bochas," there were set up in the Pantheon, at Rome, statues, bearing the names of the various provinces of the empire; and before each of these was a bell, on which the figure struck to give the alarm whenever the dependency it represented was in revolt or in peril of barbaric invasion. So that when the woad streaked Britons grew restless beside the Trent or the Severn; or the Picts were storming the great wall; or the kilted Gauls made wild work on the Rhine; or the Danube—*conjuratus Ister*—overflowed its rebellious banks once more; or the Parthians, the quivered Gelonians,—*pharetrati Geloni*,—the Scythians, or the Getæ flung their periodical defiance against the S. P. Q. R., the grim *eidolon* from his niche would let fall his truncheon on the sounding brass. And sometimes half a dozen of these giants would be hammering away—ding, dong—all together, like the Cyclops, "Brontes and Steropes and the naked-limbed Pyracmon!" For, Rome being somewhat in its decline about that time, and the outside barbarians incessantly rushing on the failing barriers of the empire, these bell-ringers had a very great amount of business on their hands—or, *under* them. This was a very curious and striking old Gothic legend, certainly, and carried an imperial air of grim romance with it—taking the fancy wonderfully. But it was only a foreshadowing of what was to come in our own days—a prophecy of the ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH—that modern miracle of iron wires, whereon Intelligence moves, from land to land, as on a highway, charioted by the Lightnings of Heaven!

The fancy of that strange mediæval tradition is apparently destined to become a fulfilment in the nineteenth century. The marvel of it is ready to become a familiar fact in more than one empire of the world. Look at England. She is preparing to make a Pantheon of her Horse Guards, or some other centre of military power in London, where she may gather instant news of her wide-spread dependencies. She is about laying down wires to Ireland, and has laid them down to France and the continent of Europe, on their way to "the farthest steep of India;" while the thought of laying them under the bed of the ocean to Canada is busy in her brain. So that, whether poor Ireland shall theorize another hopeless insurrection; or Gibraltar, standing sentinel by the Pillars of Hercules, shall see the Russians coming to thunder-strike the rock; or the Lion-Singhs of Lahore shall come out of their jungles and shake the dew-drops from their angry manes once more; or whether Jonathan shall go to take Quebec, or vex the Bermoöthes with his jolly propagandists—cast his shoe, in fine, over all the continent and the isles—the news shall be literally struck upon the bells arranged round what shall represent the temple of British dominion, and the whole island shall instantly ring of it! In the same way this subtle machinery of despotic alarm is calculated to operate in Germany, France, and other lands where impious men bear sway, as yet, and Science, like Samsom, may still be compelled to work for the Philistines.

But it is here, in America, that the story of the bells will be most auspiciously retold. We shall yet have our capital fixed somewhere in the centre of this continent, though, in his last great Washington oration on the extension of the Capitol, Mr. Webster wished to pronounce an *esto perpetua* over it where it stands, and seemed to think no place so fit for it as beside the Potomac. But all things change; the fashion of all things passeth away. And the metropolis of American empire, the *umbilicus terrarum*, will probably, in time, be where the lordly Missouri—

"Corniger Hesperidum fluvis, regnator aquarum"—

surrenders his name and honors to the sea-like Mississippi; and there, about midway between all the fraternal divisions of the Union, will the "Central Telegraph Station" be the Pantheon of this great democracy of ours; receiving intelligence, not of revolts, nor, we should hope, of foreign invasions, but of the peaceful doings of all the brotherly States; of their achievements on the broad fields of commerce, and in the arts that brighten and benefit social life; and interchanging their signals as they march simultaneously, one Grand Army of the future, along the highways of progress.

Quitting our Gothic fancies for facts, we find Electricity exercising and promising to exercise upon our times an influence not less than those of printing and the discovery of America in the days that have gone by. Steam seems feeble compared with it, and is, in fact, likely to be supplanted by it. Electricity is now doing a great many things, simultaneously—opening wonderful vistas into the coming time. It is still in its infancy; but, like Hercules, it is performing prodigies in its cradle, so to speak. What its "twelve labors" are yet to be, the most sanguine minds cannot venture to prophesy.

This electric principle was not unknown to the ancients. Existing, as we now know it does, as a universal element of nature, it could not escape the observation of the earlier generations; and it has received its Greek name from the means by which it was detected. Thales of Miletus is said to have first found that amber (*electron*) when rubbed receives the property of drawing certain particles of matter. Hence the amber-science of which we speak—Electricity. The philosopher went about with his stick of amber, capturing bits of feather and other light matters; as foolishly employed, in the eyes of his neighbors, as was Sir Isaac Newton with his pipe and bubbles; Franklin with his kite; Galvani over the deceased frog; or Plantagenet (Marquis of Worcester) watching the cover of his boiling kettle in the Tower of London. Thales was much struck with his discovery, and thought there must be a soul in matter; like Miranda, when she first saw Ferdinand, he said: "'Tis a spirit." And, indeed, with all our science, we have not got far beyond the old Greek in our comprehension of this principle. In process of time, the world found out that electricity belonged to other matters, such as sulphur, glass, resins, and so forth. Glass was made use of in machines to produce frictional electricity, and many persons and things were in the habit of being *shocked*. It was also found that glass, oils, metallic oxides, &c., were non-conductors; and, arguing from these facts, Muschenbrock of Leyden, over a century ago, made a successful attempt to arrest and gather quantities of electric power, in what has been termed the "Leyden Jar." This was a wonder and a wonder-worker for a time; and a crowd of high names are connected with its operations and improvements in it. But a better order of electricity was to be discovered. About 1790, Galvani, the Italian, observed the effect of two dissimilar metals touching a dead frog, which the cook was making soup of for an invalid. This was the germ of the idea which Volta matured into Chemical Electricity, such as we now have it, racing round the world on wires. By means of the battery that bears his name, he was enabled to generate a steady current of electricity, and pour it to any distance along the wires connecting the poles of the battery. Frictional electricity had been found impulsive and unmanageable. But this chemical article proved as tractable as it was potent and easy of generation. Experimentalists who had been in the habit of making distant signals with the frictional machine, now telegraphed more effectively than before. The battery was made to *decompose water* at a distance and show air-bubbles as signals, and by several other means to communicate distant intelligence.

About thirty years ago, another great electric stride in advance was made. Philosophers had found that wires charged with electricity were magnetic. They knew, at the same time, that magnets exerted a power of attraction and repulsion on each other—the north pole of one drawing the south pole of the other, and *vice versâ.* Following this course of thought, they brought a charged wire close to a magnet, and found that something like magnetic action was developed; for the wire, passing parallel to the magnet, threw it from its northern allegiance and made it lie east and west. The discovery of this deflecting power was a signal achievement in telegraphic science. Œrsted, the Danish philosopher, was the first to cry "Heureka!" in 1818 or 1819. But Ampere, Arago, Sir Humphrey Davy, and others, had also discovered the power of the charged wire upon the magnet, much about the same time; and Ampere had expressly indicated its applicability to the purposes of the telegraph.

It is curious indeed—turning aside, for a moment, from the subject—to consider that in the cases of the many great discoveries or things done in the world, there were others who thought of them either before or at the same time with those whose names are chiefly identified with them, and to feel that no great innovatory fact comes so sharply out from the average knowledge of its age as we should suppose, at first sight. When we look close, we find that the performances which stand for dates and celebrities, were only raised a very little way from the level of their era; that none of them is isolated in the midst of unequal circumstances. There was Franklin. One half of the noble legend which Turgot made for him—

"Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis"—

belongs equally to D'Alibard, the Frenchman, who found that electricity was lightning something before that truth came down from the Philadelphia kite. Adams, in England, would have found out the planet Neptune on Wednesday, if Leverrier had not discovered it on Tuesday. The steam-engine was thought of and used before Watts's time. Blasco de Garay paddled a ship with it at Barcelona, in the middle of the sixteenth century. The origin of it, in fact, is as unsettled as that of the mariner's compass. If Copernicus had not put forth his great truth when he did, another would have taken the honor of it. The circulation of the blood was known and talked of before Harvey wrote. Francisco de la Reyna spoke of it in 1564, in a book published at Burgos; and Warner, a friend of Sir Walter Raleigh, is said to have suggested it to Harvey. Columbus but acted upon a belief—not to say a certainty—which was floating about the seaports of the northern seas before 1492. So of other great things done. *Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona multi.* If we consider the Delphic Shakspeare, we find he was no light in a dark age; he stood upon a platform, not a pedestal; just taller by the head than a crowd of noble and brilliant wits, the divines, soldiers, poets, dramatists of that vigorous era. A close inspection generally shows the gradations by which great feats or facts are accomplished. As Longfellow so happily says, in his "Ladder of St. Augustine:"

"The mighty pyramids of stone
That, wedge-like, cleave the desert airs,
When nearer seen and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs."

Perhaps, indeed, it may be safely concluded that all instances of original greatness are more the expression of the age than the glory of individuals.

To return. The magnet, which had for ages been doing the world such service upon the solitary fields of ocean, was destined to perform another, and others yet, as wonderful and as important to the progress of civilization. The two principles that have united to accomplish the telegraph have a strong family likeness, and are recognized to be kindred manifestations of the same universal element. These are Electricity and Magnetism. Of the two, Electricity seems the paramount power.

"They are two lions littered in one day,
But this the elder and more terrible."

It is seen how electricity can transform a piece of dead soft iron into a living magnet, and make the needle lie prostrate as it passes, overthrowing the polarity of it. Both are electricities; but they exhibit a marked antagonism, like that known to exist in the mass of the magnet, and also in the electric wire and termed their *polarity.* This *dualistic* working seems the agency of all electric phenomena; and the acutest philosophers are anxiously endeavoring to reach the secret of it. We can as little comprehend electricity as the cause of light and heat; but it seems to be ceaselessly exercising its forces in the clouds, the atmosphere, the rocks, the clays of the earth, and the waves of the ocean. The more generally received opinion is, that it is derived from the rays of the sun. Hansteen, Sir David Brewster, and others, hold that the sun is a magnetic centre; and Ampere has put forth a theory that electrical currents, by a great cosmical law, are continually traversing our globe from east to west, and that the *repulsion of currents*, which is the nature of this principle, is that which *forces* the needle to point always to the north, and *not any independent virtue* in the pole itself.

In the beginning of the last century, men of science began to suspect some resemblance between electricity and lightning. While D'Alibard in France was coming to the conclusion they were one and the same, Franklin sent up his silk handkerchief and brought out of a dark cloud this most brilliant truth of the age. His own sensations must also have electrified him at that moment. After this—as in the case of Francesca and Paulo, when the memorable kiss was given—we may conclude

> "The silken kite was flown no more that day."

We must here observe that this drawing lightning from the atmosphere would not seem to be solely a modern achievement. Livy and Pliny speak of bringing it down. It may not, in fact, be too much to suppose that some philosopher, following Thales, may have anticipated Franklin in theorizing from what he knew of the shocks and sparks of electricity, and suggesting its likeness to the free element. Be this as it may, the ancients knew that lightning could be conducted from the clouds—at least, conducted aside after it had left them. Dr. Lardner states that the ancient Temple of Jerusalem was guarded by lightning-rods, terminating in the ground. Thus the philosophers of Mount Moriah could protect its sacred pinnacles from the thunder-stone, though not against the catapults of Titus.

> "——— Heaven's flashes
> Spare, or smite rarely; man's make millions ashes."

Numa is said to have brought fire from heaven. Living in retirement, he combined statesmanship with philosophy, like Franklin, and probably amused his leisure in the Egerian Grotto with scientific experiments, which he would shrewdly make use of, after the fashion of all great lawgivers of the olden days, in practising wholesome impositions upon the ignorant vulgar, as a matter of state policy. He probably knew the use of the lightning-rod, and was as awfully looked on as Friar Bacon, Cornelius Agrippa, and Albert de Groot were in after times. Ovid tells us how Numa and Egeria captured a pair of sylvan gods in the forest, Faunus and Picus, and, having made them tipsy with a perfumed, pleasant wine, drew from them the secret of *bringing down and warding off lightning.* It is recorded that Tullus Hostilius, king of Rome—if Niebuhr will permit us to call him so—was killed by lightning, as he attempted to bring it out of the clouds. Concerning Prometheus and his theft of fire, it is remarkable that he was said by certain traditions to have brought it from above, *on the point of a rod or ferula.* A good deal of what is considered new in modern science may doubtless be traced among the fables, mythologies, and superstitions of the elder generations of men.

However this may be, as regards the electric principle, Magnetism was certainly known to the ancients. Pliny, Aristotle, and others, mention the lode-stone, and Lucretius thus speaks of it:

> "Quem magneta vocant patrio de nomine Graii
> Magnetum, quia sit patriis in finibus ortus."

The stone was first found in Magnesia. It is on record that the Chinese and Arabians knew the use of the magnet so far back as the beginning of the Christian era. A thousand years later, the Scandinavian Vikings used to steer their piratical dragons by the mariner's compass, as we are informed by the old Icelandic writers. Vasco de Gama used the compass when he rounded the Cape of Good Hope, in 1427. And its well-known property happily strengthened the assurance of Columbus, when he dared his immortal voyage to a distant and traditionary land, in a small, frail caravel, through the billows of a broad and unexplored ocean.

The civilization of the modern world is

destined to be largely indebted to the magnet, whether we consider it as pointing to the north with steadiness, or falling fitfully to the east and west. After Œrsted had discovered the deflection of the magnet by the electric wire, the telegraph, which had been more a curious experiment than any thing else, began to be contemplated as a thing practicable on a large scale. The men of science and the experimentalists went to work every where, and after the attempts and improvements of thirty years, the electric telegraph seems to be in satisfactory operation, in the principal civilized nations. Batteries on the Voltaic principle are used to generate electricity for telegraphing purposes; and metals and sulphuric acids make that powerful chemistry which could send the mild lightning a thousand miles in a second—

> "To speed swift intercourse from soul to soul,
> And waft a thought from Indus to the Pole."

Thales would be curiously astonished to see how his old amber-principle is brought to life in a timber or gutta-percha tub, from a few pieces of dissimilar metal—copper and zinc—arranged alternately in sulphuric acid. From the extreme copper plate to the extreme zinc plate is carried a copper wire. When the communication between the two *poles* is thus complete, the circuit is formed; and electricity, rising from the chemistry of the metals and the acid, flashes through the wire—whether this last be ten feet or one thousand miles long. Electricity lives in a circle, and will not begin to move till it has the circle to travel in! The law of this principle is a mystery. Some suppose it runs like a current along the wire. In using the phraseology of a current, we can best speak of it. Two currents are said to run along the curved wire, from the opposite poles, and may be supposed to pass each other in the wire. This property of the electric wire has been called, in the language of another theory, *polarity*. According to this latter theory, it is thought all the molecules of the wire are stirred into alternate electro-positive and electro-negative conditions. So that we may be made to understand that *nothing actually runs* along the wire, but that each particle of it, remaining in its place, stirs the adjacent particles with a duplicate impulse, exhibited at last at the poles. The force shows itself along the whole line, but does not change place. It

> "Runs the great circle, and is still at home."

Thus, instinct with its double power, the wire is carried from the copper and the zinc ends to the distance of hundreds of miles, where the magnetic discovery of Œrsted enables the wonderful errand to be satisfactorily performed. All telegraphs are worked on that principle of electro-magnetism. On lines where intelligence is communicated by means of the deflections of the needle, the wire is so arranged that it shall run either above or below the former and parallel to it. The result is, that the needle is made to courtesy right and left on its pivot, and in this way indicate letters of the alphabet and arbitraries. Another mode of telegraphing exhibits a soft iron horse-shoe involved in a coil of wire. When electricity is excited in this last, the shoe, from a piece of dead metal, becomes a living magnet, and catches up an armature, or bar, lying across its poles. When the operator breaks the circuit, the iron shoe becomes no better than a leathern one, and the armature falls. In this way an apparatus is set going, and a pencil made to impress intermittent marks on paper carried under it by a cylinder; these marks being interpreted, the news is told. Another plan is more complicated and ingenious still. By means of magnets, the dædal machinery actually prints the intelligence of itself!

These plans, of which we can only speak in a rapid and general way, are receiving gradual improvements, and more changes for the better may be confidently looked for. As it is, innovators are treading on each other's heels, and patents are put in peril by the hasty genius of the age. House has eluded Morse, and gone ahead with his printing machine; and it is not at all unlikely that somebody else will turn House's flank by some unheard-of mode of telegraphing. The electro-magnetic principle is common property, and no power or patent can justify any man in putting a cosmical element of the universe in his pocket. Patent-holders stand as bad a chance of being able to repress the invasions of inventive men, as Knute did in trying to stop the waves of the English channel.

The electric principle seems to be only in the beginning of its developments. It is found that wires are not the only conductors of electric intelligence. They may be dispensed with, for hundreds of miles, while the elements of earth and water supply their place, and carry the marvellous matter! Electricity is communicated from one city to another on a wire, but it will come back by itself. It is found necessary to insure its going the required distance, lest any thing should thwart it on its outward way. But once at the place proposed, it seems to return like the carrier-pigeon. In this manner: The wire from the positive pole stretches round the magnetic apparatus at the end of the long way, and is there bent back, bent home to the zinc in the distant tub. But instead of being carried home on poles, it is broken short, and put, there, *into the ground*, pointing to its destination. A short piece of wire is carried from the home battery a short way into the ground, whereupon the moist earth *fills the gap and completes the circuit.* Instead of wandering out of the way in the dark, the lightning darts straight to its mark. Animated nature cannot furnish such a curious piece of instinct as that!

Water is found to be a conductor as well as earth. A wire is carried from a distant battery to the bank of a river, broken off, and the end sunk in the water pointing to the further bank. There another end of wire is set in the stream, pointing to the first, and the rest of it drawn away to the distant place at which it bends back. Bending back, it is led to the stream, and laid in it, with its point to the opposite bank, where another wire from the battery is sunk and pointed to meet the returning wire. Here are two large *water-gaps* left in the circuit. But the electricity flows all round.

"Swift thro' the turbulent profound
Shoots Xiphias to his aim!"

But swifter is the sure flash of that amazing chemistry. The rolling stream bridges the way for that incomprehensible lightning-traveller! From this striking fact people have concluded that *seas may become conductors*, and that the Atlantic ocean may be made, like a stupendous messenger, to carry to and fro the intelligence of its bounding continents! It has been demonstrated, however, that the distance from the battery must be *greater* than the water-space to be cleared. Still there is no knowing how soon this difficulty in the way of ocean-telegraphing may be obviated. It has been suggested that the wire from the battery may be so coiled as to be long enough to compel the current through the ocean.

In the mean time, the nations seem bent on having ocean telegraphs, one way or the other. They are laying a set of wires across the Straits of Dover, to bring Paris and London within speaking distance, and ignore, so to speak, that "perilous narrow ocean" which has witnessed so many hostile armaments of the two nations in days gone by. Another is intended to run underneath St. George's Channel to Ireland. Speculators of grander views have thought of laying down wires from the bay of Galway to Halifax. Mr. Stuart, of New-York, set forth the details of the business some time ago, in a letter to the *Scientific American.* There is nothing of impossibility in his calculations. Besides, we are beginning to think that this word *impossible* is not to be classed among the vocables of the American language. Another great lightning project—no less than a line of telegraph wires (on a railway) from the English Channel to India and the Golden Chersonese—has been much talked of in England. The length of the course would be three thousand eight hundred miles—a thousand miles more than the space between Liverpool and New-York. The route proposed is through Vienna, Belgrade, the Balkan range, the Hellespont, eastward between the Euphrates and the Tigris, by the ruins of Nineveh and Persepolis, and so on, through Beloochistan and over the Indus, into the city of Meanee.

Such are among the facts and tendencies connected with one phase of Electricity—the Telegraph—effecting in our matter-of-fact days much of the incredible romance of the superstitious ages. But there are other electric developments, "born or to be born," the offspring of that mother-principle. Utilitarian hands are laid upon the Protean element; and it shall be made to perform the offices of Caliban as well as those of Ariel. We are treating it as Diagoras of Mantinea (we believe) treated his wooden Hercules, when the irreverent old fellow threw the figure into the fire and bade him perform his thirteenth labor—that is, boil the philosopher's pot! Modern science is indeed bringing electricity from heaven, giving it tasks in cities and avocations in the household. Witness the generation of inflammable gas from water—a fact that promises to revolutionize the age in the most radical manner, beginning with men's homes, and operating in a circle over all the conditions of society.

The Voltaic Battery employs its lightning energy in the delicate task of resolving water into what are considered its elements, oxygen and hydrogen. When the charged wires from the poles are inserted in the water that completes the circuit, oxygen is liberated at the positive pole, and hydrogen at the negative. Magnetism brings about the same result in another way. If a magnetic bar be put into the centre of a coil of wire, the coils grow electric and the ends of it are two poles, capable of doing the business of a battery! Water is thus decomposed, and hydrogen gas produced, which burns with a feeble flame. This, however, being carbonized, or catalyzed, gives out a vivid and powerful light. This light is in its first uncertain stage. The chemists of America, England, France and Germany are trying to make it *cheaply* and generally available to the world. Among the many who have already been employing this new light, Mr. Allman, of London, has produced a very cheap voltaic flame, with which he has illuminated the Polytechnic Institution of that metropolis. He uses helices and magnets, and deflagrates a piece of carbon which tips his electrodes. In Paris, M. Gillard has been doing some very successful things with his hydrogen. He makes his gas in a simple and cheap way, and carries it into a retort, at the bottom of which is a layer of charcoal. He heats the retort red-hot, and thus generates carbonic acid and hydrogen. These are passed into another vessel containing lime, which last takes up the acid and leaves hydrogen to go off alone and appear at the burner in a blaze. A piece of platinum net-work inserted in this blaze gives it astonishing brilliancy. M. Gillard has a complete kitchen apparatus, and does his cooking pleasantly with hydrogen. He has a gridiron with tubular bars, perforated, and letting the gas into these, he broils and produces a mutton chop in the most dramatic and delightful manner. He then places his gridiron in a standing attitude, puts a goose in a tin-kitchen before it, and in due time the fowl is deftly roasted. With his apparatus and his flame, which makes no smoke, a young lady could, with perfect ease and *nonchalance*, do a cook's business; arrange her fire on an ornamental centre table, and fixing the viands at it, go on with the latest thrilling tale, and divide her attention equally between the cookery and the catastrophe.

Mr. Paine, of Worcester, has been making similar experiments and crying out "Heureka" a great many times. We hope he will be able to do something important with his magnets and helices. From his late announcements we perceive he employs a couple of horse-shoe magnets, works his helices with a wheel, and, instead of having solid copper wires, uses them in a tubular shape, with water in them. A power of electricity seems to be thus generated which evolves hydrogen gas in torrents. These water-conductors constitute a remarkable peculiarity. Water contains electricity in enormous quantities. Faraday says a single drop of it holds the lightning of a thunder-storm! Mr. Paine asserts that water is a *simple* substance; that oxygen and hydrogen are *not* the constituents of it; but that water can be *converted* into each. And he says that he can evolve hydrogen *alone* from water. All this may seem strange enough. But, as Montaigne would say, *Que scai-je?* What know we? This is not an age to be astonished at any thing; and Science now-a-days asks as large a faith as Superstition did formerly.

The restless inquiry of chemists is such that we believe the grosser supporters of combustion will be superseded before long, and a time will arrive when wood and coal will become as obsolete as war with bows and arrows, or travelling about in stage-coaches. Our descendants will yet speak of this period as the rude time when men cooked their victuals with turf, timber and coal. The change we thus contemplate would certainly be a sweeping one. If by an apparatus of magnets and helices, large enough for the largest factory and small enough for the cookery of a small family, flame could be evolved from water, intense enough and cheap enough for the common purposes of life, the coal mines would be no longer burrowed, and the forests no longer corded for fuel. While the abrogation of the coal mines, which give England such exclusive commercial advantages, would strike a levelling blow at her high supremacy, "the rest of mankind" would be rejoicing in the blessings of this wonderful revolution. And then, how our social ideas of things would be turned topsy-turvy to see Betty bringing the anthracite and pine-logs from the pipe or the pump—setting her magnets and helices in order, with something of the dignity of a scientific professor, to boil the kettle for breakfast or roast a shoulder of mutton! Fancy a china jug doing duty for a coal-scuttle, and a man warming his feet, before stepping into bed, at a pint of cold water! But the benefits to machinery would be more effective than any others. Let us imagine large steam-ships dispensing with their loads of coal, and therefore running with a larger freight of men and merchandise. What a triumph of mind over matter, to see the *fuel* of the engine drawn over the side in buckets, and water turning its heated energy to vanquish the ocean; reminding us of the image in one of the old Lybian fables spoken of by Eschylus — the eagle conquered by an arrow fledged with one of his own feathers! Vessels being thus more cheaply constructed and impelled from shore to shore, the intercourse of nations would be increased and cheapened, and the best interests of civilization rapidly promoted.

But Electricity is about to do more than this. While it proposes to use hydrogen to make steam, it entertains the *arrière pensée* of abolishing steam altogether as a motive power! Professor Henry has already rendered a magnet powerful enough to support a ton weight; and Professor Page of Washington entertains good hopes of producing strong electro-magnetic machinery. He has been enabled to set an engine in motion, at the rate of seventeen miles an hour. When this magnetic principle shall be sufficiently powerful for all purposes of locomotion, people will go "up and down on the earth and to and fro in it" with a great deal of sublimity and satisfaction. The dangerous and expensive agency of steam, with the snorting and the smoke, will be done away with; and the lightnings of heaven will be almost literally broken in, harnessed, and drawing a mighty train along the land, as astonishingly and beautifully as ever those Coursers of the Sun, immortalized by Guido, drew the chariot of Phœbus-Apollo through the firmament!

Such are among the developments of Electricity, and others equally potent and happy are, as it were, waiting on the threshold, to be brought within the circle of world's facts. Electricity, so variously appropriated by the wit and ingenuity of mortals, seems to pervade all nature in some mysterious connection with the light and heat of the sun, in the direction of whose apparent course Ampere and others conclude that it carries the currents across the earth. This lightning-spirit may not alone be termed the missive of angry Jupiter, flashing from Olympus; but the Gnome doing business in the veins of the earth, and fashioning the crystal palaces underground; the Undine of the lakes and rivers; the Proteus of the ocean, and the universal Pan of the forests and mountains; the cosmical spirit that, as potent in a drop of water as a thunder-storm,

> "Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
> Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
> Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
> Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

Since writing the foregoing, we have seen a suggestion concerning one more use of the electric agency which brings us back to the fancy with which we set out. It is, that the Telegraph shall be employed, all over the federation, to give a general notice and alarm of storms; the wires from each city of the States striking upon its bell in the Capitol, and warning all men of the insurrection of the Elements in any locality, and of the road by which they are marching! This idea as much transcends the Gothic romance, as the tornadoes and clouds of heaven,

> "When Thunder flings out his red banner of Lightning,"

are more sublime objects than men in rebellion; though the poet Akenside holds a contrary opinion. It would be a striking achievement to erect in some central locality (Washington would do for the present) a building which may be called, after the earliest raised by the ancient Greeks, the Temple of the Winds, round the walls of which the atmospheric history of our northern continent should be recorded from day to day. Here the wires of the nation should converge so that "Libs, Notus, Auster," and the rest of that turbulent family, would have their whereabouts and doings prated of all over the country; for the warnings received at the centre would be instantly radiated in all directions. Thus, a Warder of the Winds at Buffalo would give notice of a hurricane on the Lakes, with a south-eastern tendency. Instantly, the ships of New-York, Boston, Baltimore, Charleston, New-Orleans, &c., are bid look out for squalls, in due time, and farmers and all others having to do with the elements are put on their guard. The storms cannot keep pace with the lightning messenger:

> " Compared with the speed of its flight,
> The tempest itself lags behind ;"

and so people every where may expect the " skyey influences" without surprise. In addition to all this, such a system would create a body of atmospheric statistics, accumulating for years, which in the end would help science to some theory beneficial to the world in general, and sailors and farmers in particular—a monument of practical philosophy as stately as the Temple itself.

Of all countries, this is the most suitable for the Telegraph. Here the giant has amplest room to grow to full stature and stretch out his arms on every side. The telegraph is not succeeding in England as a trading speculation. The island is too circumscribed for that whose name and nature imply *wide spaces*. So that this last is very much in the predicament of the Vicar of Wakefield's family picture, too big to be accommodated in the house when all was done! In Germany,—that congeries of divided nations,—in France and other countries of Europe, where the telegraph is established, it is too much under the control of despots to be the beneficent agent it is designed and destined to be.

In conclusion, we must not omit to note one inevitable achievement of the electric principle,—the finest and most propitious of all! It tends to maintain the integrity of the Union; to bind the " rods of empire" together in one magnificent *fasces* for Freedom to strike the tyrannies of the world with, or at least over-awe them, if the other word be too strong for the occasion. To the arguments of those who anticipate separation on account of distance and extent of territory, the Telegraph replies by diminishing space and time in such a way that, in less than twenty years, all North America, from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from one ocean to the other, will be as compact to all intents and purposes as England was twenty years ago. Electric wires will bring the thoughts of the most distant States together in a few hours; and electric motors will cheaply bring the people of them together in a few days. And so, the Genius of the Great Republic—from Washington's Monument on the Potomac, or from the banks of our Mediterranean Stream—shall continue to extend her lightning fingers to all the extremest points of her continental dominion, and around an enlightened and happy brotherhood,

> " Rivet the electric chain wherewith we are closely
> bound."

W. D.

REMINISCENCES OF SEARGENT S. PRENTISS.

BY T. B. THORPE, ESQ., OF LOUISIANA,

AUTHOR OF "TOM OWEN THE BEE HUNTER," &C. &C.

THE remarkable character exhibited by SEARGENT S. PRENTISS was appreciated by thousands of his fellow-citizens. A short but brilliant career in Congress had given him in some respects a national reputation; but those who knew him best, and had most occasion to admire and wonder at his genius, will ever feel that he was but comparatively unknown, and that his untimely death, occurring as it did in the meridian of his usefulness, destroyed the fond hope indulged by his admirers that the day would again come when his field of operation would extend beyond the labors of the bar, and that his mighty intellect would be exerted in giving form and direction to events that affect not only the vital interests of persons, but nations and governments. The announcement of his death came upon the writer of this article as a cloud that obscures the noon-day sun. In the impulse of the moment a hasty tribute to his memory was prepared for the press, which, attracting unexpected attention from the interest felt by all to know something of Mr. Prentiss's character, has given rise to this more detailed notice, which is written with imperfect data, and a paucity of materials, even to the absence of any record of some of the most remarkable events in his career, and withal, a want of that leisure for reflection and analysis so necessary for the writer of a biographical notice.

Seargent S. Prentiss was emphatically the offspring of New-England. His forefathers were among the earliest settlers of the Pilgrim land, and combined in an eminent degree those seeming opposite qualities of the greatest sternness and self-sacrifice, with the kindest heart and most enthusiastic temperament.

The maternal grandfather of Mr. Prentiss was an officer at the battle of Bunker Hill, a sturdy inhabitant of Cape Cod, and one of the founders of the now flourishing town of Gorham, in the State of Maine. In this relation were exhibited many traits of character peculiar to the subject of this imperfect memoir, for he always displayed an ardent love of country, of liberty, and a fondness for political excitement. The father of Mr. Prentiss was a man of high respectability, and distinguished as an enterprising and successful shipmaster of Portland. He was remarkable for that indomitable will that so eminently distinguished his son. From his mother Mr. Prentiss inherited those more gentle qualities that ever characterized his life; qualities that shed over his eloquence such bewitching sweetness, and gave to his social intercourse such an indescribable charm.

Mr. Prentiss was born in Portland, Maine, September 30th, 1808; but ere he was capable of much observation his father became a resident of a fine farm in the vicinity of Gorham. Here it was that Sargent passed his youth. Labor was the motto of his people, for his native soil was only generous when carefully wrought; honesty and frugality every where prevailed; yet the imagination was not unfed, for into his youthful mind were poured traditions of the "gorgeous east," and the strange adventures of those " who go down to the sea in ships," while the natural scenery that surrounded him was of the grandest form. The everlasting surge of the Atlantic surf beat in his ears, and upon his bounded horizon rose in silent majesty the summits of snow-capped mountains; and the influence of all these associations can easily be traced throughout his after life.

In youth Mr. Prentiss, it is said, was remarkable for great personal beauty, for intelligence, and fondness for reading. It would seem that those who recall his early character, portray in a subdued degree that of his maturer years. There is sprightliness, humor, keen wit, biting sarcasm, strong natural sense, great kindness and impulsive feeling; at the same time as affectionate as a maiden, and as brave as a youthful Cæsar. At school and at home he mingled his studies in apparent confusion, yet learned every thing well and in order, garnishing holiday hours from severe labor by the most attentive perusal of Shakspeare, and a thoughtful study of the Sacred Volume.

A picture of the youthful Prentiss is beautifully portrayed by his own exquisite mind in his address before the New-Orleans "New-England Society." On that occasion he said:—

> "The common village school is New-England's fairest boast—the brightest jewel that adorns her brow. Behold," said he, "yonder simple building near the crossing of the village roads! It is of small and rude construction, but stands in a pleasant and quiet spot. A magnificent old elm spreads its broad arms above and seems to lean towards it, as a strong man bends to shelter and protect a child. A brook runs through the meadow near, and hard by there is an orchard; but the trees have suffered much, and bear no fruit, except upon the most remote and inaccessible branches. From within its walls comes a busy hum, such as you may hear in a disturbed bee hive. Now peep through yonder window, and you will see a hundred children, with rosy cheeks, mischievous eyes, and demure faces, all engaged, or pretending to be engaged, in their little lessons. It is the public school—the free, the common school—provided by law; open to all; claimed from the community as a right, not accepted as a bounty. Here the children of the rich and poor, high and low, meet upon perfect equality, and commence under the same auspices the race of life. Here the sustenance of the mind is served up to all alike, as Spartans served their food upon the public table. Here young ambition climbs its little ladder, and boyish genius plumes his half-fledged wings. From among these laughing children will go forth the men who are to control their age and country; the statesman, whose wisdom is to guide the Senate; the poet, who will take captive the hearts of the people, and bind them together with immortal song; the philosopher, who, coldly seizing upon the elements themselves, will compel them to his wishes, and, through new combinations of their primal laws, by some great discovery, revolutionize both art and science."

The picture is complete. It was in the public school of New-England that the boy Prentiss first climbed ambition's little ladder, that was eventually to take him to the height of a noble profession, and plumed his half-fledged wing, destined soon to soar in the regions of unrivalled eloquence. It was in the mention of the demure face, and the orchard stripped of fruit, except in the most remote and inaccessible branches, that we distinguish the love of fun and the thoughtless daring, that ripened finally into the keenest wit and the bravest front.

Having been thoroughly prepared in all rudimentary studies, he entered Bowdoin College, and in due course graduated with honor in 1826. It is evident that he had at an early day decided upon his profession; for, with the receipt of his scholastic honors, he returned to Gorham, and at once commenced the study of law. It can easily be imagined that the now maturing mind of the youthful Prentiss conceived a wider field than that offered among the staid and practical people of his early associations. The great West, no doubt, flitted through his fancy as the *Dorado* of wealth and intellectual conquest. With a scanty allowance of this world's goods, but a brave heart, he set out upon his adventure. The "Queen City of the West" became his temporary home. Here he made the acquaintance of an eminent lawyer, who must, judging from Mr. Prentiss's letters, instinctively have discovered that the fiery temperament, the chivalrous thought, and the prompt action of the young adventurer, latent though they were, would best ripen under a southern sun; for this new-made friend directed his steps toward that field on which he was to win so many brilliant victories, and unhappily find an early grave.

It was most fortunate that in the South he found inducements to remain in Natchez, then the most splendid city in Mississippi. Perhaps no part of the Union could boast a greater amount of wealth, among the same number of inhabitants, than was to be found in the vicinity of the "City of the Bluffs." No place in the South has more attractive scenery, or is more rich in legendary lore. Here it was, amid the associations of affluence, that the future orator, "for independence' sake," pursued his studies by the midnight lamp, and devoted his daylight hours to the task of teaching youth. Little, indeed, is recorded of those now forgotten days of the gifted Prentiss. It is no doubt a fact, that he was for a short while unnoticed and unknown.

Familiar as I am with the scenes and

associations about Natchez, I have heard no reminiscence regarding these days of obscurity; but I have often imagined the shrinking but proud boy, living unnoticed and unknown, among the wealthiest citizens of the South. Buried in the quiet of his humble school, there cannot be a doubt that he looked out upon the busy world, and measured the mighty capacities of his soul with those whom society had placed above him. I think I can see him brooding over his position, and longing to be free, as the suffocating man longs for the boundless air of heaven. Then it was that the lordly equipage rolled by, and over its sides leaned in careless ease the wealthy planter, who heeded not the presence of the nameless youth, that in comparatively a few days more was literally by his breath to confirm or destroy the titles of his lordly estate. His hour of triumph came, however, and surpassed, perhaps, his own aspirations. From the school-room he entered that of the Court: a chance offered; a position gained; the law his theme, he at once not only equalled, but soared even beyond the aim of the most favored of his compeers. Of him, among the multitude, there was no thought of the past, no inquiry as to the origin of the luminary, so complete was its splendor, so appropriate its sphere.

He did not, however, long remain in Natchez. The northern part of Mississippi had then but recently become the property of the white man, and there was pouring into that now wealthy section of the State a most active and energetic people, and one of the most prosperous that can be imagined. Lands purchased at Government prices almost in a day rose to be worth enormous sums, and the returns for the labor of the enterprising were more than a hundred fold. Fvery body was positively or prospectively rich; the very atmosphere teemed with excitement. Vicksburg was made the outlet to the Mississippi river for all this newly-acquired territory, and it rapidly increased into the City of the "Walnut Hills." To this place of promise Prentiss repaired, and probably one could not have been found better suited to his peculiar character. His glowing imagination found inexhaustible food in the rapid growth of towns and cities, that he saw springing up under his eye; the abundance of every man's substance seemed to add a sumptuousness to existence; while the loose legislation with regard to the rights and immunities of citizens, that is so common to all newly-settled countries, by becoming suddenly confronted by the nicer rules that prevail where the population is dense, opened up a field for litigation fresh in its character, and constantly increasing in its importance; such, perhaps, as was never before presented to a master mind. Prentiss was equal to the day; and there was soon to be heard through the wide-spread land the voice of eloquence, and witnessed the wisdom of deep research, and the profound responsibility that characterize important events, occurring where, but a few years before, was found the nestling-place of the wolf and the home of the unfortunate savage.

A few short months only passed before he was literally overwhelmed with business. The people by whom he was surrounded felt the same sympathy for him, as he unfolded the pent-up richness of his heretofore unknown mind, that they did for the generous soil on which they lived, which was so rapidly enriching all with the fertility of its primitive strength, and his triumphs were felt to be the victories of the spirit of the times. The favored sons of Mississippi, full as they were of natural talent, and possessed of every accomplishment of the mind, the heirs of princely fortunes, the descendants of heroes, men of power and place, of family pride, of national associations, received at once the gifted Prentiss, unheralded as he was, save by his own genius, as one who, in his pride, in his bearing, in every thing, deserved to be accepted of as one among the noblest Romans of them all.

As time wore on, each step he made in his career seemed only to elicit new qualities for admiration. At the forum he dazzled; the jury and the judge were alike confounded; the crowd carried him to the stump, and the multitude listened as to one inspired; fair ladies vied with each other in waving tiny hands in token of admiration; these stolid judges of the Supreme Court wondered at the mind of the appeant boy. His course was as rapid and brilliant as the meteor that suddenly springs athwart the heavens, yet it seemed to promise, in spite of its splendor, to shine with all the steadiness of the unchanging stars.

As might have been expected, he was soon engaged in the excitement of politics, naturally so congenial to his feelings. A session in the Legislature prepared him a victory in a wider field, and after one of the most spirited contests ever known, he left his home for our national capital, with his claims to a seat, to be contested before the proper tribunal, the members of the House of Representatives.

Prentiss's appearance in Congress was a triumph that was never accorded under the same circumstances to any other individual. In his contest for his seat, there was created, as a matter of course, a strong sympathy in his favor among his political partisans; but when he rose to defend his rights against all combatants, when he poured forth his indignant feelings at the wrong he conceived was to be inflicted upon his State, by his rejection, he did it with an eloquence rarely equalled in the halls of Congress, and perhaps, the subject considered, never to be surpassed. Prentiss at once ranked among the great minds of Washington, as one entitled to the highest honor as an orator and statesman. Rejected by the casting vote of the Speaker, (Mr. Polk,) Prentiss returned to the theatre of his triumphs and laid his case before the people. Mississippi was then one Congressional district, and he went through its vast territory appealing for justice. Pity indeed that some ready writer had not followed him, and recorded the brightest page in his eventful history.

It was during this exciting canvass that Prentiss displayed his most extraordinary power of mind and endurance of body. As we have already hinted, he had the whole State to canvass, and the magnitude of the work seemed just what he desired.

From what I have learned from anecdotes, that canvass must have presented some scenes combining the highest mental and physical exertion that was ever witnessed in the world. Prentiss was in perfect health, and in the first blush of success, and it cannot be doubted that his best efforts of oratory were then made, and now live recorded only in the fading memories of his hearers. An incident illustrative of the time is remembered, that may bear repeating.

The whole State of Mississippi was alive with excitement: for the moment, she felt that her sovereign dignity had been trifled with, and that her reputation demanded the return of Prentiss to Congress. Crowds followed him from place to place, making a gala time of weeks together. Among the shrewd worldlings who take advantage of such times "to coin money," was the proprietor of a travelling menagerie, and he soon found out that the multitude followed Prentiss. Getting the list of that remarkable man's "appointments," he filled up his own; and it was soon noticed, as a singular coincidence, that the orator always "arrived along with the other 'lions.'" The reason of this meeting was discovered, and the "boys" decided that Prentiss should "next time" speak from the top of the lion's cage. Never was the menagerie more crowded. At the proper time, the candidate gratified his constituents, and mounted his singular rostrum. I was told by a person, who professed to be an eye-witness, that the whole affair presented a singular mixture of the terrible and the comical. Prentiss was, as usual, eloquent, and, as if ignorant of the novel circumstances with which he was surrounded, went deeply into the matter in hand, his election. For a while, the audience and the animals were quiet—the former listening, the latter eyeing the speaker with grave intensity. The first burst of applause electrified the menagerie; the elephant threw his trunk into the air, and echoed back the noise, while the tigers and bears significantly growled. On went Prentiss, and as each peculiar animal vented his rage or approbation, he most ingeniously wrought in his habits, as a fac-simile of some man or passion. In the meanwhile, the stately king of beasts, who had been quietly treading the mazes of his prison, became alarmed at the footsteps over his head, and placing his mouth upon the floor of his cage, made every thing shake by his terrible roar. This, joined with the already excited feelings of the audience, caused the ladies to shriek, and a fearful commotion for a moment followed. Prentiss, equal to every occasion, changed his tone and manner; he commenced a playful strain, and introduced the fox, the jackal, and hyena, and capped the climax by likening some well-known political opponent to a grave baboon that presided over the "cage with monkeys." The resemblance was instantly recognized, and bursts of laughter followed, that literally set many into convulsions. The baboon, all unconscious of the attention he was attracting, suddenly assumed a grimace, and then a serious face, when Prentiss exclaimed: "I see, my fine fellow, that your feelings are hurt by my unjust comparison; and I humbly beg your pardon." The effect of all this may be vaguely imagined, but it cannot be described.

He was returned again to Congress. The very difficulties he had to contend with only developed his character, as he became the "lion of the house." Public dinners were given him, at which vied in doing him honor the Clays, Websters and Mangums of our Senate, and the leading minds of the Lower House. On these festive occasions, no one had a more ready wit, a more polished manner, than Prentiss. To the world he seemed absorbed in the adulation of the hour, yet in the quiet hours of night he found time, in voluminous correspondence with his "beloved mother and sisters," to speak of the scenes around him, and seems to blush for the egotism of the recital of his triumphs, which he says he only records because it might give some pleasure to "his dear friends at home."

The prominent political subject before Congress when Prentiss was a member, (1838,) was the "defalcations of certain government officers." His speech on "Harris's correspondence" is imperfectly reported in the journals, but there is enough about it to show the remarkable peculiarities of the author. The defalcation of public officers was his theme. He rose, his mind evidently teeming with a late perusal of the works of Scott, and his favorite Sacred Volume. I can trace the character of his reading, and name the page almost that had particularly attracted his attention. I find his speech, which is far from being equal to a hundred that were never noticed beyond the fleeting hour of their delivery, crowded with figures, all beautiful, but in many instances lacking that depth of thought for which he was so remarkable. To me it sounded, when I read it, more like his conversation when he was warmed up by social intercourse, than like a speech.

Speaking of General Jackson's command over his party, he said—

'That the old hero had but to blow his whistle, and

> 'Instant from copse and heath arose
> Bonnets and spears and bended bows;'

while his followers, like those of Roderick Dhu, started in every direction, ready and eager to perorm his bidding. He had but to point his finger, and his fierce blood-hounds buried their muzzles in the unfortunate victims of his wrath."

With Prentiss, these dashing figures were given with a force such as Charles Kemble would have envied; the clarion notes of the Scottish chieftain could not have been more thrilling to his followers' ears, than were the fine intonations of the voice of Prentiss to his hearers, so much beauty was there in his style. The following passages are singularly characteristic:—

"Then were the saturnalia of the office-holders, for like the the locusts of Egypt they plagued the land. Few dared to whisper of compunctions or defalcations. Patronage waved like a huge magnet over the land, and demagogues, like iron filings, attracted by a law of their nature, gathered and clustered around its poles. * * * Sir, I have given you but three or four cases of defalcations; would time permit I could give you a hundred. Like the fair Sultana of the Oriental legends, I could go on for a thousand and one nights; and even as in these eastern stories, so in the chronicles of the office-holders, the tale would ever be of heaps of gold, massive ingots, uncounted riches. Why, Aladdin's wonderful lamp is as nothing to it. They seem to possess the identical cap of Fortunatus; some wish for fifty thousand dollars, some for a hundred thousand, and some for a million, and behold it lies in glittering heaps before them. Not even

> 'The gorgeous East, with richest hand,
> Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,'

in such profuse abundance, as does this administration upon its followers. Pizarro held not forth more dazzling lures to his robber band, when he led them to the conquest of the 'Children of the Sun.'"

Speaking of the Sub-treasury, he used the following comparison, which more than any other, perhaps, illustrates the completeness of his figures:—

"Sir, this Government may determine to watch, like the Turks, with jealous care its golden harem; but it will seek in vain for the financial eunuchs, who have the power to guard without the wish to enjoy."

To the proposition to make up the losses of Government by retrenchment, he said:—

"Well, sir, what are these retrenchments? Pensions, harbors and light-houses. Yes, sir, these are recommended as proper subjects for retrenchment. First of all, the scarred veterans of the Revolution are to be deprived of a portion of the scanty pittance doled out to them by the cold charity of the country. How many of them will you have to send forth as beggars on the very soil which they have wrenched from the hand of tyranny, to make up the amount of even one of these splendid robberies? How many harbors will it

> take—those improvements dedicated no less to humanity than to interest—those nests of commerce to which the winged birds of the ocean may flock in safety? How many light-houses will it take? How many of those bright eyes of the ocean, as my friend from Virginia beautifully calls them, are to be plucked out? How many of those faithful sentinels, who stand along the coast, and, peering far out in the darkness, give timely warning to the hardy mariner where the lee shore threatens; how many of these, I ask, are to be discharged from their humane service? Why, the proposition is almost infamous. I should as soon wish to put out the stars of heaven. Sir, my blood boils at the cold-blooded atrocity with which this administration proposes thus to sacrifice the very family jewels of the country, to pay for the consequences of our own profligacy."

The celebrated "Wilkinson trial," although not as remarkable as many others engaged in by Mr. Prentiss, has obtained a widespread notoriety, from the fact that it was reported, and therefore more perfectly brought before the public. The particulars were nearly these: Some time in December, 1838, three gentlemen of the highest social position in Mississippi, and of a professional reputation, stopped at the Galt House, Louisville. One of the party ordered from a fashionable tailor a suit of clothes, which, upon being tried on in the store, was found unsatisfactory by his friends; and upon the expression of this dissatisfaction arose a contest between the Mississippians and the tailor, at which blows were given and received; but the parties separated for the time, without any material personal injury to each other. The tailor, attacked in his own shop, and feeling himself deeply wronged, proceeded to the "Police Court" for warrants, but was obliged to go to the Galt House for the names of the offenders. On his way, he told the circumstances of what he conceived to be his unjust treatment to his friends, and soon elicited a strong feeling of sympathy, particularly among that class of persons who, full of generous impulses, are rather thoughtless, and "like a spree."

Whatever might have been the original intention of the tailor and his friends, on going to the Galt House, the result was one of the most fearful of tragedies. The Mississippians, presuming an attack, were on their guard when the tailor and his friends came to the hotel; and when the Mississippians on their way to supper entered the "bar-room," they were recognized, and a general *mêlée* commenced, in which figured the different characters alluded to in Mr. Prentiss' speech. The Mississippians, although more or less injured, escaped, but not before they had killed two of the friends of the tailor, while the person for whom they sacrificed their lives was "cut off" by the crowd, "and the whole occurred so quickly that he had not time to do any thing."

The Mississippians were strangers in Louisville; the tailor and the deceased were substantial men, highly respectable in their connections, and in command of money and influence. The dead were remembered for their virtues, and lauded for the devotion they displayed in endeavoring to avenge the presumed wrongs done a friend. The excitement following the fight ran high among the people, and the Mississippians found the jail a necessary defense against the crowd that for a while swayed in tumultuous waves in its vicinity. But the substantial citizens maintained the dignity of the laws, and the Mississippians were peaceably brought before the proper tribunal, recognizances were taken, a change of venue obtained, and in a little over three months after the fatal meeting at the Galt House, the trial was had at Harrodsburg.

The three Mississippians were included in the indictment; consequently the defense rested upon the proof of a conspiracy on the part of the tailor and his friends to kill or degrade the Mississippians, which justified the latter named in defending themselves to the death, and this justification had to be drawn from the witnesses in a mass.

The examination of the witnesses, as reported in the printed trial, is characteristic of similar proceedings, except that many of the persons concerned in the foray were men of marked habits and original character: they therefore afforded Mr. Prentiss a fine field for his remarkable power to analyze. The consequence is, that the whole trial, under his magic influence, becomes like a perfectly conceived play, having every part sustained; mingling up subdued humor with infinite pathos. The characters seem complete, and perform their parts to the very consummation, as if but plastic heroes in his hands. There is the opening act at the tailor's store; then the preliminary excitement in the streets, the fearful utterings of revenge, and the comical braggadocia of "Bill Holmes" and his confederates; then the thrilling challenges between the principal parties; the appearance of "the three" in the bar-room; the rush—the fight—the death—the trial and the acquittal. Massinger never conceived any thing finer; and Prentiss, in the spirit of the old bard, worthily performed his work.

The court-house in which the trial took place was crowded to overflowing, and among the audience were to be seen nearly two hundred ladies, drawn to the scene by the fascinating fame of Mr. Prentiss. That he should have been inspired with unusual feeling is not surprising, for his clients were his personal friends, and the bright eyes of a portion of his auditory were of themselves a Promethean fire to even less enthusiastic spirits than his. His speech throughout was listened to with almost painful interest; and in spite of the place and the circumstances, those that heard would occasionally give utterance to pent-up feelings that refused to be controlled.

The Hon. Benjamin Hardin, "the opposing counsel," a man of vast experience and self-control, seemed to feel that the judgments of the jury and court were affected by what they had heard, and he pays the highest possible compliment to Mr. Prentiss in the opening of his reply. Turning to the jury, he said :—

> "Whatever may be your feelings, you will, I am sure, keep in mind that you are bound to exercise your reason, and that you owe a duty of no ordinary responsibility to yourselves, your characters, and your country. That duty is a sacred trust reposed in you, which you cannot weigh lightly without injury to yourselves as well as wrong to others. Nor must you surrender up your reason to your passions, and allow yourselves to be carried away by the shout of applause from a fashionable audience, as if you were in a theatre, where a Junius Brutus Booth and a Miss Ellen Tree exhibit the practised art of controlling the feelings, and successfully eliciting the noisy plaudits of excitement. This is not a theatre; this trial is not a farce; nor are you seated on those benches for amusement. This, gentlemen, is a solemn court of justice; a solemn tribunal, in which your Judge, presiding with becoming dignity, represents the majesty of the law, and in which you are expected to deliberate with becoming gravity upon circumstances of awful import."

No ordinary impression on the part of a jury would have called forth these remarks from the cool-headed and talented Ben Hardin, a counsellor who has in a long life of arduous and important practice grappled with the giant intellects of Kentucky, and has won his fair proportion of victories. But Mr. Prentiss on this occasion not only paralyzed the prosecution—not only fortified the defense—but he seemed to urge the strongest possible points against the cause of his clients, only to answer them with increased force, and destroy them for ever. It was therefore that the prosecution, ably as it was conducted, seemed to be in a great degree fatiguing to the jury and the audience, with recapitulations of things already more pleasantly or more terribly urged by Mr. Prentiss. His allusion to his friend Judge Wilkinson is a fine specimen of his style. He said :—

> "I regret to behold a valued and cherished friend passing through one of the most terrible ordeals ever invented to try the human feelings or test the human character; an ordeal through which, I do not doubt, he will pass triumphantly and honorably, without leaving one blot or stain upon the fair fame that has been so long his rightful portion; but through which he cannot pass unscathed in his sensibilities and feelings. The lightning scar will remain upon his heart; and public justice herself cannot, even though by acclamation through your mouths she proclaims his innocence, ever heal the wounds inflicted by this fierce and unrelenting prosecution, urged on as it has been by the demons of revenge and avarice."

Of the excitement before the trial he drew the following vivid picture :—

> "It is not unknown to you, that upon the occurrence of the events, the character of which you are about to try, great tumult and excitement prevailed in the city of Louisville. Passion and prejudice poured poison into the public ear. Popular feeling was roused into madness. It was with the utmost difficulty that the strong arm of the constituted authorities wrenched the victims from the hands of an infuriated mob. Even the thick walls of the prison hardly afforded protection to the accused. Crouched and shivering upon the cold floor of their gloomy dungeon, they listened to the footsteps of the gathering crowds; and ever and anon, the winter wind that played melancholy music through the rusty grates, was drowned by the fierce howling of the human wolves, who prowled and bayed around their place of refuge, greedy and thirsting for blood.
>
> "Every breeze that swept over the city bore away slander and falsehood upon its wings. Even the public press, though I doubt not unwittingly, joined in the work of injustice. The misrepresentations of the prosecutor and his friends became the public history of the transaction; and from one end of the Union to the other, these defendants were held up to public gaze and public execration as foul, unmanly murderers, and that too before any judicial investigation whatever had occurred, or any opportunity been afforded them for saying a single word in their defense."

One of the witnesses, although "he fired a pistol," and "knocked one of the defendants down," gave in his testimony in a manner that indicated such a perfect indifference to the shedding of blood and willingness to get into a fight, that it afforded a fine opportunity for Prentiss's playfulness, and he treats this witness as follows:—

"Surely Mr. —— must be the knight-errant of the age; the Don Quixote of the West; the paragon of modern chivalry. He fights, not from the base desire of vengeance, nor from the sordid love of gold; not even from patriotism or friendship; but from a higher and a loftier sentiment; from his pure, ardent, disinterested, unsophisticated love of glorious strife. He 'smelleth the battle afar off,' and to the sound of the trumpet he saith, Ha! ha! To him

'There is something of pride in the perilous hour,
Whate'er be the shape in which death may lower;
For fame is there, to tell who bleeds,
And honor's eye on daring deeds.'

"You have heard, gentlemen, of the bright, warm isles which gem the oriental seas, and are kissed by the fiery sun of the tropics; where the clove, the cinnamon, and the nutmeg grow; where the torrid atmosphere is oppressed with a delicious but fierce and intoxicating influence. There the spirit of man partakes of the same spicy qualities which distinguish the productions of the soil. Even as the rinds of their fruits split open with nature's rich excess, so do the human passions burst forth with an overwhelming violence and prodigality unknown till now, in our cold, ungentle clime. There, in the islands of Java, Sumatra, the Malaccas, and others of the same latitude, cases similar to that of Mr. —— are of frequent occurrence. In those countries it is called 'running a muck.' An individual becomes so full of fight that he can no longer contain it; accordingly, he arms himself with a species of dagger, very similar to that from which Mr. —— wiped the blood with his pocket handkerchief, and rushing into the public streets, wounds and slays indiscriminately among the crowd. It is true, that this gallant exploit always results in the death of the person performing it; the people of the country entertaining a foolish notion that it is too dangerous and expensive a mode of cultivating national bravery. But in the present instance, I trust this rule will be relaxed. Mr. —— is the only specimen we possess of this peculiar habit of the spice-islands, and he should be preserved as a curiosity."

Every kind of talent seems to be displayed in this masterly speech, which can only be fully appreciated by reading the trial entire. From the commencement to the end there is one continued series of beautiful imagery, or the evidence of successful blows given to the prosecution. Mr. Prentiss never falters, and finally closes with the terrible climax quoted below, which he delivered with a force that made strong men pale with horror, and for a moment look as if the fearful tragedy of murder was tangibly enacted before their eyes.

"But, gentlemen of the jury," said he, with an earnestness that thrilled through every heart, "although my clients are free from the charge of shedding blood, there is a murderer, and, strange to say, his name appears upon the indictment, not as a criminal, but as prosecutor. His garments are wet with the blood of those upon whose deaths you hold this solemn inquest. Yonder he sits, allaying for a moment the hunger of that fierce vulture, Conscience, by casting before it the food of pretended regret, and false, but apparent eagerness for justice. He hopes to appease the manes of his slaughtered victims—victims to his falsehood and treachery—by sacrificing upon their graves a hecatomb of innocent men. By base misrepresentations of the conduct of the defendants, he induced his imprudent friends to attempt a vindication of his pretended wrongs, by violence and bloodshed. His clansmen gathered at his call, and followed him for vengeance; but when the fight began, and the keen weapons clashed in the sharp conflict—where was the wordy warrior? Ay, 'Where was Roderick then?' No 'blast upon his bugle horn' encouraged his companions as they were laying down their lives in his quarrel; no gleam of his dagger indicated a desire to avenge their fall; with treacherous cowardice he left them to their fate, and all his vaunted courage ended in ignominious flight.

"Sad and gloomy is the path that lies before him. You will in a few moments dash, untasted, from his lips the sweet cup of revenge; to quaff whose intoxicating contents he has paid a price that would have purchased the goblet of the Egyptian queen. I behold gathering around him, thick and fast, dark and corroding cares. That face, which looks so ruddy, and even now is flushed with shame and conscious guilt, will from this day grow pale, until the craven blood shall refuse to visit his haggard cheek. In his broken and distorted sleep his dreams will be more fearful than those of the 'false, perjured Clarence;' and around his waking pillow, in the deep hour of night, will flit the ghosts of Meeks and of Rothwell, shrieking their curses in his shrinking ear.

"Upon his head rests not only all the blood shed in this unfortunate strife, but also the soul-killing crime of perjury; for, surely as he lives, did the words of craft and falsehood fall from his lips, ere they were hardly loosened from the holy volume. But I dismiss him, and do consign him to the furies, trusting, in all charity, that the terrible punishment he must suffer from the scorpion-lash of a guilty conscience will be considered in his last account."

It was soon after Mr. Prentiss returned from Kentucky that I had the pleasure of first seeing him. In his personal appearance he was eminently handsome, and yet eminently manly. Although of medium height, there was that in the carriage of his head that was astonishingly impressive; it gave a wonderful idea of power. I shall never forget him on one occasion, when he rose at a public meeting (a political discussion) to reply to an antagonist worthy of his steel. His whole soul was roused, his high smooth forehead fairly coruscated. He remained silent for some seconds, and only *looked*. The bald eagle never glanced more fiercely from his eyrie; it seemed as if his deep dark-gray eye would distend until it swallowed up the thousands of his audience. For an instant the effect was painful; he saw it and smiled, when a cheer burst from the admiring multitude that fairly shook the earth.

His voice was clear and sweet, and could be heard at an immense distance, and yet, to be all like Demosthenes, he had a perceptible impediment in his speech. As a reader he had no superior; his narration was clear and unadorned; proper sentences were subduedly humorous, but the impressive parts were delivered with an effect that reminded me of descriptions of the elder Kean.

His imagination was unsurpassed, and the rich stores of his mind supplied him with never-ending material, quoted and original. The slightest allusion to any thing gave the key to all its peculiarities. If he had occasion to speak of the diamond, its bed in the Golconda, its discovery by some poor native, its being associated with commerce, its polish by the lapidary, its adorning the neck of beauty, its rays brilliant and serene, its birth, its life, its history, all flashed upon him. So with every idea in the vast storehouse of his mind; he seemed to know all things in mass and in particulars, never confused, never at a loss; the hearer listened, wondered, and dreamed. Thoughts of moment came forth as demanded, but ten thousand other thoughts, rare and beautiful, continued to bubble up, after all effort ceased.

The Presidential campaign of 1844 probably called forth some of the best specimens of Mr. Prentiss's eloquence, when in the full maturity of his mental power. Of the peculiar impression he left on the mind, some faint idea may be obtained from the following descriptions.

In 1844, the admirers of Mr. Clay in Adams county, Miss., gave a great *barbecue*, and among the wealthy planters of that section of the State are to be found an immense number of his warmest personal as well as political friends. The place selected for the gathering was one of the most beautiful that could be conceived. The ground rose from a centre a perfectly natural amphitheatre. "The stand," of Corinthian architecture, was adorned by beautiful ladies, who brought to bear the most cultivated taste, and the command of every necessary means; the columns were wreathed with myrtle and jessamine, the top arched over, entwining the choicest flowers with the folds of our national flag; upon the key-stone rested a truthful bust of the "great statesman of the West." At the foot of the steps that led to the platform were placed magnificent orange trees, that were connected with the ascent above by rows of costly exotic flowers. On each side of this "stand" towered magnificent forest trees, that seemed to embrace in the clouds, to protect the floral pyramid beneath. On the ascending ground ranged comfortable seats for five thousand persons, above which stretched out, until lost in the distant vernal shade, tables groaning with every possible luxury, while costly equipages in picturesque groups filled up every bit of shade that could be obtained under the scattering trees. The audience was not only remarkable for intelligence, wealth and beauty, but contained a large majority of the earliest friends of Mr. Prentiss. Other orators had been invited to speak, but he was the magnet of attraction; for him, and for the sake of Mr. Clay, was all the vast gathering and costly preparation made.

Mr. Prentiss rose, as if deeply impressed with the events of the day. His peroration was a most imaginative appeal to the nymphs of the wood who revelled among the trees, and a series of compliments to the hundreds of ladies, who shot at him their bright glances of greeting when he came forward to speak. From this playful strain, he soon entered into the serious part of his labor, and in a masterly manner reviewed the great principles involved in the coming Presidential struggle. To follow him would be impossible; but on that day more than usual he indulged in that terrible sarcasm for which he was sometimes so remarkable. That it was occasionally ill-timed there cannot be a doubt, but when he mounted upon some lofty principle, and looked down upon the grovellers beneath, or when his scorn took possession for the moment of his reason, he poured it out like gall and wormwood, regardless of all consequences. He was that day advocating the cause of his political idol, for there is that in Mr. Clay that filled up the measure that Mr. Prentiss had formed of a great man. He seemed never content at public gatherings, without he had some opportunity of praising Mr. Clay's boldness and undaunted courage—his eloquence and statesman-like qualities; and in this severely contested election was the soul of Prentiss altogether roused. As "Speaker of the House," Mr. Polk had sent him home to Mississippi without his seat in Congress, and in the political contest that followed, it would seem that he only sowed the wind of his wrath, that was to be reaped in the whirlwind that followed in his mind against Mr. Polk, when Mr. P. became a candidate for the Presidency. From the moment the campaign commenced, he went through the country like another Peter the Hermit, preaching a crusade; he seemed to defy the very infirmities of humanity in his extraordinary exertions. It was evident that his parallel between the candidates for the Presidency was to be a masterly effort, and no one was disappointed.

His portrait of Mr. Clay on the occasion, as we recall it to our mind, was one that can never be forgotten by those who heard it; there was a tangible massiveness and grandeur about it, as perceptible as if he had raised the mighty head of Mount St. Bernard from out of the alluvial plains of the Mississippi, and bid his enraptured auditory to gaze upon the cloud-capped summit. There was also a softness and beauty, a perfection and minute completeness, that strangely harmonized. He opened the musty archives of antiquity for illustrations; he drew from all modern quarters for comparisons; and, still ascending, would replume his wings, soaring still upward in untrodden regions of eloquence, until he piled "Pelion on Ossa," and made the very reason of his audience tremble on its throne. Suddenly he paused, and with a voice as of a trumpet, asked, "Who is the opponent of Henry Clay?" His eyes flashed unwonted fire, and you saw him falling headlong from his dizzy height, but his very course marked the impetus of a destroying angel; you saw that there was a vial of wrath in his hand, a consuming fire in his eye; he fairly struggled and heaved with emotion. The foam dashed from his lips, and he repeated in defiant notes, "Who is the opponent of Mr. Clay?" and he then hissed the answer, "A blighted burr, that has fallen from the mane of the war-horse of the Hermitage!" The effect of all this upon the audience, under the circumstances, cannot be imagined. Shouts rose, such as come forth in victorious battle-fields, but which, save by Prentiss, were never heard by the ear of the American orator.

But Prentiss really carried no bitterness in his spirit; he bore down upon his opponents and poured in his broadsides of irony and sarcasm with the power of a man-of-war, but the moment the action ceased, he was ready to muzzle his gun and succor the wounded and dying; and this spirit of ancient chivalry is amusingly illustrated in the following anecdote: Gov. Mc——, who figured contemporaneously with Prentiss in Mississippi politics, ever afforded him an inexhaustible subject for every possible kind of opposition. He called the sturdy "old repudiator" all the hard names he could find ready made in the English language, and then invented new terms to suit the occasion. Gov. Mc—— possessed a mind of the highest order, and although not as polished as Prentiss, could turn on his tormentor, and if he accomplished nothing else, put him to his mettle to make proper replies. In the very heat of his opposition to Mc——, he heard some one at a roadside tavern denouncing the Governor in no measured terms. Prentiss listened complacently awhile, until he heard his political enemy styled a dog; upon which he sprang to his feet, full of resentment, and declared, that as Mc—— was his dog, no one else should abuse him with impunity.

Prentiss had originally a constitution of iron; his frame was so perfect in its organization, that, in spite of the most unusual negligence of health, his muscles had all the compactness, glossiness, and distinctiveness of one who had been specially trained by diet and exercise. It was this constitution that enabled him to accomplish so much in so short a time. He could almost wholly discard sleep for weeks, with apparent impunity; he could eat or starve; do any thing that would kill ordinary men, yet never feel a twinge of pain. I saw him once amidst a tremendous political excitement;

he had been talking, arguing, dining, visiting, and travelling, without rest, for three whole days. His companions would steal away at times for sleep, but Prentiss, like an ever-busy spirit, was here, and there, and every where. The morning of the fourth day came, and he was to appear before an audience familiar with his fame, but one that had never heard him speak; an audience critical in the last degree. He desired to succeed, for more was depending than he had ever before had cause to stake upon such an occasion. Many felt a fear that he would be unprepared. I mingled in the expecting crowd; I saw ladies who had never honored the stump with their presence struggling for seats; counsellors, statesmen, and professional men, the élite of a great city, were gathered together. An hour before, I had seen Prentiss, still apparently ignorant of his engagement.

The time of trial came, and the remarkable man presented himself, the very picture of buoyant health, of unbroken rest. All this had been done *by the unyielding resolve of his will.* His triumph was complete; high-wrought expectations were more than realized, prejudice was demolished, professional jealousy silenced, and he descended from the rostrum, freely accorded his proper place among the orators and statesmen of the "Southern Metropolis."

Mr. Clay visited the South in the spring of 1844, and, as he was then a candidate for the Presidency, he attracted in New-Orleans, if possible, more than usual notice. His hotel was the St. Charles; toward noon he reached that once magnificent palace. The streets presented a vast ocean of heads, and every building commanding a view was literally covered with human beings. The great "Statesman of the West" presented himself to the multitude between the tall columns of the finest portico in the world. The scene was beyond description, and of vast interest. As the crowd swayed to and fro, a universal shout was raised for Mr. Clay to speak; he uttered a sentence or two, waved his hand in adieu, and escaped amidst the prevailing confusion. Prentiss meanwhile was at a side window, evidently unconscious of being himself noticed, gazing upon what was passing with all the delight of the humblest spectator. Suddenly he heard his name announced. He attempted to withdraw from public gaze, but his friends pushed him forward. Again his name was shouted, hats and caps were thrown in the air, and he was finally compelled to show himself on the portico. With remarkable delicacy, he chose a less prominent place than that previously occupied by Mr. Clay, although perfectly visible. He thanked his friends for their kindness by repeated bows, and by such smiles as he alone could give. "A speech! a speech!" thundered a thousand voices. Prentiss lifted his hand; in an instant every thing was still; then pointing to the group that surrounded Mr. Clay, he said: "Fellow-citizens, when the Eagle is soaring in the sky, the owls and the bats retire to their holes." And long before the shout that followed this remark had ceased, Prentiss had disappeared amid the multitude.

Soon after Mr. Prentiss settled in New-Orleans, a meeting was held to raise funds for the erection of a suitable monument to Franklin. On that occasion the lamented Wilde and the accomplished McCaleb delivered ornate and chaste addresses upon the value of art, and the policy of enriching New-Orleans with its exhibition. At the close of the meeting, as the audience rose to depart, some one discovered Prentiss, and called his name. It was echoed from all sides; he tried to escape, but was literally carried on the stand.

As a rich specimen of off-hand eloquence, I think the address he delivered on that occasion was unequalled. Unlike any other speech, he had the arts to deal with, and of course the associations were of surpassing splendor. I knew that he was ignorant of the technicalities of art, and had paid but little attention to their study, and my surprise was unbounded to see him, thus unexpectedly called upon, instantly arrange in his mind ideas, and expressing facts and illustrations that would have done honor to Burke, when dwelling upon the sublime and beautiful. Had he been bred to the easel, or confined to the sculptor's room, he could not have been more familiar with the details of the studio; he painted with all the brilliancy of Titian, and with the correctness of Raphael, while his images in marble combined the softness of Praxiteles and the nervous energy of Michael Angelo.

All this with Prentiss was intuition. I believe that the whole was the spontaneous thought of the moment, the crude outlines that floated through his mind being filled up by the intuitive teachings of his surpassing genius. His conclusion was gorgeous. He passed Napoleon to the summit of the Alps; his hearers saw him and his steel-clad warriors threading the snows of Mount St. Bernard, and having gained the dizzy height, Prentiss represented "the man of destiny" looking down upon the sunny plains of Italy, and then, with a mighty swoop, descending from the clouds and making the grasp of Empire secondary to that of Art.

Of Prentiss's power before a jury too much cannot be said. Innumerable illustrations might be gathered up, showing that he far surpassed any living advocate. "The trial of the Wilkinsons" is often cited, although it was far from being one of his best efforts. Another trial occurs to me, worthy of particular notice, of which little has been said out of the community of those directly interested. On one occasion, two young men, only sons, and deeply attached as friends, quarrelled, and in the mad excitement of the moment, one of them was killed. Upon the trial, the testimony of the mother of the deceased was so direct, that it seemed to render "the clearing of the prisoner" hopeless. Prentiss spoke to the witness in the blandest manner and most courtly style. The mother, arrayed in weeds, and bowed down with sorrow, turned towards Prentiss, and answered hi inquiries with all the dignity of a perfectly accomplished lady; she calmly uttered the truth, and every word she spoke rendered the defense apparently more hopeless.

"Would you punish that young man with death?" said Prentiss, pointing to the prisoner.

The questioned looked and answered: "He has made me childless; let the law take its course."

"And would wringing her heart, and hurrying her gray hairs with sorrow into the grave, by rendering her childless, assuage your grief?"

All present were dissolved in tears; even convulsive sobbing was heard in the court-room.

"No!" said the witness, with all the gushing tenderness of a mother—"*No!* I would not add a sorrow to her heart, nor that of her son!"

Admissions in the evidence followed, and hopes were uttered for the prisoner's acquittal, that changed the whole character of the testimony. What was a few moments before so dark, grew light; and without the slightest act that might be construed into an unfair advantage, in the hands of Prentiss, the witness for the prosecution pleaded for the accused.

The extraordinary inspiration that the presence of ladies gave to Mr. Prentiss when addressing an audience was easily perceptible, and consequently his addresses "to the Court" were always freer from that soft imagery, so peculiar to his vein, than were his speeches delivered before a promiscuous audience. An amusing incident occurred many years ago, that is, perhaps, worth relating. In one of the "new counties" of Mississippi, then just wrested from the aboriginal inhabitants, Mr. Prentiss had an Indian for a client. The log-cabin court-house presented little to excite the imagination, and the "etiquette of the bench" almost precluded any thing but a very commonplace speech. Mr. Prentiss took but little interest seemingly in the matter before him, when two or three ladies were noticed peering into the "Hall of Justice," evidently anxious to hear his voice, and see one of whom they had heard so much. Instantly the manner of Prentiss changed, and he was soon indulging in some of his most flowing sentences. The politeness of the sheriff found seats for the fair intruders upon the court-room, and the consequence was, that Mr. Prentiss was soon in the midst of an address in behalf of the "wronged Indian," that, for pathos, for beauty, and for effect, was never excelled.

Here, perhaps, while speaking of the involuntary compliments he paid to the presence of woman, it may not be improper to say that, toward all connected with him by ties of blood, he ever felt the most active affection, and more especially did his heart through youth and manhood turn toward his sisters and mother. Of all the sons of New-England who have found a home in the far South, none have surpassed him in attention to those outward tokens that tell of an ever-cherished remembrance, an ever-living love. From the time that Mr. Prentiss left the paternal roof, almost to the hour of his decease, did he pour out his soul to an absent parent in continued correspondence, which, as *now preserved*, extends over more than a quarter of a century, growing in quantity and increasing in affection to the day of his death. Upon the very threshold of his first success, he writes: "I am proud of my sisters, and I am grateful to them also; for had I not had such kind and affectionate sisters, and such a mother as I have, I do most sincerely believe that I should never have been successful in life. But the thought," he continues, "of home, and the loved ones there, has warmed my benumbed feelings, and encouraged me to renewed efforts, by the reflection that there were, though afar off, those whose happiness was in some degree at least connected with mine; and I hold that no person can be entirely miserable while there is in the world a single individual who will rejoice in his prosperity, or feel sorrow for his adversity."

A remarkably characteristic anecdote, not only illustrative of his filial affection, but also of his ready perception of the fitting thing to be said, is given as follows: When on a visit some years ago to the North, but after his reputation had become wide-spread, a distinguished lady of Portland took pains to obtain an introduction, by visiting the steamboat in which she learned he was to take his departure in a few moments. "I have wished to see you," said she to Mr. Prentiss, "for my heart has often congratulated the mother who has such a son." "Rather congratulate *the son* on having such a mother!" was his instant reply; and it was unaffected and heartfelt.

No man perhaps ever lived who received a greater number of personal compliments than Mr. Prentiss, but he always received them with that peculiar grace and dignity so eminent in his reply to the lady of Portland. One day, in New-Orleans, I met him in the street, leading by the hand his two sons, remarkably beautiful children. I was struck with their evident resemblance to their father, and complimented him upon it. "Ah," said he, with the fondest look of affection, "they have the light hair and blue eye of the Anglo-Saxon robber; they are American boys."

The merits of Mr. Prentiss as a lawyer will, perhaps, except by his most intimate professional associates, never be justly appreciated, because his brilliant oratorical powers caused the majority of persons to lose sight of the solid structure that was buried under "the ornament profuse." Had Mr. Prentiss been entirely destitute of imagination, his fame would probably have been less extended, but still he would have ranked among the first legal luminaries, for he was indefatigable in research, solid in argument, and quick and subtle in perception. Like a skilful artist, he studied to disguise his labor, but no man more usefully or more frequently "consumed the midnight oil;" and his memory was so tenacious, that what he once garnered up in his well-ordered mind, could, upon the instant, be called into use. Whatever might have been his quickness of repartee, or his almost instinctive knowledge of whatever subject came before him, yet his opponents in council always discovered that he had entered into the most laborious research, to conquer any difficulties in his path, and that he was never taken by surprise in the vast labyrinths of investigation peculiar to the legal profession.

Prentiss, when young in years and young as a lawyer, appeared before the Supreme Court of the United States, and his pleadings, in spite of his youthful fire and highly-wrought fancy, were so happily fortified by deep reading and deep thought, as to instantly attract the notice of Chief Justice Marshall, and called forth from that master-mind involuntary praise.

His opinion of the dignity of his calling he frequently adverted to in his public speeches. He often sketched the lawyer as one who should possess every qualification that adorns the character of a man. He looked upon "the profession" as the true foundation of statesmanship, and the law as the protector and the delineator of the rights of the people, and the noblest field for the cultivation of the intellect.

Of Mr. Prentiss as a politician I need not speak; he was ever an ardent republican in his principles, and battled for what he conceived to be the true intent of our political institutions, with a vigor that showed his sincerity as well as his power.

As we have already stated, his admiration for Mr. Clay was unbounded; for Mr. Webster he entertained feelings of the most profound veneration; and he always spoke of Mr. Crittenden with a tone of voice akin to love. With such a trio for his priests, his political sentiments are easily discerned. The Whig party should ever cherish his memory, not only for his voluntary labors in its behalf, but especially for his promptness in defending Mr. Fillmore from the false charge of abolitionism, at one time so tenaciously urged by his political opponents in the South. No sooner was the alarm given, than he buckled on his armor, and made his last terrific blows in cutting down the slander; that he was efficient, the recorded vote of Louisiana will ever show.

In summing up Mr. Prentiss's public life, I should say that his absorbing sentiment was patriotism. If he loved Clay, Webster, and Crittenden, it was not simply because they were "men after his own heart," but because they were men whose principles he believed tended to preserve the peace and prosperity of his country, and whose genius adorned the pages of its history. The pleasantest reminiscences I have of Mr. Prentiss are, when circumstances have thrown me in his company, in some retired place, and I have listened to his hopes and aspirations for the prosperity of his native land.

With the talent of an *improvisatore*, he drew more vivid pictures of the glory that awaited its destiny in the *future*, than ever did a Roman child of song call up when speaking of the *past*. Those great hopes of his, so worthy of a true American heart, so inspiringly expressed, now linger in my memory, as the sweet outpourings of a voice from the "spirit-world."

In the social circle, Mr. Prentiss was always the centre; there was a charm about his society that was ever unrivalled. No man had a more delicate and subtle wit than Prentiss, or a more Falstaffian humor when it suited his purpose. Who will ever forget the spending of a social hour with him, when his health was high and his mind at ease? Who so imaginative? who so refined? What delight was exhibited by sweet ladies who listened to his words. Who could so eloquently discourse of roses and buds, of lilies and pearls, of eyes and graces, of robes and angels, and yet never offend the most sensitive of the sex, or call other than the blush of pleasure and joy to the cheek? Who could, on the "public day," ascend so gracefully from the associations of tariffs, and banks, and cotton, and sugar, to greet the fair ladies that honored him with their presence? How he would lean towards them, as he dwelt upon "the blessed of all God's handiwork," and compared their bright eyes to "day-stars" that lit up the dark recesses of his own clouded imagination; and how he would revel, like another Puck, among the rays and beams of smiles called forth by his own happy compliments; and how he would change from all this, and in an instant seemingly arm himself with the thunderbolts of Jove, which he would dash with appalling sound among his antagonists, or the principles he opposed, and yet with such a charm, with such a manner, that these very daughters of the sunny South, who had listened to his syren song so admiringly, would now stare, and wonder, and pallor, and yet listen, even as one gazes over the precipice, and is fascinated at the very nearness to destruction.

I had the melancholy pleasure of hearing his last, and, it seemed to me, his greatest speech. Towards the close of the last Presidential campaign, I found him in the interior of the State, endeavoring to recruit his declining health. He had been obliged to avoid all public speaking, and had gone far into the country to get away from excitement. But there was a "gathering" near by his temporary home, and he consented to be present. It was late in the evening when he ascended the "stand," which was supported by the trunks of two magnificent forest trees, through which the setting sun poured with picturesque effect. The ravages of ill-health were apparent upon his face, and his high massive forehead was paler and more transparent than usual. His audience, some three or four hundred persons, was composed in a large degree of his old and early friends. He seemed to feel deeply, and as there was nothing to oppose, he assumed the style of the mild and beautiful. He casually alluded to the days of his early coming among his southern friends; to the hours of pleasure he had passed, and to the hopes of the future. In a few moments the bustle and confusion natural to a fatiguing day of political wrangling ceased; one straggler after another suspended his noisy demonstration, and gathered near the speaker. Soon a mass of silent, but heart-heaving humanity was crowded compactly before him. Had Prentiss, on that occasion, held the very heart-strings of his auditors in his hand, he could not have had them more in his power. For an hour he continued, rising from one important subject to another, until the breath was fairly suspended in the excitement. An uninterested spectator would have supposed that he had used sorcery in thus transfixing his auditors. While all others forgot, he noticed that the day was drawing to a close; he turned and looked toward the setting sun, and apostrophized its fading glory; then, in his most touching voice and manner, concluded as follows:—

> "Friends—That glorious orb reminds me that the day is spent, and that I too must close. Ere we part, let me hope that it may be our good fortune to end our days in the same splendor, and that when the evening of life comes we may sink to rest with the clouds that close in our departure gold-tipped with the glorious effulgence of a well-spent life."

In conclusion, I would ask, will some historian, who can sympathize with the noble dead, gather the now fleeting memorials that still live a memory, that future generations may know something of the mighty mind of Prentiss?

The remains of the orator must ever be imperfect; the tone of voice—the flashing eye—the occasion, and the mighty shout of the multitude, how can these be perpetuated? But still Prentiss has left enough in his brilliant career to show posterity that he was every inch a man. Let his fragmentary printed speeches—let the reminiscences of his friends that treat of his power as an orator, be brought together, and unsatisfactory as they may be, there will be found left intrinsic value enough to accomplish the object. There will be in the fluted column, though shattered and defaced, an Ionian beauty that will tell unerringly of the magnificent temple it once adorned.

Baton Rouge, La., July, 1851.

BOOK-ROVERS.

It is curious to see how the facilities for rambling around the World of Books have kept pace with the wonderful engineries devised to carry us hither and thither upon the face of the earth. The difference in extent between the ancient and the modern area of reading is as great as the difference in extent between Ptolemy's World and Humboldt's World. Since the first venerable geographer traced the margin of the habitable earth, and left Tritons, Hyperboreans, Anthropophagi, and other salvage outsiders in welcome possession of all lands and waters that might lie beyond the limit which he set to man's heritage, we have had Columbus and his America, De Gama and his India, Magellan and his Pacific Ocean, the polar voyagers and their continents of ice. The wandering hero who was tossed ten years between Troy and Gibraltar could boast that he had seen all cities and all manner of men in his time, besides gods and nondescripts, and held his good name of First among Rovers through many generations, as indisputably as Nelson holds his of First among Admirals. Show Ulysses the modern Atlas. The startled navigator might well suppose the threescore years and ten of life full short to cross but once the grand ocean that rolls beyond the Pillars of Hercules, to say nothing of attempting to double Cape Horn, and pilot his bewildered galley over the awful deeps beyond. Nevertheless, what adventurous youth is there who cannot now see the two poles, the five oceans, all the continents, and return to his Penelope in half the time the sacker of cities made from Ilium to Ithaca? Divine is the guidance of the world. As fast as new oceans opened before the prows of discoverers, human ingenuity, divinely prompted, devised swifter and stouter ships, for which there was really no necessity before. The galley with its bank of oars and little sails answered every purpose for the merchant whose ocean was the Midland Sea, whose log-book recorded only thunder-storms off Sicily and scuffles with piratical biremes on the Spanish coast, but was entirely barren of those entertaining rencontres with sea-serpents and typhoons, which sometimes make the diary of the India trader as exhilarating as the reminiscences of Sinbad. But now, when the Atlantic and the Pacific are our oceans, the Amazon and the Mississippi our rivers, man could not be lord of his heritage with the paltry navies of Tyre. But God has given him the globe to possess it, and it is admirable to observe how, as the bounds of this noble gift have widened, strange and mighty engineries have been suggested to him, so that to-day heroes go forth upon the waters in line-of-battle ships, and adventurers bind down a vaporous giant with iron shackles, shut him in an iron prison, and torture him with fire till he is maddened, and turns huge wheels and lifts ponderous pistons, and drives steamships through the opposing billows.

Like the habitable earth, the Republic of Letters has enlarged its area by discovery and annexation, till the ancient citizen of that once placid commonwealth might well be as disheartened at the project of visiting its several States as the royal rover of old at the suggestion of a voyage of circumnavigation. During the last two centuries books have multiplied with appalling activity. It would almost seem that the Muses, in disgust at human dulness, were going to deluge the world with Belles Lettres till the public intellect was fairly swamped, leaving only some great lexicographer afloat on the top of the flood in his unwieldy ark, to preserve samples of former wit for the more ready generation of volumes to re-populate the libraries of a brighter race. But after all we ride the surf nicely, and quite enjoy the shower. It is safe to say that the modern gentleman may gain that mastery of modern learning which is suitable for him, as easily as the ancient gentleman obtained a corresponding mastery of the learning of his day. We assert our sovereignty over the new-found empires of Science quite as successfully as over the new-found oceans and continents of the earth; and how wide soever these acquisitions, the popular mind glances over them, gathers treasures and curiosities from all, and establishes territorial governments. We make 'cheap excursions' through Geology, Astronomy, History; rush in rapid caravans over the deserts of Law and Ethics; explore the oceans of Philosophy, and even find a Northwest passage through the icebergs of Mathematics.

The Commonwealth of Letters is soundly republican in its constitution. The presiding geniuses of the different States are noble republican kings, generous and royally hospitable. You may go from one to another at your will. The gates of their cities are open; their frontiers are guarded by no mousing patrols; the baggage of travellers is not rummaged by officials; the police are not hoping to detect in you a Socialist or Red-Republican in disguise. Neither do these princes forbid their own nobles to travel at pleasure, like the Czars of Russia. When the youth, whose studies have been in ancient chronicles and in the annals of ruined kingdoms, takes it into his head to ramble away with the astronomers into the Zodiac, the Genius of History does not set off in a passion to catch his vagrant disciple, and like Apollyon bestride his pathway "with a disdainful countenance," and say, as the fiend said to the Pilgrim, "I perceive that thou art one of my subjects. Why hast thou run away from thy king? Were it not that I hope thou mayest do me more service, I would strike thee now at one blow to the ground."

No so. The varied provinces of Learning are ours. We may travel through them as freely as through Oregon and Nebraska to see the cataracts, the mountains, and the mines. Philosophers, learned men, students—what are these but the governors and garrisons we leave in charge of the public domain? It is as preposterous to expect that the various departments of learning are to remain in the sole possession of the learned men who especially delight in, or first investigate them, as to imagine that the New World could stand for ever seized to the sole and only proper use, benefit and behoof of Christopher Columbus and his heirs. It is for these learned men to labor in their own provinces; for us, the people, to visit and possess all.

We sat down to write of Book-Roving, and are likely, unless we abruptly cut short this thread of discourse, to be guilty of pen-roving, and to wander into ports for which we took out no papers.

There are some men of books who appear to us as travellers. Here it can hardly be necessary to premise that there are travellers of various dispositions. One will wander over the face of the earth for a score of years, applying trigonometry to the mountains, testing hot springs with thermometers, scrutinizing rocks and craters, and reading in pre-Adamite histories written in gigantic hieroglyphics on the floors of caves and on the walls of chasms. He will tell, perhaps, how in a certain latitude he crossed a certain ocean, which was in many respects a remarkable ocean. There were currents setting to the north-east and winds blowing to the south-west. There were very large whales in this ocean, and very small sharks. There was also an island therein. He lands, and observes that the natives are extremely red, and deplorably savage; that their canoes are double; that their idols are wooden, and that they themselves may be relics of the lost ten tribes of Israel. He returns laden with plants, stones, skulls, facts, altitudes and longitudes. Him the academies delight to honor; him the magazines exalt; him the kings reward; and in truth, few better deserve such returns for toil.

Again, you will find some vagabond of a fellow who has been to the ends of the earth, and instead of picking up facts and phenomena, comes home with a parrot from Brazil, a coral from the Pacific, a tiger's paw from Bengal, a sea-lion's tusk from the Antarctic, and bits of foreign trumpery, which neither prove any thing about the precession of the equinoxes nor affect the established theory of the typhoons. He has roved over mountains and seas from pure love of rocks and billows. He has been among sailors, savages, pirates and trappers; he has ridden camels in Edom, and perhaps oxen among the Caffirs. Utterly a vagabond has he been, but on his soul the pictures scattered so bountifully over the earth have become painted; pictures of the Alps with their pinnacles; of icebergs drifting across the ocean by moonlight; of sea-ports with their towers blazing in the sunrise; of tent-fires glimmering in the hills at dusk; of plains seen from an eminence over which rivers are flowing to a gulf in the horizon. When the rascal talks, although he has really nothing to say which ought to be listened to with patience by geologists and astronomers, yet we can't help being delighted. The mind is filled with pleasant images of clouds, volcanoes and bays. We see wild horses galloping in affright before the prairie-fire; wild Arabs racing by the rivers of Babylon; noisy commodores cannonading in honor of each other's flags in tropical harbors; and all those thousand delightful sights put into our eyes by a good and true rover. Various strange sounds are also suggested. We hear them; perhaps the dashing of waves off Cape Horn; perhaps the rolling of thunder in the Cordilleras; perhaps the roar in the chimney of Vesuvius. Ah, it is desirable that a traveller should tell tales.

(Here pardon a parenthesis concerning those venial fictions called "travellers' tales." Have you seen it elsewhere? It is desirable that a traveller should tell the truth; yet one is almost tempted to say that he should tell lies rather than nothing—that is, for the sake of his hearer; it cannot of course be contended that the romancer himself will be morally a gainer by the fib. The fact is, that it is a difficult thing to tell an absolute falsehood respecting scenes in Persia or Labrador or Morocco, provided the liar has been to those countries. Even if an African traveller were to tell of an iceberg in Ethiopia, his imagination could not so entirely clear itself of palm-trees, lions and black men, as to leave his audience with the impression that Ethiopia was like Greenland. Besides, the object of the narrator is not so much to misrepresent respecting men and things, as it is to exhibit himself in perilous or heroic positions; and even when a passion to say something purely marvellous possesses our worthy mariner, we generally get more truth than he intended to give. Is he telling of some exploit on the Nile, we receive quite as vivid pictures of crocodiles and sphinxes as from the conscientious journal of a missionary. Is he recounting achievements among the Tartars, we behold wild horsemen with lances, oxen, plains and encampments, so that although his facts may be coined from the ore of an imagination richer than the silver hills of Peru, we may yet understand very perfectly the way they do things in Tartary. It was a great day for our ancestors when they learned that there was such an island as Madagascar, though they had to receive the fact with the addition that the natives had horns, and even walked about carrying their heads in their hands. Our impression is strong that a greater than we has somewhere argued to this very purpose.)

——Men who travel professionally, therefore, are travellers proper and rovers. There are men who are travellers by accident or by necessity, as diplomatists, naval and military officers, merchants, and we may add convicts; men who are not driven abroad by irresistible impulse, but who by command of the State or by the demands of commerce find themselves in outlandish regions, and take occasion to write the traveller's erratic profession to their more orderly pursuits.

Among the men who perform in the World of Books offices corresponding to those of travellers over the globe's varied shell, the distinctions just alluded to are noticeable.

But here, having strayed *ab initio*, we find ourselves brought up suddenly, leaving our analogies undeveloped, our argument unillustrated.

(Here, alas! we must crave another parenthesis. Thus far having with swift quill proceeded, we paused, intending to resume our feathered implement in a day or two. Before the convenient hour arrived, however, we were partially assassinated, and take advantage of the pages of this Review to present our case to the consideration of the same benevolent Public which did the fair thing to the Hungarian exiles, and various other political sufferers, and which will no doubt generously insist upon giving us a township and mill privileges at the Falls of St. Anthony, as soon as the aggravated circumstances of our imprisonment are made known. In the dead of night two *gens d'armes* attached to the College of Physicians and Surgeons burst into our chamber, stabbed us in our bed with little daggers, crammed poisonous and suffocating drugs down our throat, and left us surrounded by a guard of Crim-Tartars and Gum-Arabs. For about a week we didn't dare to stir. Our rations were of the thinnest,—an attempt at starvation, mark you, kind Public. Speech and reading were interdicted,—an experiment, indignant friends, upon our intellect, an undisguised attempt to make our wits dwindle away to lunacy. When at last we were discharged from arrest, what ought to have been our astonishment at the information that we had been fined roundly for *insurrectionary conduct!* Still we were not astonished. Having lived under this despotism more than twenty-one years, this cool sentence could not startle us. Much good may it do our jailors. When the emissary of that tool which they call "the Justice" comes to collect the fine, little will he find to confiscate except our inkstand and a shelf of dusty books, which we defy any six constables to sell.

——Speaking about that township—it is not for us of course to say any thing about it; we will merely hint that our partiality for good grazing lands is rather marked. Fair corn bottoms we do not despise by any means; still we think our genius rather inclines toward cattle-growing. It will not be necessary to stipulate about fences; of course the Representatives of the people, when they come to make out our grant, will readily see that unless our pastures are inclosed, our steers will be in all kinds of mischief, and we be continually called up of nights to drive them out of the neighbors' wheat. We might just as well be a Chaldean shepherd at once, and lie out on the prairies with our beasts, puzzling our brains about the constellations when we were not chasing forty or fifty capering bullocks through the wet corn, chin-high, as try to live, a retired martyr, with a drove of cattle on a township destitute of fences.

As for the mill privileges, we barely suggest that a mill privilege *without* a mill is not so well calculated to console a martyr for past sufferings as a mill privilege *with* a mill. The worthy Representatives will of course remember that mere water, though it be a river-full, is as incompetent to satisfy the reasoning and speculating soul, as mere smoke, though it be a chimney-full, to appease the hungering stomach. But plant a thumping red grist-mill, with eight runs of stone, over the said water, and it will afford ample compensation for courts-martial, imprisonment, the knout—almost for the bowstring. We throw out these little suggestions merely to assist a generous and sympathizing Public in their consultations as to the way of doing the fair thing in our case.)

Ah, the delights of Book-Roving! Have you never wished for the head and heels of Mercury—that head with its eloquent tongue discoursing melodiously in all languages—those winged feet leaping lightly from the bastions of Jove's castle to the clouds, from the clouds to the mountain-top, from the mountain-top to the sea-billow—then bounding from crest to crest of the wondering waves, till the swift angel is borne to some cove overhung with rocks where exiles of god-like race mend their galleys shattered by the storm; or to the ocean-washed walls of some populous city, whose citadels were built by the giants of old, and where now an aged monarch standing at the gate in the presence of his people prays to the

Thunderer, while robed priests offer sacrifices; or to plains where kings of heroic pedigree ride through the battle in their brazen chariots, or fight with javelins on the banks of gentle rivers:—those winged feet, faithfully bearing their possessor every where—to islands in the utmost West—to kingdoms in the fabulous East, where he may join in the guise of a huntsman the *battues* of brown Sultans—down through interminable caverns to the realm of dark-browed Dis, eluding brutal sentries and patrolling demons—gliding through the vaulted empire to the further gate—thence running up to the clouds and the golden habitations of the Gods?

How gallantly, you have thought, would you, being thus equipped, ramble through far countries—an eagle—a phœnix—a Mercury! Firstly, however, you should know the danger of admitting the public, or even your friends, to an acquaintance with your divine gifts. The phenomenon would get into the papers, and you would be straightway seized for the Museums; for verily, if Jove himself were indiscreetly to stray from the Asylum for Superannuated Deities, he would be pounced upon by the Museum agents forthwith, advertised with the Infant Drummer and the Quaker Giant, and required to give a series of "Grand Olympian Entertainments," consisting probably of imitations of left-handed thunder, such as scared the Trojans—"amusing" transformations of himself into a bull, a grisly bear, a kangaroo, to the delight of all Bowery. Beware, ye profane! Haply, as to Samson jeered by the Philistines strength returned to bury the mockers under the walls of the theatre, so to the feeble and outraged Conqueror of the Titans might for a moment his old power return. How, then, would he smite with a terrible thunder the quaking city of Gotham, and ride on on the whirlwind back to the kind shades where Odin, Osiris, and other grim veterans pass a green old age in honor and quiet! Therefore, my Mercury, if you would escape the bondage of Barnum, and advertisement as the "Flying Man," and exhibitions of leaping from shot towers and steeples, you would quietly go to the edge of the prairies.

Then binding to your feet the flashing wings, away you run over the bending grass, racing with wild horses and the affrighted elk; glancing by the bivouacs of red foragers; wheeling in the misty moonlight around the encampments of startled rangers in the likeness of a Camanche chieftain. At sunrise you stand on the peaks of the Cordilleras watching the windings of the Oregon and the glimmerings of the Pacific; then with unwearied feet hasting to the surf of the great ocean, you dash boldly outward swifter than the albatross. Onward over the waters you run. The whale hunters mark you with amazement, as in sport you leap from back to back of the spouting leviathans; the boatswains think you the Flying Dutchman, as you glide in a squall athwart the bows of the reeling frigate. Onward, onward you fly, over the seas, over the deserts, up the stupendous Asiatic mountains; sometimes resting on cliffs where the condors' nests are, to look down upon the flooded Llanos; sometimes pausing on the brim of the volcano, to behold cities and lovely harbors. Now you romp with the Storms at Cape Horn, scudding like a sea-bird before those boisterous play-fellows, the Giants of fog, and the Whirlwinds who heave to and fro the portly icebergs and knock their huge dunderheads together in the wildness of Antarctic fun; now you visit mariners shut in immense prisons of ice by the inflexible Genius of the North; weary adventurers, who see the slow ice-masons, month after month, piling enormous blocks on the white walls around them, and waiting almost without hope for the sun and the releasing winds to cleave the barriers asunder. You wave a salute to Ariel when you meet him whisking across the Indian Ocean. You give a drop of water to the Wandering Jew, whom you overtake, sore wounded by robbers in the desert. You hail the everlasting Hebrew's restless marine counterpart as you overhaul his unsubstantial galleon in the mid-Atlantic, running like a swift shadow against the hurricane, while the Admiral and his sailors from the deck of the mastless flag-ship, awe-struck, see by the lightning the portent gliding by—omen of doom. You visit all tribes of men. You rest with idle islanders in groves by the sea-side, and talk of ancient cannibal kings who warred in the bays before you, and held hideous revel on the beach at midnight after the victory. You talk with Chinamen and vagabond Tartars, with African kings and stark barbarians in the Wilderness of Lions, with Affghan freebooters in the Himmalayan gorges. Also you discourse with Brahmins and long-bearded Oriental priests, with patriarchal sheiks, with learned men and cardinals in Italy and the old Teutonic Universities.

Where can one stop? The thought intoxicates the imagination. To tantalize no longer the fancy with suggestions of what one might do with wings, let us make the application of this long-drawn illustration. Thus in the body to out-phœnix the phœnix is forbidden. There are various insuperable drawbacks to mercurial locomotion, not the least insignificant of which is the want of wings. To get well around this badly-managed planet is a long and perilous undertaking. Two to one you are tomahawked in barbarous lands, or hanged by a drum-head court-martial in civilized, unless you are protected by pistols in the former and by passports in the latter. Even if you navigate in a balloon, I do not see that your case is improved. If the legal maxim that the estate of the tenant in fee simple extends from an indefinite depth *usque ad cœlum*, is not a mere judicial flourish, you have no more right to run your aërial train across that part of my farm which lies above the clouds, without obtaining the right of way, than you have to dig your canal across my pastures, or to run your locomotive through my kitchen. The gust that blows a mile above my house is as much mine, according to the jolly old Common Law, as the creek that runs through my orchard; and if you have a right to take advantage of my wind-privilege to set your balloon in motion, then you have a right to use my water-privilege to put your saw-mill in motion.

But in Bookland there are Mercuries, winged rovers, riders of gryphons. What wild journeys do they not undertake; what mad flights do they not fly? Observe that among my Book-rovers I do not reckon those nimble coxcombs whom you may meet almost any where between the Dan and Beersheba of Letters, gabbling in the most free-and-easy style, and stroking the old Lions of lore with an impertinence quite confounding. You may find them, I repeat, almost any where, cracking nuts with the schoolmen, offering incivilities to the civilians, whipping repartees with the peripatetics, setting old saws for the seven sages, and skipping from the Humanities to the Sciences, and from Art to Divinity, with the briskness of monkeys. Divinity! It is a satisfaction to see one of these insects get tangled in the web of some morose old theological spider, and as he lies struggling in the toils, to behold the black and sour veteran sally from his cell, bestride the victim, pinch him in his horrible forceps, and eat him up—quite up—so that there is not a hair of the fellow to be found afterwards with a microscope.

The provinces of broad Bookland are not less picturesque and less variously peopled than the isles and continents of the visible earth; indeed, as the lands and waters of the good Earth were a thousand years ago, and in King Arthur's time. It is not necessary to inform the Public that the geographers have made sad work with the world, inasmuch as they have lopped off some of the handsomest kingdoms belonging to the ancient earth, for the existence of which we had the authority of various worthy men whom it is not necessary here to mention. We have also a quarrel with the ethnologists for curtailing the catalogue of the human family of various diverting savages and demi-monsters, whom it was eminently wholesome to read about. The world was well enough before; why could they not have let it alone? The consequence of these ill-timed alterations is, that voyages like the Argonauts' or Sinbad's are entirely out of the question in the present geographical posture of affairs. But in Bookland there are fields far greater than the Argonauts'. How like the roamings of Sinbad were the wanderings of Coleridge through the wildernesses of Learning. Did he not find the Valley of Diamonds? Did he not see strange birds and serpents? Was he not, alas! also ridden by an uglier Caliban than that hairy Old Man who bestrode the shoulders of the Bagdad voyager? Where could he have gone to pick up such an acquaintance as "Michael Psellus the Platonic Constantinopolitan"? Fancy the Rover in high metaphysical latitudes rummaging blind caverns to start up such ghosts as this, and thin scholastic spectres which whispered strange speculations to him—the forgotten musings of those who were once the wise men of the earth!

The rarities to be found in the far countrees of Learning are not appreciated by a dull public. Indeed, we heedless people of the world know too little of the vast territhe Royal Academies, (as woodsmen are rewarded by the Board of Supervisors for trapping wolves and panthers,) it cannot be expected that enterprising young men will stop to gossip with ancient chroniclers about queens and chamberlains who have been dust these thousands of years. When compounds which could have blown Babylon sky-high are to be mixed daily in chemists' laboratories, who is going to undergo the seventy years' captivity again, like some profound Hebraists we wot of? No; earth, air, and the heavens are to be investigated, and for other things there is no time. The learned world, not long ago, got on the scent of some new planets, and whole universities set off ravenously after the poor little things which had done nobody any harm, like villagers turning out to rid the neighborhood of foxes. They have bagged some half-dozen, I think, within five years. It was dreadful to see what an appetite was roused by success. The rage seems to have somewhat abated at present; at least, the multitude have gone back to their business, leaving a few inveterate old Leatherstockings still hunting with their smooth-bores in the haunts of these wary orbs. Even the ladies sallied out in the great hunt. Miss Mitchell, as is well known, performed the Amazonian exploit of "settling" a fine comet one bright evening, and wears the Prussian medal (or Danish, is it?) in testimony thereof.

To recall our wandering wits to the subject of this disquisition. As certain inducements, besides the mere fun of the thing, seduce our merchant and divine into outlandish places, so, when certain objects are to be gained thereby, some men are even tempted to undertake desperate and discouraging pilgrimages into the Wilderness of Books. How many sturdy monks and weather-beaten theologians has the world seen trudging, staff in hand, through mythological deserts, ransacking dusty scholastic catacombs, and agitating the dry bones of prophets, and fathers, and hierarchs, (falling to blows not unfrequently, in sorrow be it told, and bruising each other scandalously with their knotty cudgels,) and returning from their wanderings in old age with ponderous spoils. How oft has our heart been made glad to see a Chief Justice of the Courts gird up his loins for a journey of circumnavigation, walking swiftly through the Reports, then stepping into the uncertain marshes from which flows the Common Law, and wallowing through these juicy bogs into the statutes of the Picts and Saxons; then ascending to the marble vestibule of the civilians, and treading the cold colonnades of that imperial temple; thence exploring Egyptian, Jewish, and Hindoo codes, and reappearing to the view of an alarmed public with curiosities as unwieldy as obelisks and Assyrian sculptures. It is also a goodly thing to see some mathematician, in the expectation of finding a short cut into certain mysteries, attempt voyages to which poor Sir John Franklin's is a joke. I have seen them wedged in by the icebergs, (as one may say,) and besieged by morses and white bears, (to continue the Polar illustration,) till one would, without hesitation, pronounce the good gentleman's case quite hopeless. But at length the barriers crack, the growling besiegers are baffled, and the stout adventurer presses on to other perils. All are not equally fortunate, however. Occasionally you will meet one, who, like the Ancient Mariner, seems to have shot an albatross somewhere, contrary to the marine Game Laws, and must needs go around with his narrative, fastening himself upon wedding guests and other honest people, who have plenty to do besides hearing strange and uncomfortable tales of far countrees.

These are not Book-Rovers, but Book-Travellers. Shall I tell you what Book-Rovers are?

——Genius of Nonsense! I have listed under your flag, I fear, and of course feel bound to wear off my fingers up to the knuckles, or even higher, in your service, whenever required so to do. If, however, such an humble recruit might presume to take the liberty of an old pensioner, I would suggest that you ought to be satisfied with my exploits for the present, and grant me a furlough. By your leave, therefore, great Genius, I will go my way. If you disapprove of the desertion, and dispatch a corporal's guard to apprehend me, allow me to advise you, send the fastest one in the barracks.

G. H. M.

THE REPUBLIC OF COLOMBIA, AND THE EXTERNAL POLICY OF ENGLAND.

The following article requires a word of explanation. It is from a French gentleman, long a planter in Venezuela. We admit it into our columns for its many points of interest, and for the boldness, eloquence and force with which the writer's views are given, notwithstanding his deficient knowledge of our language. Some of these views we do not agree with, but it will do no harm to submit them for the consideration of our readers. The author should have fortified his charges against Great Britain by some documentary or historic proof. We give it as it comes to us, with all its peculiarities of style and idiomatic expressions, trusting that our readers will agree with us, that these add to its raciness, and in many places give it additional force.—Ed.

The continental system, originating in the mind of Napoleon, ought not to be considered as a conception of a superior order, whether regarded in a political, industrial, or humanitary point of view. It is an old-fashioned idea, confined to a narrow sphere, which, under the powerful lever of the inflexible will of Napoleon, and under the influence of the vast genius of this modern Charlemagne, has taken colossal dimensions, and made an immense development.

But we must admit that the continental blockade promulgated in 1806, at Berlin, by his decree, was but a sanguinary response to the declarations of the blockade, by which Great Britain pretended to interdict to neutrals the entry of every port which it pleased her to put under subjection, without having the ability to blockade them in reality. It was this fulmination, a species of excommunication, emanating from the palace of St. James's, which pretended to circumscribe such cities and sea-ports as were not in the good graces of the British.

The 15th March, 8th April, and 16th May, 1806, they declared under blockade the coasts of the continent, from the Elbe to the port of Brest, and all the ports of the Adriatic. To such a violation of all recognized principles, what answer could be given?

From Berlin Napoleon responded to the cabinet of St. James, that he, on his privileged authority, as Emperor of the French, declared under blockade all the British Islands.

Great Britain would not remain quiet. On the 7th of January, 1807, she declared under blockade all the ports of France and of her colonies. Moreover, on the 11th and 25th November in the same year, she proclaimed that all cargoes, accompanied by a certificate of origin not English, and presented by Frenchmen, would be seized by her ships.

France replied, proclaiming that all neutral vessels that should submit to be visited by England, or should put into an English port, would be denationalized and seizable in all places as English property.

In the face of this embittered struggle—of this unjust procedure on the part of the two governments, who had declared a war of extermination, and who recoiled not from any means by which they could injure their enemies, whatever might be the injuries done to other nations, so feeble that they had to remain spectators of such violations of all the laws of international right and of humanity—what were the seas but a series of dangerous rocks, where it was impossible to escape the unrestrained privateers of one of the belligerent nations without falling into the legalized piracy of the other?

The Americans at last grew tired of being victims. Accordingly, acts of Congress, under date of 1st March and 9th August, 1809, were passed, in which they resolved to abandon Europe, and not to send any more of their vessels there.

The governments of France and Great Britain became themselves ashamed of their proceedings. They saw the necessity for justifying such excesses, and published manifestoes, each of them endeavoring to throw the blame on the other. Latterly another war came to distract the arms of France, and she was forced to confine herself to the continent.

At length two treaties of peace were made; the one in 1814, the other in 1815. These treaties did not, any more than the treaty of the peace of Amiens, speak of neutrals, notwithstanding all the powers of Europe were there, and particularly Russia, who had so often proclaimed the sanctity of the principles of neutrality. Why this silence in these treaties? Why has the right of neutrals been left unsettled, depending in the event of every war on the degree of passion of the combatants? Why these things and not others? Beaumarchais would demand, why? I am ignorant of it. Were the framers at this epoch more interested in legitimacy than in humanity and in commerce? Did they fear to wound the feelings of the British Government? Is it forgetfulness, or is it confidence in the duration of peace? Whatever it might be, it is considered as a great oversight—the absence of certain rules upon so important a point of international rights.

Should a new war occur either with France or any other nation of Europe or of the world, the sea would again be transformed into an arena of incessant rapine, fruitful of the fury of the belligerents, consulting no other law than their anger. It is indispensable to the commerce of all nations, that it should not be at the mercy of all kinds of governments, who should feel themselves disposed to engage in war.

It is a very proper time, in the midst of profound peace, and when the eyes of all nations turn with disgust from the scenes of disorder by which Great Britain and France disgraced the civilization of the nineteenth century,—it is a very proper time, that the governments of those nations, who are considered the first, should agree upon some terms which they would respect themselves and cause others to respect likewise. Nothing is more easy than to make a code of neutrality. Let all the legislative assemblies be interrogated upon this important matter, make it the subject of appeal to all nations, and you will have a response from every side. Blockade must sometimes exist, but in an actual blockade, the flag should cover the merchandise; the munitions of war only should be prohibited.

These are not new principles; they have been admitted repeatedly at various and at all times, when nations have been dispassionate. Napoleon himself, when, burning with anger, he wrote, at Berlin, in 1806, at the point of the sword, the terrible decree of the continental blockade, well knew that it was absolutely necessary to respect the rights of humanity; for that reason, he desired to make Great Britain responsible for the consequences of the continental blockade by combating his eternal enemy with her own arms. He himself proclaimed that the right of conquest ought not to be applied but to those who belonged to the State of the enemy, and not to the property or to the merchandise and vessels of individuals; that the blockade should be real, and confined only to fortified places. He proclaimed all contrary conduct monstrous and in violation of international law, as acknowledged by civilized nations.

The time has now arrived when the governments of enlightened nations should give security to the commerce of the world, and respond to the appeal which reflecting minds among all nations have urged, so that this generous end may be attained.

The continental blockade was not accepted, but submitted to by the several cabinets of the continent. Subsequently by force of his victories Napoleon successively constrained Austria, Russia, and Prussia to acknowledge the continental system.

This blockade, which was for the continent in general, but for France in particular, a source of prosperity, by favoring the several nations of Europe in the development of their manufacturing industry, gave a fatal blow to the commerce of Great Britain. The ports of Europe closed against her vessels—the prosperity and production of the East Indies always increasing—numerous manufacturers working without cessation and without markets sufficient for their products — such was the critical position in which Great Britain found herself. Her statesmen were then obliged to find some means by which to remedy this deplorable state of affairs. In these circumstances, to what expedient was the British Ministry under the necessity of having recourse, to heal the commercial wounds inflicted by the continental system—to create new resources—in fine, to open new markets and to find a sufficient outlet for the goods of her merchants and the productions of her manufacturers? For this purpose they turned their attention to the colonies across the seas.

From the consideration of the foregoing facts, we will find, upon examination, that she was forced to adopt a political system with regard to the colonies of the European nations, for the purpose of placing them in more direct commercial connection with herself, and so bring them to a state of greater or less dependence upon her.

All the colonies belonging to France were induced to separate by force from the mother country, and also those belonging to Spain to throw off the yoke of colonial vassalage.

She endeavored to destroy in these countries monarchical principles, and substitute in their place democratic—to convert all these States into small republics, offering them effectual support on the express condition of forming with her commercial treaties; developing in these young and feeble republics, who did not create on account of their weakness any feeling of jealousy, the germs of industry and of civilization; in fine, creating among them new wants, and, in reality, instigating a consumption of her products greater and more multifarious.

Such was the admirable political plan that Pitt, Fox, and their successors adopted in regard to the colonies.

By being mediators between the colonies and the mother country, the British Government could maintain the conservative principles of European governments. But this way of mediation was not in harmony with the politics of the British Ministry. The English merchants, as soon as they entered into treaty with the revolted subjects for the exploration of the mines, despoiled the Spanish crown of the revenue of twenty per cent. to which it was entitled according to the old charters. Great Britain did not deny to the mother country her legal right. But, in pursuance of political events, which were not well enough explained, the mother country was not able to exact this right. Thus, although the feeling of reciprocal wants—the same religion, and the same habits, tended to unite the Spanish of the New World with the mother country, England, stimulated by the allurement of new outlets which were offered to her industry, encouraged, by her example and by the influence of her politics, an emancipation, which not only presented to her many actual advantages, but which yet ravished from Europe the benefits of her commercial balance. It is very probable that America will be able to learn to dispense with the productions of Europe, before Europe can free herself from the usages and from the wants which will render it her tributary.

Amongst the colonies which have shaken off the yoke of the mother country, and which have conquered their independence, there is one which chiefly deserves to fix the attention of the historian, not only in respect to the vast extent of her territories and to the fertility of her soil, but also for the full and vivid blaze of glory, which Bolivar, the Washington of tropical America, has spread over its politics and over its history.

After this, it is easy to perceive that I intend to speak of Colombia. I propose in this article to give a succinct history of Colombia, and to conduct the reader gradually across the diverse phases which have caused this vast country to throw off the yoke of Spain, and which have occasioned her division into several small Republics; to consider, in a new aspect, the incessant action which Great Britain has exerted on this colony, and the direction which she has known how to give to the politics of this country for the interest of her commerce.

In order to initiate the reader into the intimate details of the history of Colombia, and in order to give to him an exact idea of the diverse transformations which this country has gone through, I regard it as indispensable to get at the fountain-head, and to broach the chief political events which signalized the last years of the eighteenth century. The existence of Colombia is of recent date, and the causes of this existence do not go beyond the last years of the past century.

It was in 1781, at Socorro, in New-Grenada, where, in reference to the duty of Alcavala, the first spark of the fire and conflagration, which ought to have destroyed for ever the dominion of the kings of Spain in this part of the world, was kindled. This movement was soon suppressed; nevertheless, the agitation among the people, and the desire for independence, had already made such progress as to warrant another outbreak.

In 1794 the state of France was known. The fermentation was general, and the rights of men, proclaimed by the French Republic, were printed in Santa Fé de Bogota. But this start towards freedom was arrested. Until 1806 Caraccas and Santa Fé remained subject to Spain. At this time Miranda armed, partly at San Domingo, partly at New-York, an expedition for seizing them. But this expedition was unsuccessful, because the forces at the disposal of Miranda were not sufficient. The troops which he had disembarked were taken prisoners, and some soldiers were sentenced to death.

In 1808, the imprisonment of the King of Spain was a sufficient pretext for erecting the standard of revolt in all the provinces. In 1810 the invasion of Spain by the French army gave to the chief inhabitants of Caraccas occasion to separate from the mother country. New-Grenada took example from Caraccas.

All the provinces took up arms, under the pretext of throwing off the yoke of France and of maintaining the rights of Ferdinand. But soon after, the province of Caraccas was the first to declare that she never should recognize any king, and that she would not adopt any other form of government but such as should be organized by her representatives. Santa Fé followed this example. The Captain General and the Chiefs of Audience were confined in prison. A little while sufficed, and each province elected representatives and formed a government, and shortly Congresses were established at Caraccas and at Santa Fé.

The new government assumed the name of the Venezuelian Confederation. The Regency and the Cortes of Spain acted then with rigor. In this state of things Congress made, on the 5th of July, 1811, a proclamation, declaring formally the independence of the country. The cause of the republicans seemed to be triumphant, and they gave to themselves a constitution. In the meanwhile, Monteverde, the Spanish General, in 1812, taking advantage of an earthquake which had produced a profound impression on the superstitious minds of the inhabitants, attacked Caraccas, and after having defeated Miranda, he forced all the provinces to submit to him.

In 1813 the Confederation sent troops under the command of Bolivar, and Caraccas was again declared free.

In 1814 the royalist party received numerous reinforcements and had some successes. General Boves expelled Bolivar; but the tyranny which the Spanish chiefs exerted against the revolters had for its only result an increase of the rebellion. The mass of the population took up arms. Bolivar, thanks to his genius and to his perseverance, surmounted all obstacles. After several bloody battles, the royalist troops were exterminated or dispersed, and Bolivar entered triumphantly into Caraccas on the 26th of August, 1815, at the head of the independents. Several diverse circumstances and events caused the dissolution of the Congresses established at Santa Fé and Caraccas. Be that as it may, it is the same man, Simon Bolivar, who gloried in forming, on the 17th of December, 1819, with New-Grenada and with Caraccas a single State, which assumed the name of the Republic of Colombia, and in reuniting a Congress.

The General Congress of this Republic assembled on the 6th of May, 1821, at Rosario de Cucuta. The old Republic of Colombia, founded by Bolivar, was composed of New-Grenada and Caraccas. It was the most powerful of all the States of Southern America which had shaken off the yoke of Spain. In reality, vast territories, an immense extent of coasts on the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, the harbors of La Guayra, of Puerto Cabello, of Maracaibo, of Coro, of Cumana and of Chagres, on the Caribbean sea and on the Atlantic ocean; the harbors of Panama, of Santa Martha, of Porto Bello, of Magdalena, on the Pacific ocean; a population of about three millions of souls, a very fertile soil, and generally a very healthy climate.

As it is seen above, this immense Republic possessed all the elements of power and of prosperity. For the government of that State, the frontiers of which were so much extended, only one President, one Congress, one Ministry, one army were needed. The public revenue was composed of custom duties, of the monopoly on tobacco and brandies, and of post duties.

I repeat it again, this immense extension of territories, this great number of harbors on the two oceans, constituted for this Republic many fruitful elements of prosperity and of power. But these boundaries, which should have been for the young Republic of Colombia a fruitful element of success, did not suit the political views of Great Britain. This immense Republic, flourishing and well administered, would have had too heavy a weight in the political balance of the two Americas, and would have been able yet to thwart and perhaps to compromise, in the future, the influence of Great Britain in that portion of the world, by cementing a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance with the United States.

Again: The present and even the future interests of the immense commercial factories and colonies which Great Britain possessed, not only in North America but in Central and South America, put her under the necessity to sap the foundations of this edifice, which was built of such vast dimensions and which had so many elements of strength and of durability, and to build again in its place, with the same materials it is true, but on a more frail and less solid basis, several smaller edifices, isolated from each other, without style and without harmony. The British Government resolved then to parcel out the Republic of Colombia into several small Republics, and to destroy, consequently, at any price, the admirable work of the illustrious Bolivar. This new combination entered perfectly into the political views of Great Britain. In fact, it became more easy to her to manage to her taste these small, poor, resourceless and unrevenued Republics than a rich and powerful one. For that purpose the British Government credited, by her agents, throughout the country, the impression that the immense territories of Colombia, the limits and boundaries which she had at that time, were of too considerable extent, the effect of which was great difficulty of communication; that in consequence thereof the central government spent too much time in sending their orders to the several departments; that the public affairs consequently suffered therefrom in an inconceivable manner; and that it was therefore highly advantageous to divide this vast country into several Republics more closely compacted. The short-sighted statesmen of Colombia, who encompassed General Bolivar, fell head down into that specious trap which was set for them by the policy of Great Britain. They were full of admiration for this new Machiavelian measure, thrown to them by the cabinet of St. James, and promulgated throughout Colombia. They were so blind that they did not discover the fatal consequences which would necessarily result from this project of division. At least, said they, when Colombia will be divided in several Republics, the machinery of the government will work better; the orders of the government will be transmitted to its agents more quickly and seasonably. Undoubtedly, the orders of government will be forwarded to their destination with more celerity; the circulation will be more active, because the sphere in which each Republic will move will be more narrow and confined. These Talleyrands and these Metternichs on a small scale considered this grave question but on one side, and examined it not at all on the other. If they had considered that serious question in its double aspect, they would have been able to comprehend the bearings of that impolitic measure, and they would have been afraid of the disastrous results which would be the unavoidable consequences of it. In effect, on one side, a circulation, to speak the truth, more active, a population more compacted; but, on the other side, no harbors, no coasts towards the Atlantic and Pacific oceans as they had before, no more, or few, very few, of custom duties. Instead of one President, one Vice President, one Ministry, one Congress, one army, one budget, there were two Presidents, two Vice Presidents, two Ministries, two Congresses, two armies, two budgets; therefore, thanks to the Machiavelian combination, the profits were diminished by half, and the influence, in both the Americas, was lost; and the expenses of all kinds and descriptions were augmented by half. In fine, by the strength of these machinations and intrigues, Great Britain succeeded in getting adopted a political plan which harmonized so well with her ulterior views, in effecting the division and parcelling out of the Colombian territories. The parcelling in several small, unextended, uninfluential Republics of that immense Republic was decided upon, and therefore the work of the immortal Bolivar, the Colombian Republic, was destroyed.

To assist us in our purpose, it will perhaps be necessary to take a further rapid comparative glance of the policy of Great Britain and of France.

Great Britain and France may be considered as two immense rival manufacturers, constantly desirous of finding customers.

In respect to management, there exists a very marked difference between the policy of Great Britain and that of France. In Great Britain commerce directs her politics. In France politics direct her commerce. *Here is the Gordian knot.*

But why is it that the interior politics of Great Britain, sometimes magnanimous and generous, seem so often in opposition to their exterior politics, and place the destiny of nations in the same balance with their commercial interest? It is because of habits and an education, the tendency of which is to divert Englishmen from all that presents the aspect or appearance of abstractions, and confines them to a sort of empiricism, which incites them to consider objects but on their physical side.

Decidedly, the spirit of affairs, which has a very great influence over the moral energy, holds the exterior politics in dependence, and produces evils which strangely contrast with the pride and magnificence of a nation which, in some respects, has acquired unquestionable rights to our admiration. The British nation was the first to *proscribe the slave-trade* by branding it with the stamp of infamy. It is beautiful, undoubtedly, to see religious zeal propagating, in the various States of America, the principles of Christianity; but why is this same zeal, whose purpose it is to convert souls to the faith here, not acting also in Hindostan? Why does not the British Government, at the same time that it propagates the advantages of its civil and political institutions, for instance, the trial by jury, &c. &c., establish in the East Indies the most fundamental institution of all—religion? If it is because the worship of Brahma and of Mahomet renders these people more disposed to obedience than this unjust, domineering disposition, fearing that a purer morality, by elevating and purifying the souls of those who receive it, would not enable the people to bear the yoke of servitude, sacrifices the most sacred rights, in order to satisfy their insatiable cupidity, then the spirit of their religious dogmas is nothing but that inflexible "règle de plomb," leaden rule of right, which the celebrated author of Anacharsis speaks of in his writings, that bows the mind at the shrine of interest and policy.

In the midst of wars which have deluged Europe in blood for almost seventy years, in the midst of despotism which has laid her heavy and destructive hands on various portions of the continent, Great Britain, sheltered from the storm which she had the skill to create, protected by laws which she does not permit to be violated with impunity, competitor of all the industrial world, has judiciously known how to turn to her own benefit the false systems of politics followed by other European cabinets, and has been, therefore, in position to enable her to improve her manufactures, her agriculture, to extend her industry, and to develop her commercial resources. By frightening the fearful thrones, she has put them in a false position; she has known how to direct to her profit events in order to extend her possessions, to increase her commerce. In fine, she has augmented her power and the power of such States as do not inspire her with fear, in order to weaken France, the only country which has always given umbrage to her. It is true that Great Britain has incurred, more and more, a large amount of debts; but at the same time she knew that the other States would also augment their debts in a very considerable degree, and that they would not have at their disposal, for paying them, all the resources which she possessed.

The gradually increasing prosperity of the British empire comes from the superiority of social organization, comparatively with the social organization among the other continental nations, from the ability of the British cabinet, which always directs to the interest of the British nation European affairs, which foresees events, and makes them subservient to her views of aggrandizement and of dominion. In fine, the system which was adopted by all the European cabinets, has created the commerce and the power of Great Britain. This truth, which few persons understand or are willing to avow, will become fully recognized, when the two Americas, penetrated and imbued with the feeling of their dignity and of their strength, governed by the general interest, will be able to reclaim the rights which belong to all nations, the social advantages derived from their trade, from their industry, and from their activity. The niggardly system followed on the continent, the prohibitions and obstacles of all kinds, the arbitrariness, the ignorance in which the continental nations live, are some of the causes which have arrested the progress of continental nations, and have singularly favored the riches and the power of Great Britain.

These governments, agitated by the desire for domination and conquest, or frightened by the principles which the French Revolution has promulgated throughout the world, have lost sight of their true interests and the interests of the people committed to their charge; not understanding that war, the most fatal and disastrous plague that can scourge the human race, inflicts equally its ravages on the conquerors as well as on the conquered; that order, tranquillity and prosperity are not solely founded on the will of a master or on military force.

The potency and stability of empires arises chiefly from the affection of the people for their governments, and in our age this affection cannot take place, but where it is based on a wise liberty and on laws instituted for the general interests of the social body. This fundamental truth has been very well understood by the British Government, and, on the contrary, has been misconceived by all others. Therefore, the continent has never ceased to be shaken by political convulsions. It has but little improved, as it has remained stationary, while Great Britain, profiting by the faults and errors committed by other nations, has risen in the midst of the universal agitation and troubles; she has seized the commerce of the globe, which has been almost abandoned to her, and has in that manner reached a degree of prosperity, of riches and of power unexampled in the history of nations. Great Britain, wise as she is ambitious, holds the keys of all continents, establishes there many advanced outposts, which, according to her fortune and according to circumstances, are sometimes centres of refuge for retreat, and always centres of enterprise for a trade, which, braving all dangers, knows of no repose.

Let us stop a moment and view a spectacle unexampled in the history of nations. In Europe the British empire touches towards the north Denmark, Germany, Holland, France; towards the south Spain, Sicily, Italy and Western Turkey. She possesses islands, at once, in the Adriatic and Mediterranean seas; she commands the passage of the Black Sea as well as that of the Baltic. Momentarily the navy of Great Britain, the supreme disposer and arbitrator of the Archipelago, has ceased to be adverse to Greece, and suddenly the harbors of Peloponnesus have found again their liberators in the posterity of the Heraclides. From Corinth to Tenedos, the sea, which conducts to the Bosphorus, is become for the children of the Argonauts the way of victory to another golden fleece. In America the British empire confines Russia to the side of the poles, and the United States to temperate regions. Under the torrid zone, Great Britain domineers in the middle of the Caribbean Islands, encircles the Gulf of Mexico, and is facing the new States, which she has first secured from the yoke of the mother country, in order to put them under the dependence of her mercantile industry. At the same time, in order to terrify, in the two worlds, all who should attempt to take from her the flambeau of her genius and the secret of her conquests, Great Britain has in her possession, between Africa and America, on the way from Europe to Asia, the rock of St. Helena, a safe and very favorable stopping place, in every respect, for her vessels returning from the East Indies,—formidable rock, where her hands enchained the modern Prometheus!—while from the island consecrated of old, under the creed of the cross, to the safety of all Christian flags, the British empire commands in Africa respect for her power from the Barbary States. From the foot of Hercules' Pillars, from the top of Gibraltar's rock, it spreads terror to the remotest parts of the Moorish provinces. On the shores of the Atlantic ocean Great Britain has built forts on the Gold Coast and at Sierra Leone. From thence she watches, with the eye of an eagle, the trade between the black slave merchants of the coast and the European slave traders, and seizes her opportunity to pounce down upon the captured Africans, binding to the glebe the freed men whom she has captured from the traders. On the same continent, beyond the tropics, and in the most remote part towards the austral pole, she has seized a shelter under the Cape of the Tempests. In the countries where the Spanish and the Portuguese had perceived but a place to stop at,—where the Dutchman had established but one plantation,—Great Britain colonizes a new British nation.

Joining the activity of the Englishman to the patience of the Dutch, she extends around the Cape of Good Hope the limits of an establishment which is destined to grow in Southern Africa, in the same manner as the States she has founded in North America. From that new focus of action and of conquest, Great Britain casts her eye on the route to the East Indies; she discovers and seizes the stations which are suitable for her commercial purposes. In order to establish with powerful elements of fixedness, of guarantee and of regularity, her communications with the East Indies through the Red Sea, she begs with the hat in hand and with a very humble politeness, of the vice-King of Egypt, the privilege of making at Aden, at Djeddah, at Moka, at Cossier, and at Suez, deposits for her coal.

Latterly she takes possession of Suez and of Aden, these two keys of the Arabian sea; she erects fortifications in these two harbors, and renders herself the exclusive ruler of the African sea-ports of the Levant and of another hemisphere. In fine, as much feared on the Persian Gulf and in the Erythree Sea as on the Pacific Ocean and in the Archipelago of the East Indies, the British empire, the possessor of the finest countries in the eastern world, is proud to see her East India Company now become a mighty instrument of power and gain.

The conquests of her merchants began in Asia, where the conquests of Alexander ended. To-day, from the shores of the Indus to the frontiers of China, and from the mouths of the Ganges to the apex of Thibet, all is subjected to the law of a mercantile company, confined in a narrow street of the city of London.

Thus, from a single centre, by the vigor of her institutions and by the improved state of her civil and military arts, an island which, in an oceanic archipelago, would scarcely occupy the third rank, impresses all the extremities of the four parts of the world with the influence of her industry and with the weight of her power. She, besides, peoples and civilizes at once a fifth part of the world, which will adopt her laws, will speak her language, and will become familiar with her arts and with knowledge, admitting her customs and her commerce. That immense dispersion of colonies and of provinces, which would cause the weakness and the ruin of all other nations, constitutes the welfare, the life and the strength of the British nation.

From these colonies and provinces, Great Britain imports her raw materials, and these colonial commodities she re-exports after they have been refined and prepared, and with which she supplies all European nations.

In these same countries, almost all unacquainted with manufacturing industry, Great Britain transports and sells at a very low price goods of all kinds. To these same countries Great Britain transports, without competition, the products of her paper-mills, of her foundries, of her hardware, and prepared leathers.

In her diverse possessions, and merely in the interest of her own commerce, Great Britain employs on an average thirty thousand ships, and two hundred and fifty thousand seamen.

But the colossal power of Great Britain shall last but for a time. It shall have a duration but essentially ephemeral, because her existence is based, not as France, on the territorial and landed property of her soil, but on the soil and on the commerce of her colonies, which sooner or later will be lost to her. Great Britain is destined to submit gradually, in the future, to her epoch of decay. In regard to the present time, as long as Russia continues enslaved, owing to the backward state of her civilization, her Emperor will repulse all efforts of enfranchisement in Europe. The influence of Great Britain is therefore necessary, according to my opinion, for maintaining the equilibrium in the political balance of Europe, and, in one respect, for the progress of the cause of Liberty.

It matters little to Great Britain, when the necessity, the circumstances, and the interest of her commerce demand it, whether to establish in the countries which she intends to put under the dependence of her mercantile industry either constitutional monarchies or republics. In order to supply proof of what I advance, it will suffice to exemplify by an instance. Great Britain, in order to create uneasiness among the planters of the West Indies, to paralyze the production of sugar in these colonies, and to monopolize the cultivation and the fabrication of cane sugar in the East Indies, has separated from the mother country some of the West Indian colonies, and has therein substituted the republican to the monarchic element. For the same purpose, she has emancipated at once in her own colonies eight hundred thousand slaves.

"*For the interest of freedom, the British power must not be destroyed, but only diminished.*" It is a dog, if I may say so metaphorically, formidable, even dangerous, for strangers, but very mild to all persons of the household with whom it is acquainted: to tell the truth, it is very prudent to muzzle, but it must not be killed.

I have not the Anglo-Saxon monomania. But, above all, right must be done to every one who deserves it. I honor as much the English merchant in his probity, in his prudence, in his skilfulness, as I detest the British policy in her Machiavelism, in her perfidy.

The zealous partisans of British policy will tell you: "The British policy is such as it must be. The elements of that policy are, for Great Britain, a condition *sine quâ non;* it is as the '*to be or not to be*' of Shakspeare. If you change the elements of that policy, you bring Great Britain to her ruin." Be it so! let it be so! But, notwithstanding the opinion which I have stated before concerning the existence of Great Britain, I tell it with a stake in the interest of the happiness of my country, and in the interest of the prosperity and of the tranquillity of all nations among the world, if Great Britain should persevere in the same way, if Great Britain should be for the entire universe a focus of troubles and of dissensions, it would be, indeed, an opportune occasion to apply to Great Britain that bitter word of the talented Fouché, minister of the general police under the reign of Napoleon. Fouché had been informed that a young gentleman, belonging to a very honorable family, and combining in his person, to the advantages of a very agreeable and pleasing exterior, the accomplishments of a finished education, exercised the profession of thief in the elegant world and high circles. He sent to him to come in his cabinet; he gave to him some counsels, and asked him if he was not indeed ashamed to exercise the profession of thief, which, sooner or later, would cause him to be delivered up to the police, and of being put into jail? This young gentleman answered to Fouché: "But, Sir Minister, by some means or other it is necessary that I live." To this answer Fouché replied, with that *glacial accent of voice* which characterized him: "At that price, I don't see the necessity of it." I, too, would say like Fouché: "At that price, I don't see the necessity that Great Britain exist. It is better that Great Britain perish."

But, ere the time arrives that this sovereign master of the world undertakes to parcel out, and to give to each nation the part she reserves for them in the future, if it is permitted to me to read in the book of destiny, if it is permitted to me to speculate as to the fortune of nations, what a majestic and consolatory spectacle presents itself to my vision!

Notwithstanding my weak sight, I discover in the distance Great Britain dispossessed of the East Indies, which, in the same manner as the United States, have freed themselves from the British yoke; but with which (and mark you how great is the forecast of the British statesmen, and with what admirable sagacity they know how to profit by the experience of the past!) with which, I say, Great Britain, instead of making, without any advantage, expenses of war, has been in haste to cement with this young republic, for her benefit and to the detriment of the other nations, very advantageous treaties of peace and of commerce.

I discover in the distance the United States, growing incessantly in their strength and in their freedom, embracing, in their immense circumscription, Canada and Mexico; confined to the south and to the east by the Atlantic ocean, confined to the west by the Pacific ocean, and to the north by the Russian and Danish possessions, peopled by a population exceeding two hundred and fifty millions of souls; divided, at least, into one hundred and twenty States, and having for that immense confederative republic only one WASHINGTON as seat of government, one President, one Congress, one army, one cabinet, but millions of militia.

I discover in the distance Great Britain struggling fruitlessly in the middle of the convulsive throes of an unrestrained competition, contesting with France and the United States naval supremacy; giving to them, in the last agony of her colossal dominion, the final maritime battle in the Caribbean sea, near the shores of Central America; and, being conquered, depositing, weary of the struggle, in the hands of these two powerful rivals the sceptre of the seas, unable herself to bear it any longer.

I discover in the distance Russia, withdrawn from the formidable rivalry of Great Britain, which has lost henceforth her preponderance, taking possession of ancient

Byzantium, realizing the ambitious dream of Catherine the Second; bridging over with her cannon the mouths of the Bosphorus; throwing back the Turks into Asiatic Turkey; casting off gradually the rough and livid bark of slavery; rent, in her turn, by intestine dissensions, caused by the shock of hereditary claimants to the Muscovite throne; and, in consequence of successive agitations, on the road to liberty.

I discover in the future Sweden, Norway, and Denmark abolishing, in the interest of European navigation, the duty which is paid now by every ship passing through the Strait; but saluting with a cannon-shot, as a sign of confraternity, the passage of each ship in that strait; substituting the republican principle to the monarchic; putting in the place of two Kings, two Congresses, two ministries, two armies, two budgets, only one President, one Congress, one ministry, one army, one budget; and adopting consequently a more rational at once and more economical form of government.

I discover in the distance Italy, continuing the work of Mazzini and of Garibaldi, shaking off the retrograde yoke of Papacy, which has for ever disappeared from the surface of the globe, because each republic reunites in her hands at once the temporal and the spiritual sceptre, free from the vassalage of Austria, and running over a career of glory, of happiness, and of prosperity under the powerful ægis of liberty.

Idiscover in the distance Spain and Portugal forming, like as in 1580, under the brilliant reign of Philip the Second, King of Spain, not one sovereignty, but one confederative republic, throwing off in the Atlantic ocean and in the Mediterranean sea the frock of their Catholic clergy and the crown of their kings, free from the Machiavelism of Great Britain, pushed in the way of progress by the Anglo-Saxon element which penetrates into their shores, and which overflows them; repossessed of the Rock of Gibraltar, the key of the Mediterranean Sea, and giving free wings to agriculture, industry, and manufactures.

I discover in the distance China—China herself, the empire of the midst—growing insensibly familiar with the European customs and usages, proclaiming the system of free trade, opening her harbors to all nations of the world, braced in all directions, on her seas and on her rivers, by thousands of Chinese and European steamers, offering to Science the treasures of her geology, of her botany, of her vegetable kingdom, and of her mineralogy, and becoming an immense market for manufactures of the other parts of the world.

Such is, I believe, the destiny which is reserved to the nations of the world. Let my sincere wishes and my mild and consolatory illusions be realized, even in a very remote time, for the prosperity of nations and for the happiness of all mankind.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Yeast: a Problem. New-York: Harper and Brothers.

A strange and powerful book, rich in materials for deep thinking. It speaks out fearlessly and boldly. It will fascinate the young, but will be viewed timidly by the old. The descriptions are most potent, and as vividly written as any thing we ever read. What can be painted more truly than the following scene? We *feel* it:—

"The weather that day, the first day Lancelot ever saw his beloved, was truly national. A silent, dim, distanceless, steaming, rotting day in March. The last brown oak-leaf, which had stood out the winter's frost, spun and quivered plump down, and then lay, as if ashamed to have broken for a moment the ghastly stillness, like an awkward guest at a great dumb dinner party. A cold suck of wind just proved its existence, by toothaches on the north side of all faces. The spiders, having been weather-bewitched the night before, had unanimously agreed to cover every brake and brier with gossamer-cradles, and never a fly to be caught in them; like Manchester cotton-spinners madly glutting the market in the teeth of 'no demand.' The steam crawled out of the dank turf, and reeked off the flanks and nostrils of the shivering horses, and clung with clammy paws to frosted hats and dripping boughs. A soulless, skyless, catarrhal day, as if that bustling dowager, old mother Earth—what with match-making in spring, and *fêtes champêtres* in summer, and dinner-giving in autumn—was fairly worn out, and put to bed with the influenza, under wet blankets and the cold-water cure."

Here is a defense of long beards:—

"The fair Argemone has just been treating me to her three hundred and sixty-fifth philippic against my unoffending beard.

"Why, what fault can she find with such a graceful and natural ornament?

"Just this, my dear fellow, that it is natural. As it is, she considers me only 'intellectual looking.' If the beard were away, my face, she says, would be 'so refined.' And, I suppose, if I was just a little more effeminate and pale, with a nice retreating under-jaw and a drooping lip, and a meek, peaking simper, like your starved Romish saints, I should be 'so spiritual.' And if again, to complete the climax, I did but shave my head like a Chinese, I should be a model for St. Francis himself.

"But really, after all, why make yourself so singular by this said beard?

"I wear it for a testimony and a sign that a man has no right to be ashamed of the mark of manhood. Oh, that one or two of your Protestant clergymen, who ought to be perfect ideal men, would have the courage to get up into the pulpit in a long beard, and testify that the very essential idea of Protestantism is the dignity and divinity of man as God made him! Our forefathers were not ashamed of their beards; but now even the soldier is only allowed to keep his mustache, while our quill-driving masses shave themselves as close as they can; and in proportion to a man's piety he wears less hair, from the young curate who shaves off his whiskers to the Popish priest who shaves his crown."

The book is finely printed.

The Inventor's Manual of Legal Principles, and Guide to the Patent-Office. By George Ticknor Curtis, Counsellor-at-Law. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Company. 1851.

This work must supply a great desideratum to the persons for whom it is intended. It comes from good authority, and may be relied upon as a guide. There is scarcely any subject out of which grows more law-suits than that of patents. Every one therefore interested should know what to *avoid* and what to *do*.

The Daughter of Night. By S. W. Fullom. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

This is a very pleasant story, gracefully and eloquently written, pure in its moral, and interesting in its plot. We read the history of *Milliant Rennel* with unflagging attention; and she fully exemplifies the truth of Jeremy Taylor's remark, that the more we love, the better we are; and the greater our friendships are, the dearer we are to God.

Stuart of Dunleath: A Story of the Present Time. By the Hon. Caroline Norton. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1851.

This is certainly one of the most beautiful novels of the day. We can commend it for its fine moral tone and exquisite delineations of character.

History of the Empress Josephine. By Jacob Abbott. Harper & Brothers.

Another of the series of these admirable little books. It will be read with absorbing interest by all ages and sexes. The remarkably clear and perspicuous style of this popular writer invests with new interest old subjects, and impresses with new force the lessons of life and history.

We have received from Messrs. Waters & Berry, 333 and 447 Broadway, several fine pieces of music. As this is out of the line of our usual critical notices, we can only return the compliment by calling the attention of our musical readers to this eminent house. It will be worth a visit there to hear their celebrated Æolian piano-fortes, which we can commend as the most exquisite of instruments, and worthy of the *fingering* of St. Cecilia herself.

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THE INFLUENCE OF MANUFACTURES, AND THE PROTECTIVE SYSTEM.

The most important branch of public policy advocated by the Whig party, is doubtless that of the Protective System, or the encouragement of American Industry by the enactment of well-arranged revenue laws. Without protection, we hold that it is impossible for a full development of the resources of the country to be made. The real wealth of a nation consists in its industry; in its availing itself of its capital, skill, and labor, to the full development of all its natural endowments, and its general moral and physical advantages, resulting as well from the genius of its people, as from its peculiar position and institutions.

The tariff of 1828, notwithstanding its defects, introduced for political effect, was eminently protective in its character, and under its auspices the country enjoyed several years of prosperity; which were however interrupted, and many industrial interests finally prostrated, by the operation of the compromise tariff of 1833. But it was reserved for the Whig majority in the Congress of 1842 to devise and enact what may be considered, beyond all question, the best tariff law we have ever had. That tariff was comprised in a bill brought into the House of Representatives by the present President of the United States, who was then Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. It was then made a party measure, being supported by the Whigs generally in both Houses of Congress, and opposed by the Democrats as a party, with few exceptions, principally from Pennsylvania. The wants of the Treasury, and perhaps other reasons, obtained for the bill the signature of John Tyler, then President of the United States, who had previously returned with his veto, to the same Congress, two tariff bills which recognized the principle of protection. Under the tariff of 1842, all the varied interests of agriculture, manufactures and commerce were wisely protected; and it is believed that no period in the annals of this country exhibits greater evidences and proofs of prosperity than the four years while that great Whig measure was in full force and effect.

During the term of the first Congress under Mr. Polk's administration, the evil genius of the country prevailed, and after a severe party struggle the tariff of 1846, at present in operation, and the emanation of the mind of Robert J. Walker, then Secretary of the Treasury, was enacted. Party triumphed over the real interests of the country, and the effects which were predicted by the friends of protection have been already experienced. The war with Mexico, the discovery and product of gold in California, and the famine in Ireland which created an extraordinary demand for our breadstuffs, have checked the progress of the evil effects inevitably resulting from the partial withdrawal of protection by the tariff of 1846; but it cannot be denied that a paralysis has taken place in many branches of industry. But slow progress has been made in cotton manufactures and other branches of industry, which were flourishing under the tariff of 1842; indeed, many of them have been since conducted, as is well known, with loss to the proprietors, and those infantile manufactures which, under the Whig tariff laws, were springing into existence, have been suppressed. The withdrawal of adequate protection from railroad iron has caused the general suspension of the domestic manufacture of that important article, and millions of dollars have been and are still being paid to Great Britain, for the iron for the extensive lines of railroads in this country, many of which pass in the immediate vicinity of iron mines, awaiting the hand of labor to be worked, for the benefit of various branches of industry.

The immense importations of foreign merchandise into this country, in consequence of the encouragement held out by the present tariff, are now beginning to be severely felt by the commercial and trading interests, which cannot fail to result in the most ruinous consequences to the country at large; and the low prices to which the staple articles of agriculture have fallen, must convince our farmers and planters that increased importations are not counterbalanced by exportations of produce, notwithstanding the predictions of the late Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Walker. What, then, is to be the remedy for this downward state of things? We confess that we see none, except in a return to the protective system under which the nation has always prospered, while every approach towards free trade has invariably been disastrous to the best interests of the country. Notwithstanding the forbidding aspect of the next Congress, in which there will be a decided Democratic majority, it may be hoped that the great agricultural interest of the West will join with the friends of protection in the Atlantic and Middle States, and adopt at least such revisions of the tariff as may have a tendency to restore the waning prosperity of a great portion of the industrial interests of the country.

It would be easy for us to show, as indeed has been frequently done by others, that the agricultural interests of the country are more benefited by the operations of the protective system than those of any other class. An inquiry into the average profits of the large cotton manufacturing establishments, for instance, for the last twenty years, satisfies us that not more than six or seven per cent. per annum, or equal to simple interest, has been derived from the investments therein, even including those most skilfully managed. The same remark, we believe, will apply to manufactories of wool and iron; and it is well known that the business of these three staple manufactures is now very generally attended with loss to the proprietors. And many establishments are now carried on with the hope that an improvement may soon take place in prices, in consequence of a future diminution of importations of foreign merchandise.

The question of anti-protection or free trade appears to us to involve that of the reduction of wages of the laboring classes in our manufactories to the standard of Europe, which is fifty per cent. lower than the present prices paid in this country; or the destruction of a large portion of the manufacturing establishments in the United States. The amount of capital employed in those manufactures in this country, with which come directly in competition the importations from Europe, considerably exceeds one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and the annual product of the same as much more; and it is a matter of serious consideration whether a market can be found for produce sufficient to pay for an augmented importation of one hundred and fifty millions of dollars, besides the present heavy amount of our imports.

The opponents of manufactures, and the friends of free trade, when compelled to admit the pecuniary benefits sometimes resulting to agriculture and other interests, from the introduction of manufactures, continue to revive the oft-refuted objection to the establishment of a class among us for the purpose of working up our own staples, that a manufacturing population is necessarily a vicious and degraded one, and therefore that the true interests of this country, moral as well as physical, are to be found in the pursuits of agriculture, and in those mechanical and commercial occupations which naturally grow up from the circumstances of the people. If we are to believe the advocates of free trade, the morals and general condition of the people of this country were in a better state before the introduction of extensive manufactures in the Northern and Eastern States, than those which now exist in the manufacturing districts. Although this subject has frequently attracted the attention of writers and speakers in favor of protection, and the advantages of manufactures with regard to their influence on the morals and circumstances of the people in their vicinity shown; we do not think it has been sufficiently considered and displayed to the people. We propose to devote a short space to a comparison of the present, with the former condition of the people in one of the most important manufacturing localities.

The State of Rhode-Island exhibits, in the most striking form, the vast advantages to be derived from a multiplicity of industrial pursuits, and is entitled to the credit of having been the first to introduce into the United States the immense advantages derived from labor-saving machinery. Before noticing the present prosperous condition of the State, it will be interesting to inquire what were its circumstances and character in the early part of the present century, and before the extensive introduction of labor-saving machinery. The population of the State, according to the three first enumerations taken by the United States, was as follows: In 1790, 68,825; in 1800, 69,122; in 1810, 76,931.

The late Dr. Timothy Dwight, President of Yale College, in his "Travels in New-England," in the year 1800, has the following observations:—

> "From the circumstances of its early settlement, Rhode-Island became naturally the resort, not only of such adventurers as harmonized with them (the original colonists) in religious opinions, but of most of those who were discontented and restless. A general aggregation, originated by a great variety of incidental causes, spread over the State, and occupied the whole of its territory. No single or regular scheme of colonization was pursued. No common object united the immigrants; and no common character could be traced through the mass. In such casual collections of mankind, it is an almost necessary consequence of their junction in society, that their peculiar religious opinions are held with less and less tenacity; that concessions are gradually and insensibly made by each to each; that each class respects its own doctrines less, and becomes more and more indifferent to those of others; and that all religious doctrines lose their influence, until the community becomes dispossessed of that beneficent efficacy which is ever to be expected from the gospel, wherever it is cordially believed by an undivided body of men.
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> "The inhabitants of this State, in opposition to the rest of their New-England brethren, have uniformly refused to support the public worship of God by law, or, in other words, to make a legal provision for the support of ministers and churches. A contract between a minister and his congregation for his maintenance they have placed on the same footing as contracts made at the gaming table. Hence, except in their large towns, a minister liberally educated cannot often be found. Hence, the places of such ministers are filled by plain, ignorant individuals. They pervert the meaning of the Scriptures, and murder arguments and language. They are destitute of dignity, propriety, and candor; coarse and clownish in their manners; uncouth in their elocution; and in their discourses clumsy and ridiculous. Next to a wicked ministry, the greatest evil which can befall the Church is a weak ministry. The churches in Providence and Newport I have described. Those which I have seen in the country towns appear like badly-built and decayed barns.
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> 'The Sabbath, with a great part of this people, is merely a day of visiting and sport. Many of the inhabitants have customarily devoted it to labor. A considerable number of persons in the trading towns, Providence excepted, have been deeply engaged in the slave-trade. Some of the missionary societies have in their proceedings considered Rhode-Island as missionary ground.
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> "Schools usually go parallel with ministers and churches. Here, certainly, they move in the same course. Exclusive of a few attempts which have lately been made to establish academies, (of which, I believe, one, two, or three have succeeded,) and some efforts which are made in the principal towns, schools in this State can hardly be said to exist. The gentlemen with whom I conversed on this subject expressed their mortification, and their reprobation of the conduct of the State, in strong terms, but they seemed to be hopeless concerning a reformation. Without churches, men will be vicious of course; without schools, they will be ignorant; and ignorance and vice are sufficiently melancholy characteristics of the people in whom they are united.
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> "It is not impossible, perhaps not improbable, that the energy awakened in this State *by the diffusion of manufactures*, may be productive of some beneficial consequences both to learning and religion. The wealth of the inhabitants is visibly increasing with rapidity, and will probably continue to increase through an indefinite period. Wealth, wherever it is spread, generates, of course, the desire of character; and this passion regularly stimulates mankind to the use of those means by which it may be gratified. The first step towards giving character to children is to give them at least a decent education; and this step is always taken whenever wealth begins to be diffused. The next

> is not uncommonly the building of churches; and the next the settlement and support of ministers,—such, I mean, as are qualified to discharge the duties of the sacred office. Should this be the course of events in Rhode-Island, it is hardly possible that the character of the inhabitants at large should not be essentially meliorated."

To these remarks of Dr. Dwight, the editor of his work, published in 1822, adds the following:—

> "These observations were made in the year 1800. Since that time, the prediction of the writer has, to a considerable extent, been fulfilled. The manufacturing establishments of this State have been enlarged and multiplied, and the wealth of the inhabitants increased in a more rapid manner than in any other part of New-England. With the acquisition of property, the people, particularly in the large towns, appear to have acquired more liberal views concerning the importance of learning to the community."

The following extract from Morse's Geography, published in 1805, confirms Dr. Dwight's account of the state of society in Rhode-Island, in the early part of this century:—

> "The literature of this State is confined principally to the towns of Newport and Providence. There are men of learning and abilities scattered throughout the State, but they are rare. The bulk of the inhabitants in other parts of the State are involved in greater ignorance perhaps than in most other parts of New-England. A law a few years since was made, establishing town schools through the State, but was found unpopular and repealed. There are few clergymen in the State, excepting in Providence and Newport. * * * In the whole region west of Providence river, a school-house or meeting-house is rarely found; not a quarter part have a Bible in their houses, and a great portion of the people are unable to read or write."

With regard to the trade and commerce of the State, Morse remarks:—

> "Before the war of the Revolution, the merchants in Rhode-Island imported from Great Britain, dry goods; from Africa, slaves; from the West Indies, sugars, coffee and molasses; and from the neighboring colonies, lumber and provisions. With the bills which they obtained in Surinam and the Dutch West Indies they paid their merchants in England. Their sugars they carried to Holland; the slaves from Africa they carried to the West Indies, together with the lumber and provisions procured from their neighbors; the rum distilled from the molasses was carried to Africa to purchase negroes; with their dry goods from England they trafficked with the neighboring colonies. By this kind of circuitous commerce they subsisted and grew rich. But the Revolutionary War and some other events have had a great, and in most respects an injurious effect upon the trade of this State. The slave-trade, which was a source of wealth to many of the people, has happily been abolished. The Legislature have passed a law prohibiting ships from going to Africa for slaves, and selling them in the West India islands. The town of Bristol carries on a considerable trade to Africa, the West Indies, and to different parts of the United States. But by far the greater part of the commerce of the State is at present carried on by the inhabitants of the flourishing town of Providence. In June, 1791, there were belonging to this port 129 sail of vessels, measuring 11,942 tons. The tonnage of the whole State amounts to between 26,000 and 27,000 tons. The exports from the State are flax-seed, lumber, horses, cattle, beef, pork, fish, poultry, onions, butter, cheese, barley and other grain, spirits, and cotton and linen manufactures. The inhabitants are advancing in the manufacturing branch of business. A cotton manufactory has been erected at Providence, which from present prospects will answer the expectations of the proprietors. Jeans, fustians, denims, thick-sets, velvets, &c., are here manufactured and sent to the Southern States. Linen and tow cloths are made in different parts of this State for exportation. Other manufactures are those of iron, spirits, paper, wool and cotton cards, &c. Newport, famed for the beauty of its situation and the salubrity of its climate, now wears the gloomy aspect of decay. Circumstances strongly mark out this place as a convenient and proper situation for extensive manufactures. Should the gentlemen of fortune turn their capital into this channel, they would be instrumental in giving employment and bread to thousands of now unhappy people, and of reviving the former importance of their beautiful town."

These extracts are sufficient to show the condition of Rhode-Island under the commercial system which formerly prevailed in the colony and State, and before the attention of the people was particularly turned to manufactures, as the main source of occupation and prosperity which they have since found it, and which is now the main dependence of the people for support. The former moral and religious character of the people, as described by Doctors Dwight and Morse, is probably somewhat exaggerated by the prejudices of those writers, but there can be no doubt of the low state of education, religion and morals in the State, compared with other parts of New-England; and it is curious to notice that Dr. Dwight looked to the establishment of manufactures as a means by which the moral condition of the people might be improved. The gradual improvement of the condition and the present elevated character of the population of Rhode-Island, in every point of view, are remarkable proofs of the sagacity of Dr. Dwight, and of the accuracy of his prediction on the subject.

Before comparing the present condition of the State with that of the same half a century since, it will be interesting to notice the introduction of the cotton manufacture into Rhode-Island, and its gradual progress for a series of years. The commencement of cotton spinning in the State dates as early as the year 1788, when Daniel Anthony and others, of Providence established the business in a small way. This enterprise was followed by a few others, but every attempt to spin cotton by water power previous to 1790 proved abortive. In that year the Arkwright machinery was introduced by Samuel Slater, who had recently arrived from England. It was first put in operation at Pawtucket, and the manufactory is referred to by Hamilton, in his report on manufactures in December, 1791, as having "the merit of being the first in introducing into the United States the celebrated cotton mill," (meaning Arkwright's patent.) Some of Mr. Slater's first yarn, and some of the first cotton cloth made in America, from the same warp, was sent to the Secretary of the Treasury, (Hamilton,) in October, 1791. As to the impediments under which this business labored, Mr. Moses Brown, a partner of Slater, observes: "No encouragement has been given by any laws of this State, nor by any donations of any society or individuals, but wholly begun, carried on, and thus far perfected, at private expense." The biographer of Slater says he had never heard of any pecuniary advantage conferred on Mr. Slater, for his introducing the cotton manufacture, or for his establishing it on a permanent basis; but his own money and time were pledged to the object. It is stated on good authority that nearly all the cotton manufactories in the United States, from 1791 to 1805, were built under the direction of men who had acquired their art or skill in building machinery in Mr. Slater's employ.

On the establishment of his first cotton mill, Mr. Slater introduced among the laborers therein, such regulations as his previous observations of establishments in Derbyshire, England, had shown to be useful and applicable to the circumstances of an American population. Among these was the system of Sunday-school instruction, which had been for some time in full operation at all the mills of Arkwright and Strutt, when Mr. Slater left England. These schools, the first of the kind in America, are still continued at Pawtucket. They have been copied and extended with the extension of the cotton manufacture in this country. and they have prompted the establishment of similar schools in our seaport towns and in foreign countries. It was from Pawtucket that they were introduced into Providence in 1815, by the young men of the latter place, one of whom had been a clerk with Mr. Slater. In addition to these schools for Sunday instruction, the establishment and support of common day schools was promoted at all the manufactories in which Mr. Slater was interested; and in some cases the teachers were wholly paid by himself. Regular and stated public worship also was liberally supported at those points where the people could be most conveniently assembled. "The introduction of manufacturing was thus," says Mr. White, in his Life of Slater, "in every place a harbinger of moral and intellectual improvement to the inhabitants of the vicinage, and the numerous operatives from remote and secluded parts of the country, attracted to the manufacturing villages by the employment, comforts, and conveniences which they afforded. Hundreds of families of the latter description, originally from places where the general poverty had precluded schools and public worship, brought up illiterate, and without religious instruction, and disorderly and vicious, in consequence of their lack of regular employment, have been transplanted to these new creations of skill and enterprise; and by the ameliorating effects of study, industry, and instruction, have been reclaimed, civilized, Christianized. Not a few of them have accumulated and saved, by close application and moderate economy, very handsome estates. Indeed, such have been the blessed results of concentrating and giving employment to a population formerly considered almost useless to the community, that there is among our manufacturing population, at this moment, a greater number of males, of from twenty to thirty years old, who are worth from $300 to $1,000 each, and of marriageable females worth from $100 to $800 each, than can be found in any population out of the manufacturing villages." (This was in 1836.)

The same writer further remarks :—

> "The impulse given to industry and production by the cotton manufacture has not been confined to one branch of business alone, but has been felt in every sort of employment useful to the community. We need not, in this place, enlarge upon the close affinity and mutual dependence of these various employments; they are obvious to every mind which has acquired the habit of tracing results to their causes in the endless relations of society. As a general fact it is undoubtedly true, that the advance of our country in the production and manufacture of wool and iron has been greatly accelerated by the cotton manufacture; and that those branches of industry have always been deeply affected by the temporary reverses which this branch has experienced. Mr. Slater was for many years and at the time of his death concerned in woollen and iron, as well as cotton manufactories; and his observation and sagacity never suffered him to question the identity of their interests. He always maintained that legislative protection would be beneficial to himself as well as others—to those already established in business and having ample capital, as to those who were just beginning and with little or no capital. Events have fully sustained these views. The fostering protection of the government, up to the election of President Jackson, brought forward and established many adventurers who had begun without money or skill, but have since acquired both; whilst those who preceded them in business are, generally, as far in advance of them as they were before. In the measures adopted by the manufacturing districts of our country to obtain this protection, Mr. Slater was ever prominent and efficient."

Small manufactories spread in Rhode-Island about the year 1807, and improvements began to be introduced. Manufacturing enterprise was greatly promoted by the non-importation and other restrictive acts of Congress during Jefferson's and Madison's administrations, which contributed, of course, to the scarcity and high prices of British goods. The war of 1812 taught the Americans to rely upon their own resources for support, and the results of the lesson then learned were the erection of manufacturing establishments in almost every nook and corner of the settled parts of the Eastern and Middle States—affording sure markets for the produce of the flocks and fields of the Northern farmer, and increasing the demand for the staple of the Southern planter. At the beginning of the war in 1812, there were in operation in Rhode-Island, within 30 miles of Providence, 33 cotton mills, with 30,663 spindles, and a capacity for 56,246 spindles. There were also at the same time located in Massachusetts, within 30 miles of Providence, 20 cotton mills, with 17,371 spindles in operation, and a capacity for 45,438 spindles. Each spindle would then produce yarn enough weekly to make two and a half yards of cloth, of the value of 30 cents per yard, the average price at that time. The number of spindles then in operation in the vicinity of Providence produced, therefore, sufficient yarn, when wove, to make in each week 128,635 yards of cloth, worth $38,590—or over two millions of dollars annually. This shows the immense importance of the cotton manufacture, even in its infancy, previous to the war of 1812.

The war found the American people destitute of the means of supplying themselves, not merely with blankets for their soldiers, but a vast variety of other articles of necessity and comfort. Our citizens entered on the business of manufactures with great energy and enterprise; invested in them many millions of capital; and having, during the two and a half years while the war continued, the domestic market secured to them, they succeeded beyond expectation. Never was there a prouder display of the power of industry than was afforded on this occasion. Unaided by the expenditure of money by Government, except in the way of necessary contracts, they attained in two or three years a degree of maturity in some branches of manufactures which required centuries in England, France, and Prussia, and cost their governments large sums, in the shape of bounties, premiums, and drawbacks, with the fostering aid of privileges and immunities bestowed on the manufacturers. In the language of the report of a society of the friends of manufactures, made in 1817 :—

> "In a short three years the produce of our looms rivalled foreign productions, and the nation with which we were contending felt more alarm from the produce of our manufactures than she did from the success of our arms. But peace came. While we were at war, the warehouses of England were filled with the produce of the labor which a loss of market had enabled her to purchase at a depreciated price. The moment intercourse between the two countries was opened, her hoarded stores were thrown upon us, and we were deluged with the manufactures which had been waiting the event. They could be sold without profit, because the foreign manufacturer thought himself fortunate if he could realize the capital which he had been

> obliged to expend, to support his establishment while there was no sale for his wares. But he was content to bear a loss, because, in the words of an English statesman, 'It was well worth while to incur a loss upon the first exportation, in order, by the glut, to stifle in the cradle those rising manufactures in the United States which the war had forced into existence.' It would have been surprising, indeed, if our infant manufactures, the establishment of which had generally exhausted the capitals of those who embarked in them, could have sustained themselves under such circumstances, without any aid or support from the Government, without any means of countervailing the effects of the sacrifices which foreigners were willing to make for their destruction. How were they to maintain themselves? It was impossible,—many of them sunk. The attention of the Government was too ardently directed, during the war, to other objects, to perceive the policy or necessity of that protection which the manufacturing interest did not appear to want."

A very favorable impression, in favor of domestic manufactures, was every where manifested at the conclusion of the war of 1812. Mr. Jefferson had changed his views on the subject, and expressed himself as follows:—

> "To be independent for the comforts of life, we must fabricate them ourselves. We must now place the manufacturer by the side of the agriculturist. Experience has taught me that manufactures are as necessary to our independence as our comfort."

Presidents Madison and Monroe, in their messages to Congress, and on other occasions, recommended the encouragement of manufactures by adequate protection. The tour of President Monroe to New-England made a very favorable impression on his mind with regard to the resources of the country, and its adaptation to manufacturing operations. He was received at Pawtucket by Mr. Slater, who showed and explained to him the frames by which he had spun his first cotton, and stated the progress of the business, which had raised that obscure hamlet to the condition of a flourishing town. The change was remarkable that had taken place during the contest with Great Britain. Providence, and Rhode-Island in general, had received an impetus which contributed, more than any other cause, to build up a large and populous city, and to raise a comparatively small State to wealth and importance.

The war of 1812 was closed under favorable auspices. The country was generally prosperous where the influence of manufactures could be felt. It was estimated that sixty millions of dollars had been invested in manufacturing establishments, which were spread over the face of the land, diffusing employment and comforts among thousands of industrious people. Peace, with all its blessings, was, however, fraught with destruction to the hopes of a considerable portion of the manufacturers. The double duties on imports had been imposed with a limitation to one year after the close of the war. They were repealed, and a new tariff enacted in 1816. Although it recognized the doctrine of protection, that tariff was insufficient to sustain the manufacturing interest generally. From year to year after that time, ruin spread among the manufacturers, and a large proportion of them were reduced to bankruptcy. The progress of the State of Rhode-Island was of course slow during a series of years, and until the revival of industry by the tariff of 1824, followed by that of 1828. Since the permanent establishment of manufactures by the protective system, Rhode-Island has steadily advanced in population and wealth; its prosperity, of course, checked by every advance towards free trade in the legislation of Congress, adverse to national industry. The following shows the progressive movement of the population of the State since the first United States' census, in 1790:—

Year.	Population.	Decennial increase.	
		Numeral.	Per cent.
1790,......	68.825		
1800,......	69,122	297	00.4
1810,......	77,031	7,909	11.4
1820,......	83,059	6,028	7.8
1830,......	97,199	14,140	17.
1840,......	108,830	11,631	11.9
1850,......	147,543	38,713	35.6

The valuation of taxable property in the State in 1849 was $70,289,990 — viz.: real estate, $48,956,829; personal ditto, $21,333,161. The increase of taxable property from 1796 to 1832 was $17,140,000, and from 1833 to 1849 the increase was $37,650,000. The amount of banking capital in 1849 was $11,300,000. In the savings banks, the same year, the deposits amounted to $1,054,263. The amount of capital invested in manufactures in 1840 was $10,696,136.

The most remarkable improvement has

taken place in the State, within the last twenty-five years, in the attention paid to education. By an act of the Legislature, passed in 1828, a permanent school fund was commenced, which was invested, and has since received many additions. The sum of $25,000 per annum is paid from the State Treasury to the several towns for the support of public schools. The interest of the portion of the State of the United States' surplus revenue, divided in 1836, and moneys arising from several other sources, are also applied to the support of public schools. In 1844, the number of these schools in the State was 428, and the number of scholars attending them was 22,156. The amount paid by the State for the support of free or public schools in that year was $25,095, and by the towns for the same $27,918; total, $53,013. In 1840, there were in Brown University and in a high school, 324 students. There were then in the State 52 academies and grammar schools, with 3,664 students. The elevation of the religious character of the people, which we have seen was formerly so much behind the other New-England States, has been similar to the favorable change in public sentiment with regard to education, and it is believed that Dr. Dwight and other philanthropists of the last generation would not now have cause to complain of the state of religion and morals among the people of Rhode-Island, or to contrast the State in that respect with its neighbors. It should be here mentioned that the first Sunday-school taught in New-England was at the manufacturing village of Pawtucket.

We will here again quote Mr. White, the biographer of Slater, on this subject:—

> "It cannot be concealed that there have been apprehensions of the evil effects of manufacturing establishments in this country. But these forebodings have been chiefly prospective. It is not pretended that they have been productive of evil; indeed, the evidence is positive, that much good has been produced. With regard to the State of Rhode-Island, I had an opportunity of knowing its moral condition previous to 1812; and I have since travelled in nearly every part of the State, and the change for the better, especially in the manufacturing districts, is incredible. No one but an eye-witness could believe that such a favorable change of society could have taken place in the short period of twenty-five years. I am persuaded that wherever a village is under good regulations, that the tendency is altogether favorable to morals and intelligence. Sufficient testimony has been adduced to prove that the present state of American manufactures is superior to any in the world, as it respects the rate of wages, the means of intellectual improvement, and their moral condition."

The hostility of the Democratic party, so called, to the establishment and support of manufactures, has been shown on various occasions for the last twenty years, not only in their legislation in Congress, but in the sentiments of their leaders expressed in appeals to popular prejudice. When the administration of Mr. Polk adopted the free-trade doctrines of the Secretary of the Treasury, Robert J. Walker, as a portion of the Democratic party creed, and that President recommended those doctrines as the true policy of the nation, the Democratic Convention of Hamilton county, Ohio, addressed a letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, in Oct., 1845, avowing the following views:—

> "Manufactures are not of themselves objects of desire to a free people, or of favor for a free government. They involve the necessity of a crowded population, subject to a very arbitrary control over their comfort by a few wealthy persons, and devoted to unwholesome employment. Surely such establishments do not deserve political favor where land is abundant and the people free."

The falsity of these sentiments is shown by the experience of this country, wherever manufactures have been established; and nowhere can they be more fully disproved than in the industrial history of Rhode-Island. We have chosen the example of that State, as one exhibiting the greatest contrast in the condition of the people under agricultural and commercial pursuits, with only slight attention to manufactures; with its wonderful improvement since the introduction of manufactures and labor-saving machinery.

It would be difficult, in the history of mankind, to exhibit a more striking picture of moral and physical improvement; and this change has been effected by the system we advocate, in a comparatively short period, in the moral and physical condition of the people of the whole State. In other parts of the country, where the population and territory are less compact, the contrast and improvement have been less marked. But we are not unmindful of the great benefits wrought by the manufacturing system in other States, wherever industrial pursuits of this class have been introduced by capital and enterprise. The great moral and successful example of Lowell, that wonderful creation of the genius, capital, and industry of our own times, is familiar to all. It has been often described, and never fails to interest the friends of manufactures who have an opportunity of visiting it, by its admirable establishments, conducted on a system unsurpassed in the world, and its highly intellectual industrial population. But the States of Massachusetts, New-Hampshire, Maine, Vermont, and Connecticut, with the Middle States, afford abundant instances of the prosperity and moral improvement which have been caused in those States by the introduction of manufactures.

In an evil hour, the passage of the tariff of 1846 checked the march of improvement then in progress under the benign influence of the Whig protective tariff of 1842. How far the effect of foreign competition may arrest the increase and extension of manufactures in those States where they have been established or commenced, time only can determine. But it may be well to look at the amount of the principal manufactures of the United States which may be placed in danger by free trade or importations of the same articles from foreign countries. We have not the returns of the census of last year, but the following shows the value of these manufactures eleven years since, by the census of 1840:—

	Annual value manufactured.
Cottons,	$46,350,453
Woollens,	20,696,999
Iron,	16,034,225
Hardware, &c.,	6,451,967
Precious Metals,	9,779,442
Leather and Manufactures of,	48,785,332
Paper,	6,135,092
Cordage,	4,078,306
Hats, Caps, &c.,	10,180,847
Total,	$168,492,663

The increase of these manufactures, under the tariff of 1842, probably raised the annual value to two hundred millions of dollars.

This immense interest, with all its attendant benefits, some of which we have endeavored to exhibit in this essay, it is proposed by the advocates of free trade to destroy; or to reduce the wages of labor to the standard of that of Europe. But we cannot believe the people will long continue to countenance such doctrines. In the language of Henry Clay, in 1824: "The cause of protection is the cause of the country, and it must and will prevail. It is founded in the interests and affections of the people; it is as native as the granite deeply imbedded in our mountains. And I would pray God, in his infinite mercy, by enlightening our councils, to conduct us into that path which leads to riches, to greatness, to glory."

AD TURBATOREM PLEBIS.

BY RUFUS HENRY BACON.

All earthly things are subject to decay:
  The fairest temple and the proudest State
  Crumble at last to ruin. But the great
Immortal truths which they embody stay,
And on the earth dwell ever. They
  Have perennial life; and, soon or late,
How deep soever hidden from the day,
  Burst the rude soil wherein they germinate.
But not the less, O Demagogue, thy crime!
  If thy base arts shall cause the State to fall,
All after ages in their march sublime
  Thy hideous name will cover with a pall
Of hate undying! Such thy final doom;
With Traitor carved on thy unholy tomb!

Ingleside, May, 1851.

BOYHOOD AND BARBARISM.

"Infans non multum a Furioso distat."—The Law Books.

Concerning that very handsome bit of Latin which we have prefixed to this article as an intimation of the course we may pursue, for a short time, in discussing in a grim and iron manner certain metaphysical truths which are not expatiated upon with sufficient freedom in the approved text-books on mental science, and concerning the authors of this extremely polite comparison, we may have a word to say by-and-by, if this philosophical disquisition has not attained an unwholesome and indigestible magnitude by the time that we are ready to pay our compliments to the gentlemen who have made so injurious an allegation against the juveniles of the Solar System;—for we doubt not that whatever is truthfully predicated of the urchins of this planet, may with equal justice be predicated of their gigantic and lubberly cousins who snap marbles of the bigness of bomb-shells under the rings of Saturn, and of minors generally in all the planets and asteroids in our immediate neighborhood. For the present we merely remark, that if Ulpian when he uttered, Grotius when he echoed, and Mr. Justice Story when he reverberated the charge, through the pages of his stupendous treatise on Equity Jurisprudence, had in their eye a Carib, a Mauritanian, a Pict, or a Pawnee, as the model of a *Furiosus*, they were clearly in the right. Using the word in such a sense, the boy is a born Furiosus. That however was not the idea of the learned jurists. In the slang of the Courts, the term signifies a *non compos*, a lunatic, a crack-brain, a crazy fellow; and whether even wise men are warranted in likening all youngsters here and elsewhere to loons, (to fall in with the popular notion that these water-fowls are maniacs,) may well be questioned. When, however, you introduce to me as a Furiosus a red gentleman rejoicing in the name of Big-Tall-Thunder, mounted on a mustang, holding a javelin in his hand, and adorned with paint and feathers, and assert to me that the Boy does not materially differ from him, I agree with you.

Yes, we are all born savages. It is only because certain persons, assuming themselves to be wiser than Nature, have trained our faculties to such distorted shapes as seemed good to their morbid vision, that you and I are not this day free barbarians, wearing eagles' quills, and hailing each other as Cross-Wolf and Curling-Cloud. The hand which guides this philosophic pen should of right whisk a tomahawk. Yonder mild lady pacing the garden walks and murmuring sad words of the poets among the dying flowers, or watching the wild pigeons as they cleave with unmatched swiftness the still air of autumn, to vanish in the mists that veil the wooded hill-sides, and mourning when presently the guns of the fowlers ring through the groves where the timid birds have folded their wings,—she, the soft-hearted, who whispers to the dying flowers and mourns for the doves of the Indian Venus torn by shot whizzing from the barrels of frightful blunderbusses, is sister to the quiver-bearing Amazons, to the jingling belles of Nootka, to the yelling damsels of Mozambique. Grum Judge, sitting with fixed frowns while barristers smite with clenched fists the leathern covers of Kent, but that certain influences which have been accumulating for forty centuries were brought to bear upon your young brain years ago, when those bristling gray-hairs were scarce rougher than a kitten's fur, you I might now see sitting upon the council-log of Hurons discussing questions of state with the dusky senators of the woods, while those barristers and hawking sheriffs should gratify their now misdirected instincts by forms of action unknown to Mansfield, and by seizures of horses and poultry concerning which Sir Thomas More might ask, with tears in his eyes, for information and not for a joke, "*utrum possent replegiari.*"

Why is it that these possibilities have failed? Why is it that the hand which nature framed to whisk the terrible tomahawk, guides instead the philosophic pen, and instead of knocking the sense *out* of the skull of the gentle reader, is now beating nonsense *into* it? Why is it that the mild lady, instead of walking sadly among the dying flowers and mourning the wounded pigeons, is not dashing on a hunting horse into a group of leopards, while attendant Amazons yell, and pierce the spotted monsters with arrows and quivering spears; is not dancing to the hideous discord of conchs and kettle-drums like her jingling sisters of Nootka; is not sporting with sharks in the ocean-surf, or floating over the lagoons of some rude archipelago upheaved from the bottom of the Pacific, and lounging in her grotesque canoe, a Cleopatra of the Islands, while her "gentlewomen like the Nereides" splash in the still water and dive under the keel of her idle barge? What magic has made the lion a sheep; has changed the tawny hide which Hercules might wear in the audience hall of Jove into a soft skin covered with wool, which housewives may spin; has so quenched the regal spirit that now the King of the Desert nips clover, is shorn by boors, makes sheepish noises, is penned at night, and when the bell-wether leaps into a well, as in the fable, follows him faster than a bucket with the ewes and nannies?

How widely do we, the brothers of the human family, diverge in our lifetime from the general starting-point; like brooks springing from the same mountain and flowing, some to the St. Lawrence Gulf, some to the Chesapeake, and some to the Gulf of Mexico. I show you three infants. One, on a savage island, swings in his bark hammock from the limbs of a tree, and sleeps while the winds that wander over the Pacific wave him to and fro: the second rocks in his red-cherry cradle in a New-England farm-house, and a thoughtful, motherly woman, knitting beside him, sings plaintive hymns: the third reposes in a gorgeous little couch, curiously carved, and a spangled canopy covers his royal head; gray-headed Field Marshals and sworded Princes stand around; rigid battalions ranked before the palace are ready to defend the right of infant royalty, and huge cannon on the bastions of the city, which proclaimed to the Baltic the birth of its baby admiral, will hurl bullets and bursting globes upon the robbers who shall dare to grasp at the crown of Muscovy, whether they come in war-ships from the fast-anchored isle, or march in regiments from Gaul and the cities of the German Empire. What difference in thought or desire do you surmise may exist in these three little mortals? A craniologist might (and unless choked, undoubtedly would) talk about Mongolian and Circassian contours, and so forth; but in the essential elements which compose a live baby, wherein differs the Islander from the American, the American from the Prince? Place them together on the floor: will they not whine, and crawl over each other like blind puppies? When a few moons have passed, and strength is given to their limbs, and the first faint ideas dawn in their minds, will they not lay hold of each other's hair, (a proof that the knack of scalping is one of the earliest, and consequently one of the most genuine and desirable accomplishments which Nature desires her children to possess,) and will they not love, hate, and fear the same objects? Is there any thing in their several gestures or glances that indicates the strangely different loves, hates, and fears which will possess them hereafter? The little savage does not manifest an inclination to make a barbecue of his comrades; the American, in his conversations with the Prince, is not understood by the nurses to call his play-fellow a puppet or a blood-sucking despot; and the latter seems in nowise anxious to tie strings around the neck of the young democrat; nor in his devastations does he discriminate between pamphlets that argue with the "divine right of kings" and newspapers that hoot at the Holy Alliance; nor when he creeps on the carpet does he always travel in the direction of Constantinople. Yet in forty years, where will you find the three allies? One is a tall red cannibal horribly painted, paddling his canoe in the coves of New-Zealand; another is a rampant republican, working the batteries of a red-hot political journal, and invoking the Demon of Revolution to rise from caverns where

> "The slumbering earthquake lies pillowed on fire;"

the third towers above his nobles, a Czar, and gathers together Cossacks from the Ukraine, Tartars from the Ural, Siberians from the steppes, and Finns from the icebergs, and then, like one of the old idols of the North, holding in his hand deluge, terrors, and storms, hovers over the frontiers of Europe and launches his thunders at sullen intervals against the citadels of Danube and the Rhine. Observe what a deadly antipathy against the others has arisen in each of the former play-fellows. If the Cannibal catches the Czar, he will roast him; if the Czar catches the Republican, he will hang him; if the Republican gets the others in his power, he will shut the Prince in a penitentiary, and probably will kill the savage with rum.

Philosophy, in view of these things, has much to offer. But to-day Philosophy may go hang. Musty speculation is undoubtedly our *forte*, (although the reviews and universities may ignore our pretensions, for which we shall take vengeance by-and-by when we have time for it;) but to-day all blowing upon "Apollo's lute," as Milton has it, will be refrained from. Philosophy, we repeat politely but firmly, may to-day go hang. We will be content with pointing out a few traits in the character of the North American juvenile which indicate how strongly his healthful savage instincts struggle with the tremendous agencies, the accumulations of forty centuries, which are brought to crush them; how reluctantly the healthful savage spirit yields to the soft but persevering and mighty genius of Civilization.

It is assumed that we are born savages. The civilizing of a wild man's boy is as discouraging an undertaking as the training of a fox's whelp to an understanding of our conventional notions about geese and turkeys; but the barbarizing of a tame man's boy is as easy a thing as making wild boars and jackals of the offspring of domestic swine and mastiffs, by turning them loose in the wilderness when they are pigs and puppies. White boys who are captured by Indians in five cases out of ten become chiefs; but how many red boys who are taken by benevolent persons and put into academies become jurists or mathematicians? The white boy takes to savage life as naturally as the duck to water. The culture of universities may have been exhausted on his ancestors for ten generations back; but put him in the hands of a Camanche matron when he is a year old, and the culture which has been expended on the parent stock will not be indicated, on the little graft which is severed from it, by a single blossom. He is visited by no vague ideas of the Rule of Three as he gnaws elk-ribs in his foster-mother's lodge; he is impelled by no unaccountable impulse to expostulate with his play-mates at the occasional imperfections of their syntax. On the contrary, he hunts prairie-dogs, learns the war-dance, flings hatchets like the cub of a very Powhattan; and when grown to the stature of a man, will spear mail-riders and emigrants, and abet a stampede of government mules, as readily as any born barbarian. The rule will not work both ways. Introduce a young Camanche into an infant-school, and it appears that we might as well direct our educational apparatus at a young bear. Culture affects hereditarily the faculties, but not the instincts,—at all events, not nearly so sensibly the latter as the former. Hence it is that the son of the civilized man with less difficulty becomes civilized than his red cousin, for he has hereditary faculties which if exercised will master instincts; and these the wild boy has not, for his grandfathers for ten generations back, instead of nibbling philosophy at Oxford or Bologna or Salamanca, were scouring the country between the Nueces and the Californian Colorado, knocking out other wild men's brains, and whooping like imps of the pit.

Yes, mothers of America, your nurseries are wigwams of Cherokees, Blackfeet, Apaches; your cradles are nests of Bedouins. Not many mornings ago I saw a young Anglo-Saxon, who cannot utter six articulate sounds, standing on a chair by the window and catching and destroying the house-flies, whose joints were stiffened by the frosts of the preceding night, with the same glee that a Mohawk warrior would exhibit on being let loose, with license to murder, in an Asylum for Cripples. That indifference to the rights of crockery, that apathy of conscience at the destruction of pitchers and glass-ware, that Gothic exultation over the ruins of a dinner plate, which the unbreeched urchin displays, are manifestations of that same barbarian appetite for *smashing* which ruined the marbles of Greece and shattered the priceless vases of Italy. The original, genuine instinct is suppressed at first by force, and afterwards eradicated by artfully implanting an artificial taste for entire dinner plates and for uncracked pitchers. Destructiveness is almost the first organ which gives signs of activity in the infant brain: only allow it fair play, and it will in due time be master of the whole cranium.

The chief labor in education is the eradication of instincts. School-life is for a long time but an artful war between the pedagogue and the savage propensities of his pupils. Observe what bloody books are boys' favorites. Their earliest reading is of pirates and Arabs. The attack of Indians on the cabin of the settler, with its attendant horrors of burning roofs, ringing rifles, and merciless murders, have a fascination for them—even for the mildest. Books of desperate or vagrant and lawless action please them. In history, they open an intimacy with Hannibal and Leonidas; in adventure, with Captain Kyd and the Argonauts. These propensities are cunningly made to work their own destruction. The savage instinct is gratified by reading about vagabonds and headlong heroes, but the shrewd teacher will remark how this arouses faculties which will in time master instinct. His appetite for other delights arises, and a taste for books of a somewhat different tone is provoked. The young reader gets an ear for the graces of style, and remarks the difference between those abrupt sentences which pitch him along like the chopping waves of a Gulf Stream, and the majestic periods, the long Ciceronian swells on which we are borne through successive chapters till as we approach the close, like sailors in a boat, we hear a fine roaring of surges, and ride to the beach through the surf of a peroration. Thus is a taste for Literature born, and in a few years, when the bloodthirsty little reader has attained man's estate, his earliest acquaintances, the forest outlaws and the buccaneers, are received at his mental *levées* on entirely a different footing. The old desire of training in Robin Hood's company has assumed perhaps the form of a willingness to be Little John to Carlyle or some other æsthetical bandit. The satisfaction he once would have felt at boarding an argosy on the Spanish main, has become a singular delight in waylaying the portly octavo in which some learned man has stowed his philosophic ingots, and is ploughing his stately course in fancied security; in dashing at the clumsy prize after the fashion of Hawkins and Morgan, and in making the wretched master walk the plank like a grandee of Arragon intercepted by Black Beard in his voyage from Porto Bello to Cadiz.

Few boys, it has been remarked, I believe, reach manhood without at some time having resolved to become either sailors or hunters. What days are spent in grievous indecision whether it is better to go to the Rocky Mountains and shoot buffaloes or to the Japan seas and harpoon whales. What nights are made glorious by dreams of killing seals by torch-light in caves where the Antarctic Tritons blow their "wreathed horns" in alarm at the robbery of their folds. What plots for reviving the ancient and amiable fraternity of Sea Kings are concocted of winter evenings, by flaxen-headed conspirators, as they crack butternuts before the kitchen fire—thwacking the solid nut-shells with their hammers as if they were smiting the mailed heads of Celts and Saxons, while some young hero who has lately posted himself up in Scandinavian matters doles out tales of the Red Erics, the Rollos, and the Harold Slambangers who roamed the seas with their gigantic boatswains, before the Law of Nations was heard of in the North Sea and the Bay of Biscay. What consultations are held concerning the feasibility of fitting up the old den in the rocks above the village for a cave of Forty Thieves, who are to operate according to the system of the enterprising gentlemen of the Arabian tale, excepting that *oil* is to be abstained from both as an article of trade and as a beverage—the former because it proved the ruin of Ali Baba's guests, and the latter owing to a grudge entertained since infancy. Minerva, overhearing these eager conversations, smiles. In forty years Red Eric is President of a Marine Insurance Company, and Rollo's bills are honored in Copenhagen. Some of the Forty Thieves are Justices of a Western Court of Star-Chamber, administering Lynch-Law to forgers and blacklegs, and others are legislators and grand jurymen. The young lions have been cheated of their teeth. The lust for barbarism has been quenched by stimulating the remote appetite for refinement. The boy who at the age of twelve is fully resolved, as soon as he is released from home tyranny, to pitch his camp on the North fork of the Arkansas, and spend the rest of his life in the society of wolves and wild horses, finds that each year a band is tied to him which he will not be able to sunder; and at twenty-one he is firmly bound to civilization—a slave to clocks and stoves and tables—a bondman to hotels and newspapers.

Schoolmasters, the missionaries whom we employ to labor in that dense barbarism which darkens our nurseries, bear witness to the fidelity of all juveniles to their mother, Nature. They can testify, however, that the general rule is not without apparent exceptions. They sometimes get young converts faster than they bargained for. Some young gentlemen manifest the most precocious faculty for adapting themselves to the artificial structure of the society in which they find themselves born, as if they saw the uselessness of resistance, and were inclined to make the best of their misfortune. Inconsistent as it may seem, these little pioneers are made to feel the "peculiar institution" which prevails in all well-regulated schools, more often than their duller mates, who hanker for the pleasures of Bedouins, and hang back and sulk when the handsome young man with the helmet (see the frontispiece of the spelling-book) offers to lead them to yonder edifice, labelled *Science;* which inscription needs only to be changed to *Circus* to fire the sulkers, for years to come, with love at first sight for all young men who wear helmets. The reason is, that schoolmasters are generally impenetrably pedantic, and insist that youth shall be enlightened according to certain approved systems. All short cuts to civilization, avoiding the slough of Orthography and the valley of the shadow of Arithmetic, are as criminal in their eyes as the contrivance of the gentleman immortalized in the Pilgrim's Progress, to get on the high road to the City without facing the enemies which the intrepid Christian met and vanquished. I once knew a school where grammar was not loved quite so well as some other things in which Black Hawk would have delighted, where nevertheless the most complicated and artificial transactions of the civilized world were carried on with amazing zeal. But these it was necessary to conceal from the teacher, for he had his own way, of course, and visited the Banking Institutions, the East India Companies and the Express Offices which flourished in his dominions with the same undiscriminating switch with which he tingled the legs of truants and blockheads.

How fresh is our recollection of one hazel-eyed young schemer—the Hudson of the school—who had a finger in more railroads than you can find in the North American Guide-Book. Long grooves in the pine desk were his railway lines, and pigeon shot rolling through these became, when viewed through that eye of imagination which boys possess in such perfection, cattle trains, freight trains, and express trains, circulating through the United States in the most lively manner imaginable. Ought not the pedagogue to have rejoiced at the achievements of this precocious Railroad Director, as so many triumphs over the wild nature within him? Perhaps he ought, but he didn't. He seemed to carry in his single soul more hostility to internal improvements than the whole band of Michigan conspirators, and one day managed to throw the mail train off the track with such violence, that the brakeman was seriously contused and the conductor got his knuckles broken. This rather dampened the railroad mania.

The young gentlemen of that school showed a surprising aptitude for civilization within doors, and a no less decided genius for barbarism without. There were more naval and financial enterprises afloat than there were in Tyre of old. One financial operation we remember, which would have startled Wall street. A genius in a secluded corner of the room started the "Empire Bank," which began business on the gigantic scale of the Bank of England. For about a week notes were issued daily to the amount of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the school was in a short time full of millionaires in bare feet and linen jackets, not a few of whom would have been impudent enough to offer Rothschild the loan of a hundred dollars to set up a grocery with, or to propose to Nicholas to supply him with funds to carry on the Circassian war, provided he would give a chattel mortgage on the Kremlin for security.

"Pandemonium, the high capital
Of Satan and his peers,"

did not arise more suddenly or mysteriously than this financial prodigy, and was not a more gorgeous affair, nor worth more money when it was completed. Still there was something not altogether secure, I fear, about the basis of its credit. It never was disclosed what securities were pledged to indemnify the holders of its notes, but I suspect that if an inventory of its actual property which might have been reached in Equity had been taken, the schedule of the investigating committee would have exhibited about ten fish-hooks and a kite. Think of these chattels, and a doubtful demand against an Irish boy for breaking a ball-club, as *resources*, to meet *liabilities* somewhat greater than the national debt of Great Britain! Nevertheless, holders felt secure, and the manufacture of money went on without interruption. Nabobs of the most astounding opulence surrounded the throne of our unconscious Sultan, who continued to cuff and ferule with as little ceremony as they cut off paupers' heads in the East. Even in India it won't do to strangle a nabob as summarily as his porter; but here there was not the slightest discrimination between Bobs and Nabobs. Indeed, it was some time before the Despot found that an aristocracy of wealth was springing up in his realm; but one unlucky day, a thousand-dollar note having fallen into his hands by accident or treachery, there was a tremendous commotion in the money market forthwith. The Bank exploded; indeed, what else could have been expected of an institution whose credit depended upon a pledge of kites and fish-hooks of the gross value of eighteen pence? The schoolmaster's encounter with it was like General Jackson's famous tilt with the "Monster." He was not awed by wealth—not he! He would have "tanned" Crœsus himself for spelling *phthysic* without a *p* and two *h's*. So he handled the "monopoly" without mittens, as Old Hickory would have done, spanked the Cashier, and compelled fund-holders to disgorge their treasures, till he found himself in possession of a "pile" which would have bought out the East India Company. This was disastrous, it is true, but the Bank was a very spry one, and was on its legs again by dinner time. The President was remarkably fertile in expedients. Before the afternoon was half through, his financial foundry was in full blast, and before the summons of "All hands ahoy to spell" was given at four bells, the Bank of England, which had shot ahead during the temporary suspension of its rival, was "nowhere." The panic had subsided; insolvents had picked themselves up. Our next neighbor, who lost all in the general bankruptcy of the morning, was worth a million of dollars when school was dismissed, owing to a masterly speculation in buck-shot, but he lost two hundred and fifty thousand before bed-time, by indiscreetly carrying it in his pocket when he went after the cows.

These illustrations, we admit, do not materially support our argument. These enterprises indicated a marvellous aptitude for civilization, it must be confessed, and so far, they go to sap the theory which has just been presented. But could we show you these young Bankers and "Railway Kings" out of doors, and unveil their schemes and secrets, their wishes, plots and dreams, (which cannot in justice to the Rights of Readers be now done,) the balance in favor of barbarism would, we fear, be rather startling.

G. H. M.

NO MORE!

"Les années qui me sont déterminée s'en vont, et j'entre dans un sentier d'où je ne reviendrai plus."

No more! Oh! what unuttered grief
Dwells in those chill prophetic words!
The tomb of every warm belief,
They strike upon the heart's deep chords:
Like the faint music of a dream,
The shadows from some mystic shore,
Where jewels flash, where roses gleam,
We hear the wailing sound—No more!

No more! The summer founts may throw
Their silvery music on the air;
The sunset lend its opal glow
To skies that seemed before so fair;
And such a flood of liquid light
May rest on mount, and sea, and shore,
As bathed old Ida's classic height;
Yet some low voice shall say—No more!

No more! Throughout the boundless earth
They blend with Hope's fallacious dream;
They echo through the haunts of Mirth;
A whisper of the Past they seem.
Who hath not heard mid light and song,
Mid pageantry, and pride, and power,
Those spirit-voices round him throng
That mock the glittering festal hour?

The heart is but a wasting mine,
An altar for some idol kept,
Till o'er its desecrated shrine
The storm-gust hath too rudely swept;
A pedestal too wildly placed,
Flooded by every passing wave,
Recording vows too soon effaced—
A temple reared upon the grave!

The pest-worm feeds upon the rose,
The violet bears no deathless bloom:
What tints our morning skies disclose—
What darkness lingers round the tomb!
What memories of buried love,
What earnest tones for ever fled;
What yearnings for the world above,
What lonely vigils with the dead!

Our dead! Can such a voice arise
In rebel grief upon the air?
The hosts that fill th' eternal skies,
What can they know of woe or care?
Our dead! Oh! who shall say, "Our dead?"
Released from this dark charnel shore,
Hath not th' immortal spirit fled,
To live when time shall be no more! C.

Brooklyn, July 8, 1851.

THE EARLY ENGLISH DRAMATISTS.

JOHN FORD.

It is a curious fact, that within the short space of half a century, from the middle of Elizabeth's reign to the breaking out of the civil wars, there flourished all that England can boast of as superior in the art of serious dramatic literature. Perhaps we should make an exception in favor of one solitary example—the Samson Agonistes; but after that we have almost nothing. In the firmament of this age of "strong-minded England," the name of Shakspeare has the position of the sun; a comparison which will hold good in many ways. The brightness encircling Shakspeare's memory completely blinds the ordinary gazer to the beauties of other kindred contemporary spirits—as Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Webster, Kit Marlow, and numerous others. Among these, John Ford held in his day a very high position, which even now he is allowed to have merited.

John Ford, or as he sometimes spelt his name, Forde, was born of reputable parentage in Devonshire, England, in the spring of 1586. It is the lamentable dearth of all positive evidence, even on such a point as this, that has caused one of the most distinguished British poets to say, "It is painful to find the name of Ford a barren spot in our poetical biography, marked by nothing but a few dates and conjectures, chiefly drawn from his own dedications." However, there is still extant at Ilsington, in Devonshire, the record of his baptism, dated April 17th, 1586. Like Congreve, and many others of the brotherhood, Ford, after receiving a liberal education, was entered in the Middle Temple, 16th November, 1602, as a student of law. It would seem that in after life he was a practitioner of no mean eminence in this science. In 1606, not yet arrived at the age of manhood, he published an affectionate tribute to the memory of the Earl of Devonshire, in the shape of some verses entitled "Fame's Memorial," etc. Twenty-three years after this date we again find him before the public. In 1629 he published his "Lover's Melancholy," which he assures us, in his dedication to the Society of Gray's Inn, was his first printed dramatic effort. It is probable that he composed several plays in the long interim for representation, although none of them had as yet emanated from the press. Happily for our curiosity, his dedications afford us some irrefragable testimony as to the history of the compositions to which they are attached. The first play, the product of Ford's mind, that appeared on the stage, seems to have been, "'Tis pity she's a Whore," although it was not published until 1633. In the dedication to the Earl of Peterborough, the author styles it "the first fruit of his leisure in this action." From the very nature of this play, its damnation ensues. The horrible traits in the characters of the hero and heroine of the piece render it unfit for perusal by the young, and sickening to the old. It is pleasing however to hear the author's real sentiments in the very opening of the play, from the mouth of Friar Bonaventura, (a second Friar Laurence:)—

"Dispute no more in this, for know, young man,
These are no school-points; nice philosophy
May tolerate unlikely arguments,
But Heaven admits no jests! Wits that presumed
On wit too much, by striving how to prove
There was no God, with foolish grounds of art,
Discovered first the nearest way to hell,
And filled the world with devilish atheism.
Such questions, youth, are fond: far better 'tis
To bless the sun, than reason why it shines;
And He thou talk'st of is above the sun.
No more;—I may not hear it."

Hear the lover describing the charms of his mistress, in an impassioned strain worthy of Ariosto himself:—

"View well her face, and in that little round
You may observe a world of variety:
For coral, lips; for sweet perfumes, her breath;
For jewels, eyes; for threads of purest gold,
Hair; for delicious choice of flowers, cheeks;
Wonder in every portion of that form.

Hear her but speak, and you will swear the spheres
Make music for the citizens in heaven."

A single specimen more must suffice for this tragedy. In strong contrast with the foregoing, we select an extract in which the Friar describes the consequences of sin:—

——— "There is a place
(List, daughter!) in a black and hollow vault
Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,
But flaming horror of consuming fires;
A lightless sulphur, chok'd with smoky fogs
Of an infected darkness. In this place
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts
Of never-dying deaths; there damned souls
Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed
With toads and adders; there is burning oil
Poured down the drunkard's throat; the usurer
Is forced to sup whole draughts of molten gold;
There is the murderer for ever stabbed,
Yet can he never die; there lies the wanton
On racks of burning steel, whilst in his soul
He feels the torment of his raging lust."

Although a most hideous and enormous sin is held up in this tragedy to the popular odium, yet even the goodness of the author's motives can scarce excuse his subject. Still, he has the slight defense that he may have taken the hint from the ancient Greek drama, in which this vice was not of uncommon occurrence. And in this feeling we are borne out by some of the most able critics. The author of the "Pleasures of Hope" held still stronger language in this connection; and the late Charles Lamb, in a note to an extract from this play, says: "Sir Thomas Browne, in the last chapter of his Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors, rebukes such authors as have chosen to relate prodigious and nameless sins. The chapter is entitled, *Of some relations whose truth we fear*. His reasoning is solemn and fine: 'Lastly, as there are many relations whereto we cannot assent, and make some doubt thereof, so there are many relations whose truth we fear, and heartily wish there were no verity therein. Many other accounts like these we meet sometimes in history, scandalous unto Christianity, and even unto humanity; whose not only verities but relations honest minds do deprecate. For of sins heteroclital, and such as want either name or precedent, there is ofttimes a sin even in their histories. We desire no records of such enormities; sins should be accounted new, that thus they may be esteemed monstrous. They omit of monstrosity as they fall from their rarity; for men count it venial to err with their forefathers, and foolishly conceive they divide a sin in its society. The pens of men may sufficiently expatiate without these singularities of villany; for, as they increase the hatred of vice in some, so do they enlarge the theory of wickedness in all. And this is one thing that may make latter ages worse than were the former: for the vicious example of ages past poisons the curiosity of these present, affording a hint of sin unto seduceable spirits, and soliciting those unto the imitation of them, whose heads were never so perversely principled as to invent them. In things of this nature silence commendeth history; 'tis the veniable part of things lost, wherein there must never rise a Pancirollus, nor remain any Register but that of Hell.' Pancirollus wrote '*De Antiquis Perditis*, or of the Lost Inventions of Antiquity.'"

We take leave of this play, for the "Lover's Melancholy," with feelings much akin to those inspired by stepping from a cold, damp charnel-house, into an airy, agreeable garden. This tragi-comedy we have alluded to before: it is undoubtedly a most superior production, containing several passages that would singly suffice to immortalize any man. The plot is also of a graceful character. In it our author delineates with a master's hand the progress and cure of two kinds of insanity, without suffering the interest of the piece to pall for a moment. The reader will agree with Mr. Lamb in regard to the following extract, that "it is as fine as any thing in Beaumont and Fletcher, and almost equals the strife it celebrates." It depicts a contest between a Musician and a Nightingale: the tale on which it is founded is familiar to all classical readers:—

"*Menaphon.* Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feigned
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that Paradise.
To Thessaly I came, and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmates of my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encountered me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention
That art or nature ever were at strife in.
A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather,
Indeed, entranced my soul: as I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute
With strains of strange variety and harmony

Proclaiming (as it seemed) so bold a challenge
To the clear quiristers of the woods, the birds,
That as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
Wond'ring at what they heard. I wondered too.
A Nightingale,
Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes
The challenge, and, for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her
down;
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
The Nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger; that a bird,
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice:
To end the controversy, in a rapture,
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.
The bird (ordained to be
Music's first martyr) strove to imitate
These several sounds, which when her trembling
throat
Failed in, down dropt she on his lute
And brake her heart. It was the quaintest sadness
To see the conqueror upon her hearse
To weep a funeral elegy of tears.
He looks upon the trophies of his art,
Then sighed, then wiped his eyes, then sighed and
cried,
'Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it.
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray an harmless peace
To an untimely end;' and in that sorrow,
As he was dashing it against a tree,
I suddenly stept in."

We may as well state here, that under the sanction of very competent authority, we have ventured to clip and curtail the foregoing, from a dialogue to a monologue, in order to render it a more perfect excerpt.

We now come to the "Broken Heart," which, taken all in all, is undoubtedly Ford's *chef d'œuvre.* This tragedy, which would have reflected credit upon Shakspeare himself, was first published in 1633, and is dedicated to the heroic Earl Craven. We may be excused for dwelling some time upon it, as it will serve to put forth the masterly genius of its author better than any other of his works. Let us again resort to Mr. Lamb, whose language is incapable of improvement: "I do not know where to find in any play a catastrophe so grand, so solemn, and so surprising as this. This is indeed, according to Milton, 'to describe high passions and high actions.' The fortitude of the Spartan boy, who let a beast gnaw out his bowels till he died, without expressing a groan, is a faint bodily image of this dilaceration of the spirit, and exculeration of the inmost mind, which Calantha, with a holy violence against her nature, keeps closely covered, till the last duties of a Wife and a Queen are fulfilled. Stories of martyrdoms are but of chains and the stake; a little bodily suffering; these torments

> 'On the purest spirits prey
> As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
> With answerable pains, but more intense.'

What a noble thing is the soul in its strengths and its weaknesses! Who would be less weak than Calantha? who can be so strong? The expression of this transcendent scene almost bears me in imagination to Calvary and the Cross; and I seem to perceive some analogy between the scenical sufferings which I am here contemplating, and the real agonies of that final completion to which I dare no more than hint a reference." The plot is as follows: Penthea, a noble Spartan dame, betrothed by her father and a mutual love to Orgilus, is, on her father's death, compelled by her brother, Ithocles, to wed Bassanes, a jealous old lord. Ithocles, in time, is enamored of Penthea's friend, the Princess Calantha, and after long intercession, prevails on his sister to exert her influence with Calantha in his favor. Orgilus, however, still retains his implacable anger towards Ithocles, and at length assassinates him, when he had inspired the Princess with so great an attachment that she had consented to marry him. From the many noble passages throughout, we select the following, in strong contrast with Falstaff's well-known ideas on the same subject:—

"Honor consists not in a bare opinion,
By doing any act that feeds content,
Brave in appearance, 'cause we think it brave;
Such honor comes by accident, not nature;
Proceeding from the vices of our passion,
Which makes our reason drunk: but real honor
Is the reward of virtue, and acquired
By justice, or by valor, which for basis
Hath justice to uphold it. He then fails
In honor, who for lucre or revenge
Commits thefts, treasons, murthers, and adulteries,
With such like, by intrenching on just laws,
Whose sovereignty is best preserved by justice."

The scene where Penthea persuades the Princess to accede to her brother's suit is so perfect, that we cannot resist the temptation to transcribe it, fearful lest in making extracts we may mar one of its beauties. It must be premised that Penthea, through the machinations of this very brother, is now tottering on the verge of the grave.

Calantha. Being alone, Penthea, you have granted
The opportunity you sought, and might
At all times have commanded.
Penthea. 'Tis a benefit
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death for.
My glass of life, sweet Princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down; the sands are spent;
For by an inward messenger I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.
Cal. You feed too much your melancholy.
Pen. Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
And shadows soon decaying: on the stage
Of my mortality, my youth hath acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length
By varied pleasures, sweetened in the mixture,
But tragical in issue; beauty, pomp,
With every sensuality our giddiness
Doth frame an idol, are unconstant friends,
When easy troubled passion makes us halt
On the unguarded castle of the mind.
Cal. Contemn not your condition, for the proof
Of bare opinion only: to what end
Reach all these moral texts?
Pen. To place before you
A perfect mirror, wherein you may see
How weary I am of a lingering life,
Who count the best a misery.
Cal. Indeed
You have no little cause; yet none so great
As to distrust a remedy.
Pen. That remedy
Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod-on corner of the earth.
Not to detain your expectation, Princess,
I have an humble suit.
Cal. Speak; and enjoy it.
Pen. Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix,
And take that trouble on you to dispose
Such legacies as I bequeath, impartially.
I have not much to give, the pains are easy,
Heav'n will reward your piety, and thank it
When I am dead: for sure I must not live;
I hope I cannot.
Cal. Now, beshrew thy sadness,
Thou turn'st me too much woman.
Pen. Her fair eyes
Melt into passion; then I have assurance
Encouraging my boldness. [*Aside.*] In this paper
My will was charactered; which you, with pardon
Shall now know from mine own mouth.
Cal. Talk on, pr'ythee;
It is a pretty earnest.
Pen. I have left me
But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
My youth; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.
Cal. To whom that?
Pen. To virgin-wives, such as abuse not wedlock
By freedom of desires, but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds for ties of love,
Rather than raging of their blood; and next
To married maids, such as prefer the number
Of honorable issue in their virtues
Before the flattery of delights by marriage:
May these be ever young!
Cal. A second jewel
You mean to part with.
Pen. 'Tis my fame, I trust
By scandal yet untouched: this I bequeath
To Memory, and Time's old daughter, Truth.
If ever my unhappy name find mention,
When I am fallen to dust, may it deserve
Beseeming charity, without dishonor!
Cal. How handsomely thou play'st with harmless sport
Of mere imagination! Speak the last.
I strangely like thy tale.
Pen. This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me; you must use
The best of your discretion to employ
The gift as I intend it.
Cal. Do not doubt me.
Pen. 'Tis long agone, since first I lost my heart:
Long have I lived without it, else for certain
I should have given that too; but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,
By service bound, and by affection vowed,
I do bequeath in holiest rites of love
Mine only brother, Ithocles.
Cal. What say'st thou?
Pen. Impute not, Heaven-blest lady, to ambition
A faith as humbly perfect as the prayers
Of a devoted suppliant can endow it:
Look on him, Princess, with an eye of pity;
How like the ghost of what he late appeared
He moves before you.
Cal. Shall I answer here,
Or lend my ear too grossly?
Pen. First his heart
Shall fall in cinders, scorch'd by your disdain,
Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an eye
On these divine looks; but with low-bent thoughts
Accusing such presumption; as for words,
He dares not utter any but of service.
Yet this lost creature loves thee. Be a Princess
In sweetness as in blood; give him his doom,
Or raise him up to comfort.
Cal. What new change
Appears in my behavior, that thou dar'st
Tempt my displeasure?
Pen. I must leave the world,
To revel in Elysium, and 'tis just
To wish my brother some advantage here.
Yet by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
Of this pursuit. But if you please to kill him,
Lend him one angry look, or one harsh word,
And you shall soon conclude how strong a power
Your absolute authority holds over
His life and end.
Cal. You have forgot, Penthea,
How still I have a father.
Pen. But remember
I am a sister, though to me this brother
Hath been, you know, unkind; oh! most unkind.
Cal. Christalla, Philema, where are ye? Lady,
Your check lies in my silence.

While celebrating the nuptial feast of two of her favorites, Calantha is suddenly notified by one messenger, that the King her father is dead; by another, that Penthea has committed suicide by starvation; and finally Orgilus announces that Ithocles, with whom the Princess had interchanged pledges of mutual love, is cruelly murdered by his hand. The struggle with which the now Queen restrains her emotions amply justifies Mr. Lamb's eulogia. Having meted out to all the actors in her unhappy drama of life their proper dooms, Calantha transfers the crown to her cousin Nearchus, Prince of Argos; and finally, the corpse of Ithocles being brought forward in solemn state, and placed upon the stage, she expires upon the coffin of her lover, with this soliloquy:—

——— Now I turn to thee, thou shadow
Of my contracted lord! bear witness all,
I put my mother's wedding ring upon
His finger; 'twas my father's last bequest.
[*Places a ring on the finger of Ithocles.*]
Thus I new marry him, whose wife I am;
Death shall not separate us. Oh, my lords,
I but deceived your eyes with antic gesture,
When one news straight came hurrying on another,
Of death, and death, and death, still I danced forward;
But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
Be such mere women, who, with shrieks and outcries
Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,
Yet live to vow new pleasures, and outlive them.
They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-strings.
Let me die smiling. [*Dies.*]

An intelligent critic has suggested that the catastrophe in this play is far from being faultless; that some distinction should be drawn between the fates of the virtuous Calantha and the malignant Orgilus—of the generous Penthea and the jealous old Bassanes. But with all due deference to this opinion, we beg leave to dissent from it. To a noble mind, death in certain circumstances is the most precious boon. And setting aside the great moral truth, that

> "'Tis not the whole of life to live;
> Nor all of death to die,"

which perhaps is not peculiarly apropos in this connection, we still think that it would seriously degrade the lofty characters of Penthea and Calantha, were they to be temporally rewarded in the course of the drama, and that Ford has shown a deep insight into the nobler feelings of the heart in his conclusion. Sir Walter Scott elegantly expressed the ideas we have sought to convey, in language somewhat as follows: "A character of a highly virtuous and lofty stamp is degraded, rather than exalted, by an attempt to reward virtue with temporal prosperity. Such is not the recompense which Providence has deemed worthy of suffering merit, and it is a dangerous and fatal doctrine to teach young persons, the most common readers of romance, that rectitude of conduct and of principle are either naturally allied with, or adequately rewarded by, the gratification of our passions or attainment of our wishes. In a word, if a virtuous and self-denied character is dismissed with temporal wealth, greatness, rank, ... the reader will be apt to say, verily virtue has had its reward. But a glance on the great picture of life will show that the duties of self-denial and the sacrifices of passion to principle are seldom thus remunerated, and that the internal consciousness of their high-minded discharge of duty, produces on their own reflections a more adequate recompense, in the form of that peace which the world cannot give, nor take away."

"Love's Sacrifice," first printed in 1633, is the next, in point of time, of our author's works. Its general merit is the delineation of the gradual progress of the jealous passion, the virtuous fortitude, and the insatiate revenge in the breasts of his characters. The intriguing, Machiavelian policy of the Italian courts of that age is also well depicted. It would seem to have been better received on representation in its day than others by the same author to which it is decidedly inferior. This temporary triumph was undoubtedly owing to the deference paid to the low tastes of the *canaille*, in the introduction of various vulgar passages. Mr. Weber considers the whole play an imitation of Shakspeare's Othello; and in truth there is ground for such an insinuation. Ford is well known to have been an ardent admirer of the "harmonious monarch of the mind;" and as we shall presently see, ventured on a still more palpable attempt to rival his great master. We have not marked any passages from this play for quotation, lest we fatigue our readers with unfair specimens of its author's merits. In 1634, Ford seems to have temporarily laid aside his plays in which the higher passions predominated, and committed the most egregious blunder of attempting openly to compete with Shakspeare in the Historical Drama. "The Chronicle History of Perkin Warbeck" was probably intended by its author to connect Shakspeare's chain of English historical plays, by coming in between the dramas of Richard the Third and Henry the Eighth. In affirming the poet's failure, we must in candor admit that he labored under disadvantages more than sufficient to appall any ordinary mind. He would undoubtedly have better consulted his fame, had he never deserted that line of dramatic composition which evidently constitutes his forte. The auditories of those days did not receive "Perkin Warbeck" with any great degree of favor: nevertheless, testimonies of the regard in which it was held by several of the literati of the time (among others, we may refer to the celebrated Dr. Donne) still exist in their works. It was reprinted in 1715 and in 1745, by the friends of the House of Hanover, to excite and foster ill feeling against the Jacobite cause; albeit the author had dedicated it to that famous Earl of Newcastle whose staunch adherence to the Stuart cause during the Great Rebellion has tended more to immortalize him than his literary productions have done. The final act possesses much real merit: several of the speeches are very grand, and worthy of Shakspeare. What utter contempt is shown by Warbeck to the suggesgestion of his predecessor in rebellion, Lambert Simnel, that he should sue for pardon to King Henry VII.:—

"For pardon? Hold, my heartstrings, whilst contempt
Of injuries in scorn may bid defiance
To this base man's foul language! Thou, poor vermin,
How dar'st thou creep so near me? Thou an earl?
Why, thou enjoy'st as much of happiness
As all thy swing of slight ambition flew at.
A dunghill was thy cradle. So a puddle
By virtue of the sunbeams breathes a vapor
To infect the purer air, which drops again
Into the muddy womb that first exhaled it.
Bread, and a slavish ease, with some assurance
From the base beadle's whip, crowned all thy hopes.
But, sirrah, ran there in thy veins one drop
Of such a royal blood as flows in mine,
Thou wouldst not change condition to be second
In England's state, without the crown itself!
Coarse creatures are incapable of excellence:
But let the world, as all to whom I am
This day a spectacle, to Time deliver,
And by tradition fix posterity,
Without another chronicle than truth,
How constantly my resolution suffered
A martyrdom of majesty."

Nor is the scene where the quasi Richard IV. is led to the scaffold less imposing. His speech is just what we should expect from Warbeck, were his character a real and not an assumed one. This is no place to discuss the question whether his claims—backed as they were by Margaret of Burgundy, the aunt of York, and by James IV. of Scotland—were genuine or false. Yet the passion that makes him in his death-agonies reaffirm his title could not have been other than real courage inspired either by a conviction of truth, or by a singularly gross self-deception. Let us proceed to the passage itself:—

" *Oxford.* Look ye, behold your followers, appointed
To wait on you in death.
Warbeck. Why, Peers of England,
We'll lead them on courageously. I read
A triumph over tyranny upon
Their several foreheads. Faint not in the moment
Of victory! Our ends, and Warwick's head,
Innocent Warwick's head, (for we are prologue
But to his tragedy,) conclude the wonder
Of Henry's fears; and then the glorious race
Of fourteen kings Plantagenets determines
In this last issue male. Heaven be obeyed.
Impoverish time of its amazement, friends;
And we will prove as trusty in our payments,
As prodigal to nature in our debts.
Dèath? pish! 'tis but a sound; a name of air;
A minute's storm, or not so much: to tumble
From bed to bed, be massacred alive
By some physicians, for a month or two,
In hope of freedom from a fever's torments,
Might stagger manhood: here the pain is past
Ere sensibly 'tis felt. Be men of spirit!
Spurn coward passion: so illustrious mention
Shall blaze our names, and style us kings o'er death!"

We will venture to assert that a large majority of those readers who methodically peruse Shakspeare from beginning to end, have regretted and do regret the omission of any history of the reign of Henry VII.; and he who is lost in the bald, flat narrative of Lord Bacon will sympathize with them. But Shakspeare must have seen the great inapplicability of that reign to theatrical purposes; this renders the attempt of Ford more chivalric, if we may be allowed so to style it, to venture on a flight at which Shakspeare hesitated. Our author probably held with Montrose, twenty years after:

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To win or lose it all."

And much as Ford's effort is below his teacher's, it is undoubtedly a very creditable composition.

We have now come to a period in Ford's life when the whole current of his mind must have undergone a complete change. Heretofore his compositions may generally be noted for their solemn and serious cast; but the only two remaining products of his pen are of a totally different nature; more in the style of some of Fletcher's best comedies, with any of which they will favorably compare. The first of these is styled "The Fancies, Chaste and Noble," printed in 1638. In the prologue Ford assures us that

——— "in it is shown
Nothing but what our author knows his own,
Without a learned theft."

The extreme singularity of the plot has called forth some invidious censure, inasmuch as it withdraws the attention from the general style and execution of the composition itself. It strikes us that an equally sensible objection would be found against the Tempest, or the Midsummer Night's Dream. We think that a critical examination will decide that if any fault is to be found, it must be with the plot *per se*, on account of its improbability. Some of the passages scattered throughout are so admirably adapted for quotation, that we cannot resist giving one:—

——— "She was once an innocent,
As free from spot as the blue face of heaven,
Without a cloud in't; she is now as sullied
As is that canopy when mists and vapors
Divide it from our sight, and threaten pestilence."

In 1639 the "Lady's Trial" was published; akin in its nature to the last, but both in plot and in composition infinitely superior. As a whole it is to our mind equal to any thing of the kind that ever Fletcher penned. Mr. Weber says of it: "There are scenes which may be read by the most sagacious critic, and defy the severest scrutiny. The characters of the noble Auria, the precise and scrupulous Aurelio, the discontented Malfato, and the gay Adurni, are well contrasted with the strutting Guzman, the conceited Fulgoso, and the roaring Benatzi. In Castanna and Spinella Ford evinces that his skill in the delineation of the female character had not deserted him to the last. The parting scene of Auria and his wife in the first act; his altercation with the friend of his heart in the third; the arraignment of Adurni in the fourth, and the reconciliation of Spinella and Auria in the fifth, would not disgrace the pages of any of his dramatic contemporaries." The gist of the plot is briefly, that whilst in enjoyment of all temporal dignities, the husband can find no happiness until his wife, whom he falsely suspected to be unchaste, has returned to him with proofs of her innocence.

The following is Auria's advice to Spinella, on his departure for the wars:—

——— "The steps
Young ladies tread left to their own discretion,
However wisely printed, are observed
And construed as the lookers-on presume:
Point out thy ways then in such even paths,
As thine own jealousies from others' tongues
May not intrude a guilt, tho' undeserved.
Admit of visits as of physic forced,
Not to procure health, but for safe prevention
Against a growing sickness; in thy use
Of time and of discourse be found so thrifty,
As no remembrance may impeach thy rest;
Appear not in a fashion that can prompt
The gazer's eye, or holla to report;
Some widow'd neglect of hand, some value;
In recreations be both wise and free;
Live still at home, home to thyself, howe'er
Enriched with noble company; remember
A woman's virtue in her life-time writes
The epitaph all covet on their tombs.
In short, I know thou never wilt forget
Whose wife thou art, nor how upon thy lips
Thy husband at his parting sealed this kiss.
No more."

This passage has many elegant points; the anxious care with which the husband dictates the proper course of conduct to be pursued by his wife, is admirably drawn. Perhaps, however, if husbands, in that as well as the present day, treated their wives more like human beings, and less slaves or pets, who were withdrawn from the domestic influence by a day's absence, there would be considerably less family unhappiness in this world. The following outburst, in which Malfato works up his personal spleen against the lord Adurni, into a fancied slight upon his social position, has been much and deservedly admired:—

——— "I am
A gentleman, free-born; I never wore
The rags of any great man's looks, nor fed
Upon their after-meals; I never crouched
Unto the offal of an office promised,

Reward for long attendance, and then miss'd.
I read no difference betwixt this huge,
This monstrous big word lord, and gentleman,
More than the title sounds; for aught I learn,
The latter is as noble as the first,
I'm sure more ancient."

It may not be amiss to mention here, that there is nothing more extant of which John Ford was the undoubted author. Of the "Sun's Darling," a Masque by Ford and Dekker, and of the "Witch of Edmonton," a tragedy by Ford, Rowley, and several others, we forbear saying any thing, since it is impossible to discriminate correctly and accurately as to what precise portions came from our auther's hand; and with the others engaged in composing them, we have nothing here to do. Nevertheless, we may state that they are very meritorious productions. The plot of the former is ingenious and the language beautiful; the latter is founded on the belief so prevalent throughout Christendom during the seventeenth century. Nor must we omit to notice the numerous beautiful little songs which are scattered through the preceding plays. Some of them are perfect gems, and will recall very forcibly to the reader's mind similar verses which we meet in Shakspeare and Jonson. We give three or four as specimens.

SONG—FROM THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY.

"Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows charmed in sleep!
Though the eyes be overtaken,
Yet the heart doth ever waken
Thoughts, chained up in busy snares
Of continual woes and cares:
Loves and griefs are so expressed,
As they rather sigh than rest.
Fly hence, shadows, that do keep
Watchful sorrows charmed in sleep."

The following are from the Broken Heart, before alluded to:—

PENTHEA'S SONG.

"Oh, no more, no more! too late
Sighs are spent; the burning tapers
Of a life as chaste as fate,
Pure as are unwritten papers,
Are burned out: no heat, no light
Now remains; 'tis ever night.
Love is dead; let lovers' eyes,
Locked in endless dreams,
Th' extremes of all extremes,
Ope no more, for now love dies,
Now love dies, implying
Love's martyrs must be ever, ever dying!"

A DIRGE ON CALANTHA'S DEATH.

"Glories, pleasures, pomps, delights and ease,
Can but please
Outward senses, when the mind
Is not troubled, or by peace refined.
Crowns may flourish and decay,
Beauties shine, but fade away.
Youth may revel, yet it must
Lie down in a bed of dust.
Earthly honors flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last.
Sorrows mingled with contents prepare
Rest for care;
Love only reigns in death: though art
Can find no comfort for a Broken Heart."

We have thus briefly noticed all that remains of Ford's compositions. Other plays he was undoubtedly the author of, but they were never printed, and the manuscripts are not extant. Every thing connected with our author seems to have hazarded existence; his very death, even, is unknown, when, where or how? There is good reason, however, to suppose that he did not survive much after 1640; but nothing positive can be adduced on this point. The tales told of his contests with Ben Jonson, etc., are at present received with no credit. They are undoubtedly forgeries of the last century; Malone and Campbell regard them in this light. Ford's compositions are remarkable for the extreme delicacy with which the female character, particularly when depressed by adverse circumstances, is portrayed. His melodious and polished versification also commands our praise. Undoubtedly, he is as much inferior, as an author, to Ben Jonson and Fletcher, as they were to Shakspeare. But with Middleton, Rowley and Massinger, comparisons may be instituted by Ford's admirers without fear of the consequences. His style has much less vigor and masculine energy than Massinger's, but yet possesses far more sweetness and polish. In fine, we may conclude this critique in the eloquent language of the author of Elia: "Ford was of the first order of poets. He sought for sublimity not by parcels in metaphors or visible images, but directly where she has her full residence in the heart of man; in the actions and sufferings of the greatest minds. There is a grandeur of the soul above mountains, seas, and the elements. Even in the poor perverted reason of Giovanni and Annabella [see the play first noticed in this article] we discern traces of that fiery particle, which, in the irregular starting from out of the road of beaten action, discovers something of a right line even in obliquity, and shows hints of an improvable greatness in the lowest descents and degradations of our nature."

THE TRENCHARD PROPERTY.

"The manor, sir! what hath the manor done?
The house is an honest house of wood and stone;
And all the land's as free from taint or vice
As that which Adam walked in Paradise.
In man's own bosom doth the Tempter dwell;
There springs the crime, and there is felt the hell."—CRABBE.

CHAPTER I.

WITHIN sight of a road which constitutes the principal thoroughfare across one of the counties of Eastern Virginia, there was standing forty years ago a large frame mansion, an object of more than common notice to every traveller. A spacious portico, stretching along the front of the main building, sent its columns upward to the level of the eaves, for the support of the projecting gable and its heavy moulding; while on either side was a wing as high as the central structure, but sufficiently withdrawn to throw out the entrance in bold relief. The house, as we have said, was of frame, and, at the time to which we refer, a brilliant coat of ordinary whitewash covered the exterior of the lower story; but by way of contrast, all above the sills of the second tier of windows showed the natural hue of the yellow poplar, only obscured here and there by dingy relics of the paint which had been applied under ancient and very different auspices. The beautiful slope which had once been a lawn was now a magnificent cabbage patch. Yonder, to the left, by the rivulet that struggles so gracefully through the grassy valley, there *had* been a Grecian summer-house, half embowered in trees; the site was now occupied by a pig-sty. In the room of the garden paling, which, as furnishing such convenient kindling-wood, had long since been converted into smoke and ashes, stood a huge but rickety worm fence. The only objects that exhibited no evidence of change were the solid wall of gray freestone inclosing the burial-place of the ancient family, and the noble willows that overshadowed each angle.

Poverty was not the excuse for these inroads of barbarism, for not even in its palmiest days had the mansion acknowledged a wealthier owner than Stephen Trenchard, with his hundred negroes and ten thousand acres of fertile hill and bottom. Nor was the old man, as might be suspected, a miser; the scores whom his bounty had assisted defend his name from such a stigma.

In the State militia, Trenchard had attained the rank of Colonel; and if an indomitable will gives claim to martial titles, he deserved them. With an irascible temperament, he possessed that usual counterprise, easy placability; yet it was observed that if his resentment in any case survived the first interval of quiet, it was apt to rankle ever after in his mind with a bitterness that admitted of no alleviation.

Fair and open in his dealings, whether of kindness or hostility, respected by his neighbors, and affectionately cherished by his slaves, to whom he was at once an imperious and an indulgent master, he might, with all his riches, have deserved no more lengthy tribute to his memory than I have already given, were it not for one or two incidents in the latter part of his life. These I now proceed to relate. The bare facts are themselves sufficiently singular, and I shall not attempt to add any sort of artificial interest.

On an evening in September, in the sixty-fourth year of Colonel Trenchard's age, he received information that one of his distant tobacco fields had been found very much injured by the cold of the preceding night, and every thing betokened a still heavier frost during that which was about to ensue. He was anxious and vexed, and in consequence retired to bed sooner than usual. Though the crop threatened with destruction was of many thousand dollars' value, its danger may yet seem too trivial a matter to deserve revival; but all the particulars which we are now giving—many of them of much less apparent significance than the damage to the tobacco—were at that time revolved and investigated and discussed with an animation very different from any ordinary estimation of their importance. The old man slept uneasily, and finally awoke with a start like one whom the cares of the day haunt in his dreams. It must be mentioned here that he had been an energetic overseer of his negroes as long as his personal activity lasted, and that he retained even now the practice of blowing a horn at early day-break to awaken the household, and of afterwards taking note that his field hands at least *started* to their work in due season. On the morning we have referred to, Trenchard hastily dressed, lighted a candle, and, without looking at his watch to satisfy himself as to the hour, stepped into the passage at whose further extremity was a window opening in the direction of the quarters, and out of which he was accustomed to sound his blast. In this hall he met an old black man, who, having just ascended from the lower story, was on his way to his chamber in the attic.

"Heigho, marser! what fur wid de horn now?" exclaimed the servant.

"Why, to make you all get up, you blockhead!"

"Bless us, we's got a *young* marser instead of de old; he 's gwine fur to make us work early, sure enough—He-he-he!"

"What are you grinning for, Ichabod?"

"Why, look dar!"—they now stood before the window—"gwine to take moonlight for sunshine. See de moon jus' ris all red as young gal's lips—call dat *day?*" And Ichabod, bending nearly double, pointed to the eastern horizon with a tremulous, skinny finger.

"You're right, you're right, old boy. The moon rose last night, by the almanac, at ten minutes past two, so it can't be much after three now. But what makes you a-stirring at this time?"

"Why, I hearn the sheep-bells jingle over beyint the orchard, and so——"

"The mischief you did! Those confounded curs at it again? But you didn't go alone, did you?"

"No, Sir. I wuk Dick, and we went over, and sure there we did find the dogs makin' 'struction."

"How many were there?"

"Three; one ob 'em a great big, shaggy, yaller fellow, most like Mister——"

"It was Sol Frazier's, I'll be bound."

"Yes, dat's what I tink, Marser Steve," continued the negro. "Well, we driv 'em off, and Dick killed one with a fence rail. But they'd done a sight of harm; de flock so big t'udder time sim now like a poor, 'spisable free nigger's. Out o' satisfaction, I counted dem dat was deceased. I skup de small heaps, tinking dey must be spring lambs, an' seed four dozen and a half. Dick says he counts upwards sixty in all. Howsomever, dere's a mortual loss and a mortual luck too, for de last new moon ris on my left shoulder. But Heaven save us!"

To account for honest Ichabod's exclamation, we must explain that his master, without attending to his concluding reflection, muttered rapidly to himself, "What! sixty of my prime lot gone! the best sheep in the country; not to be matched any where! It's too much—it's too much. Why didn't you get up sooner and save them, you rascal?" This was to the astounded black; and then pealing forth a thundering oath, (we are sorry to say that Trenchard was not unfrequently guilty of profanity,) he hurled the candlestick that he carried violently against the floor.

The negro had nearly dropped *his* light in the effort to express his consternation fully by expanding both palms at once, but he fortunately retained self-possession enough to prevent the double loss. His master seemed to have relieved himself by this explosion of passion, and calmly taking the candle-stick from him, said:

"There, now, Ichabod, the moon's well up, and you can find your way to bed without a light. Go, and we'll talk more about it in the morning."

Thus speaking, he withdrew to his chamber, closed the door, and without extinguishing Ichabod's candle, which he placed on the bureau, or removing any part of his dress, threw himself upon the bed. The bedstead, old-fashioned and very high, stood in the middle of the apartment, and had on one side the convenience and almost necessity of a set of steps to ascend it. An hour or two after, Ichabod, who occupied the room immediately above, and who, like most old negroes, seemed to exist without sleep, heard a noise in his master's chamber as of a sudden fall, and then a succession of slighter sounds which imagination could convert into stamps upon the floor. He lay still awhile, but heard nothing ; then he arose from his pallet soliloquizing : "Must be up ; mought want to 'quire more 'bout dem sheep."

The moon gave sufficient light to enable him to descend the stairs without difficulty, but he found the passage more obscure. Groping his way along it, he at length reached the door of his master's room, and peering through the key-hole, perceived the candle still burning ; but nothing more was visible, nor was there the slightest sound within. He waited several minutes listening attentively, but with no result. He knocked gently and spoke : "Marser!" then louder : "*Marser!*" Still no sound. Slumber so heavy as not to be broken by these calls could not, he thought, be disturbed by opening the door. Accordingly, turning the knob as quietly as the tremulousness of his fingers would permit, he thrust his head within.

To his horror, the old black saw Mr. Trenchard hanging by his neck from one of the bed-posts, apparently lifeless. Running up hastily he endeavored to raise the body and release it from the noose, but his strength was inadequate. He glanced wildly around, and seeing no cutting instrument within reach, rushed into the passage, shouting at the extent of his lungs : "Hallo! Hallo! Marser's *hung*—marser's *dead!* Help—help—marser's *dead!*"

Then the faithful fellow hurried back to the chamber, and supported the body so far as in some measure to relieve the pressure upon the neck. His aged limbs were strained to the utmost, and broad drops of sweat bathed his forehead ere assistance came. But the interval, measured by the sluggish hands of the clock, was very brief; and persons, attracted by the cries which he continued to utter, ran to the spot from all parts of the house. Besides the negroes, came Mr. Mercer, a gentleman whose residence was some five miles off, and who had called at the house after Trenchard had retired to his chamber.

The rope was of course cut, and such restorative means used as suggested themselves at the instant.

Very soon an elderly lady, dressed in black, entered the apartment, and perceiving the state of Mr. Trenchard, addressed one of the servants : "Here, run, John, to Sally's house; you will find Dr. Middleton there; ask him to come immediately."

The boy returned in a few minutes, accompanied by Mr. Skinner, the overseer, and the Dr. Middleton referred to, a young man whose grave and quiet manner made him appear much older than he was. The skill of the physician and the assiduous efforts of the others were at length rewarded with symptoms of returning animation in the patient, who being removed to another apartment, opportunity was afforded to investigate the late event more particularly than urgent anxiety had before permitted.

Dr. Middleton commenced:

"So, Mr. Mercer, if I understood you aright, you think Col. Trenchard attempted suicide?"

"What else can I suppose? Yet Ichabod must possess more full information. Come, old man, tell us all about it."

The negro narrated at much length all that he knew of the occurrences of the night.

"Then you think nobody else had a hand in this unfortunate business, and that your master tried to kill himself?"

"Sartain, Doctor, I does tink de debbel tuk de chance when he was 'plexed and bothered, and give him de rope to hang hisself with."

"Yet I cannot think it," said Middleton.

"You would 'gree with me, sir," returned Ichabod, "if you'd seen the way his eyes did shine when he pitched the candle 'cross the passage. Thinks I to myself then, 'The Old Boy's in marser.' And then the way he sort of *laughed* when he tuk my candle and told me to go to bed was wuss than de eye-glitter. And 'sides, who else could a done it; who *would* a done it?"

"This is indeed a hard question, Ichabod. But, Mr. Mercer, I should be glad to learn from you more precisely how you found Col. Trenchard. It appears to me there is not sufficient space between the floor and where the head-board of the bed unites with the post to prevent a man's feet from touching the floor."

"Truly," replied Mercer, "this is the most singular part of the affair. I found his knees doubled up almost against his breast, and while one end of the rope was fastened to the post, the single knot, or shir, as it is called, being near the middle of it, the other end was tied to his ankles, and confined them together. The effect of this arrangement was, that every convulsive motion of his lower limbs, and every effort to place his feet upon the floor, drew the knot tighter at the neck."

"But could *he have bound himself* in this way?"

"I see no impossibility in the case. He had but to tie his ankles, then bending his knees, to place the slip-knot around his throat; finally, having secured the other extremity—and surely, the will being made up, there was no difficulty in all this—then to roll from the bed."

"It *is* possible, I admit," said the doctor; "but let us look about us a little." So saying, as it was now broad day, he extinguished the light, and walking to the window, drew aside the curtain. "Ha! what's this?" he exclaimed, pointing as he spoke to the plain impression of a muddy foot frozen on the piazza roof upon which the window opened. "But I discover no similar prints inside. Ah, now I see it all; the villain removed his boots for fear of the noise. And look here, on the window-sill, where the two boots were put down together until his return. A large foot he had too; let us take the dimensions: twelve inches by four. Come, suppose we go below now."

As they passed the door of the adjoining room, Middleton paused a moment.

"How is the Colonel, Mrs. Montgomery?"

"He opened his eyes a few minutes ago, doctor, looked around, but is now fallen into a gentle slumber."

Going along further, they met a young lady.

"Ah, doctor," she exclaimed, "what is all this stir about?"

"An attempt has been made, Miss Lucy, to kill the Colonel."

"*To kill my uncle!* And my mother?"

"You will find her nursing him in the room adjoining his own; but we must endeavor to trace the murderer."

With this, Mercer, Skinner and he bowed and walked on.

Along the bottom of the piazza, by one of whose columns the assassin seemed to have descended, was a grass walk. Here they were at first at fault. Mercer and Skinner followed what they thought a track leading towards the front of the house, but they had just lost it when they were drawn back by the calls of Middleton, who had taken, as the most natural course, a walk which intersected the other at right angles, and led by the wall of the old grave-yard to a corn-field. At the edge of the latter he perceived plain footsteps answering in size to those on the roof. The crust formed by the frost had evidently been broken no long time previous. They followed the trail thus gained across the wide corn-field, then over a narrow meadow to the edge of a small stream, and along this to a public road; here they were again at fault. Mercer thought the track turned to the right, and Middleton assented, but Skinner remarked that these footprints were probably those of some chance traveller that morning, and the supposition was confirmed when they perceived them also on the left side of the run, and leading in the same direction as on the other.

Middleton suggested that the man might not have got into the road *here*, but kept along the inside of the fence; and clambering back to make investigation, found a spot where he thought the assassin in the darkness had walked directly through the water. His companions came to the place, but were not satisfied of his correctness until they discovered on the opposite side the impression of one large foot in a bank of sand which the water did not cover.

"Yes, we have it now," exclaimed young Skinner; "that's the *right* foot; the other must have been put on this flat stone. And see! here the steps go along the narrow turning-row next the fence."

With renewed zeal they now proceeded onward, following the footprints in this direction for a distance of two or three hundred yards, then crossing the fence, up the road a few yards more, and after that into another corn-field on the opposite side. Through this the track was very plainly marked, though pursuing a rather winding course. It terminated at a broad fence which formed the inclosure of a yard in the rear of a small frame house. There was a shed at the side of the yard, and in the corner of this shed they found a pair of large boots carelessly thrown together. The boots were heavily incrusted with mud, and corresponded with the dimensions taken by the doctor on Colonel Trenchard's window-sill.

There was no one yet stirring in the house, and the party, leaving the boots, withdrew to the outside for consultation.

"Whose house is this?" asked Mr. Mercer.

"Young Randolph's," replied Skinner; "Stephen Randolph's—Colonel Trenchard's nephew."

"This deed cannot, of course, have been done with his connivance," said Mercer.

"Why, I don't know," rejoined the overseer. "These are his boots, for I have seen him wear them."

"I am unwilling to suspect Mr. Randolph," observed Middleton; "yet it is but too true that Colonel Trenchard and he had an angry conversation together, and Randolph is——"

"Violent in temper, you would say," interrupted Mercer. "I know it; but this very impetuosity is incompatible with the cool, cowardly malignity of such an act as this."

"Yet this present evidence," suggested Middleton.

"True," answered the other; "it cannot be denied that even if inconclusive, it affords ground for very grave suspicion. Young Randolph is Trenchard's nearest relative."

"He is," said the doctor, "and unless cut off by a will, his heir."

"Well," said Mercer, after a long pause, "I see not what else we can do, than go to a magistrate and get a warrant for his arrest. Who is nearest?"

"Squire Selden," answered Skinner.

"He will do very well. And the sooner we are off the better. Come."

CHAPTER II.

In David Chapman's house, which stood at the upper end of the little village of Delviton, the fiddle was going merrily all night. In those lusty old days, when gentlemen and ladies were men and women, the parties or frolics—the more appropriate term for those lively merry-makings—commenced in the afternoon ere candles were needed, and oftentimes lasted until the morning sun had long mocked their feeble glimmer.

At Chapman's, persons were coming and going all night. One of those who arrived latest was a young man whose fine person and handsome countenance, though dashed, the one with a certain careless freedom of motion, and the other with a wild and sometimes dare-devil expression, seemed to make him an object of much attention, as well to the fairer portion of the assembly as to the masculine.

Stephen Randolph made his greetings rapidly and with a tone in keeping with the boisterous mirth that prevailed, and then turning to the host, he said, "So, Dave, my old fellow, your son Jack's not here?"

"No, he hasn't got home yet."

"Hurrah! then I've won the bet! Jack and I were determined to have a share of your sport, and left Fuller's—away back of 'Jumping Run,' you know—just an hour and forty minutes after midnight; he took the upper road, and I the lower. As we started, he bet me ten dollars he would be here first. But, pshaw! he hadn't my *Nancy* to ride. I have been to my house, and have walked up from there here—quite a step."

"You have been smart, indeed," said Chapman; "it must be full fifteen miles from Fuller's, and very uncertain riding till the moon rose."

"But I saved two or three miles of that; I——"

"You didn't cross the 'deep ford' surely in the dark?"

This was spoken by a third person, a short, substantially-built man, with a rubicund face, whose features seemed put together to represent the very ideal of jollity and fun.

"Ah, Sandy Leach, is that you? But I *did* take the short-cut, and through the deep ford too. It was plaguy dark, and the boiling hole below croaked mightily, as if it wanted to give me a shake; but I can't be drowned, you know—I hope I'm not born to be *hung*. Here's Jack Chapman, however. Well, sir, you have that change ready, I suppose."

"You've beat me, sure enough, Steve," said the young man who now entered; "but you mustn't give your mare Nancy all the credit of it. My saddle-girth broke as I was galloping down the 'Toilsome,' and I had a nice pitch against the rocks. I'd have been later than this if a big darkey—what's-his-name's Jim—hadn't caught my horse. But I'll be into dad's till to-morrow,—I give the old man fair notice, you see,—I'll open the till and make free with an X. So you may consider our account settled up square in preparation for another race, and, if you choose, another bet."

"Ah, Steve," cried that laughing individual, Sandy Leach, "you will soon be rich at this rate. And doubly lucky you are too, for all the girls are setting their caps for you. There in the other room sits Ellen Mills, for instance, pouting and sighing for handsome Stephen Randolph. You might have a worse chance, for if you give up your wild habits and make a steady husband to Miss Ellen, her old maiden aunt will doubtless leave you a pretty penny. Up to her, boy!"

"You had better take her yourself, Sandy. I am sure you are old enough to marry, with bad practices enough too for correction; and then you can charge an extra percentage on the shop goods you sell to support the increase of family during the happy interval occupied in studying the Catechism and the old lady's catalogue of ailments. I'll be generous and make over all the interest I possess, so jog across and let us see a rehearsal of Falstaff's courtship; ask her to dance the next set with you."

"I will, Steve, on condition that if she *refuses* me, you will allow me to ask for *you*."

"Well, you may."

"Go around, then," said Leach, "into the little back room, and you can overhear the dialogue without being noticed."

"Come, Steve," said Jack Chapman, taking his arm, "let's see what the old chap is after."

"I am hardly certain that it would be right," replied Randolph, without yielding to his gesture of solicitation. "It is well enough to joke about the matter among ourselves, but we should not trifle with the girl's feelings."

"Heigho! then you really have the vanity to believe her in love with you?"

"Pshaw!" said Randolph, his composure a little disturbed; "go ahead, I'll follow."

When they had reached their station, Leach was standing before the young lady.

"Lovely Miss Ellen, you seem to be lonesome," he commenced, with a simper; "may I have the honor to invite you to dance the next cotillion?"

"Dance with *you*, sir?" said she, turning up her pretty nose contemptuously; "I must first be certain that you know how to dance. Come, let us have a forward-two on the floor here. Look, girls; see Mr. Leach practise his steps."

"You mistake, Miss Mills," answered Sandy Leach, pretending to blush; "I come to engage your hand for Mr. Randolph, who will be here presently. Ah, there he is now. Come, Steve."

The lady, when this explanation was confirmed by Randolph in person, accepted the offered partner very graciously, and as he took her hand, smiled upon him with evident pleasure.

"Hold, Miss Ellen," cried Leach; "that sweet smile, and the still sweeter words that are going to follow it, belong to *me*. Stephen has made you over in full, surrendered all right and title; but I'll be liberal"—a graceful wave of the hands attended this declaration—"I'll be very liberal, and allow him this one cotillion with you."

"How, Mr. Randolph?" said Ellen quite sharply, for old Leach was not much in error when he said she was attached to the dashing young man; "have you been giving me away?"

"Not so, Miss Mills; I only gave all my interest with you. I was well aware that this was nothing at all; had it been equal to the weight of a straw, I should have sought a worthier person to bestow so valuable a present upon than an incorrigible old scamp like Alexander Leach."

The general manner with which this was said seemed to express merely a lively jest, but there was something in the tone that rung out like earnest. And afterwards, when he led the pretty girl towards the position they were to occupy in the dance, the few expressions which he had time for, though they were spoken with the utmost consideration and courtesy, served to teach his companion in time that if she should cherish an affection for him, she could not hope that it would be reciprocated. An artist who had witnessed the scene would have pronounced it one well worthy of his pencil; and Randolph, distinguished not more by his splendid person than by an air of native dignity from the unpolished throng around him, whilst the consciousness of a generous and manly purpose gave an expression of nobleness to his countenance, might easily have been taken as the realization of the most poetic conception of the Gentleman.

The cotillion was over, and the couples composing it were mingled together through the room, when a constable, named Forcer, entered, and advancing indirectly to Stephen Randolph, laid his hand upon his arm as if to arrest him.

The young man laughed good-humoredly and said: "This is the best joke yet; but you ought to have had a warrant ready filled out, with the signature of Justice Shallow."

"I am sorry, sir, but my warrant is a more real one," replied the constable, extending a paper.

"Pretty well acted indeed, most forcible Forcer," said Randolph, without looking at the document; "but Sandy (for I suppose he made up the joke) ought to have got some one else to play the constable: you are so practised in the trade that the prosy tone *will* stick to you. You don't mouth it off with the sonorous bluster that the Englishman Dunlap gave it at the Richmond theatre last winter. But what's the amount? If it is not excessive, I may coax these liberal people to give me the benefit of a collection. Or suppose I pay it with a check on a bank? You may name any one from Boston to New-Orleans, for I believe I have equal credit in all."

"But, Mr. Randolph, I assure you there is no jesting in the matter. You know that your uncle's life has been attempted."

"The mischief I do! But what then?"

"You have been charged with committing the act; this warrant is issued by Mr. Selden, to whose house you will please accompany me."

"*Sir!*" said Randolph fiercely, "do you call me a murderer—the murderer of my uncle?—a pitiful wretch like you call Stephen Randolph *murderer?*"

"Remember, sir, that I am but the instrument of the law. You are my prisoner." As he spoke, the constable renewed the hold which he had relinquished during the conversation.

But Randolph, exerting his prodigious strength, seized the man with one hand by the collar, and, first raising him clear from the floor, hurled him contemptuously away.

"Gentlemen!" exclaimed Forcer, who was a resolute fellow, advancing a second time, "Gentlemen, I call upon you all to render your assistance."

Randolph glared around.

"Let him touch me that dares. Forcer! come not forward one step, for as sure as you are at this moment a breathing man, it will be at the peril of your life!"

"Come, Stephen," said old Chapman soothingly, "it is the *law*, you know. Don't do violence. We'll all go along and see you fairly treated."

"I won't be dragged as a felon," replied the young man more calmly. "I will walk to Selden's of my own accord to examine into this infamous accusation; but a finger's weight shall not be laid upon me." He took his hat and strode along in dogged silence, with the constable following close behind, and the crowd covering both sides.

Just before they entered the magistrate's room, our acquaintance Mercer, who had come up the street from the opposite direction, also hurried in.

We must explain that immediately after he and Middleton had made their deposition, and seen the warrant issued, they left Skinner in the Justice's office, and hurried away to visit Trenchard.

When they arrived, the old gentleman was sitting up, and greeted them thus:

"Ah, Mercer, my old friend, how do you do? Lucy tells me that you have been hunting on the fellow's track that tried to make me kick the bucket in so rascally a way this morning. Pah! any death before hanging; it makes me choke to think of it. But did you and the doctor find out any thing?"

"Yes, sir; we have traced up the footprints to the house of Mr. Randolph, [Trenchard's countenance altered a little at the mention of this name,] and have ascertained that they were made by some one wearing a pair of boots which belong to him and were found on his premises."

"Well, has any thing further been done?"

"A warrant has been issued for his arrest."

"What! a nephew of mine charged with murder? But, sir, I beg you instantly to hasten to whatever magistrate has taken cognizance of the matter, and stay all future proceedings in it. It was a *black* man that did this outrage. I had time to observe that most distinctly."

"But, my dear sir," said Dr. Middleton, "had not the law better take its regular course? Though another hand may have committed the act, is it not possible that he may be implicated?"

"No, it is not possible, for he has the blood of the Trenchards in him. He's a wild, wasteful spendthrift, to be sure, and I sometimes reprove him severely—perhaps too severely—for his faults; but a deed like this—it is not in him, sir. Who is the magistrate?"

"Selden."

"Run then to him, my dear Mercer, or if

you prefer it, the boys will get you a horse. I would sooner chop off one hand than see the son of my sister dragged to jail suspected of murder."

In obedience to such earnest injunctions, Mr. Mercer hastened to the office of the Justice of the Peace, who, with this new information, was very ready, after a formal examination, to dismiss the case entirely.

CHAPTER III.

It has been mentioned, or ought to have been, that amidst the barbarous innovations and tokens of neglect that surrounded the mansion of Trenchard, there were for all about it gleams of correct taste. So much of the once spacious lawn as had not been irrecoverably devoted to cabbages and tobacco, was neatly fenced off to prevent the depredations of cattle and hogs, straying from the adjoining pasture. In the rear of the piazza, upon the floor of which the long windows of the sitting-room opened, was a pretty labyrinth of walks, with grassy margins, separating trimly-dressed beds, furnished with flowers and shrubbery appropriate to each season. In this little paradise were trellises and arbors, rudely made indeed, for old Ichabod was the builder, but so contrived that their very roughness and irregularity contributed to the beauty of the whole effect, and seemed the result of design. Many other things there were incongruous with the prevailing spirit of the place; some remarkable, and noticed by the most ordinary beholder; others more minute, and requiring true taste and discrimination to distinguish them. If one had inquired to whom these charming improvements were owing, the unvarying answer would have been—Lucy Montgomery.

Notwithstanding the air of loneliness that surrounded the mansion, it was frequented by many a visitor; and though Colonel Trenchard, when in the best spirits, was never a very entertaining companion, and though no drawing-room centre-table, strewed with an ever new variety of magazines and engravings, nor library, to feed the literary palate with a more substantial and sober abundance, relieved the tediousness of the day, no guest found his hours to drag heavily. If you had asked one of them to account for his enjoyment, he would only have replied with a name—Lucy Montgomery. If a stranger had sought to know why the florid beauty of the buxom village maidens seemed no longer to be held in highest esteem by their rustic beaux, not usually as fastidious, he would have ceased to wonder when he learned that their taste had been refined by the contemplation of a model of that highest style of beauty which is both material and spiritual, and, unlike either the voluptuousness of the Medicean Venus or the severity of the "Greek Slave," combines the perfections of both. Such beauty is synonymous with loveliness; and this word would best describe Lucy Montgomery.

The venerable pastor of Delviton once asked a little girl in the Sunday-school what sort of beings angels are. Her reply was, she thought they must be like her teacher—Miss Lucy Montgomery. The old man smiled at the answer, and the lady blushed, but joined in the smile. We believe the child was not singular in the opinion. But Lucy was not perfect, and that she was aware of this is the best proof of her approach to perfection.

Frederick Montgomery died three years previous to the date at which we have chosen to commence our narrative, and left his widow and only child, as well as his small property, to the charge of his old friend, Colonel Trenchard. Before the latter, however, had time to enter upon his duties as executor, that property, by a fall in the stock in which it was invested, was annihilated. Trenchard, with his characteristic generosity, at once insisted that Mrs. Montgomery and Lucy should consider his house their home. What made the arrangement more natural was the fact that Colonel Trenchard's wife, who had been dead a number of years, was a sister of Mrs. Montgomery, and on this ground the old gentleman required Lucy to style him uncle.

It is not to be supposed that so charming a person as Miss Montgomery could be without suitors. There were two who were thought to throw the rest into the shade—one the handsome, dashing Stephen Randolph, the other the quiet Dr. Middleton, who was supposed to be compensated for the personal advantages of his rival by more consummate skill.

There was another who would have been an aspirant for her hand, had not constitutional timidity prevented his making known the hopes which seemed to him most visionary and vain, but were at the same time interwoven with every cord of his heart. Francis Herbert was one of that unfortunate number, who are so few that many more ruggedly constituted are apt to doubt their real existence—persons who, possessing talent and exquisite sensibility, are yet deficient in that nervous energy which alone can prevent the one gift from becoming an instrument of torture in the fruitless yearnings which it excites, and the other from adding acute suffering to every external injury. Francis was about twenty years of age, and from his delicate and almost feminine appearance, might have been reckoned younger. He also was a ward of Col. Trenchard, and, in additional resemblance to Lucy, was without fortune. Having just been graduated with honor at a Northern college, he returned to Delviton about a week subsequent to the attack upon his guardian.

Randolph, since the occurrences in which he was so much involved, though some degree of coolness had before existed between him and his uncle, visited the mansion very frequently. He seemed to seek principally the society of Miss Montgomery, and rather studiously shunned private colloquies with his uncle, the subjects of which he was well aware were likely to be more personal than interesting. One day, however, the old gentleman caught him when there was no possibility of evasion.

"Stephen," he commenced, "you appear very fond of Lucy; I suppose you would like to marry her?"

"Yes, sir; such an event would give *me* the greatest pleasure. How it would affect the lady, I do not yet know."

"If it were to take place," rejoined his uncle, "I tell you how it would affect her: it would make her wretched."

"I am sorry that you think so; but what are your reasons, sir?"

"I'll tell you frankly, Stephen. To begin, you are hot-headed, violent and imperious: such qualities make a husband a domestic tyrant."

"Well, uncle, I stand a Bluebeard convicted; but what comes next?"

"Then you gamble."

"True, sir, I have shaken a pack of cards once or twice; but I promise never to play a game with my *wife*, so she and I can't quarrel on this score."

The Colonel shook his head gravely, but proceeded: "Thirdly, you are inclined to frequent low company; you make drinking companions of those——"

"Ah, sir," interrupted Randolph, "what can a bachelor do, living like me alone in Delviton? But only see me married, and I'll be a pattern of regularity, as well as of every other domestic virtue. Besides, I do not think I am obnoxious to the drinking charge. To be sure, I can take my two pints of champagne like a gentleman, or, not to be discourteous, even swallow my dram of old Jamaica; but it must be something that has a good supply of bone and sinew as well as *spirit* to throw Stephen Randolph off his legs."

"Fourthly, I want to know what you have to support a family upon?"

"I'll admit this sin, uncle, like a man. I am poor as Job in his worst days; that's the fact."

"Still, you have a rich old uncle; is that it, Steve? But I caution you in seriousness to indulge no expectations of this sort, for you must know——"

"Hold, uncle," said Randolph; "I beg leave to tell you that I am thinking of *Lucy* just now—not of your money bags. Let me have her, and a fig for the rest!"

"That's the point, though, Stephen. Lucy's a good girl—a splendid girl—one of a thousand; and I don't mean that she shall be any body's household drudge. Your father left you property to the amount of some twenty thousand dollars, and you have been of age seven years. Now if you can show that you have five thousand dollars in the world, I will be willing that you marry whom you please."

"To tell the truth, uncle, I am rather behind the wind just at present."

"Not only are you without property," continued Mr. Trenchard, "but what is worse, you are probably considerably in debt. Is it so?"

"Yes, it is the fact; and I tell you, uncle, I never knew till lately how horribly vexatious such a state of things is. That confounded old usurer Smelter was at me with every device the arch fiend has invented for the benefit of his children—the Duns. Note came after note; then, through the mail, letter after letter. I could not even step into the street, without meeting the pert inquiry, 'Can we attend to that account to-day, Mr. Randolph ?' Finally the sheriff had to meddle with the affair, and hint about agreeable lodgings in the neighborhood of the Court House. I don't know really what I should have done if Sandy Leach hadn't come to the rescue, like a clever fellow as he is, and ponied up the money."

"Alexander Leach ?" exclaimed Trenchard suddenly.

"Yes, surely, Alexander Leach, who has recently moved to Delviton, and opened a store. He was born somewhere in this region, I believe, but he lived a good while at the South."

"And so you are quite intimate with this man ?" said Trenchard.

"Why, sir, he has assisted me generously when much older friends looked coldly, and I hope ingratitude is not one of my vices."

"Stephen," replied his uncle slowly and emphatically, "I have a favor to ask. As you have any regard for me, I wish you to break off at once and for ever all intercourse with that man. He is a scoundrel dyed in the wool."

"But really, sir, I cannot see the grounds for such a decided and discourteous procedure."

"Grounds ? I tell you, you must shake off this fellow immediately, or you are no nephew of mine. Did you not know before that I hated him ?"

"Yes, uncle, I think I do remember your speaking of him on some occasion in terms of dislike, but it was said of a man then absent, and whom I never expected to know."

"At any rate, Stephen, you must be aware of this, that my wife died less than six months after our marriage. Though twenty years have since passed, I am weak enough to have my withered eyes grow wet with the recollection. She died, I say, and *I broke her heart.* That infernal wretch, Alexander Leach, caused me to do it. Have not I the right to execrate him ? I tell you Iago was an angel from heaven compared to him !"

Young Randolph was silent for some minutes ; then, when he supposed his uncle's passion had in some degree subsided, answered:

"But, sir, all this happened, as you say, long ago ; may he not in the interval have repented and reformed ?"

"Yes, he has reformed as Satan reforms, by committing new villany. My *murder* is the only thing that will now satisfy him. He left his work but half performed last Monday ; when he will resume it, Heaven knows."

"Uncle, I cannot understand you. Have not you said that a *black* man made that attempt on your life ?"

"I have; but Leach was on the piazza roof consenting to the deed and directing it. I heard the tones of that voice, which is so hateful that I believe my corpse would move in the coffin if it sounded near it."

"Uncle ! uncle ! how can I think this ?" Randolph's countenance evinced much emotion. "Can it be that this man, who has acted toward me with so much kindness, can be guilty of such a crime as you suspect him of ? And what object ?"

"Object enough," replied Trenchard bitterly ; "object enough Leach would think he had, merely in gratifying his devilish hate by my death."

"Oh, uncle, be not too ready to presume motives. I at least have had a lesson in caution. I myself have borne the infamous suspicion of this act. May it not turn out that this man is no less innocent than I ? By the way, uncle, you know, I suppose, that Mr. Wilson's man 'Jim' ran away that night, and has since been traced to the Pennsylvania line ?"

"Yes, I have heard it from Skinner. The cook at the next house to yours in the village is Jim's wife, is she not ?"

"Yes, sir."

"And when visiting her he might have taken your boots ?"

"He might," answered Randolph ; "but do you think Jim could have been the man ?"

"I hardly know what to think, Stephen, but it is certain that Skinner had threatened him with a whipping if he came upon the place, on account of his supposed propensity to theft, and perhaps he took a grudge against *me* for it. Still, I cannot bring myself to think this of Jim ; he was always a good-natured negro, and I had been kind to him. To be sure, his size agrees very well with that of the rascal who put me in such a fix. But this is unimportant. Whoever was the *instrument*, Alexander Leach was the instigator. I was dozing at the time, and hearing his voice muttering outside of the window, supposed I had been dreaming, and turning over hastily, dropped asleep. I awoke just as that black scoundrel, having already prepared every thing, was rolling me over the head-board. Confound him! his soul is blacker than his hide! I trust he may himself some day feel what hanging is."

"Yet, uncle, is it not probable, after all, that you *were* dreaming when you heard Leach's voice?"

"No, sir, I was not dreaming, I tell you!" said Trenchard sharply; "and while I was choking in that rascally noose, I heard Leach speak again."

The old gentleman here made a long pause, which was not interrupted by any question from Randolph.

"You see, Stephen," he said at length, "the necessity of breaking off your intimacy with Leach. How much do you owe him?"

"He lent me a thousand dollars."

"That's all, is it?"

"Yes, sir, adding six months' interest."

"Wait a moment, then."

So saying, Trenchard left the apartment, and returned after the lapse of a few minutes with a roll of bank notes, which he handed to his nephew.

"Here are a thousand and fifty dollars, which, according to your showing, will pay off every thing. Go settle the account; and as you value my good-will, have nothing further to do with the odious scoundrel."

Stephen Randolph, after expressing his thanks, left the house and proceeded to execute his uncle's direction. Leach's store was at the upper end of the village, and he had to walk half a mile to reach it. As he passed quite leisurely in front of the open door of a respectable-looking dwelling, he heard a woman's sobs within, and as he turned his glance in the direction of the sound, perceived the owner of the house leaning with a gloomy air against the mantle.

"Why, what's the matter, Patterson?" he asked, stopping.

"Nothing, except the sheriff is down on me, and going to break up every thing for debt. You could not let me have a little of what you owe me, could you? But, pshaw! I oughtn't to bother you about it. I know you are close enough run yourself."

Randolph's hand was in his pocket, grasping the money, and itching to draw it out.

"You are a right-down clever fellow, Patterson. I have some money; I'm sort of bound to use it in another way, but hang it all if I can stand this. Here's your six hundred dollars; take it all, man. I don't know when I may have a chance to pay again. It's your due, long ago; take it."

"God bless you, Stephen! Call on me again, if you get pushed. I'll be easier by-and-by, and will have something to spare you."

Randolph walked on soliloquizing:

"There! more than half's gone; I couldn't help it. It won't do to tell the old man—he needn't know any thing about it; and as it is not worth while to pay only a part, I can use this four hundred for something else. But I must see Blapp about that big account."

Randolph was unfortunately involved in debt to a degree of which his uncle had no conception. Besides carelessness and extravagance in his affairs generally, he indulged in gaming—a vice then and now too prevalent in this section of Virginia.

He directed his steps to the office of Walter Blapp, an attorney at law, whose counsels he frequently sought upon the subject of his financial difficulties. We will outrun the leisurely course of the spendthrift, and take a peep at the lawyer as he leans back in his chair in meditation.

Blapp was a tall, stout man, whose profession was so little denoted by his full and sensual face, that a stranger who had met him out of doors would by no means have suspected it. His features naturally adjusted themselves to a mild, half-complacent, half-deferential expression, which was very slightly indicative of intellect. Indeed, he was not a man of genius, nor even of talent, but he was gifted with a deal of cunning—a commodity far more available than either.

He was alone, and held a paper in his hand which seemed to have reference to the train of thought passing through his mind, for he frequently turned his eyes towards it as he spoke half aloud, and at intervals, sentences something like the following:

"Old Leach wants to get a hard grip on him, sure enough. He has lent him money before this, I know, and now seven thousand dollars in a bunch. It's a plaguy big heap to shovel out, and not the least security for payment. Yes, but *I endorse.* Mayn't I burn my fingers? Wonder now if it's possible that Sandy Leach expects to make it of *me*, in case his other strings should break? Well, if he does, he's mistaken, that's all. He's 'cute, but I reckon Wat Blapp's 'cuter; he's slippery, but I reckon Wat Blapp's slipp'rier. He must think for certain that old Trenchard will leave the property to Stephen. Well, I hope he may, for I know who would make some money by it. But to-day's *Tuesday*. Jack Chapman must be home again. I'll see him." This resolve scarcely enunciated, the lawyer sprang up, seized his hat, and stepped briskly out of the door.

His walk terminated at the house of old Chapman, where it will be remembered the social meeting was held, so suddenly interrupted by the arrest of Stephen Randolph. Jack Chapman, the young man who was a party in the midnight race, happened to be standing in the garden, plucking peaches from a tree, and Blapp, without going to the house, climbed the fence and entered into conversation with him. The topics which first occupied them were of the ordinary kind, and in no way concern us. Presently, however, the lawyer touched upon the matter which had induced the visit.

"Didn't you say that a black fellow caught your horse for you that night when you had your tumble, in coming down the Toilsome Mountain?"

"Yes, I did; it was Wilson's man Jim. But why do you ask?"

"Are you certain it was Jim?"

"Yes, I am positive. Tell me, though, what you are driving at."

"You know, I suppose, that Jim ran away that night?"

"No, I didn't. Has he been caught?"

"He has not, and won't be; he's safe in Pennsylvania, and the Quakers will hide him well enough. But have you mentioned to any body else that you met him that night?"

"No, I have not, unless I told his name at the party. I have been away ever since on business, and haven't said any thing about the *race* even."

"Well, Jack, I don't want you to tell that you met him at all. I noticed particularly that you only said at the party that it was a darkey named Jim. *I* suspected afterwards indeed that it was Wilson's man, but nobody else would have been apt to."

"But, Blapp, what do you make such a secret of it for?"

"Well," returned the lawyer, cautiously, "you are a friend of Stephen Randolph, I know——"

"To be sure I am; but go on."

"He was accused of trying to kill his uncle."

"And a rascally charge it was, too—made up, I'd bet a dollar, by that still, sly, smooth-spoken Doctor, Charley Middleton."

"But," continued Blapp, "Trenchard said it was a black man that did the trick."

"I know it; and that clears Steve."

"Hear me out, though. Wilson's Jim had a wife at the next house to Randolph's. He's a big man, and might have worn Steve's boots, which were certainly tracked from the piazza roof."

"So he might," cried young Chapman; "so he might, and then ran away for fear of being caught. I'm mighty glad indeed that it's all found——"

"Don't be quite so fast," interrupted the lawyer. "When you met Jim at the Toilsome, it could not have been later than three o'clock at the utmost. The moon was not up, was it?"

"No."

"Well, then, the attempt at murder was committed between three o'clock and daybreak, considerably after the moon was up, so that if you met Jim, it is impossible he can be guilty."

"But I *did* meet him," said Chapman sorrowfully.

"Yet for all that," returned the lawyer, "it does not follow that Steve had any hand in the matter."

"Of course not. I could not suspect him, if I tried. I was only downcasted because Jim's running away seemed to open such a good chance to clear him before every body."

"Just so. *You* don't believe him guilty, Jack, and *I* don't believe him guilty, and nine people out of ten don't believe him guilty; but then it's bad for a man to have the least suspicion against him. So now I think it would be as well for you not to say at present who it was you met. Mind, Stephen did not put me up to this. I do it of my own head."

"You are very right, Blapp. I won't speak a word about it. But won't you come into the house and take something?"

"No, I thank you, Jack; I haven't time just now. Good morning."

The lawyer made his exit from the garden in the same manner that he entered, and in a few minutes was again at his office. He found Stephen Randolph there awaiting his coming with much patience.

"Ah, Steve, I'm glad to see you. I've fixed that whole matter nicely."

"Well, I am rejoiced at it; but how is it managed?"

"Why, I've got a man to advance the seven thousand, and so pay off Scrubbs and Dowling at once."

"That's glorious! What security have you persuaded the chap to receive—a mortgage on my plantation in the moon, or on lands in Kentucky, eh?"

"No; I have been smarter still, and more honest; the gentleman ponies up with his eyes open. He only requires your *note*, with one endorser."

"And what soft, innocent individual have you found to perform *this* office?"

"*I* endorse for you."

"*You?*"

"Yes, I myself, Walter Blapp."

"Well, I can't but wonder at it. To be sure, I have a firm intention to pay my debts if ever I have the means; but this depends on a very precarious chance; and besides, to tell the truth, I did not suppose that you were a person disposed to interpret another's motives very favorably. But I may be quite satisfied that you'll get your *quid pro quo;* so tell me who it is that furnishes the ready."

"Mr. Leach."

"Sandy Leach? The mischief!" Randolph seemed to be engaged in a course of rapid reflection; then merely added, "Well, so be it."

The note was placed upon the table, signed by the young man, and returned to the lawyer. Blapp arose, and was engaged in filing the paper away in one of the pigeon-holes of his desk, as he said, in a tone of carefully assumed indifference:

"I saw Jack Chapman to-day."

His pause was followed by no token of awakened interest in his companion.

He continued: "Jack declared positively that he met Wilson's Jim as he came down the mountain—about three o'clock—before the moon was up."

Still the attorney's furtive glance, repeated at each clause of his sentence, detected no motion in Stephen. The bond by this time being laid away, he changed his tactics, and turned full around, adding:

"But I persuaded him not to say any thing about it, knowing of what consequence his course must be to you."

Stephen broke into a moderate laugh.

"Ha! ha! Well, Blapp, you don't come it. Depend upon it, my fine fellow, that if I *had* really been choking my uncle, you shouldn't worm a confession out of me in this way. Ha! ha! ha! What a shrewd look you put on. But don't be dejected, man. You made the examination smartly and with most commendable legal acumen. But let me give you a piece of advice: Don't take all your clients to be fools. In the name of the Old Boy, what do I care about Wilson's negro? Do you think I have Aladdin's lamp? That's a lively lad, truly, who starts at two o'clock in the night, rides twelve or fifteen miles over a rough and dangerous road, then gets his seven-leagued boots, walks a mile, climbs into his uncle's chamber, hangs the old man to a bed-post, walks home through muddy corn-fields, steps into pumps, and is cutting pigeon-wings and double-shuffles at a different end of the town before daybreak. Now, Wat, if you were any body else, instead of arguing in this way, I might be disposed to knock you down for the impudence of taking for granted that I would commit such a villanous act; but against a lawyer, I must use weapons like his own. Fy, for shame, man! not that you should play such a trick upon your friend, but that he should see through it!"

"Don't make such a fuss, Stephen," returned the worthy attorney. "I might answer that it's only 'real game' that fears the snare; but I did not tell Chapman to hold his tongue because you were guilty, but to prevent any body whatever from thinking you so—pretty Miss Montgomery, for instance, who is likely to divide Trenchard's estate with you, unless she herself becomes your better half."

"What do you know about *her* opinions?" said Randolph quickly. "Has she told any person that she doubted my innocence?"

"Not that I know of; but it is best to guard against any suspicion, for I think you ought by all means to make sure of her, as she stands at least as well in your uncle's esteem as you do. And the doctor's 'cute enough to get her after all, if you don't look out."

"Permit me to manage this matter myself, sir," said the young man with some haughtiness.

"Oh, certainly, but you ought to be careful of the doctor. You know it was he who took so much pains to track up the business to your garden fence, and I think he looks rather coolly at you yet."

"I have taken notice of it all, Wat, and Middleton may get some of his own bones to set, if he doesn't keep out of my way. That boy, too, Frank Herbert, who is just back from college, will have to have a switching, if he puts on many airs."

"Don't mind such a milksop as he is, Stephen. He was always tender, and has got to be mighty religious, they say, besides. He belongs to the nursery yet. Look out for the *doctor*, I tell you."

"Relieve your anxiety, Blapp: I've an eye and a hand for each."

Randolph now threw himself back in his chair, and was for a while occupied with his thoughts. Suddenly he said:

"So Leach, unsolicited, is ready to invest seven thousand dollars in paying my debts to Scrubbs and Dowling?"

Blapp nodded.

"I owed him before a thousand."

Another nod from the lawyer.

"Now what do you suppose is the motive for such unusual liberality?"

"The motive? It's hard to tell, unless it be friendship."

"Yes, doubtless it *is* friendship," echoed Randolph in a bitter tone.

He continued the catechism: "Sandy is a shrewd man, is he not, and has a keen eye to the main chance?"

"Nobody can deny that."

"Not very scrupulous, is he?"

"Why, I cannot say decidedly; I presume not."

"Such men are very apt, are they not, to entangle other persons whom they find suitable to their purpose, in such a way that they cannot help being their tools?"

Blapp, not choosing to use words, again had resort to an ambiguous inclination of the head.

"Do you think *I* am going to be any body's tool?" Randolph jumped up as he gave the fierce answer of his own question: "*No!*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TABLE-TALK.

A RAINY DAY WITH THE POETS.

A CHOICE catena of fine passages and poems might be compiled, under this caption. We will suggest a few of the most prominent that we can recall.

In the old ballad literature, there is that rare old song, of which Shakespeare has preserved a line:

> "And the rain, it raineth every day."

The locality of this poem must have been somewhere in the west of Scotland, or in Wales. In the Highlands of the former country, a remarkably moist district, a country lad was asked by a stout gentleman (probably Irving's) if it *always* rained there. "Na, na," returned Sawney; "sometimes it *snaws.*"

Motherwell, the delicate Scottish poet and modern ballad writer, has left a fine ballad, full of the old spirit of romance, the burthen, "Heigho, the wind and rain!" appropriately to be said or sung, on a dark, gloomy evening in November.

Of a wild winter's night, the rain beating against the window, the wind howling down the chimney, and soughing through the keyhole—then is emphatically the season for reading Lear, and to appreciate "the pelting of the pitiless storm" on "the white, discrowned head" of the noble old king, on the wide-stretching, houseless heath.

Shenstone used to say, that of a rainy day he loved to read over the letters of his friends —often a sad employment. He is himself a rainy-day author, calling up, in his most elaborate poem of "The Schoolmistress," visions of innocence and infancy; and in his prose miscellanies, evincing a nicety of judgment that marks the man of reflection; but above all, for his inimitable lines written at an inn at Henley, the delight of Dr. Johnson and of Leigh Hunt, and indeed of all wise and social spirits who have ever read them.

Hunt himself has a gossipping paper on a Rainy Day, in one of the numbers of the *Indicator*, how to pass it pleasantly—by no means one of his best essays. In the first half of it he is merely lively and somewhat commonplace, but as he gets into the literature of the subject he is more at home and proportionally entertaining. He quotes admiringly capital lines from Swift's "Description of a City Shower, or Town Eclogue," that first appeared in the *Tatler*, and on which Steele wrote a generous encomium, with fine passages from Green's "Spleen," that delightful though little-known poem. He might have added lines from Gay's Trivia, on walking the streets in rainy weather; and he might have retold, as he could have done to the life, Charles Matthews's "leetle" anecdote of the old Scotch woman.

A fine American anthology might be collected of rainy-day verses, from Brainard to Hoyt.

Brainard's are homely but domestic rhymes. Longfellow's "Rainy Day" has a fine moral, (he is essentially didactic, in a true sense, as well as tasteful and harmonious) and is a most musical poem, imbued with the mingled tones of sadness and hopeful anticipation. This fine writer's "Rain in the City" is beautifully written, and as picturesque a description as Swift's, though wholly unlike it; as unlike as a street view by a Flemish painter is different from a piece of city elegance by Watteau. It is as artistically executed as Poe could have made it. Emerson's poem we shall quote. It enforces the scholar's duty; after the quaint fashion of the seventeenth century, it has a taking title:—

SUUM CUIQUE.

"The rain has spoiled the farmer's day;
Shall sorrow put my Books away?
  Thereby are two days lost.
Nature shall mind her own affairs;
I will attend my proper cares,
  In rain, or sun, or frost."

This is right stoical philosophy, all cannot practise. Ralph Hoyt's "Rain" is as perfect a picture as his "Snow;" the two most delicate cabinet-pieces of rural art we know of. The "Shower" is a pearl pendant from the ear of Venus. Hawthorne's picture of a shower, in "Sights from a Church-steeple," is the best *prose* shower we can remember; at least, not surpassed by Irving's "Rainy Day at an Inn."

The last characteristic piece of writing on this subject we can refer to, is Read's poetical picture, entitled

A MORNING, BUT NO SUN.

"The morning comes, but brings no sun;
The sky with storm is overrun;
And here I sit in my room alone,
And feel, as I hear the tempest moan,
Like one who hath lost the last and best,
The dearest dweller from his breast!
For every pleasant sight and sound,
The sorrows of the sky have drowned;
The bell within the neighboring tower
Falls blurred and distant through the shower;
Look where I will, hear what I may,
All, all the world seems far away!
The dreary shutters creak and swing,
The windy willows sway and fling
A double portion of the rain
Over the weeping window-pane.
But I, with gusty sorrow swayed,
Sit hidden here, like one afraid,
And would not on another throw
One drop of all this weight of woe!"

A fine sympathetic melancholy doubtless inspired the lines, which find an echo in the heart of every reader of taste and feeling.

Something germane to this topic is that of the influence of the weather. Some pretend an exemption from all "skyey influences," while others suffer a complete martyrdom to clouds, storm and rain. It is, doubtless, a matter of constitution and temperament. A sensitive being will be exhilarated or depressed by causes completely trivial to the robust or unimaginative. A man may by fortitude breast his sufferings and brave the storm, but he must have little discrimination if he perceives no difference between the genial heat of a fine day in June or the cordial cold of a clear December morning; if a dusty day, a rainy day in spring or fall, a bitter cold day, are equally agreeable or indifferent to him. How can he appreciate the good who sees no distinction between it and the bad?

So feel not the true poets or men of poetical temperament. Crabbe made verses best in a snow-storm; inspiration descended upon him with the falling flakes of snow. Jean Paul could not invent with his usual facility if the sky was leaden; it transmuted his golden thoughts to the same metal. Burns found his impulse of composition strongest in winter and amid external desolation. Milton fancied his genius was in its fullest force in spring and autumn. Numberless instances might be added.

Mr. Tuckerman has penned a very pleasing paper on this subject in his "Rambles and Reveries," and, if we are not mistaken, lately included it in the *Optimist.*

PICTURESQUE AT HOME.

Irving, in one of his delightful Sketch Books, has distinctly declared our native and inherent wealth of picturesque scenery. Cataracts and mountains, lakes and prairies, rivers and valleys, we boast, unrivalled throughout the world. Never, he concludes, need an American leave his own country to discover beautiful or sublime scenery. Why then go abroad? The uses of foreign travel are many: to expand and clear the mind of prejudice and narrowness, to revive historical and romantic associations, for the study of character and manners, &c.

Goldsmith, who spoke from knowledge, remarks, (we do not employ his exact language, but such is the spirit of it,) that if we would know the world, we must go abroad; if study human nature, stay at home. The latter science is gained from a few subjects, thoroughly scanned; the former accomplishment to be acquired from change, novelty, and variety of circumstances, manners and customs. "He cannot be a perfect man," sings Shakspeare, "not having tried and travelled in the world." Yet Cowley concludes as wisely, "The voyage of life is longest, made at home."

In his summer trips and domestic excursions, the American realizes many of the benefits of foreign travel. At far less cost than the European tourist, and with comparatively slight fatigue, he traverses an immense extent of territory, equal to that portion of Europe generally explored by tourists, and in at least an equally short space of time, with no vexatious interruptions of passports, or dread of banditti or military surveillance.

We would not go so far, to be sure, as to agree with Professor Silliman or President Dwight—we forget which—one of whom declared, in "A Trip to Quebec," that a journey to Canada was equivalent to a European tour. This observation must be taken, not with a grain, but a pretty good-sized *lump* of salt; and so, we venture to conjecture, the worthy writer must have intended it, wishing to console the tarry-at-home, cisatlantic public for their deprivations. But without exaggerating, one may contrive to get some idea of France and England from the Canadas.

Lower Canada, despite English intelligence and Scotch enterprise, still retains a strong tincture of New France. Professor Lyell was vividly reminded of Normandy by the peasantry, their dresses, manners, cottages, &c. The older portions of Montreal and Quebec are decidedly French—houses, names of streets, churches, convents; the *habitans* of the nineteenth are identical with those of the seventeenth century. The quaint little old village of Beaufort, a few miles out of Quebec, on the road to the Falls of Montmorency, is as national and characteristic as any place of the size in Normandy. Wayside chapels and frequent crosses attest the religious character of the people. French Romanists are still in a large majority in this province, though the Church of England, with her bishops and beadles, her cathedrals and colleges, her pomp and pew-openers, is firmly established here, as the state religion. English customs prevail in courts of justice and in Parliament, and the English soldiery give a military tone to the state of society. The noble public buildings, both of Montreal and Quebec, are almost wholly British—churches, fortifications, Parliament houses, docks, residences of officials, &c. Some old English names of places are revived, even in Montreal; but Toronto, in Upper Canada, is wholly an English town, and Kingston, though on a smaller scale. Passing across the lake, (Ontario or Champlain,) the American finds himself in a new region. From Buffalo to Toronto, from Plattsburg to Laprarie, is as wide a difference as from Dover to Calais. All is new and strange; he is in a foreign country.

But at home, in the United States, very much of Europe is freshly imported every year; and an American may get a good idea of the people of Europe, their costumes, manners, characters, customs, &c., without putting his foot out of his native country. From Great Britain come English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh; and from the continent

French, Germans, Dutch, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Poles, Swedes, Danes, and now and then a Turk or a Greek; while even Asia sends us now a Chinese junk, manned by Celestials, and again an Arabian vessel, from the Imaum of Muscat.

Inasmuch too as the immigration is chiefly of the lower and lowest orders, the philosophical student may gain the best idea of the diversity of national characters, always most prominent in those classes. The gentry and scholars of all nations, cultivated and cosmopolite, are much the same. Men of genius are too strictly individual to be considered in any enumeration of classes, and the rule ever has been to look for character, at least nationality, and the fullest development of it, among the least artificial castes of society. This has ever been the strong ground of the comic writers and painters of all nations. We see it in the Flemish pictures, in the familiar Spanish school, in Hogarth and Wilkie, in the old English novels, the picaresco Spanish tales, the French vaudeville and English farce, in the Irish humorists, and in the Italian buffoons.

Of the older local traits of European colonization we have still remaining in full force; in the State of New-York for instance, the Dutch flourishing in the pristine simplicity of two centuries of settlement, in districts just back of the Hudson river, in the Mohawk valley and the older valleys of the west end of Long Island, as well as in and about Albany and Schenectady. East New-Jersey is equally Belgic.

The Germans of Pennsylvania constitute almost a State among themselves, *imperium in imperio*. One county, at least, *Berks*, is just so much German territory floated over across the Atlantic and imbedded in the Keystone State. Germans abound throughout the State, as well as in Ohio and the West generally. But Reading is actually, two thirds of it, certainly as much a German town as any place of the same size and character in Germany. The little dorp of Kutztown is unqualifiedly Teutonic and Bœotian.

Half a century ago, from Detroit to New-Orleans was French. New-Orleans was an inferior sort of cross betwixt Paris and Marseilles, a town of pleasure and a place of business combined. Detroit, St Louis, Natchez, were tributaries to *the* city. Now all of these places are about a third or at the utmost one half French. At the same date Florida was a Spanish colony, St. Augustine a Spanish town. A leaven of old Spain, slight though it be, still adheres to the American population of that region.

In New-York city and New-Orleans is to be found a Congress of Nations, brought hither by want and hope, by ambition, by political enthusiasm, and by the centralizing spirit of commerce, as despotic as monarchy itself.

In New-England and Virginia, Maryland and South Carolina, the descendants of Puritan or Cavalier preserve the race more nearly pure than in any other quarter of the country. A rich and varied colonization, with a constant and still increasing variety and vigor of emigration, have made the American character, thus far, imperfect though it may be, what it is; and when time shall have consolidated its conflicting elements into an harmonious unity and proportion, will confirm it as the greatest national character in the world.

SUGGESTIONS TO THE REFLECTIVE.

Most raillery is mere impertinence in disguise; sarcasm, rudeness; and humor, buffoonery.

A fool thinks a man of sense, who looks grave at his stupid jests, incapable of pleasantry or of understanding ridicule; not suspecting that one may not choose to take what is offered to him in the guise of a joke, any more than he would be willing to accept counterfeit coin for legal currency.

There is a good deal of coarse familiarity in what passes for modern friendship.

Annuals are, of all books, the most ephemeral.

Standard authors, to be read for pleasure, (implying intimate knowledge,) should be read without note or comment.

The Baptist sect in England have produced at least two very great men, John Bunyan and Robert Hall: the former a poet of the first class, though he wrote in homely prose, a man of true and high genius; the latter a scholar and orator of brilliant talents.

Tennyson's blank verse is Milton's effeminated; Antinoüs in the part of Hercules. The idea of the Princess appears to have been originally suggested by a paper in the *Tatler*.

A fool is wise in one sense—*non-sense.*

The breast is properly called the *chest*, since it contains the richest of man's treasures—the heart—locked up in it.

The Moravian Society, like that of the Shakers, flourishes more naturally and luxuriantly in country places. In the city of New-York there never has been more than one congregation of that sect. To see them at home, one must visit Bethlehem or Nazareth, in Pennsylvania.

Bishops are said to be of divine institution, but Archbishops are confessedly of human creation, an after-thought of the ecclesiastical polity; and yet Canterbury and York would swallow up a score of the poorer sees, (as those of the colonies, for instance,) and in worldly dignities rank much higher.

How they who hold the doctrine of innate, utter depravity, can by any means account for the pleasure every unsophisticated heart receives from the company of pure, innocent children, we are very much puzzled to account. The love of a fond mother must appear to them more senseless than the dotage of feeble age. These little creatures are angels in truth, as well as in fancy, for the Divine Master has declared of them, that "of *such* is the kingdom of heaven." They have genuine faith and truth, and are much nearer heaven than the best of us.

The presence of a sweet young child is a more cogent argument against the dogma of universal and utter innate depravity, than all the controversial discussion in the world.

No poor-laws can altogether eradicate poverty; no charitable provision suppress the causes of pauperism.

All of the great old English writers give excellent counsel on all subjects, *travel*, among the rest; but Bacon and Fuller, amidst much good advice, press a particular point, not always adverted to. Bacon: "As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel, that which is most of all profitable is acquaintance with *the secretaries and employed men of ambassadors;* for so, in travelling in one country, he shall suck the experience of many." Fuller enjoins: "Contrive correspondence with some choice foreign friend after thy return; as some *professor or secretary*, who virtually is the whole university or state."

SAILORS' AND KITCHEN LIBRARIES.

Reading is not only for certain ages, but also for particular classes. Besides purely professional studies, there are kindred topics that interest every man in his particular sphere. *Sailors*, as well as other men, should have their libraries, and which might be made truly attractive. Voyages of Drake, Dampier, Cavendish, Marco Polo, Cook, Ross, Parry; Basil Hall, Dana's Two Years before the Mast, Life in a Liner. Navigation, Practical Mathematics, and Geography, form the sailor's elementary education. He should also read his national history, especially his country's marine and naval history in general, the lives of discoverers and great seamen, Southey's Nelson, Paul Jones, British Admirals, Cooper's and Irving's American naval biography. The sailor has, too, his library of history and poetry: Voyages Imaginaires, Robinson Crusoe, Philip Quarll, Peter Wilkins, Cooper, Smollett, Marryat; the glorious songs of Dibdin, Gay's Black-eyed Susan, Drake's American Flag, and the magnificent lyrics of Campbell.

Neither do we see why the Kitchen should be neglected. It should have its library also. A kind master would have his servants happy, and seek to lighten their state of servitude. They should read, as well as see their friends and have holidays; and read good books too, fitted for their condition. Not to speak of the renowned works of Mrs. Glasse and Dr. Kitchener; to omit any reference to opinions on the author of the "Physiologie du Goût," as better fitted for the mistress or housekeeper, (simple receipt-books are sufficient in the kitchen;) and to pass by without further mention the witty, fleering ironies of Swift, in his Directions to Servants; accounts of Parisian restaurants, by Appleton, Jewett, or Saunderson; we come to what we would select for a shelf in the kitchen.

The prayer-book, or the mass-book, according to the servant's faith, or perhaps simply a hymn-book; religious and moral tales, by More, Sherwood, Cottin and others; lives of saints or missionaries, or both; Defoe's Family Instructor; The Whole Duty of Man, and Pilgrim's Progress; devotional treatises, Baxter and Doddridge, &c.; an Historical Compend; atlas; volumes of travels and voyages; a file of the Penny Magazine; and the daily paper should find its way down stairs after it has been scanned in the parlor.

CHESS.

Forbes tells us, in his Life of Beattie, the poet and Scotch Professor, that "To chess he had a real aversion, as occasioning, in his opinion, a great waste of time, and requiring a useless application of thought."

Another poet, romancer, and still more famous Scotchman, held similar language. Scott, as a boy, we are told by Lockhart, "engaged easily in the game, which had found favor with so many of his paladins, but did not pursue the *science* of chess after his boyhood. He used to say it was a shame to throw away upon mastering a mere game, however ingenious, the time which would suffice for the acquisition of a new language. 'Surely,' he said, 'chess-playing is a sad waste of brains.'"

THE "HYPERION" OF JOHN KEATS.

The genius of John Keats, like his own Saturn, majestic and solitary, ruled with a broken sceptre a kingdom of desire. Its breathings are all sighs. Instead of love, it has yearnings. Its voice is the melodious cry of unrequited, insatiate longing.

> "Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,
> Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn
> And eve's one star,"

he buries himself in the cavern of memory. His glory is the glory of the past; he broods over the ruined empire of passion; the Titans are subdued for him; mountains rest upon their breasts, and still he scornfully yet sadly refuses the modern allegiance. Reason is his Jove, whose power he confesses, but to whom his proud spirit refuses to bow. Death closed in upon him while he yet wavered. He was never taken into the circle of the gods; his statue stands without the vestibule.

In his poem of Hyperion, there is indeed a majesty of movement rivalling the Miltonic. The silence is sublime, and the sound of the verse rolls off constantly into a silence.

> ——"No stir of air was there;
> Not so much life as on a summer's day
> Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
> But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
> A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
> By reason of his fallen divinity spreading a shade;
> The Naïad mid her reeds pressed her cold finger
> Closer to her lip."

It is the recession of a storm; the departure of a multitude; the coming on of night and death.

No less solemn and imaginative is the imagery of what is seen: life, palpitating but not moving; the outward stillness convincing of the inward grief; and the little motion that has been, only a return and not a relief to the immovable.

> "Along the margin sand large foot-marks went
> No farther than to where his feet had strayed,
> And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
> His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
> Unsceptred, and his realmless eyes were closed;
> While his bowed head seemed listening to the Earth,
> His ancient mother, for some comfort yet."

From first to last, a more absolute picturing of stillness, grief, and silence, of fallen divinity, and the coming on of eternal despair, is not in written language. It has a quality, this description of Saturn, which belongs to no other poetry,—a ponderous weight, a magnitude of passion. There is no sentiment here; Saturn is too great for it; he is all dignity. It has also in absolute perfection a certain quality indispensable to grandeur—venerableness. The figure of the ancient king, friendless, comfortless, driven from his empire, his sceptre broken, yet awakens no pity: it is the weakness of a god: we venerate, perhaps we sympathize, but we cannot pity.

Great emotions are short-lived. The first line after this magnificent passage is pure prose, a flat falling into commonplace:

> "It seemed no force could wake him from his place;"

which, after the swelling of the lungs and thrill of the preceding verses, is a mere asthmatic puff. What follows is but little better:

"But there came one who with a kindred hand
Touched his wide shoulders after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not."

By the epithet "kindred," we perceive that the genius does not wholly desert the poet; but the action is roughly and coldly inverted. First we picture to ourselves the "kindred hand" touching the "wide shoulders," and after that the figure "bending low with reverence;" whereas, in fact, the one who came first bent low with reverence and *then* touched the wide shoulders. It is an absolute demand of poetry that description shall go along with action; inversion of the action takes all dignity from the imagery. The figure touching the shoulder first, and bowing afterwards, is like that of a messenger jogging your elbow, and bowing when you turn to see who touched you. And finally, the intimation that Saturn *did not know* who it was that touched him is commonplace, verging to vulgar.

This peculiar defect of interruptedness, a proof either of intellectual or constitutional feebleness, distresses the reader less in this poem of Hyperion, and in "St. Agnes' Eve," than in any other of Keats's works. The genius of the poet flares up, dies out, and flares again, as if there were a dearth of fuel to feed it; and by this fault, more than any other, he is removed out of the class of great poets, and occupies but the second rank. The voice of a hundred excellent critics, both ancient and modern, sustains the opinion that the place of honor in art must be given to the creative or sustaining power—that which carries one feeling, one passion, one sentiment, through as many revolving periods of verse and shifting scenes as may serve for the exhaustion of the idea or subject. It may have been through physical weakness, mental defect, or the very excess of an inferior faculty, *fancy;* by violent action, drawing away the vital pith from imagination; or perhaps an ambition, of which Keats was certainly the victim, of transcending the powers granted by his years, as the tree, striving too early to produce a perfect fruit, exhausts itself and dies;—through one or all of these causes, this poet produced nothing entire. The "Eve of St. Agnes" will be quoted against the opinion; but this poem is an interlude, and has neither beginning nor end; it seems to have been thrown off as a pattern for a whole cloth which was never woven.

Continuing our reading of Hyperion, we are presented with a portrait of the goddess Thea:

"She was a goddess of the infant world:
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height; she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair, and bent his neck,
Or with a finger staid Ixion's wheel."

Follows upon this:

"Her face was large as that of Memphian Sphinx."

And now we see only her *face:* the *body* has disappeared; the image is broken; the head here, the body further off. This face, so large, has no expression; it is like a great round moon, or like that of a colossal statue lying in the sand. The poet endeavors to restore life to it with a gasp, but fails:

"But oh, how unlike marble was that face."

The expression that follows is again exquisite; and we return to the passion, the genius of the poem:

"How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than beauty's self!
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder laboring up."

The majesty of these lines brings back a conviction that in the mind of the poet there *was* a unity of design and feeling, which he had not the power to express in its totality. The fragments of the architecture, capitals of columns, the frieze, entablature even, finished with a master hand, lie all along in gigantic disorder. It is as though the builder of the temple had not yet invoked the deity. The invocation wanting, the foundation not laid, the genius would not descend.

Nothing could have been imagined more suitable for epic genius than the argument of this poem. Modern philosophy, penetrating the mythological veil, has discovered in the gods of antiquity an impersonation of the powers and passions of the human soul. Whether primeval philosophy, seizing upon the traditions of the vulgar, forced the deities into its service, and made Hermes stand for Wit, Horus for Imagination, Juno for Pride, Ammon and Osiris for the diviner principles in man; or whether the greater gods, the powers of nature and the soul, were clothed by the sages with the forms and attributes of humanity,—as in Thoth, understanding, in Osiris beneficence, in Phtha will and justice, in Ammon innate dignity, —let the learned dispute. Certain it is, no true epic of mythology and cosmogony could be constructed without a philosophical knowledge of the gods.

Under the character of the Titans, in this poem of Keats, the primeval empire of passion is represented. Cronos, the dethroned Saturn, is that power of necessity and circumstance, the sole deity of the unenlightened mind; venerable indeed, beloved of the senses and of the passions, but succumbing always to that divine reason in man to which the accidents of life or death are indifferent.

How majestic the subject of this poem! Hyperion, the God of Light, the pride and beauty of the natural world, leads the war against the new dynastry of Reason, and of Jove. Assembled in their caverns, at the roots of the volcanoes, the Giants of Nature hold a gloomy council.

The spirit of Milton presided over the conception of this council. But who can say whether a mythological epic must not of necessity resemble all others of its name? The elements of all are simple and the same. If the poem is mythologic, to have a human interest the right must conquer pride, as among men. The honor of the superior powers must be vindicated; the right of reason over the wild and furious democrats of nature must be established by aristocraty of Character.* Herein would lie all the dignity of the poem, that Jove and his compeers conquer by right of Character, and vindicate that right in themselves. And if mythology is merely an impersonation of the inferior and superior powers, the mythologic epic is but one subject, and must be ever treated from the same point of view.

In Milton's poem, the angels of God conquer by divine authority; and the weakness of the poem is the introduction of the Deity in person. Had the divine Source itself been left in darkness, and Heaven set against Hell, equal in attributes, but conquering or conquered by imparted Divinity, the epic would be pure. As it now moves, the angels, with their beauty and their strength, are unreal phantoms, and the Deity in person is the Conqueror; while Satan and his peers have the attributes and consequently the dramatic value of *persons*. In Milton's angels there is no Will. All the freedom is with Hell. These angels seem passive; almost soulless. Abdiel alone has real characteristics. By this arrangement, the poem loses one half the interest of true epic. If we believe that the genius of Keats would at length have proved equal to what he undertook, his poem would then have been more perfect in its frame-work than the Paradise Lost; and certainly it was far more philosophical in its design. His gods, who were to conquer, would have shown in action the perfections of the higher reason. By wisdom, by strength of will, and by reliance on the Eternal, after many reverses, they would have subdued, and again buried the rebellious powers. Both literature and philosophy suffered an irretrievable loss in a mind capable of conceiving and executing so majestic a design.

But it is idle to waste conjecture; let us endeavor to appreciate the merits of the fragment. At the conclusion of the second book is a description of Hyperion entering the council of the Titans:—

"Suddenly a splendor like the morn
Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,
All the sad spaces of oblivion,
And every gulph and every chasm old,
And every height and every sullen depth,
Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented streams;
And all the everlasting cataracts,
And all the headlong torrents far and near,
Mantled before in darkness and huge shade,
Now saw the light and made it terrible.
It was Hyperion. A granite peak
His bright feet touched, and there he staid to view
The misery his brilliance had betrayed
To the most hateful seeing of itself.
Golden his hair, of short Numidian curl;
Regal his shape majestic; a vast shade
In midst of his own brightness, like the bulk
Of Memnon's image at the set of sun
To one who travels from the dusking East:
Sighs, too, as mournful as that Memnon's harp,
He uttered, while his hands contemplative
He pressed together, and in silence stood.
Despondence seized again the fallen Gods
At sight of the dejected King of Day."

It strikes some readers, whether justly we know not, on the reading of this fragment, that there is in it no promise of ACTION.

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* Character—"*mark;*" as we say, "a man of mark."

There is a deficiency of the thews and sinews. There is nothing war-like in Hyperion; his hands are *pressed together* in contemplative silence; and such hands, on such an occasion, pressed together, would not have grasped the sword of empire. How energetic, on the other hand, and impregned with restless vigor, is the first appearance of the fallen Archangel in the poem of Milton:—

> ———" He with his horrid crew
> Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulph,
> Confounded though immortal.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Round he throws his baleful eyes,
> That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
> Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.
> At once, as far as angel's ken, he views
> The dismal situation waste and wild.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,
> With head uplift above the wave, and eyes
> That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides,
> Prone on the flood extended long and large,
> Lay floating many a rood."

Milton is easier to read than Keats. The description is rapid and concise. There is no *description without motion;* a quality necessary to the epic, since by dwelling too long upon a part, the interest is lost, and imagination flags. The description must move forward, or it falls; it must soar and soar, and continually soar, passing mountains and rivers at a wave of its mighty wings. Indeed, it may be ventured, that Keats would have failed in the Hyperion for want of action. His figures are contemplative. The Muse pauses, as she creates them, and steps backward to meditate their fair proportions. The poems of Milton, on the contrary, even his earliest, have a vivacity, a lively spring and movement, which give promise of the epic.

> "Come, but keep thy wonted state
> With even step, and musing gait."

He will not suffer even Melancholy herself to sit contemplative; she must pace forward. Hardly a line is deficient in the activity either of thought or of motion; the mark of a genius essentially and powerfully epical. In Keats, on the other hand, there is every where flaccidity and weakness; his heat is not the heat of motion but of emotion; he has the melancholy of Hamlet, dreaming of a purpose, but never moving toward it.

The appearance of the Miltonic feeling in "Hyperion" has been alluded to by some critics as a fault. But is not the earliest evidence of artistic ability in imitation? Great artists have indeed distinguished themselves by an original nature of their own, but have they not equally proved their merits by the skill and taste with which they have reproduced the originality of others? Unaided by the faculty of imitation, and even of appropriation, originality declines into lameness and obscurity. We know that the education of a great artist is begun by a close acquaintance with the works of his predecessors, as well as of Nature. The most intimate friendship with Nature avails nothing without the power of imitation; and though this representative faculty be given to the artist in never so great perfection, yet, as it is of all the most artificial, and the most intelligent in its mode of action, so it requires the greatest accumulation, and experience, and aids to shorten and improve its processes.

The advancement, that is to say, the dignity of a school of artists appears chiefly in their choice of subjects; for we know that nature is not *all* representable, but only certain *scenes, times, phases:* phases of beauty, sublimity; times or seasons of richest development; scenes illustrating what is moral or immortal in humanity. Representative art will not allow its powers to be wasted with impunity upon the tame, the sensual, or the vulgar of common life. The selection of its subjects is therefore a *moral* occupation, and of a high order, suitable to the leisure of cultivated and heroic ages, and unsuitable, because of baseness and incapacity, to those that are barbarous and mechanical. The lessons of the artist, in overcoming his greatest difficulty, the choice of subject, come to him at first through his predecessors. He imitates nature, it is true, but he looks at nature through the eyes of those who have preceded and aroused him. Every artistic age refines upon former ages, holding to a certain taste, and improving the "school." The degeneracy of art appears in a mean or novel choice of subject; in eccentricity of manner; in a close and studied imitation of insignificances. The two-fold imitation of previous art and of nature goes on ripening to a certain point, the height or perfection of the school; and then follows a gradual decline, when imitation predominates over design, when genius fades into sentimentalism, and the artist becomes either an eccentric or a tame and laborious imitator.

Poesy as well as painting has grown by accretion as well as by invention. As it required a Giotto and a Cimabue to prepare the ground for a Da Vinci, so it required an Ennius to do the same for a Virgil. Imitation reaches out from school to school, over entire epochs and centuries. Homer precedes Ennius and Virgil; and Virgil's Æneid gives form and beauty to the poems of Dante. The influence of Phidias is seen again in Angelo and Raphael, and something of the Hebrew grandeur and simplicity reappears in the liturgy of the Church of England. In a word, the greatest imitators are the greatest artists; for by the same power that is given them to receive and reproduce the sublime and beautiful from nature, they seize and reproduce the sublimity and beauty of their predecessors; so that the greatest works of art, in painting, poetry, and sculpture, are those which carry in their lines the entire history of art itself. The Christ of Raphael and the Moses of Michael Angelo, the Satan of Milton and the Hamlet of Shakspeare, are the best traditions of the progress of genius from the beginning.

The greatest imitator absorbs and surpasses all that have gone before him, as did Shakspeare, even to the reproduction of the morality and sentiment of races who flourished centuries before him, under other religions and other systems of society. Shakspeare's appropriation of his predecessors amounts even to the swallowing and digestion of entire works.

Great artists are eclectic, and build upon many masters. Like Goethe, in whom the eclectic, imitative genius predominated to that degree, his works are a prodigious mass of imitations of every master in letters. Virgil, Sophocles, Shakspeare, Ovid, Boccaccio, Petrarch, by turns occupy him. From the secondary writers of Germany he took away their proper excellences, by surpassing each in his field. Nor was it a blind instinct that prompted him; his imitations, like those of Virgil and Milton, are deliberate and conscious and profound.

The *pride* of originality can have no place in the spirit of a first-rate artist: he appropriates and assimilates and reproduces in new shapes every beauty which he finds, and every melody which he hears; indifferent whether it come first through himself or through another. Wherever the greatest beauty is to be found, he makes his study. As in the circle of twenty-four hours there are but two times, the evening and the morning, which give the highest beauty to scenery; as in the circle of the year, the season of vegetation alone, and in human life, the point of transition from youth to adult age; as these alone give the highest instances of beauty, and they too at long and rare intervals,—one among a thousand meeting the ideal of the artistic mind,—it becomes impossible to go through the entire circle of nature's beauties, and complete it, in the life of one artist. Each presents his discovery, his segment. The discovery of a single perfect beauty immortalizes the original imitator. Out of the succession of many artists and many schools, the great designer finds and appropriates almost the entire sphere of moral, intellectual and physical perfection. The more he appropriates from others, the more alive is he to the beautiful in Nature herself. His studies alternate between her works and those of men. As the original observer turns variously toward fields agreeable to his feelings, he will naturally addict himself to congenial models. The pastoral, the epic, the dramatic, and the lyric will draw by turns, or constantly, the attention of the young and unformed poet. And when conscious judgment has discovered and marked the proper and congenial field, the favorite models are still read and re-read. The sculptor, blind and superannuated, solaced his genius by passing his hands over the antique marble; the poet, blind and broken in spirit, had read to him the Hebrew lyrists and the dramatists of Greece.

The fashion of this age is greatly for originality, that is to say, for the production of styles,—new styles in writing, new styles in thinking, novelty in all things. So much of novelty has appeared within the last century, men have ceased to be astonished at things new, and even to be disgusted with novelty itself. It is perhaps safe to affirm that originality cannot be attained by seeking for it, but only eccentricity—oddity and eccentricity, which the great artist avoids as he values his immortality. In art we are apt to mistake novelty for ingenuity, and what is only old, for what is ancient and enduring. The ocean and the stars of to-day are the same with those of yesterday; the generations of living creatures renew themselves. Man only is progressive and original, by virtue of his creative reason. His plasticity adapts itself to new conditions of the universe; his life is the life of a race, as well as of an individual; his growth not merely from infancy to middle age, and old age, but from barbarism to the highest degrees of social harmony, and then downward again toward luxury and decay. Literature, like the creature of which it is the record of progress, is original only by representing the age to which it belongs, and not by discovering in its texture the diseases and the vanities of an author's mind.

When we speak then in future of originality, we intend only representative, artistic originality; true to the time, the persons, and the place which it represents; giving the very spirit and impress of the age and the race, even to the minutest traces of manners and of speech. To be original, therefore, it is necessary to live the life, not of a recluse, given up to meditation, nor of a scholar buried in books, but to unite with a certain degree of scholarship and speculative thought a large experience of men, and a knowledge of things and their uses. In this age, to be original, it is necessary to be scientific; to be otherwise is to fall behind the time. It is necessary also to be political, to understand both democracy and monarchy.

The strongest characteristic of the poet whose works are before us seems to have been his power of imitation. His admirers will not be offended by the assertion, after what has been said in regard to the importance of the talent of imitation, the left hand of genius, of which originality is the right. Keats is perhaps the most delicate and successful imitator of modern times. His appropriative talent has impressed his critics; but they describe him also as a sensuous painter because of his rich and soft coloring. But is not this quality one of those which distinguish the artist from the scene-painter? Keats writes for the eye and for the ear: he satisfies the senses indeed; his metres are full, *solid*, and harmonious; but he was not a sensualist.

> "Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
> Close bosom-friend of the all-cheering sun."

There is no better music, unless it be Shakspeare's

> "teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
> Bearing the wanton burden of the prime."

The sensuosity of Keats is the sensuosity of Shakspeare and of Milton, and of all great and pure-minded poets who are not rhyming metaphysicians, but colorists, and masters of light and shadow, the great painters of nature. What they describe the eye sees, the ear hears, the senses feel, the imagination embodies.

And yet we cannot rank this admirable child of fancy among poets of the first order. The subordinate excellences of a first-rate artist, those proper to the early days of highest expectation, he seems to have; his deficiencies are profound. The most approved writers are those who have given the power of a transcendent representative genius to the embodiment of moral themes. The glory and the punishment of pride; Satan and his fall; the pride of Coriolanus; the rise and ruin of a rebellion in Macbeth; fastidious jealousy in Othello; the fond and foolish tyranny of Lear; these are what we intend by "moral themes." In Keats, a young writer, fancy and imagination took the lead, and Character, the great object of art, fails of its due representation. Had he lived longer, his full-fed and powerful fancy might perhaps have become the servant and instrument of a more elevated purpose. The victim of a too sensitive and fanciful passion, of which at last he died, he was equally the slave of an exacting muse—a muse not "married to," but only mistress of "immortal verse."

In Shakspeare's day, when as yet classical criticism was unknown, or at least unused, as we use it, an exuberant and humorous fancy might indulge to excess, as in the "Venus and Adonis." The rough and tender, the bitter and the sweet, might be poured out together, and let go. The stylus was seldom reversed. There was not then that "lascivious grace in which all ill well shows;" there were no Byrons nor Moores; the Muse had not yet gone to school to false propriety; but there was a freedom, a rude liberty, and an eager appreciation of all excellence.

By the fanciful exuberance of Shakspeare's earlier style, Keats was attracted and overcome. "One of the three books I have with me is Shakspeare's poems," he writes. "I never found so many beauties in the sonnets; they seem to be full of fine things, said unintentionally—in the intensity of working out conceits. Is this to be borne? Hark ye:

'When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
  Which erst from heat did canopy the head,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
  Borne on the bier with white and bristly head.'

He has left nothing to say about nothing or any thing.

'And as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
  Shrinks back into his shelly cave with pain,
And there all smothered up in shade doth sit,
  Long after, fearing to put forth again;
So at his bloody view her eyes are fled
Into the deep dark cabins of her head.'"

It is easy to discover that which attracted Keats in the early style of Shakspeare. Of beauty it has not a trace; the picturing is even uncouth and repulsive. It is the enormous force, the rude strength and power of the imagery, the depth of light and shadow, that charm the critical as well as the ingenuous reader. Keats's observations on the above lines, written in his twenty-second year, in a letter to a friend, are followed by some lines of his own composition, which imitate the manner he so much admires, and show plainly enough under what master he studied.

The early poems of Shakspeare are often alluded to and quoted by the critics; but it has not yet been distinctly noticed that they have exerted a more powerful influence than any others upon the lyrical poets of the last century. Coleridge, Keats, Charles Lamb, Tennyson, Hood, and many others, are deeply in their debt. The sonnets of Shakspeare, imperfect as they are, have given the ideal of the English meditative sonnet, as distinguished from the Italian. The sonnet of Shakspeare is our own; the model of a peculiar style, congenial to a proud and melancholy race. More than all other verse it expresses that profound love passion, which has no gallantry in its nature, but is as serious as life itself.

That it is as essential to the beauty of a work of art, more especially a poetical one, to move the passion of *love*, as it is to its sublimity to excite that of terror, might be shown by a vast array of instances. Let any passage of peculiar beauty be read over with an appreciative care, from any poet celebrated for the *beauty* of his sentiments. The expression of *love* will be found the great cause of the pleasure it confers. It may be the love of country, of home, of kindred, or of friends; or it may be the passion which can exist only between the sexes: whatever be the form, the soul is love. There are those who insist that forms and sounds have a beauty of their own, independent of expression. These argue that the features of the Grecian sculpture owe their excellence to a sensuous beauty devoid of passion. We, on the other hand, affirm with Lord Byron, that passion is the soul of poetry, and add that there is nothing *beautiful* in art or nature, except as it is a language or a natural symbol of love.

Of human beauty, the peculiar attribute is to move love in the beholder; and if, in nature, there is any other species of beauty, it charms by resembling or at least by calling to mind those human traits of sweetness, grace, and harmony, which are proper to the gentle passion, and given to it by the Creator as its language and expression. How then is it, argue the sensuous critics, that a face in marble, to be beautiful, must be calm? A face, we answer, may indeed be calm, and at the same time malignant and hideous. Calmness is not then the essence of beauty. Madonnas and Christs are always calm, but they are full of passionate love. Nature has certain forms which represent, or they would not move, the tender passions. The artist discovers and depicts these forms.

But there is more in this speculation than we shall succeed in expressing. The passions lie under the governance of certain moral powers: honor, pride, the love of praise, modesty, and others; powers either pure or mixed in their character. These wield the sceptre of the heart. The honorable man, it is said, regulates his passions, and keeps them in check, letting them out freely upon the right occasion, and observing all the rights and equalities of the heart. But honor is not the only power which regulates the conduct of the passions. Modesty and pride have also their full exercise.

If the artist has attained a knowledge of those forms of face or language which express the passions,—as love controlled and dignified by modesty, in the gentler sex,—

he has reached the summit of his art, and is a master of the Beautiful. As it is the peculiar function of the moral powers (of which high art, whether in poetry or in design, is the representer and delineator) to subdue and calm the passions, without lessening them, or diverting them from their objects, the calmness of a marble, or the classic repose of a poem, is to be attributed to the presence of those powers, and not to a want of passion, nor to that feeble intellectualism which is unacquainted with any thing but manner and sentiment. As there is no grandeur nor dignity but that which reposes on subdued but obedient and ready passions, so there is no artistic beauty which does not owe its power to a concealed or latent power of love. It is necessary, in speaking of artistic pleasure, to exclude that kind which addresses only the sensual temperament, and which is gross and general, as good in one as another, and distinct from the individual. The beauty of which we now speak is the beauty of a Reason, an Individual, admirable in particular, and distinguished from all others. In these, as in perfect living men, the sensuous, the passionate, and the moral are so blent as to be undistinguishable.

When we speak of the sublimity and beauty of a heroic character, we intend its superiority in possessing and subduing of terror and love; inspiring at once awe and affection. The filial passion of a child is perhaps the most perfect instance in nature of love at once excited and subdued. The child at once loves and fears the parent, and these passions are controlled by the moral sentiment, and refined into veneration and sublime confidence. The just and kind parent is a sublime and at the same time an honored and beloved object to the child. Toward the idea of the Supreme Being, personified as a Parent, love ascends mingled with an awful fear. In the secret recesses of the soul, the subdued spirits of all the passions mingle in prayer.

If we have come near to the expression (in this feeble and almost hopeless effort) of what is meant by the Sublime and the Beautiful in art, as the representer and expresser of the moods of the soul, it seems proper to speak briefly of the Fanciful, the Humorous, and the Satiric, in order not to seem forgetful of their existence, or their value.

That what passes under the name of "fanciful," in art, either in grotesques, or in the fictions of fairy land, should have any value in a moral point of view, may to some hasty critics seem even ridiculous to say; and yet it is impossible to seize and enjoy the spirit of fairy, or of grotesque, without first being capable of what is serious. It is the sport of the superior nature, letting loose the passions, and observing their play. An Undine, a Gnome,—what are these but intellect and passion, freed from the conscious governing spirit? But is it possible for any but the conscious spirit itself to image such creatures, or enjoy the imagery? Cupid, the love fairy of the ancients, is the unreasoning, uncontrolled passion of love; but what a force of genius is required to delineate the freaks and gambols of this immortal elf! Boccaccio and Ovid stand unabashed in the presence of Shakspeare and of Milton. Byron and Burns, who have most faithfully delineated the passions which early tormented and sported with them, won for themselves a popularity which grave and philosophic versifiers sigh for in vain.

That character, in other words, that the moral power, is directly the cause of Humor, and gives its entire value to the humorous, will be readily admitted, as it has been constantly asserted. It is frequently observed that native humor indicates a good heart. The true humorist sports with the vanity or conceit of another, without wounding his feelings or exciting his anger. While it makes the folly apparent, it spares the man. It has no malignity. Humor, though not as rare an endowment as poetic genius, attracts almost equal admiration and respect. It shows in those who possess it several great qualities,—moral insight and sympathy, pride of character, and self-possession.

In Satire and the satiric, the moral is unquestionably the ruling power. It is only by tearing off the veil of hypocrisy, fashion, and false greatness, aud showing wickedness in form of weakness, that satire attains its end.

It was the purpose of our remarks to show, not that passion is the object of art, but passion under control; or rather, the presence of their controlling powers, under the several names of Pride, Honor, Modesty, &c., seen in the immediate kingdom of the heart. The passions will be expressed, and with their full intensity; but this expression will be valued as it shows their mastering principles.

It seems strange, and almost ridiculous, to a critic of the present day, to ask at all, whether the moral enters into a work of art, in any shape; so grossly have fiction and design degenerated from their ancient dignity. Time was, and that too but a century ago, when a poem containing nothing but a dream, related in a musical jingle of words, would have been passed over with neglect, as unworthy a second perusal. Although the fashion of condemning Pope and slighting Addison has been lately a prevailing one, it has insured the immortality of those authors, as it has of the Greek and Roman classics, that they wrote for moral ends, and regarded their art as the handmaid of morals.

But though high art demands a moral theme and purpose, to attain its immortality, the mere poetic passion makes no such demand, and even *resents* a purpose. The instruction of art is given to the heart, not to the head; but as the heart is of greater dignity than the head, the artist is superior in *dignity* to the artisan. Art is not understood, it is only felt; and consequently, to those who have no feeling, the artist is an empty impostor. One cannot reply to the question so often asked, "What is poetry?" The feeling alone can make a suitable reply. The idea must be in us, or the image, when presented, will not remind us of any thing real. The critic must therefore suppose that readers already know "what poetry is," at least as well, or better, than he does himself. He must suppose that a beautiful poem will produce effects of beauty in their imaginations, attended with a certain glow and enthusiasm which are proper to it, and belong to it alone. He takes it for granted that sublimity appears sublime; that pathos moves their feelings; that sentiment touches what is sentimental; that grace meets a graceful appreciation; that the laughable moves laughter, and the keen and witty are their own recommendations. Readers are before critics.

In answering the question, "What is poetry?" we attempt rather to please than to instruct; for it is the purpose of poetry to charm, and not to instruct. It is impossible to show why we are pleased. I am *pleased* with the form of a circle, or with a concord of fifths in music: I am *instructed* by being told that the diameters are equal, or that the vibrations divide each other without fractions. It may indeed satisfy my understanding to know this, but that is another kind of "pleasure." The understanding is "pleased" when it is instructed; the imagination when images of the beautiful and sublime are created in it. All that can be said, therefore, in answer to the question, "What is poetry?" is perhaps to separate the various causes of pleasure, the rhythm, the harmony, the imagery, the contrasts, the sublimity, the beauty. By dwelling separately upon each of these, we attain at length to a more full and satisfactory appreciation of the whole. When a beautiful statue is first presented to the eye, it produces a faint sensation of delight; but when, after many views, every minute elegance of feature and form has made its due impression, the separate beauties enter together into the mind, until they produce one feeling. And so in the critical appreciation of a poem, we are at first delighted with the melody of the verse, and then with the picturesqueness and passion of the language; last of all, with the *moral passion*, to coin a new phrase, of the entire work. When these have been separately appreciated, the pleasure which we afterwards receive from the whole is of a kind incomparably superior in worth and duration to a first, hasty delight.

Nature seems to have made some persons without poetic sympathy, or in whom it is exercised at such remote intervals, or so faintly, as to add nothing to their pleasures. Others, on the contrary, find poetry in every thing; they cannot listen to a fall of water, or the rustling of leaves, or the distant hum of cities, or any sound that has softness, monotony or sweetness, without a rise of the poetic sensation. When we speak of the poetic sensation, we do not mean that poetry is itself a sensation, nor the faculty of it merely a feeling; but as every idea and passion has its own sensation, so has poetry. It creates a pleasure in the sense which is distinguishable from every other pleasure. We distinguish the pleasure of music from the pleasure of poetry, although they are similar and closely allied; but we find readers, and even composers of verse, in whom the delight in music is faint. An excellent poet may be hardly able to distinguish a tune.

That characteristic of poetry which has been set foremost by the critics, as the most admirable, and conveying the highest degree of pleasure, we commonly call grandeur, sublimity. It seems to be a rousing up of the soul, attended with intense emotions akin to fear. It carries a mixture of fear and of pride. It gives a momentary dignity to the interior nature, and brings it into fellowship with the vast and mysterious. It seems to be of nearer kin to, and in closer alliance with, the immortal and rational emotions of the soul, than any other movement of intelligence. Much as there is of terror in the sublime, the delight of it is akin to that of heroism. In passages of the most ancient poetry, quoted for their sublimity, there is an expression of the divinity and dignity of the interior nature, an elevation of the soul toward the creative Source, conferring a sublime pleasure. The most terrible subjects and images are chosen and touched with freedom by the poets of the Sublime. Nature is set at defiance; destiny alone is awful. The creative Power is appealed to in a vein of companionship. The spirit of man acknowledges nothing that can daunt or suppress it. It descends into hell, unappalled among eternal fires; it ascends into heaven, gazing with clear eyes upon the glory of God. It pervades the abysses of the universe, and carries passion and pride into the movements of the spheres. It personifies the sun and the stars. The sun speaks, and there is a music for his motion. The powers of earth and nature converse with it as with their master. It images to itself the first beginnings even in the mind of Deity, and looks forward and onward toward the end, fancying to itself the intonations of the Creator on the seat of judgment. Into all things this soaring ardor carries tremulous emotions of fear; not the crouching terror of the flesh, but a fear acknowledged only while it is conquered. The poet need not therefore explain his choice of such images. It is the glory of his art, that over extreme and depressing fear he is able to induce a something which quells it; and the pleasure of this is like the pleasure of controlling a powerful and dangerous steed. The superior nature grasps the reins of its own terror, and moves resolute and charmed through the terrors of death and hell.

So much then for the pleasure of the Sublime; it is the pleasure of superior natures, and akin to pride. As a proof, let us observe that poets of the Sublime have been remarkable for pride. Mere pomp and vastness of expression is distinguished from sublimity, by observing that in one the element of *terror* is present, while in the other we find only monotony and expansion. Poetry which describes what is merely large and extended, may have nothing of the sublime, because it moves no terror. Fine-sounding verses, without passion, are not sublime, though they convey pictures of the universe. Lord Byron was wont to insist that poetry was passion: he meant, perhaps, that there was no poetry without passion; and we are sure of being right when we say that there is no poetic sublimity without the passion of terror, as there is no poetic beauty without that of love.

But how does it happen that two persons equally susceptible to poetry will be differently affected by the same verse; one having the passion of sublimity, the other no passion at all? Before attempting to answer, we may observe, first, that we never hear of a discovery of sublimity without beauty by one person, and of beauty without sublimity, in the same verse, by another. If the imagery is sublime, its effect, if felt, will be sublime; if it is beautiful only, and carries no sensation of terror, it will never awaken a sublime emotion. But as the faculty of sublime is not always active in the reader, it will not always produce its effect; and if his heart be unsusceptible and dry, he will perceive nothing of beauty, even though beauty be expressed. Among all the controversies of critics, we have never yet seen one which made a question whether sublimity alone, or beauty alone, should be attributed to the same poem or verse. The two qualities may exist together, and the same verse be sublime and beautiful at once, having in it the power both of love and of fear; but the passions and their languages are distinct, and ought not to be confounded together.

Those phenomena in nature which discover immense and uncontrolled powers awaken the simple passion terror in minds not gifted with sublimity; but to the *sublime* imagination, whatever has an incalculable weight and stability,—the interminable, that which moves with an irresistible force,—whatever, in short, either hints or fully displays the existence of powers compared with which the physical force of man himself is trifling and ineffectual, raises images of sublimity. There is sublimity in the echo of a cannon, reverberating among mountains; in the motion of a steam car, or of a great ship moving before a strong wind; there is sublimity in the movements of vast bodies of men, when they seem to be informed with a common purpose. The sublime carries with it a feeling of the mysterious. The majesty of oratory awakens a sublime emotion in which the uncertain and mysterious largely prevail. We feel in the speaker himself a power, a consciousness and a confidence, which overwhelms while it elevates.

For the production of great and continuous sublimity and beauty, there is needed a quality of intellect akin to obstinacy: we should perhaps have said, rather, a quality of intelligence, of the active and impulsive, and not of the gubernatorial faculties. If not a quality, then a power, a faculty, for which psychology has no name, (psychology being a science uncultivated in our language,) to which we are obliged to give the name "*concentrativeness*," invented by the phrenologists. The brokenness and want of continuity of Keats may perhaps be attributed to a want or weakness of this faculty; a deficiency which no cultivation could fully compensate, whose want excludes the artist from the epic and dramatic circles, restricting the efforts of his genius within the sphere of lyric and essay. While the fit is on him, he is able to give unity to his work; but he cannot recover the mood. The faculty of *soaring* is denied him; his flights, though powerful, are brief and swooping;—a quality excellent only for a wit, a song-writer, a story-teller, or a humorist. It is said by those who have read the epic of Petrarch, that it is deficient in every quality of an epic. It may have been a deficiency of the kind which we have described, which limited this author to the production of a sonnet or a canzonet. It may have been the same deficiency, or rather the consciousness of it, which restrained Boccaccio from any fiction of magnitude. In a fiction of three pages, Boccaccio has no rival; in a fiction of twenty, he fatigues the reader: the shorter the story, the better it is told. The fire is intense, but it burns only for a moment.

Was there not a similar deficiency, natural and inherent, in the greatest of the German poets, Goethe? In a chapter of cool advice to the *young* poets of Germany, he forbids the undertaking of long works; for wise reasons, perhaps, he restricted himself; and his reputation rests rather upon lyrical passages, brief essays, full of pith and observation, and satisfying to the intellect. In his larger works, want of unity detracts from their dignity and value as works of art. It has been said of him, that though a "lawgiver of art, he was not an artist;"* and yet who but an artist could have created the character of Mignon, or composed the drama of Iphigenia? "Was it that he knew too much, that his sight was microscopic and interfered with the just perspective, the seeing of the whole?"† Clearly not; but that he lacked concentration; for if the possession of the microscopic eye were inconsistent with that of the higher artistic faculties, what shall we say of Shakspeare, Aristophanes, Swift, Homer, in whom unity of design and singleness of purpose are traits as conspicuous as any other proper to the artistic mind? "He is fragmentary—a writer of occasional poems." Yes; and these poems, at least the best of them, have an undeniable unity. "When he sits down to write a drama or a tale, he collects and sorts his observations, and combines them into a body, as fitly as he can." But, with an utter deficiency of the artistic power, he could not have collected his observations; he could see their fitness, but he could not fuse them into a consistent whole; he could build the sacrificial pile, but he could not set fire to it. His nature was cold, and the quality of concentrativeness is a quality of *heat*, and lies on the side of passion. The man who is devoid of it will not only produce no long works of art, but he will have no life friendships nor enmities. Warm for the moment, his fire is soon out; he is sentimental and fickle; he is versatile, not so much from the plasticity and variety of his intellect, as from a natural coldness and shallowness of feeling; he is skeptical, not so much from a want of insight, as from observing in himself the incessant change and fluctuation of his own feelings; and learning to despise this weakness in himself, he mistakes it for a weakness of all humanity.

To return to the subject of our article. It is not easy to determine whether in Keats the interruptedness and want of unity arose more from a physical or an intellectual weakness. Feeble, and of a consumptive habit, the fire of his passions devoured the strength of his body; and as we observe in his later works a unity which the earlier do not show, it may have been in him a defect more of the flesh than of the spirit; and as a token of this, we observe in all his works a most absolute unity of *feeling* at least: the quality is even, the texture only broken; the pursuit is steady, but the limbs are weak. He needed, it may be, only the ripening and solidifying influence of health and experience.

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* Emerson, *Representative Men*, page 282.

† Id.

After every minor difficulty has been surmounted by the artist, the taste cultivated, expression abounding, imagery at command, knowledge full and serviceable, the field and the limit of genius ascertained, the greatest of all remains yet to be overcome; and that is, the choice of subject. If his genius is epical, but one theme will occur to him in the entire course of his life. If it occurs at all, with the conviction of fitness attending it, it may be undertaken too early, or at an unseasonable time, and its weight may kill the author; or it may never rise before him until he has become so far engaged in the business of life, there is no leisure left. The conjunction of four planets is hardly more rare than the fortunate conjunction of time, subject, circumstance, preparation, and ability for the work. That it should kill its author does not seem at all surprising; for of all passions that afflict humanity, that of poetic renown is the most consuming and invincible. A great genius, failing in youth under the burden of an immortal design, is an object most pathetic, most touching, and we dare say, most venerable. The passion that actuates and consumes him is a desire for the love, not of one person, but of all mankind, of all futurity. There is in him no scorn of humanity, but the most exalted regard; he falls a victim to it; he is a lover, dying of an eternal passion. It is no shallow vanity that spurs him; he is content with a present obscurity in exchange for a lasting renown. His desire is to please all mankind, and while he pleases, while he fascinates, to elevate and to calm. He is, in a strict sense, the prophet, or rather the illustrator and the expounder of the beauty and the harmony of the universe; and not only of the beauty and the harmony, but of the eternal sweetness, of which individual love is but a spark. Is he not, then, in a peculiar and sublime sense, a favorite with the creative Power? And as such, ought we not seriously, and apart from all sentiment, to respect and honor him in his vocation?

J. D. W.

WOOD FALL.

(IMITATED FROM THE "BUGLE SONG.")

The breeze creeps still from plain and hill
  Within the forest black and hoary;
The sunlight gleams in rounded streams,
  And floods the woodland maze in glory.
Fall, torrent, fall, and let thy thunders flying
Fill the far glens, the echoes faint replying.

From mosses deep on ruined steep
  Slow drops descend in sullen plashing;
From rocky brim, with eddying swim,
  The waters leap in foam-wreaths flashing.
Fall, torrent, fall, and let thy thunders flying
Fill the far glens, the echoes faint replying.

It rolls away—the river gray,
  But columned mists to sky are driven;
So flows our life—a tumbling strife,
  So mount our better thoughts to heaven.
Fall, torrent, fall, and let thy thunders flying
Fill the far glens, the echoes faint replying.

Reinhold.

SONGS AND SONG-WRITERS.

It is an old axiom, that "Good goods are oftenest made up in small parcels." There is much of truth in it, and we are inclined to hold by it, and adopt it as one of our articles of faith. In a little poem, as in a little house, or in a little man, may we often find *not* a little domestic comfort, true spirit of independence, appreciation of the beautiful, and manhood.

Our architectural and ventilation comfort-seeking friends must not suppose, however, that we are going to create a revolution, or throw the whole brick-and-mortar world into a barricade by writing an essay on "Cottage Building." Neither must our "one-small-head-could-carry-all-he-knew" admirers think they shall peruse a paper devoted to the physiology or psychology of little men, or the immortalization of "Short Boys," from our pen. We at present shall not enlighten the former by intruding on their hearths, nor the latter by a cargo of small souls, but confine ourselves to a few remarks on a subject which is as good as life to both, especially if the one be an "unco merrie chiel," and the other inhabited with a "set of right gay fellows," meerschaums and amontillado included. That subject is Songs—Lyrics—short poems.

A word on our morals—the meerschaums and amontillado, to wit. In this age of revolution, it is not to be wondered at that half creation smokes; and further, though critically we are opposed to puffs, we find that a genial pipe has a most harmonious effect on our cranium, and enables us to play—we had nigh said the very d——l—! with the discordant volumes of sound (and fury) which the muses of certain scribes persist in emitting. A good Havana is a sort of lightning-conductor from the head, and the denser the clouds, be sure the more electric fire they contain. As to the goblet—why, all poets and philosophers have had, and have, their especial nectar, and *that* only is true nectar which agrees best with the constituted being of its imbiber. Anacreon, Catullus, and Pindar were jolly gods. Shakspeare got his death by rising from a bed of sickness to give Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher a "drink." And in our own day, hadn't our philosophic friend, the Seer of Weissnichtwo, Herr Teufelsdröckh, his academic gukguk; Byron, his gin; Maginn, his whiskey; Kit North, his Glenlivet; Tom Moore, his rosy wine; Hartley Coleridge and Poe, whatever they could get? And why shouldn't we have our amontillado? We *will* have it, (when we can get it;) and we are sure our admirers will not debar us, even in thought, of what makes us "mind our business." This hint is only thrown out for those who don't mind *their* business.

Having said so much, we must now get our pen into a critical position.

Short poems or lyrics, to be what they ought to be, must *not* be mere fragments of the brain, but the complete, unique, and refined thought on the object or circumstance in the poet's mind. A lyric must not be the mere head, arm, or leg of the form to be embodied, but head, arms, trunk, legs and all—the perfect embodiment, strong in its perfection, solid in its unity. The mere capital or base will not do; we must have base, column, and capital, in true Doric or Ionic simplicity. What is to be said, must be said,—so much, and no more. The slightest word not appropriate to the object in view destroys the effect; and no expediency of rhyme can make up for a verbal defect in a song. Their great beauty is their directness, their candor, their faith, which needs no extraneous sophistry to produce the end which the honesty of simplicity and straight-wordedness can alone attain. Their effect may be heightened by ideality or fancy, in the same manner as a band of music cheers a marching army and idealizes its hopes and vocation. And, for the same reason that we would have shot (without court-martial) the band-master who would strike up a dead march in an enemy's country, we would hand over to the keeper of Blackwell's Island, without a commission *de lunatico*, the versifier who would give us sixteen or sixty lines of mosaic in regular syllables, and call it a song, merely because of its shortness.

The true song-writer is the greatest word-artist. He uses, chooses, and thinks over his assortment of words, as a doctor analyzes in his mind the component parts of the prescription he is jotting down for the use of his patient. Every word, as every drachm or grain of medicine, is chosen relatively as to its effect on those with which it is to be used, and with which it is to act and produce certain effects. Moreover, all this must be done, as in the doctor's case, so that no mark of the process of thought shall be left visible after its completion. The song must have a hearty wholeness, a rich miniature perfection when complete, even though every line cost a week, as precious metals show a perfect brilliancy after passing through the refining crucible. Metaphor may be used freely, provided it does not lead to digression, which it is very likely to do on indulgence. Metaphorical allusions are rather pleasing, and can aid in the purpose of the song much, if delicately introduced, and at the proper times. Too frequently we see, in what are given to us as "songs," an overloading of expression from the overworking of this faculty, or rather from its too obliging nature—ever ready to be at the service of the poet. It is in this the abuse of the faculty lies, and a weak succumbing to its influence only tends to swathe in a wrappage of words the thought with which the poet started. The song, as the sonnet, must be clear and unique in itself, and tell a story simply by suggesting it. Its suggestiveness is the great aim of the song, and which is nearly as much dependent on its euphony, as shown in the relation of words, as its thought. Heaviness of expression will obstruct the purposes of music, without which a song is intolerable. In fact, it must sing itself, by its own very nature and construction, into the senses, as we read, even if it is not adapted to regular musical notes. Its cadences of rhythm must rise and fall in a pleasing harmony with the thought, and be suggestive of an air, even as it is suggestive of a tale or a picture. We take the latter to be one of the great, perhaps *the* great aim of the lyric, that it suggest an epic.

Here is a glorious moral song by old James Shirley: let us read it. It was intended for a funeral song in a play of his, "The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses," and is said to have been a favorite song with King Charles the Second. We don't think the "merrie monarch" found much consolation in it for his boisterous temperament, although we are aware that this mockery of existence often makes the most solemn man play the fool to all appearance, and *vice versâ*. Our opinion of Charles has been much improved since the first time we read this song of Shirley's and learnt the king's appreciation of it, and on it found one redeeming exception to Rochester's caustic but candid character of his patron in wit and profligacy:

"Here lies our mutton-eating King,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never said a foolish thing,
He never did a wise one."

If he never did a wiser thing than appreciate this song, we could respect him for that alone.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

"The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

"Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill:
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they pale captives *creep* to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's *purple* altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds.
All heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

That grand old lyric to a great extent exemplifies what we have said in reference to such compositions. It is perfect as a death-song. Every line is suggestive, and spreads itself in the mind into a wide area of thought and speculation. Its art, too, is excellent, and reminds us forcibly of Tennyson in our own day. We have no lame lines eking out their miserable volition by soiled or worn-out wings of fancy, or forced up to our sense by stilted metaphors. What is said is crisply and strongly, because naturally, said. The expressiveness is unobtrusive, because strength is never a bully. We know of nothing in the range of lyrical works more beautiful than the opening of this song, and its great beauty and strength is in its direct expressiveness:

> "The glories of our birth and state
> Are *shadows*, not *substantial* things."

The contrast, a power of great efficiency in all classes of poetry, and of great beauty when well introduced, especially into the lyric order, is here very perfect; and it is solely because there is no claptrap in the construction of the verse. Shirley speaks with perfect naturalness, and in that is his triumph. It is the triumph of honesty. Shadows are called *shadows*, not fleeting vapors of this thing or that; and substances are called—what would appear to some of our dilettanti awfully prosy—*substantial;* not "concentrated essences of sublimated bricks," and so forth. There is no straining after effect; and the fact is, we have the whole existence of man, his birth, ambition, and eminence, conveyed as strongly, truly, and suggestively, in twelve simple, natural words, as in the most elaborate epics or death-verses in the English language. Poe was right in saying, "It is no paradox, that the more prosaic the construction of the verse the better." It is a perfect truth, though by no means an original idea of his. In this song of Shirley's we have a capital illustration of the force of directness. How many preachers might have quoted,

> "There is no armor against fate,"

and saved their breath and their sermons. The simple line suggests—and no mind capable of hearing any every-day sermon can help, after reading it, thinking to itself much quicker than any other could convey—all that can be said or writ on the subject. The whole moral of the grand revolutionist and his republican equality, death and the grave, upon which more rags and paper have been wasted than would winding-sheet creation, is given in the eight syllables:

> "Death lays his icy hands on kings."

It is needless to go through it line for line; the song is there, and its immense suggestiveness will shoot through the brain of every reader. A word on its style. It is perfect. The change in the fifth line of each stanza to the short line of two iambuses from the alternating iambics and anapests of the four preceding is perhaps not noticed in its effect by most readers, but is a movement of great strength, and aids the purpose of the poem in a remarkable manner. The shortening of the line, or rather the dividing of a line of four iambic feet into two lines of two iambuses, makes a necessity for the quick recurrence of a rhyme, which in this place comes with marked and forcible emphasis.

> "Sceptre and crown
> Must tumble down,"

and what follows, is but an amplification of the line which preceded; but amplification, when judiciously and dramatically done, is one of the true and great resources of the orator, and oratory, or rather its power of eloquent expression, is of the most decided need to a lyrical composition, it being always supposed to be written for chanting.

> "Sceptre and crown," &c.,

is an emphatic explanation of what preceded; a burden or refrain enlarged from the premises laid down, in which some generalities for the sake of conviction and explanation are introduced. In the other two stanzas the same construction is present. The four first lines of every stanza make the poem complete, for they are perfect; the latter four lines are introduced to each stanza in the shape of evidence to the senses, and convey with more minutiæ of detail what was already said. The verbal elegance and strength of nomenclature displayed in the composition of this song are eloquent in their own behalf; and we will do no more than italicize some of them, lest our readers might argue, as they do of psuedo witticisms, that to need explanation only proves their stupidity.

Let us present our reader with another song, on a different subject, though uncheerful. (We have a natural, or a practice-made-perfect love for misfortune and disappointment.) The song which we are about to present is a modern one, and one which we think beautiful, and favor as such. Its great beauty is its prolific suggestiveness. It is by Tom Hood, that genial and dual spirit, for whom Urania and Momus must have stood sponsors, and whom in love for their charge each sought to make their own, by casting with lovable rivalry their peculiar and intense influences over him. They succeeded in making him greater than either, by making him master of both. This song is entitled:

TO A FALSE FRIEND.

"Our hands have met, but not our hearts;
Our hands will never meet again.
Friends if we have ever been,
Friends we cannot now remain:
I only know I loved you once,
I only know I loved in vain.
Our hands have met, but not our hearts;
Our hands will never meet again!

"Then farewell to heart and hand!
I would our hands had never met:
Even the outward form of love
Must be resigned with SOME REGRET.
Friends we still might seem to be,
If I my wrong could e'er forget.
Our hands have join'd, but not our hearts:
I would our hands had never met!"

The courage of sorrowful desperation is more strongly portrayed in those lines than any we are aware of. It opens with a determination, evidently the effect of much thought, beautifully expressed,—the condensed essence of a great effort on the part of the deceived,—and suggests to the reader all the thoughts and feelings which must have led to such a conclusion. In the third and fourth lines the determination is amplified on with emphatic nervousness:

"Friends if we have ever been,
Friends *we cannot now remain.*"

Then follows a hinting of the reason, the natural sequence of the foregone expressions; the *why*, the *wherefore*. There has been a deep love, and a deep disappointment; there is no hint at deception. The love has been so deep and so earnest, that it cannot easily convince itself of wrong in the object "once" beloved; will not, with the true spirit and logic of the heart, allow such a thought more than a transient location in the mind. It *only* knows it "loved in vain." Perhaps the heart argues with itself that its failure was its own fault, but the break-off is indispensable for its own truth, its safety, which is a small concern, but more probably its injured pride,—ay, its pride, which acts on the will: what mortal, even lover though he be, that has not pride?—and the determination of separation is more intensely and sorrowfully settled in the mind than before:

"Our hands will *never* meet again."

The "farewell" in the opening of the second stanza is the natural consequence of a deep affection, which, though it no longer can be made apparent for its own reasons, still lingers in the bosom of the lover. The heart-wrung wish that

———"their hands had never met"

is the last struggle in the heart yielding for ever the object it loved. By a retrospective analysis of his heart, he passes through the days, the hours, the objects, and little incidents of his love, until he comes to the source of all—the first meeting; and in wild despair in himself leaps at that, sees it as the Lethe fount of all his unhappiness, and most naturally prays it had never been. This shows one of the truest phases in the life of love: it always snatches for consolation at something which cannot give it. A moment's thought would show its impracticability, but what real lover ever was practicable? Immediately follows another glance into the metaphysics of the heart,—the self-pacifying argument that there was no *real* attachment, merely the outward "form of love;" and then, as an excuse for the evident weakness into which his soul-talk has led him, finding it holds him firmer than he could have thought, or for the purpose of appearances, he adds that

"Even the *outward* form of love
Must be resigned with some regret."

The real lover is still apparent in him. The excess of love is still manifest. The heart allowed too much for its own rest even in regretting its resignation, and little more would make him as open and unregardful a devotee as ever. He is lingering around his love. Affection is growing—is returning on him. He admits that

"Friends we still might *seem* to be;"

but if they *seemed*, if they met, he would be lost; and his pride again rises supreme:

"*If I my wrong* could e'er forget;"

and then, in the strength of his renewed spirit, he turns to his first thoughts of their hearts not joining, and concludes with an effort to think it all a dream; to go back beyond their meeting,—

"I would our hands had never met,"—

and live forward as though it had not been

There is a great intensity of feeling and deep metaphysical analysis in those simple but beautiful lines. The knowledge of the human heart is wide, and no doubt presents a phase in the existence of that of the harrowed soul of the author. Those lines cast over us a feeling of deep sadness, and to hear them sung to the beautiful melody composed for them, and which but more deeply portrays the feelings of the words, makes us melancholy for the night. The air, by one of the most gifted of living composers, William Vincent Wallace, is extremely beautiful, and one of the most exquisitely melodious of modern compositions. The composer seems to have caught up every feeling, to anticipate every thought. It is really metaphysical melody, perfect in its expression of the determination, sorrow, and loving doubts and reminiscences of the poet. He has caught the poet's heart into his own, and sent it out with the raiment of deep and melancholy sound such as it has appealed to us in. It has never appealed in vain.

These two songs we have quoted are perfect of their kind, and carry out our idea of the construction of lyrical compositions. They are direct, comprehensive, suggestive. From the opening of Shirley's plaint to the exquisite concluding couplet,

> "Only the actions of the just
> *Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust,*"

it shows a deep analytical insight into life, and through cant and hypocrisy; and casting off the clouds and dire vapors that hang over the social heaven, seeks the pure air, the clear atmosphere of the soul itself; catches the lightning through the cloud, and brings its living truth face to face with man. In Hood's poem, the unity is almost miraculous. In two short verses, he presents the whole torture of a rich and welling love under disappointment. Opening with a determination to conquer his own feelings, he tells a world of woes by a few electric touches, short as they are rapid, but large enough to admit us to his full heart-confidence; and concludes as he began, binding up as it were the kernel within the shell. The thought he started with he ends with; and all that is said or done in the interim moves and speaks like the machinery of a watch, wheels within wheels, all within the case and face, for the true perfection and regularity of which the interior toils and has a mechanic being.

In songs of a more vivacious, a light love or Bacchanalian character, where personal peculiarities or characteristics are introduced, drolleries grafted in, or witticisms discharged, the greatest fear of failure is in diffuseness. Earnestness through all must be the guiding star. The most ludicrous or humorous reflection, expressed in lackadaisical diffuseness, produces, if any, but a tithe of the effect it would produce if given in an earnest and direct manner. It should rather startle by its unique suddenness, like sun-light breaking into a darkened room through a small opening of the blind. It should astonish by its clearness, like the ring of a rifle-shot, heard to be fully understood and then extinct. Its magic is suggestive, and its earnestness leaves no doubt but that something was intended. In songs of pure affection this curse of diffuseness is even more to be dreaded. The fact of the poet embodying a lover's thoughts leads to a multitude of feelings regarding the mistress sung of or sung to, and it is more than probable the work of amplification and reiteration is carried to an extent which renders the performance disgustingly flattering or weakly meaningless. It is in this emergency the true poet, as the true general, takes the outposts, the keys to the whole campaign, and catches at those points which suggest his mastery over the whole ground. He sees through the character, and gives the little heart-touches of expression which clearly set before the reader a perfect history or a perfect likeness. The following verse of Moore's brings a beautiful picture to our mind, and yet he has not filled in his sketch with the slightest tint of color, but the "smiling eyes," and the "hope," "joy," and "light" in them lead us to the ideal expression of an accompanying face, the face to a form, all grace and sweetness; and we have a gentle, lovable form before us, as true as if the graceful pencil of Kenny Meadows or the rich color of Maclise had been at work:—

> "Whene'er I see those *smiling eyes*,
>   So full of *hope*, and *joy*, and *light*,
> As if *no cloud* could ever rise
>   To dim a heav'n so *purely bright*,
> I sigh to think how soon that brow
>   *In grief may* lose its every ray,
> And that *light heart, so joyous now*,
>   Almost forget it once was *gay*."

The *cloud*less, "purely bright" eyes, the *grief*less brow, and the "*light heart*," convey the whole idea of her of whom such is said, even as the mariner can prophesy the day or the morrow by the sky signs of the dawn or the evening. Here is another verse from the "Melodies," which always struck us as inexpressibly beautiful, and which one could linger over by the hour. It tells a whole history of literary life, and its truth is read in all literary biography:—

"Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frown'd before,
To smile at last;
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,
As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And at every close, she blush'd to hear
The one loved name."

These quotations carry out our idea of song-writing.

We have a very sweet song before us which we do not remember to have ever met in print. We have looked through several volumes which we thought likely to contain it, but in vain have we sought a clue to its authorship. We have taken it down from the recitation of a lady who sings it, and who recollects it from childhood. We have applied to several literary friends for information as to its parentage, but without finding any more than we knew ourself. Here is the foundling:—

"Oh! thou art the lad of my heart, Willie!
There's love, and there's hope, and there's glee,
There's love and there's joy in thy bounding step,
And there's bliss in thy bonny blue e'e!
But, oh! how my heart was torn, Willie;
For little I e'er thought to see
That the lad who won the lasses all
Should ever be won by me!

"But of vows so soft as thy vows, Willie,
Oh! who would not like me be proud?—
Come down, come down, sweet lark, and see,
Come down frae thy echoing cloud;
Come down frae thy cloud, and tell to thy mate,—
But tell to thy mate alone,—
Thou hast found a maid whose heart of love
Was merry and light as thine own!"

The chief beauty of this song, and it is a true song, is its naturalness—the spontaneity with which it bursts forth. There is no art in its composition at all as regards metre, yet the contrasts have all the art which true heart manifests. It is in this particular that the songs of Burns excel; in the true spirit, embodying what rushes to every mind, and entrapping as an illustration to his main object every little occurrence, making every thing and all things subservient to his occasion. The song we have quoted is a beautiful burst of affection and passionate pride. The opening line is excessively musical; it bounds with conscious joy, and almost suggests a tune. The amplification of the praises of her Willie in the three succeeding lines is most natural, showing the delight with which the maiden singer loves to dwell on the appearance of her beloved, and her connecting with his "bounding step" and "bonnie blue e'e," all the love, hope, and joy which her natural and maiden pride suggests to her mind as the beau-ideal of a young lovable hero. Every true woman thinks thus, and associates with the object of her love all the manhood and hope and bliss which it is possible for her mind to imagine. It is this power of idealizing which varies woman's love. The more a woman thinks her lover is, the more heroic, the more manly he is to her notion, the more intense is her affection for him. The true soul of woman finds congenial labor here. What woman could love a coward? This faculty and feeling it must be which produces the great likeness between those who love. For a woman must be noble to idealize a noble man, and the man to appreciate the feelings and grandeur of such a woman must have the true soul actuating and guiding him—a soul capable of understanding and participating in noble actions.

"But, oh! how my heart was torn, Willie,"

and concluding lines of the first stanza, present a beautiful insight to the maiden's heart, and is the most natural turn of thought to the preceding. Having won him, she thinks back to the time her heart was torn with doubt and despair, and shows that strong silent love so characteristic of a deep-seated affection. Her modesty, too, in fearing competition with the other maidens, tells a whole heart-history. The contrast of her present the more forcibly makes her think of the past, and the amplification of the joy in the opening is the more natural on this very account, for she has had her sorrow:

"Oh! how my heart was torn, Willie;
For little I e'er thought to see
That the lad who won the lasses all
Should ever be won by me!"

In the opening of the second stanza she recurs to his vows and to the pride they should naturally entail on her, keeping in mind that he who "won the lasses all" was now hers alone. The break-off in the third line, with an apostrophe to the lark, to us appears most natural, and is one of those (can we say?) tricks of application which love makes for the heightening of its own purpose. She implores the lark to come down, that she might compare her own love with the love of its mate for him, as pure and joyous. The maidenhood of the expression in the line,

"But tell to thy mate *alone*,"

is very suggestive, and conveys all the modesty and silent-love characteristics spoken of before in connection with the fifth line of the first stanza. "Tell to thy mate *alone*," as she would tell her Willie. Her love is *alone* for him, and needs be told to no other; and conscious of being beloved in return, she is as "merry and light" as the lark's mate, cleaving with its loving wings the congenial sky of heaven. In our opinion it is a very beautiful song, and carries out our idea of the song proper, in its spontaneity, heart, and suggestiveness. We have before alluded to its inartistic qualities; they are evident. It may be that the memory of the lady from whom we have it has dropped some words and introduced others, but we rather give the song as we have it than alter it. It is most likely, however, that it stands on our page as it was written, with some very trivial difference, and we should think it between half a century and seventy years old.

The directness, uniqueness, heart, and suggestiveness which we idealize as the combination necessary to the being of a *song*, will be found to be present in the works of those lyrists who hold on the public ear; those who live through the fashionable season, and who make for the reception of their thought all seasons fashionable. Look to the three greatest lyrists of our time, perhaps of any time, Moore, Burns, and Béranger, and we find in them all those elements we contend for. Burns's great quality is his thorough candor, heart, and humor. He is often rough, but always natural. He knew no rules but those of his heart, and wrote as it dictated, because he couldn't help it. Stop from writing? He could no more do it than Bacchus could stop from drinking. He should sing as well as breathe. To him was given another power of vitality, not often consigned to man. Singing was necessary to his life, although it indirectly caused his death. Now this looks paradoxical, reader, but it is not so. In Burns we often find real humor, oftener ludicrousness. He possessed a deep nature-gift of knowledge of character, and could pierce to the heart of humanity, join in the undertone of its inborn melody, take up its minutest pulses, and convey their throbbings and feelings to his fellow-men. He was wild, too, and gloriously uncouth, but in all he was thoroughly national, and, for those days of hypocrisy and mask, unnaturally natural, and always enthusiastically in earnest.

George H. Colton, the author of "Tecumseh," and one of the original projectors and editors of this Review, was a critic of remarkably acute and sensitive appreciation. An intimate friend of his, now at our elbow, and to whom we have been reading our essay, interrupts us to tell an anecdote which, as it is characteristic of Colton, illustrates the power of Burns, and agrees perfectly with our ideas of the epic suggestiveness of a song, we insert here. Colton had a tender and sympathetic perception for the beautiful and the pathetic, and it appears he never could repeat the well-known lines of Burns,

"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met and never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted,"

without tears coming to his eyes. These lines were favorites of Colton's, and on repeating them once to our friend, he remarked with exceeding truth that they were among the finest lines he knew, and concluded thus epigrammatically: "In those four lines we have a play of Shakspeare's or a novel of Walter Scott's!" Scott, himself a wizard, and than whom none could better understand their suggestiveness, said of these same lines, that they contained the essence of a thousand love romances. We had not the pleasure of Colton's acquaintance, but from this conversational remark it is plain we should have agreed as to the necessity of the song proper. These four lines contain an epic—many epics in their suggestions. They are simple, spontaneous, strong, pathetic, and present the wildering story with the nervous completeness of condensity that such an experience would convey most naturally to the heart of a true, sorrowing lover.

Moore, as a lyrist, is far the most perfect and brilliant we can name; and it is as a lyrist he will flow over the rapids and cataracts of Time undisturbed. For Time's old stream does not always flow smoothly, O reader. It has its whirlpools and cataracts: we all witnessed one of the latter, nor long since either—'48. Time worked itself to fever heat then. It roared till we almost thought it had changed its voice for aye. The old sinner abated, thinking he had cried enough for his misdeeds, but left an echo to perform that which he needs must have left unwept for, and which thunders in his wake like the haunting conscience of a great crime. Moore will outlive those cataracts, and lull the old man's wrath. Moore's power of language is exceeding; he strikes the finest chords of feeling by a word, and enraptures by a well-pointed metaphor: we speak especially of his songs. His periods curl as gracefully as the whitened locks of sea-foam coming near a coast when a gay land-breeze kisses them; they wave and sparkle like diamonds. The construction of his songs is perfection; his wit brilliant, and suiting its place and opportunity as the flowers the seasons. When he rises into a purely national feeling, his emotions are strong and nervous, embodying the spirit of his land, its sorrow, glory, or gallantry. He is musical beyond compare, and tender to blessedness. His pathos is of a refined and exquisite nature, those lyrics, to wit, "Oh, breathe not his name;" "Has sorrow thy young days shaded?" "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls;" and a crowd of others which cling to the reader's memory. His deviltry is rather impish than diabolic, and his Bacchanalian songs are decidedly intoxicating, if not in themselves intoxicated. He is a true minstrel, in his wit, wassail, war, and women.

Béranger, without Moore's finish, has more style than Burns, with all the latter's naturalness. He is boisterous, humorsome, witty, pointed in a like degree, and possesses a certain forcible pith, born of his undying political zeal, which is perfectly electric. Like both the Scotch and Irish bards, he is very sarcastic when he has an opportunity, and deals heavy blows, and leaves life-scars on the objects of his wrath. He is very suggestive, and his unity is a great feature in his songs; being written with some certain purpose, they give a daguerreotype which suggests the time, influence, or person, under whose inspiration he wrote. Republican France is the pole to which his soul has been magnetized, and he has kept his head, hand and heart firmly in that direction through all vicissitudes, storms, and prison windows. He is always in earnest, and the arrows of his Cupid are as sharp as his freedom-seeking lance. He is honest, daring, natural, and national, bounding with heart and good-humor. We rarely meet a translation of one of his songs to come up with our idea of him, they are so difficult of English rendering by the localisms, idiosyncrasies, and naïveté of the author. The best, we might say the only really characteristic translations we have met, are those by Dr. Maginn, Father Prout, (Rev. F. Mahony,) and William Dowe: these are to be found only in *Fraser's*, the *Dublin University*, and lately *Sartain's Magazines*. Why not Dowe make a collection?*

The songs of such poets as we have alluded to live in the future as traditions and family legends. The first airs that lullaby the occupant of the cradle, they will grow with the child up through his youth and manhood as a part of him; and though he never had the books, or knew how even to read if he had them, he shall be haunted by the song as his good or evil genius, the star under which he was born. He shall leave it to his children as a legacy, and to his children's children shall croon it in the chimney-corner, or under the Liberty-trees or hawthorns of his own youthhood. The songs of Haynes Bailey and Thomas Dibdin, and others of their class, possess a "rage" for a time, owing to some accident of tune or fashion; but they fall like the leaves of autumn, and are whizzed out of existence with the season and the last *soirée*. Bailey's songs are pretty—no more. Who reads them now, notwithstanding their once great popularity? No one, save sentimental young ladies, and gentlemen who try to torture themselves into what they call affection, as they would torture them into corsets and paddings. And where are Dibdin's now? Where?—where, but consigned to the lurching and "heave-ahead," red-faced and big-whiskered fellow in clean white trousers and blue jacket edged with tape, who "does" the very nautical business behind the foot-lights of the minor theatres of London? "Out on the lazy land-lubbers!" "Split my taffrail!" "Shiver my timbers!" and then out comes the ghost of poor Dibdin, to the delight of the "gods" and other admirers of the "Mariners of England," and to the disquiet of poor Tom's ghost, no doubt, (if he has one.) These songs for the most part lacked nature; they were painted for theatric representation, like an accompanying scene. They wanted heart, truth, and earnestness, and so went the ways of hypocrisy.

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* Since writing the above, we have met the following paragraph, which, even more literally than we could have imagined, carries out our idea of the *suggestiveness* of the true song. The Paris correspondent of the London *Literary Gazette* writes: "Within the last few months the world-renowned 'Lisette,' the 'Grandmère,' 'Roger Bontemps,' and I know not how many other of Béranger's exquisite songs, have been transformed into plays; and this week, there have been 'La Gotton' spun out into five acts, and 'La Bouquetière et le Croque-Mort.'" Colton's remark on Burns's lines is made a fact, as regards the fortunate French lyrist.

Some of the songs of George P. Morris and Charles Fenno Hoffman are catching and exceedingly pretty, but they want that "no uncommon want," earnestness. They are exceedingly musical, those of the latter especially; but that thorough heart and spontaneity so requisite to the song is in general wanting. Poe says that "Woodman, spare that Tree" is enough to make Morris *immortal*. We admire the song for a certain amount of pathetic tenderness in it, and for its suggestiveness of a story. At the same time we must admit that the author took more than a hint from Thomas Campbell's "Beech Tree's Petition." It is worth reading the two side by side:—

I.

"Woodman, spare that tree,
  Touch not a single bough;
In youth it shelter'd me,
  And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
  That placed it near his cot:
O woodman! spare that tree,
  The axe shall harm it not.

II.

"Oft, when a careless child,
  Beneath its shade I've heard
The wood-notes sweet and wild
  Of many a forest bird;
My mother kiss'd me here,
  My father press'd my hand:
I ask thee with a tear
  To let that old oak stand.

III.

"That old familiar tree,
  Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
  Say, wouldst thou hack it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke,
  Touch not its earth-bound ties;
Oh! spare that aged oak
  Now towering to the skies."

We quote from memory. Here is Campbell's:—

"Oh! leave this barren spot to me!
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!
Though shrub [bush] nor floweret never grow
My wan [dark] unwarming shade below;
Nor summer bud perfume the dew
Of rosy blush, or yellow hue;
Nor fruits of autumn, blossom-born,
My green and glossy leaves adorn;
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
Th' ambrosial treasures of the hive;
Yet leave this little spot to me:
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!

"Thrice twenty summers I have *seen*,
The sky grow bright, the forest green;
And many a wintry wind have stood
In bloomless, fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my rustling [pleasant] bower
First spent its sweet and sportive hour;
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth and rapture paid [made;]
And on my trunk's surviving frame
Carved many a long-forgotten name.
Oh! by the vows [sighs] of gentle sound
First breathed upon this sacred ground;
By all that Love has whispered here,
Or Beauty heard with ravish'd ear;
As Love's own altar honor me:
Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree!"*

The ideas in both are identical, and the burden expressed in each nearly word for word. The feelings of the first naturally grow out of those expressed in the latter, and are only different in being put into the mouth of a female, while Campbell made the tree itself "petition" for its life.

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* The lines italicized were emendations of the author, and appear in the edition of 1841. The earlier editions had them not; and on looking at the edition of 1851, Philadelphia, we perceive that in the emended form are also five verbal alterations in the poem, which we have given in brackets after the original text. S.

The following verses by Morris are full of beauty, and worthy the praise which they have met with:—

"Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands
Winds through the hills afar,
Old Crow-nest like a monarch stands,
Crowned with a single star.
And there, amid the billowy swells
Of rock-ribbed, cloud-capped earth,
My fair and gentle Ida dwells,
A nymph of mountain birth."

Fit dwelling for the "fair and gentle Ida." The metaphor of the "*billowy* swells" of the hills is the more perfectly carried out by the expression of the

"*Nymph* of mountain birth."

The next verse is rather diffuse in rhetorical expletives and wanting in heart, but is nevertheless pretty:—

"The snow-flake that the cliff receives—
The diamonds of the showers—
Spring's tender blossoms, buds and leaves—
The sisterhood of flowers—
Morn's early beam—eve's balmy breeze—
Her purity define;—
But Ida's dearer far than these
To this fond breast of mine.'

This second stanza wants passion and more unity. The melody of the lines is intercepted by the disjointed construction—the dashes (—). This description of construction is often very effective, and produces strength, but every word should heighten in character and force to achieve such an end. It is very dangerous in lyrical composition to deal in the dash style. In the fifth line, "*Morn's early* beam" is very rough: the two consonants *r* come together too closely, and produce a stumble in the course of the metre, as well as an unpleasantness to the ear. The line should read,

"*Dawn's* early beam—eve's balmy breeze;"

and it would be perfect at all points. Such a difference is by no means slight. Singers know well the happiness of words which may be articulated clearly and with ease.

Mr. Morris seems to be a communist in the way of verses, for we find among his compositions many ideas and expressions of some of our favorites, which he appropriates without the credit of quotation marks or foot-notes. In a late production of his in Graham, "*The Dream of Love*," the opening runs thus:

"I've had the heart-ache many times,
At the mere mention of a name;"

which immediately reminds us that Halleck wrote thus:

"I've felt full many a heart-ache in my day,
At the mere rustling of a muslin gown," etc.;

and Mrs. Osgood thus:

"Whenever his *name* is heard,
Her young heart thrills;
Forgetting herself, her duty,
Her dark eye fills," etc.

In the same stanzas of Morris we have:

"Her gentle look and winning ways,
Whose portrait *hangs on Memory's walls;*"

reminding us of Alice Carey's sweet poem, which opens:

"Among the beautiful pictures
That *hang on Memory's wall.*"

A little farther down Morris says:

"They little know the human heart,
Who think such love with time expires:
Once kindled, it will ne'er depart,
But burn through life with all its fires;"

which seems a dilution of Tom Moore's

"The heart that once truly loves never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close."

If we wished to be obtrusive, we might cull many more such "coincidences," but simple justice to the authors (four) demands our giving these notes to Mr. Morris's compilation in this instance.

Hoffman's "Sparkling and Bright" is a hearty and melodious production. In the Anacreontic vein, here are two stanzas by Rufus Dawes, which have spirit and some pleasant conceit:—

"Mark this cup of rosy wine,
With virgin pureness deeply blushing;
Beauty pressed it from the vine,
While Love stood by to charm its gushing.
He who dares to drain it now
Shall drink such bliss as seldom gladdens;
The Moslem's dream
Would joyless seem
To him whose brain its rapture maddens.

"Pleasure sparkles on the brim;
Lethe lies far deeper in it;
Both, enticing, wait for him
Whose heart is warm enough to win it.

Hearts like ours, if e'er they chill,
Soon with love again must lighten ;
Skies may wear
A darksome air
Where sunshine most is known to brighten."

In the second verse, the introduction of the Lethe draught is not in perfect taste with the pleasure of the song. It is true, the followers of Osiris had a skeleton at their feasts; but though such may be the fact, it is in bad taste at a pleasure party to tell the wassailers that death was in all their beakers; and further, that it was waiting for him

"Whose heart was *warm* enough to win it."

Now, though many a dare-devil roysterer would meet death in a "free-and-easy" manner over a bowl, still it is a stretch in physics and imagination to say the heart is *warm* enough for *death*. It might be said that the drink would make his heart as *hot* as that anti-theological region which is not entirely peopled by Esquimaux Indians or Greenlanders. But apart from joking, we think the line in bad taste, which is the more evident from the tone of the concluding lines in the stanza.

After Moore, Samuel Lover has been the most popular song-writer of the day; not that he deserves it in comparison with his great predecessor, nor that as a *poet* we could at all institute even a faint likeness. There are far superior Irish song-writers to Lover, who are scarcely or little known out of Ireland. However, he is not without great talent and great industry, and it would be ridiculous to deny to some of his songs the great merit which their world-wide reputation has already admitted. Of "Rory O'More," one of his best songs, the *Dublin University Magazine* truly says: "Who has not heard it, ground as it is on organs, scratched on fiddles, blown on coach horns, pressed into the service of quadrilles, and even tortured into a waltz? Sung in the western wilds of America, and on the wall of China, fifed and drummed by our military bands in every quarter of the globe, 'Rory' still reigns a universal favorite, and bids fair * * * to go on living by 'a lease of lives renewable for ever.'" The same might be said of many others by the same author; but while the world admitted those, a long tail of mediocre and worthless ones followed, and kept following, until they are as well known—much to the author's injury—as his best songs deserve to be. The songs we condemn are those in which the vulgarisms of slang are allowed to be prominent, because their extravagant breadth of pronunciation on the stage and elsewhere "brings down" the cheers of the "groundlings," and others, we are sorry to say, beside. This is not writing for the people; it is pandering to the worst appetites. Some of his songs contain an amount of drollery, some are characterized by wit, others by a happy *double entendre*, some by their thorough raciness, some with feeling, and some few speak the language of love irresistibly sly. Some possess an extreme heartiness and earnestness, while others are miserably forced. Why the author of "True Love can ne'er forget," "Mountain Dew," "Alabama," "The Angel's Whisper," "Rory O'More," and a host of really excellent lyrics, should send out such songs as the "Low-back Car," and others of a like order, seems to us unaccountable. The remarkably beautiful tunes of the latter have made them as popular as "Rory O'More." In all the book* you will not find one stirring song of Ireland's wrongs or hopes. It does not speak well for his nationality to see him devote so much time to cultivate the acquaintance of the muse, preparing her to appear behind the foot-lights or before the piano-forte, and never give an hour to deck a garland, or make even a small cockade, for her battle-field.

The everywhere known and oft-quoted saying of Fletcher, that he would rather make the songs of a country than its laws, is not without its stern wisdom. The truth of the power assigned to song has been proved —in some instances, unfortunately, in the persons of the poets—many times since. The persecution the Liberty poets of Europe have met with at the hands of the "kings," sufficiently proves the danger to be feared from their compositions, while the popular movements conceived and bred of the circulation of certain songs show what a terrible and determined fire the lightning-blood of song streams into the popular veins. Song from its nature is more liable than any other species of composition to work a revolution, in morals, manners, or government. Its length buoyancy, earnestness, and dogmatism, (consequent on its terseness,) more than any other thought medium, fit the purpose it conveys for a lasting place in the memory. Having found a home in the brain—laid its basis—it cannot be ousted, but builds theories of love, humor, or law, by virtue of its suggestiveness there; which growing still, it finally must have larger room, must pour outside the brain into acts, as the lava leaps up and rolls down the sides of the fire mountain. Then,

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* Songs and Ballads, by Samuel Lover. Third edition, with Additions. New-York: Sadlier. 1851.

> ——"volcanic peoples pour
> Their lava-voiced defiance
> O'er the sides they propp'd before."

Napoleon perfectly understood the power of song. His opinion of a well-composed air is faithfully true to the words by which the tune may be accompanied. In a private conversation at St. Helena he said: "A well-composed song strikes and softens the mind, and produces a greater effect than a moral work, which convinces our reason, but does not warm our feelings, nor effect the slightest alteration in our habits." This is perfectly correct; and an anecdote related by Napier, in his "History of the Peninsular War," proves that the Emperor had not formed this opinion hastily; that it was not a mere momentary conversational thought, but that it was one of his "experiences," and one also which he considered of the deepest importance, as it involved immense political power. "During the passage of the Niemen," says the historian, "twelve thousand cuirassiers, whose burnished armor flashed in the sun, while their cries of salutation pealed in unison with the thunder of the horses' feet, were passing like a foaming torrent towards the river, when Napoleon turned and thus addressed Gouvion St. Cyr, whose republican principles were well known: 'No monarch ever had such an army!' 'No, Sire.' 'The French are a fine people; they deserve more liberty, and they shall have it; but, St. Cyr, no liberty of the press! *That army, mighty as it is, could not resist the* SONGS *of Paris!*' "

Napoleon had seen the almost miraculous effects of that glorious hymn, the Marseillaise. When he spoke those words to St. Cyr, he had in his "mind's eye" the "black-browed mass, full of grim ire"—"that notablest of moving phenomena, Barbaroux's six hundred Marseillaise who knew how to die," as they left their "sunny Phocian city and sea-haven with its bustle and its bloom," for Charenton and the Champs Elysées, and the patriot bosoms of the city. "*Marchez, abattez le tyran,*" and the *men who knew how to die* are on their way. Then rose the volume of voice:

> "Allons, enfans de la patrie,"

which cast its shadow over the twelve thousand cuirassiers to the waters of the Niemen, and thence followed Napoleon to the rock of Helena. Then comes the chorus of those men who knew how to die as they leave their birth-cots by the sea, which kept echoing round old earth till it visited its parent France again, and again, but lately:

> "Aux armes, citoyens!
> Formez vos bataillons,
> Marchons, marchons:
> Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons."

Then more wild, till the neck veins and the eyes start out together:

> "Marchons, marchons:
> Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons."

Truly, Carlyle, "such march *has* become famous." When we see such effects, how forcibly does the truth strike us, that France was "an absolute monarchy tempered by songs." The glorious *chansons* of Béranger are as famous for their prosecution as for their noble sentiments. And they had considerable, most considerable influence in expelling two monarchs from the French throne, Charles the Tenth and Louis Philippe. The songs of Béranger, more than the labors of any single man of the Republicans, perhaps more than all else of the party, tended to make the Revolutions.

In the present day, the songs of another Parisian poet, Pierre Dupont, have a most remarkable power over the clubs of Paris, and bid fair to rival in fraternal influence the songs of "*le pauvre chansonnier*," the lyrist of Passy, as he characterized himself when solicited to a seat in the Chamber of Deputies, which he refused, saying that their poor song-writer would make but an indifferent legislator. He was conscious of the truth of Fletcher's saying, and more conscious that he had brought about the supreme law which seated the Deputies of '48. True genius is always conscious. Dupont, without Béranger's originality of humor and conceits, equals, it is said, the old thunderer in political enthusiasm. The banqueting saloons of the people echo his thoughts; the work-shops are made musically mad by his odes and chants; and during the existence of the clubs, his songs opened and closed the proceedings—the chorus bursting from excited clubbists as their profession of faith. His muse is ever busy, and we are told that often at a public meeting, at the conclusion of some revolutionary speech, Dupont would mount the tribune and read a new song, the child of inspiration breathed on the moment, and bred of the speech or circumstance occurring. One of his most powerful productions is entitled the "Marseillaise of Hunger." One or two anecdotes of the influence of his songs will be read with interest. After the representation of a play called "*Misery*," founded on an incident of the Irish famine, at the Theatre of the Porte St. Martin, when the curtain went down the audience burst with one wild voice into his "Marseillaise of Hunger." In the same theatre, during the performance of a piece on the "Downfall of Rome," a person in the pit began the chorus of Dupont's Soldier's Song:

> "Les peuples sont pour nous des frères,
> Et les tyrans des ennemis."

The whole house immediately joined in, and the play had to be stayed till the song was concluded. For the truth of these statements we can vouch, a gentleman long resident in Paris who was present at more such scenes than we have space to recount informing us.

It is an historical fact, that the verses entitled "Lilli burlero" awoke the people of England to resist the bigoted purposes of James the Second, and which popular movement only ended in the Revolution. Percy in his "Reliques," introducing this rigmarole, says: "Slight and insignificant as they (the verses) may now seem, they had once a more powerful effect than either the Philippics of Demosthenes or Cicero; and contributed not a little towards the great revolution of 1688." Bishop Burnet says of the same rhymes: "A foolish ballad was made at that time, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden said to be Irish words, 'Lero, lero, lilliburlero,' that made an impression on the (King's) army that cannot be imagined by those who saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect."

Like "Yankee Doodle," the "Lilli burlero" was once the distinctive mark and property of the party it afterwards annihilated. The Marseillaise, composed by De Lisle, a royalist officer, became the war ode, the rallying chant of the Revolutionists; vociferated itself hoarse like a mad parricide, round the scaffold of its parent, and went on instigating and making revolutions to our day. And under the rule of Robespierre, André Chénier died like a Girondin, one of his own songs making music at his murder. Oh, for a verity, eloquent Vergniaud, "the Revolution, like Saturn, devoured its own children." As *Yankee Doodle* was taken from the British to beat them, so "Lilli burlero," originally used as words of distincion by the "Irish Papists in their massacre of the Protestants in 1641," was appropriated by the anti-Papist party to exorcise James and his followers. It was reprinted on the going of Tyrconnel as James's viceroy to Ireland, in October, 1688. Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnel, was nominated to this station "on account of his being a furious Papist." The ghosts of the massacred were before him, however, in the shape of this cant song, and its effects were miraculous.

The words are the merest trash, and with the exception of the two concluding rhymes, there is not a particle of point or humor in it. The effect seems to have been produced by the well-known refrain, which acted like a pass-word. The rhymes we allude to are these:

> "Dare was an old prophecy found in a bog,
> Lilli burlero, bullen a la.
> Ireland shall be ruled by an ass and a dog,
> Lilli, &c.
> And now dis prophecy is come to pass,
> Lilli, &c.
> For Talbot's de dog, and James is de ass,
> Lilli," &c.

In a note to the "*Reliques*," we find this song attributed to Lord Wharton, in a quotation from a small pamphlet, entitled, "A true Relation of the several Facts and Circumstances of the intended Riot and Tumult on Q. Elizabeth's Birthday," &c., 3d Ed., Lond., 1712, pr. 2*d*. The extract is interesting; we quote it: "A late Viceroy, (of Ireland,) who has so often boasted himself upon his talent for mischief, invention, lying, and for making a certain *Lilliburlero song;* with which, if you will believe himself, he sung a deluded Prince out of Three Kingdoms."

A pleasing reminiscence of the power of song is recorded in the late Irish State Trials. Richard Dalton Williams, a poet of considerable genius, and one of the editors of the *Irish Tribune*, was prosecuted by the government for articles in that journal. His fellow-collaborator, Kevin Izod O'Doherty, had been sentenced to banishment for the publication of the same articles, the law making responsible all parties in whose name the journal was published. Affairs thus stood, and every person expected that as a matter of course Williams would share the fate of his friend, the offense being the same, and the like charges being made against both; when by a happy thought his counsel, Mr. Ferguson, himself a poet and editor of the *Dublin University Magazine*, concluded his defense by reading to the jury one of the "Traitor's" most beautiful poems, the *Sister of Charity*, and appealing to them if the author of such, in their minds, was guilty of the charges made against him. Some of the ancient fealty and love of the Irish for their bards seemed to have been awakened in the breasts of the jury; the consideration which was denied to the patriot was awarded to the poet; and Williams, not the *traitor* but the *author* of the "Sister of Charity," was acquitted.

Bishop Lowth was of opinion that one song like the "Hymn of Harmodius" would have done more towards rousing the spirit of the Romans than all the Philippics of Cicero; and Lord Chatham has said, nearly in the same words as Fletcher, that "he would give the making of the laws for the making of the ballads of the people;" a maxim, the spirit of which, says O'Callaghan in his "Green Book," "was acted upon by his son, Mr. Pitt, when he bestowed a pension upon Dibdin, for the great services he was so justly deemed to have rendered, during the French War, as a naval Tyrtæus." It was the intention of the government of the day to have prohibited the publication of Moore's "Irish Melodies," as being dangerous. Unfortunately, though their circulation was unparalleled, they proved not so "dangerous" at home as elsewhere. These grand songs of Moore were translated into Polish, and adopted by that gallant nation during their struggle for liberty. The effect of the songs written by Drennan, Orr, and one or two by John Sheares and Lysaght, on the Irish Insurrection of '98, are matters of history to that unfortunate island; and of late years the fact of the prosecution by government of some of the Young-Ireland lyrics has stamped their character for power, spirit, and "treason." The lyrical writings of Davis, De Jean, Mangan, Williams, and a number of "Young-Ireland" poets, more materially produced the rising of '48 than any other influence. The people of England and Ireland read them with eagerness; the American press reprinted them extensively; the English critics praised their spirit and glory, while they condemned and spoke of danger, and the Government accordingly prosecuted the party. Freiligrath was exiled for his revolutionary songs in Germany; and but a few months agone in Paris the performance of an opera (Sappho) by M. Gounot was stopped until certain stanzas of a song commencing,

> "Tremblez, tyrans, forgeurs de chaines," &c.,

were cut out, the Government dreading a political meaning.

We have given sufficient examples to prove the power of song, if any person doubted it. With a knowledge of the power thus invested, it ought to be the emulation of critics to receive nothing short of a true standard, and of song-writers, a profession most noble, to strive after the highest ideal of their vocation. In the opening part of this paper we have given our ideas on the subject of the *song perfect*, and adduced illustrations to prove our premises. We believe we are true in our idea of the Song, and satisfied that what we have suggested are at least the principles which should actuate song-writers in the composition of such works. This country is most essentially lyrical. The rapidity of progress, the *fastness*, so to speak, of our people, the spontaneity of ideas, earnestness of character, and suggestiveness in action and invention, make song a necessary vehicle to convey back to the people their characteristics. It should reflect the people, taking them at their highest standard, strong, generous, and sympathetic—witty, earnest, and national. Such songs, if written, will live, and mark the nation as distinctively as the productions of the European lyrists their countries. Moore and Davis; Burns and Tannahill; Béranger and Dupont, are as national to their lands, as characteristic, and involve as much real glory, as Charlemagne or Napoleon, Bruce or Wallace, Brian Boroihme or Hugh O'Neill. In fact, Scotland, France, and Ireland seem to be the especial lands of Song. The earnestness of the Scotch, the vivacity of the French, the wit and humor of the Irish, and the nationality of all, mark them out especially for this species of composition. America has elements of glory within the century as great as all the past of these countries, and why not have her songs? She has true liberty, which none of those people enjoy, and which should be the truest inspiration; yet she has no thorough songs of the land—AMERICAN. For the most part, what songs have been written in America, for all the national tone or national suggestiveness they embody, might as well have been written in Japan, Central Africa, the Tongo Islands, or any other hole and corner of the globe whither a missionary speaking the English language has vamosed with "red shirts and religious tracts" to enlighten juvenile hole-and-cornerers. Epes Sargent has written some good stirring songs, characterized by energy, melody, and spirit, sea subjects more particularly. The following stanza from a poem addressed to the *American Flag* by William Ross Wallace, is well worthy of the theme and the poet. It is very eloquent, and possesses a fervor rarely met with in our so-called national poetry:—

"Clime of the Valiant and the Tried!
Where MARION fought and WARREN died,
Where MONMOUTH still to GUILFORD calls,
And Valor walks through VERNON'S halls,
While Honor muses in the gloom
And glory of the Hero's tomb,
Or chants that grand old lay she made
  Accordant with the dark blue seas,
That murmur mild where Freedom laid
  Her lion-soul'd MILTIADES:
Land of the Forest and the Glen!
Thou hardy nurse of hardy men!
Land of the Mountain and the Lake!
  Of rivers rolled from sea to sea,
In that broad grandeur fit to make
  The symbols of Eternity!
O fairest clime! O dearest land!
  Who shall your banded children sever?
God of our Fathers! here we stand
From Plymouth's rock to Georgia's strand—
Heart pressed to heart, hand linked to hand—
  And swear, 'The Union lives for ever!'"

F. S. Keys' national song, "The Star-spangled Banner," is a bold and spirited performance, and is one of the few we can call *national.* Rodman Drake's "American Flag" is national, less bold and more finished, but does not agree with our idea of a song so well as Keys' direct and suggestive stanzas. Mr. Dunn English's "Ben Bolt" is a happy effusion. Pinckney's

"I fill this cup to one made up
  Of loveliness alone,"

is beautiful, and Howard Payne's "Home, sweet Home" is world-wide; yet these are too few to build a nation's song-character upon.

Through Longfellow's volume may be found some beautiful songs, but they are not national; and Bryant, though he has written some noble (though rather monotonous) poems, and breathed in them a true love of nature and an appreciation of American scenery, does not reflect the people, nor has he given them any thing to chant in a charge, or by which a wandering American could be distinguished in a distant part of the world, if on his lonely way he chanted one of his lyrics. Some of the poets we have alluded to have written in the same language as Bryant, but who from pole to pole could fail to remark the distinctive nationality, and give to the poet his birthplace by hearing one of his stanzas lilted?

J. S.

SANTA-ROSA.

Among the later productions of M. Victor Cousin, "the greatest philosopher of France,"* is the following biographical sketch of Santa-Rosa. We are not aware that it has before been translated. The narrative, in the form of a letter addressed to the Prince De La Cisterna in 1838, possesses the interest of a heroic romance. Every American reader will thank us for introducing to his acquaintance one of nature's noblemen, struggling, suffering, dying for the cause of liberty and humanity, in the midst of the monarchical institutions of Europe; that Europe which has been for centuries, and will be for some time to come, the battle-field of contending principles. The style of the narrative is surpassingly beautiful. "Of all nations in the world," says Morell,† "the French are among the greatest masters of prose; and of all their prose writers scarcely any one can be said to excel Cousin in power of expression and perfect finish of style. . . . The lovers of lighter literature will see his style in all its purity in some of the later fragments, such as the biography of Santa-Rosa, &c." O. W. W.

TO THE PRINCE DE LA CISTERNA:

My Dear Friend:—Time has nearly obliterated the memory of the short Piedmontese revolution of 1821, and that of the personage who played in that revolution the principal part. This oblivion has nothing in it unjust. In order to endure in the memory of men, one must have done things which endure. It is not only through weakness, as it is supposed, that men adore success; it is in their eyes the symbol of the greatest virtues of the soul, and of the first of all,—I mean that strong sagacity which engages in no enterprise without having weighed all its chances, and without having been assured that it contains nothing which could render constancy and energy in vain. The most brilliant courage against the impossible touches but little, and the most heroic sacrifices lose in some sort their value in the service of imprudence. Without doubt, the Piedmontese revolution was above all a military movement, destined to arrest Austria at the moment when she was going to cross the Po, to stifle the Neapolitan Parliament, and to rule Italy. The great fault of the chiefs of this military movement is that they put on their banner, by an ill-understood condescension, the device of an excessive and foreign liberalism, the inevitable effect of which was to create divisions, to disaffect the nobility, in whom resided fortune and power, and to shake allegiance to government. And then, the success of a contest of arms on the part of the house of Savoy against Austria depended upon two conditions: 1st. That France, if she did not openly sustain Piedmont, should not oppose it, and should even secretly serve it; 2d. That the Neapolitan army should hold out in its resistance at least several months. Now, these two conditions were necessarily wanting. In 1821, the French government already inclined to the fatal re-action which soon terminated in the ministry of M. Villèle, and later in the ordinances of July; and every one in Piedmont who had any military experience knew that it was chimerical to count upon the Neapolitan army.

The Piedmontese revolution therefore was condemned to fail. It did great harm in that small country, which owes every thing to sagacity combined with audacity, and which can be enlarged in size and increased in importance only by the same means which for three centuries have made it what it has become. Placed between Austria and France, the house of Savoy has been elevated only by serving in turn one against the other, and by never having but a single enemy at a time. The Piedmontese monarchy is the work of political management; political management alone can maintain it. It came near being destroyed in the revolution of 1821. A respected King abdicating the throne; the heir of the throne compromised, and almost a prisoner; the flower of the nobility exiled; the first commander of Italy, the pride and the hope of the army, General Gifflenga, disgraced for ever; you, my dear friend, destined by your birth, your fortune, and above all by your character and your genius, to represent Piedmont so usefully at Paris or London, condemned to inaction for your whole life perhaps; officers like Saint Marsan, Lisio, and Collegni reduced to the necessity of breaking their swords; finally, he who surpassed you all,—permit me to say it,—he whose heroic soul better directed, and whose superior talent ripened by experience, would have been able to give to his native Piedmont and to the house of Savoy the minister most capable of guiding her destinies, M. de Santa-Rosa, proscribed, wandering in Europe, and going to die in Greece in a contest hardly worthy of him: such are the bitter fruits of an enterprise at once most noble and most imprudent.

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* Sir Wm. Hamilton, dedication of his edition of Reid to Cousin.

† *Edinburgh* Review, April, 1851, p. 232.

Europe scarcely remembers that there was a liberal movement in Piedmont in 1821. Those who have the instinct of the beautiful distinguished in that passing report certain words which revealed a great soul. The name of Santa-Rosa resounded for a moment; a little later, that name reappeared in the affairs of Greece, and it was learned that the same man who had shown a shadow of greatness in his short dictatorship of 1821, had bravely died in 1825, while defending the isle of Sphacteria against the Egyptian army; then ensued a profound silence, an eternal silence, and the memory of Santa-Rosa lives only in a few souls scattered at Turin, at Paris, and at London.

I am one of these. My relations with Santa-Rosa were very brief, but intimate. More than once I have been tempted to write his life, that life half romantic, half heroic; but I have renounced that project. I am not about to dispute with oblivion the name of a man who failed of his destiny; but several persons, and you in particular, who take a pious interest in his memory, have often asked me to recount by what adventure I, a Professor of Philosophy, an entire stranger to the events of Piedmont, happened to be so intimately connected with the chief of the Piedmontese revolution, and what were my true relations with your dear and unfortunate compatriot. I am about to do that which you desire. I shall abstain from all general, political, and philosophical considerations. My subject shall be only Santa-Rosa and myself. This is not a historical composition; it is a simple home picture, traced for some faithful friends, to awaken certain sympathies, to recall certain memories, and to serve as a text for certain sad conversations in a circle narrowed day by day. The public, I know, is indifferent, and ought to be, to these entirely domestic details between two men, of whom one has been long since forgotten, and the other soon shall be forgotten; but in this long malady which consumes me, and in the sombre inaction to which it condemns me, I find a melancholy charm in reverting to those days for ever vanished. I love to bind my languishing life to that animated episode of my youth. I evoke for a moment before me the shade of my friend, ere I go to rejoin him. Sad pages, written thus to speak between two tombs, and destined to die in your hands![*]

In the month of October, 1821, suspended from my functions as Professor of the History of Modern Philosophy in the *Faculté des Lettres*, and menaced in my teaching of the Normal School, which itself was soon after suppressed; confined in an humble retreat situated by the side of the garden of the Luxembourg, I had been, as an addition to my misfortune, in the course of unrelaxed toil upon the unedited manuscripts of Proclus, violently attacked with that affection of the chest which during all my youth frightened my family and my friends. I was almost in the condition in which you see me to-day. I know not how at that time there fell into my hands a pamphlet entitled "The Piedmontese Revolution," having for an epigraph this verse from Alfieri: "Sta la forsa per lui, per me sta il vero." My journey in Italy during the summer and autumn of 1820, my attachment to the cause of European liberty, the report of the lost affairs of Piedmont and Naples, naturally interested me in that production; and although sick, shunning every lively emotion, especially every political emotion, I read that pamphlet as one would read a romance, without searching in it for any thing else than a diversion for my *ennui* and the spectacle of human passions. In fact, I found a true hero of romance in the avowed chief of that revolution, the Count de Santa-Rosa. That man so ruled the events of those thirty days, that he alone engaged my attention. I saw him at first, a partisan of the English parliamentary system, demanding for his country only a constitutional government, two chambers, even a hereditary peerage; and then, when the fatal example of the Neapolitans and the adoption of the Spanish constitution had carried away all minds, no longer occupying himself except with a single thing, the military direction of the revolution, and, borne by circumstances to a veritable dictatorship, displaying an energy that his enemies themselves admired, without losing for a single moment that spirit of chivalrous moderation so rare in times of revolution. I still recollect and wish to reproduce here the order of the day which he published March 23, 1821, at the very moment when the constitutional cause seemed to be despaired of:—

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[*] The public is deciding otherwise, and these pages shall die only with French literature.—Ed.

> "Charles-Albert of Savoy, Prince of Carignan, invested by his Majesty Victor-Emanuel with the authority of regent, has named me, by his decree of the 23d of this month, regent of the ministry of the army and the navy.
>
> "I am, therefore, a legitimately constituted authority, and it is my duty, in the terrible circumstances in which the country is found, to let my companions in arms hear the voice of a subject, affectionate to his King and a loyal Piedmontese.
>
> "The Prince Regent abandoned the capital during the night of the 21st and 22d of this month, without notifying the National Junta or his ministers.
>
> "Let no Piedmontese accuse the intentions of a Prince whose liberal heart, whose devotion to the Italian cause, have thus far been the hope of all well-disposed people. A small number of men, deserters of their country and servants of Austria, have without doubt deceived, by an odious tissue of falsehoods, a young Prince who has not the experience of stormy times.
>
> "A declaration, signed by the King Charles-Felix, has appeared in Piedmont; but a Piedmontese King in the midst of Austrians, our unavoidable enemies, is a captive King; nothing that he says can or ought to be regarded as coming from him. Let him speak to us on a free soil, and then we will prove to him that we are his children.
>
> "Piedmontese soldiers, national guards! do you desire civil war? Do you desire the invasion of strangers, the devastation of your plains, the conflagration and the pillage of your cities and your villages? Do you wish to lose your glory, to soil your ensigns? Go on then. Can armed Piedmontese rise up against Piedmontese? Can the breasts of brothers strike against the breasts of brothers?
>
> "Commanders of corps, officers, sub-officers, and soldiers! there is no longer any means of safety. Rally to your colors, surround them, seize them, and run to plant them on the banks of the Tesin and the Po. The country of the Lombards awaits you, that territory which will devour its enemies at the sight of your van-guard. Woe to him whom different opinions upon the institutions of his country should separate from this necessary resolution! he would not deserve to conduct Piedmontese soldiers; he would not merit the honor of bearing the Piedmontese name.
>
> "Companions in arms! this epoch is European. We are not abandoned. France lifts up her head, too much humiliated beneath the yoke of the Austrian cabinet; she is about to extend to you a powerful hand.
>
> "Soldiers and national guards! extraordinary circumstances demand extraordinary resolutions. If you hesitate, country, honor, all are lost. Think of these things, and do your duty; the Junta and ministers will do theirs. Your energy will give back to Charles-Albert his first courage, and the King Charles-Felix will one day thank you for having preserved for him his throne."

Finally, when every thing was lost, Santa-Rosa negotiated a general peace with the Count de Mocenigo, Minister of Russia at the court of Turin, on condition of an amnesty and some internal ameliorations; offering on this condition to renounce the amnesty for himself and the other constitutional chiefs, and to submit to banishment, the better to secure the peace and happiness of the country.

This noble conduct struck me forcibly, and for some days I repeated to all my friends: "Gentlemen, there was a man at Turin." My admiration redoubled when I learned that the hero of this production was also its author. I could not restrain a feeling of respect, at seeing in the defender of an unfortunate revolution that absence of all party spirit, that magnanimous loyalty which does justice to all intentions, and in the most poignant sorrows of exile gives way to no unjust recriminations, no bitter feelings. Enthusiasm in a noble cause, carried even to sacrifice, and at the same time a moderation full of dignity, to say nothing of the rare talent displayed on every page of this work, exhibited in my eyes one of those beautiful characters, a hundred times more interesting than the two revolutions of Naples and of Piedmont; for if philosophy in me seeks, in contemporaneous events, the movement of eternal principles and their visible manifestations, so man does not with less ardor seek humanity in human things. And what feature of human character is more admirable than the union of moderation and energy? This ideal of which I had so often dreamed seemed presented to me in Santa-Rosa. I was told that he was in Paris. I longed to know him, and a friend whom I had made in

Italy brought him one morning to my chamber. I had just been spitting blood, and the first words I said to him were these: "Sir, you are the only man whom I can, in my condition, desire yet to know." How many times since have we recalled this first interview,—I dying, he condemned to death, concealed under a feigned name, without resources, and almost without bread! Omitting the details of our conversation, it will be sufficient to say that I found still more than I had expected. In his look, his gait, in all his words, I easily recognized the fire and energy of the author of the proclamation of the 23d of March; and at the same time my feeble health seemed to inspire him with an affectionate compassion, expressed each moment by the most amiable cares. Seeing my critical situation, he forgot himself and thought only of me. Our long conversation, of which he bore the burden, having left me agitated and feeble, he returned in the evening to inquire about me. The next morning he came again, and so the morning after; and at the expiration of a few days, we felt as if we had passed our lives together. The name which he had taken was that of Conti. He lodged near me, in the street Francs-Bourgeois-Saint-Michel, opposite the street Racine, in a furnished attic chamber with a friend from Turin, who had voluntarily left his country to follow him, although he had taken no part in the revolution, and was in no wise compromised by it.

Who then is this man, with whom one can prefer exile to the sweets of country and of family? It is impossible to express the charm of his society. To me, this charm, I repeat, was in the union of strength and kindness. I saw him always ready, at the least ray of hope, to engage in the most perilous enterprises, and I found him happy too in passing his life obscurely by the bedside of a suffering friend. His heart was an inexhaustible store of affectionate sentiment. To every one he was good, even to tenderness. Did he encounter any unfortunate person in the street? he shared with him the farthing of the poor. Was his poor old hostess sick? he took care of her as if she had been a member of his own family. Did any one need his counsel? he lavished it, like every thing else, with an irresistible instinct, of which he seemed scarcely conscious. It was this that rendered it impossible to know him without loving him. I doubt whether any human creature, even a woman, could have been loved as well. He had at Turin a friend, to whom he was able to confide his wife and children, and another had accompanied him in his exile. Behold in this a striking proof of the sentiment which he inspired. At an early age he was attached to the regiment of his father in the service of the army of the Alps. Here a young man of his own country had been given him as a comrade. Having left the army at Piedmont, this young man lost sight of his youthful master; but a deep remembrance of him never left his heart. One day the noble Count, lying in his wretched garret in the street Francs-Bourgeois, saw suddenly standing before him the poor Bossi, then a coffee-house keeper of Paris. Bossi had learned by the public journals the adventures of his young officer, and could take no rest until he had discovered his abode and offered to him his scanty savings. How many times, after this, while repairing to the prison of Santa-Rosa, have I found, at the door of the Salle Saint-Martin, Bossi or his wife with a basket of fruits, waiting whole hours for an opportunity to glide in with me and place their offering before the prisoner, with the respect of an old servant and the tenderness of a true friend.

From the end of October, 1821, until the 1st of January, 1822, we lived together in the sweetest and most profound intimacy. During the whole day, until five or six o'clock in the evening, he remained in his little room in the street of the Francs-Bourgeois, occupied in reading and preparing a work on the constitutional governments of the nineteenth century. After dinner, night approaching, he left his cell, reached the street d'Enfer, where I resided, and spent the evening with me until eleven or twelve o'clock. I too had arranged my mode of life somewhat like his. I passed the day in taking medicine and in studying Plato; at evening I closed my books and received my friends. Santa-Rosa had a passion for conversation, and he talked wonderfully; but I was so languid and so feeble that I could not support the energy of his words. They produced fever and nervous excitement, which terminated in prostration and faintness. Then the energetic man gave place to the most affectionate creature. How many nights has he spent at my bed-side with my old nurse! As soon as I felt relieved, he would cast himself, all dressed, upon a sofa, and, by the aid of a good conscience and incomparable health, sleep, despite all sorrow, till the break of day.

I must here sketch his portrait. Santa-Rosa was about forty years of age. He was of medium stature, about five feet two inches. His head was large, his forehead bald, lips and nose somewhat prominent, and he usually wore spectacles. There was nothing elegant in his manners; his tone was strong and manly, and his forms of expression were infinitely polished. He was far from being handsome; but his face, when it was animated,—and it was always animated,—had something so passionate, that it became interesting. What was most remarkable in him, was an extraordinary strength of body. Neither large nor small, neither fat nor lean, he was in vigor and agility a veritable lion. If he forgot himself in the least, he no longer walked, he bounded. He had muscles of steel, and his hand was a vise in which he could hold the strongest. I have seen him lift, almost without effort, the heaviest tables. He was capable of enduring the longest fatigues, and seemed born for the labors of war. Of this occupation he was passionately fond. He had been a captain of grenadiers, and no one had received from nature more of those physical and moral qualities which make the true soldier. His manner was animated, but serious. His whole person and his very aspect gave the idea of force.

I have never seen a more touching spectacle than that of this man, so strong, who had so much need of air to expand his chest, movement for the exercise of robust limbs and inexhaustible activity, metamorphosing himself into a true Sister of Charity, now silent, now gay, restraining his words and almost his breath, that he might not disturb the frail creature in whom he was so interested. The gentleness of the weak affords little that is seductive, for we may say that it is perhaps mere weakness; but the tenderness of strength has a charm almost divine.

We held in fact the same opinions, and he contributed not a little to strengthen me in my convictions. Like myself, he was profoundly constitutional, neither servile nor democratic, without envy, and without insolence. He had no ambition either of fortune or of rank, and was indifferent to material well-being; but he was ambitious of glory. So, in morality he sincerely cherished virtue; he made duty a matter of religion, but he also felt the need of loving, and of being loved, and love or tender friendship was necessary for his heart. As to religion, he passed in Italy for a man of great piety, and in fact he was full of respect for Christianity, which he had carefully studied. He was even somewhat of a theologian. He told me that in Switzerland he argued against the Protestant theologians, and defended Catholicism; but his faith was not that of Mazoni, and I have discovered little more at the bottom of his heart than the faith of the Savoyard vicar. Greedy of knowledge, besides, attaching every thing to politics, he devoured in my books whatever belonged to morality and practice. Although liberal, or rather because he was truly so, he dreaded the influence of pretended liberal declamations; and observing the decline of religious faith in European society, he felt the want of a noble and elevated moral philosophy. He possessed naturally good metaphysical powers, with a generous and well cultivated mind. No one in the world has so much encouraged and sustained me in my philosophical career. My designs became his own, and if he had remained in France, he would have given to the cause of philosophy in its moral and political applications another excellent writer, a firm, elevated, and persuasive organ.

His mind doubtless was not that of a man of letters, nor of a philosopher, but of a military man and of a politican. That mind was correct and upright like his heart. He detested paradoxes, and in grave matters, the expression of hazardous, arbitrary, personal opinions, inspired him with deep repugnance. He chided me often in regard to some of my own opinions, and led me continually from the narrow and dangerous paths of personal theories to the great road of common sense and universal consciousness. He had neither breadth nor originality of thought, but he felt with depth and energy, and expressed himself, spoke and wrote with gravity and with emotion. His work on the Piedmontese Revolution has in it some truly beautiful pages; and that was his first effort! What would he not have done had he lived?

In politics, this pretended revolutionist possessed so much moderation that, if he had been in France in the Chamber of Deputies, at this period, the close of 1821, he would have been seated between M. Roger-Collard and M. Lainé. My friends and I were at that time badly treated by the Ministry of M. de Richelieu, and we were not always just towards him. Santa-Rosa, with his accustomed gravity, rebuked my sudden outburst of passion, and was astonished at those of my more prudent friends. I remember that one evening being at my house with M. Hermann and M. Roger-Collard, he took part in a serious conversation, in regard to what was necessary to be done under present circumstances,—whether the Richelieu Ministry, defended by M. Pasquier, M. Lainé, and M. Desolles, should be permitted to exist, or whether it should be destroyed by an alliance with the right side, led by MM. Corbière and Villèle. M. Roger-Collard thought that if MM. Corbière and Villèle came to power, they would not possess it six months; and, the Richelieu Ministry overturned, he saw, following MM. Villèle and Corbière, the prompt triumph of the liberal cause. This was a very seductive perspective for a proscribed man like Santa-Rosa. In six months, after the reign of a violent and ephemeral power, a liberal Ministry, which had at least softened the exile of the Piedmontese refugees in drawing me and my friends from disgrace, would open to Santa-Rosa a future in France! With what respect did I hear the noble outlaw invite me to oppose with all my strength a party intrigue which he severely reprehended. "Take no thought of me," said he; "I shall do what I am best able. You, you must do your duty: your duty as a good citizen is not to combat a Ministry which is your last resource against a faction hostile to all progress and all light! It is not lawful to do evil that good may come. You are not sure of overturning at last MM. Corbière and Villèle, and you are sure of doing evil by delivering power into their hands. As for me, if I were a deputy, I would try to strengthen the Richelieu Ministry against the Court and the right side." My opinion was the same as that of Santa-Rosa. It did not prevail, and on that day a fault was committed which for seven years weighed heavily on France. The Richelieu Ministry was overthrown; MM. Corbière and Villèle attained to power, and they remained in it until 1827.

Evil days came upon France. When the Ministry of M. Villèle had replaced that of M. de Richelieu, the faction which possessed power, whilst it attacked in France, one by one, every liberty and every security, united more and more closely its foreign alliance, and the Governments of Piedmont and of France leagued together to pursue and torment the refugees. They were in Paris under feigned names, and in general they lived tranquil and retired. The new police, directed by MM. Franchet and de Laveau, sought religiously to satisfy the resentments and the fears of the Court of Turin. Instead of watching, which was its duty and its right, it persecuted. Santa-Rosa received warning that the police was upon his track, and that he would be arrested. Once arrested, he might be delivered up to Piedmont, and the sentence of death pronounced against him, and his friends might be executed. I thought that the first storm should be permitted to pass over, and contrived for Santa-Rosa a retreat at Arcueil, in the country house of one of my friends, M. Viguer. Here we both established ourselves, and lived together during the first months of 1822, scarcely ever receiving a visit, and never venturing beyond the inclosure of the garden. I continued my translation of Plato; he, his researches into constitutional governments. It was there, in our long winter evenings' conversations, that Santa-Rosa related to me his exterior and interior life, and the perfect truth, and, if it may be thus expressed, the face of the cards, of the Piedmontese revolution.

He was born on the 18th of November, 1782, at Savigliano, a city of southern Piedmont, of a good family, but whose nobility was of recent date. His father, the Count of Santa-Rosa, was a military man, who fought the first battles of Piedmont against the French Revolution, and carried with him to the army his son Sanctorre, then between nine and ten years of age. If the father had lived, the career of the son would have been decided; but the Count de Santa-Rosa was killed at the battle of Mondovi, at the head of the regiment of Sardinia, of which he was Colonel; and not long after, the victories of Napoleon and the submission of Piedmont put an end to the military career of young Sanctorre. He retired to his family at Savigliano, and, partly in this city and partly in Turin, made, under the celebrated Abby Valsperga de Caluso, great proficiency in classic studies, with several fellow-disciples, since well known in letters. The name of his family was so respected in his province, and he himself bore it so well, that at the age of twenty-four years he was elected by his fellow-citizens Mayor of Savigliano, and passed several years of his youth in the exercise of this office, wherein he acquired skill in civil affairs. But this was not a career for a man without fortune. He was then persuaded, despite his disinclination, to enter into the French administration, which at that time governed Piedmont: he was made sub-prefect of Spezzia in the State of Genoa, and he performed these functions during the years 1812, 1813, and 1814, up to the Restoration. Santa-Rosa hailed with enthusiasm the return of the house of Savoy; and in 1815, believing that the arrival of Napoleon at Paris during the hundred days would bring about a long war, he left the civil for the military service, and made the very short campaign of 1815, as a Captain in the grenadiers of the royal guard. General repose having succeeded the fall of Napoleon, he once more left the career of arms, for one in which his civil and military knowledge were happily combined, that of the administration of military affairs. He entered the Ministry of War, and was charged with very responsible duties. It was then, I believe, that he married a young person who was able to boast more of birth than fortune. By this marriage he had several children. He was in high estimation, favored at court, and destined to a brilliant career, when the Neapolitan revolution broke out; a revolution which Austria undertook violently to suppress, thus openly affecting the domination of Italy.

I ought to impose upon myself a religious silence in regard to the confidential matters which the friendship of Santa-Rosa committed to me, but I may, I ought to say one thing: that in the profound solitude in which we lived, speaking to a friend whose political opinions were as well defined as his own, Santa-Rosa assured me twenty times that his friends and he had connection with secret societies only at a very late period, at the last extremity, when it was demonstrated that the Piedmontese government was without force sufficient to resist Austria; that a military movement would be powerless if it depended on a civil movement; and that for a civil movement the concurrence of secret societies would be indispensable. He deplored this necessity, and he accused the nobility and the Piedmontese proprietors (gli possidenti) of having destroyed both the country and themselves by not performing their duty, by not boldly warning the King of the perils of Piedmont, and by forcing patriotism to have recourse to secret plots. His loyalty disdained all mystery; and without confessing the fact, I saw that his chivalry experienced a sort of inward shame at having been driven little by little to this extremity. He continually repeated to me: "Secret societies are the pest of Italy; but how can we dispense with them, when there is no publicity, no legal means of expressing one's opinion with impunity?" He told me that for a long time he resolved not to participate with any secret society, to abstain from all action, and to limit himself to great moral and political publications, capable of influencing opinion and regenerating Italy. This is what he called a literary conspiracy. Certainly it would have been more useful than the sad contest of 1821. His fancy was to recommence this literary conspiracy from the midst of France. His consolation was that he had never done any thing for himself, and that he had only thought of his country. His clear conscience and natural energy, united, secured to him, in our solitude of Arcueil, a tranquil and almost happy life.

My bad health and his imprudent friendship, together with the baseness of the French police, tore him from his solitude and ruined him for ever. If he had remained with me, he might have reshaped his destiny; he might have passed the whole period of the Restoration in honorable labors, which would have given glory to his name; he might have reached the revolution of July, and then could have chosen either to re-enter Piedmont as did MM. de Saint-Marsan and Lisio, or enter, like M. de Collegno, into the service of France; and in this case an immense career would have been before him, if, at the same time, this proud mind, disdainful of good as well as bad fortune, had ever been able to consent to have any other country than that which he had wished to serve, and which his misfortunes themselves had rendered more dear and more sacred. Alas! all this future was destroyed in a single day. One day the condition of my lungs so frightened Santa-Rosa, that he conjured me to seek help in Paris. I yielded; I returned to the Luxembourg. Santa-Rosa, uneasy, could not remain at Arcueil, and in the evening I saw him appear at the side of my bed. Instead of staying with me, he desired to pass the night in his old lodging; and before going there he had the imprudence to enter a coffee-house in the Place de l'Odeon, for the purpose of reading the journals. Scarcely had he left the house when he was seized by seven or eight agents of the police, thrown on the ground, conducted to the Prefect, and cast into prison. It appears that he had been recognized at the barrier where some time before he had been described.

During the same night of his arrest, he was interrogated by the Prefect of Police. From the moment of this first interrogatory, Santa-Rosa acknowledged his true name, and expressed those sentiments which had made a lively impression upon the fanatical but honest M. de Laveau. He repelled with indignation the accusation of having engaged in machinations against the French Government; he declared that he was absolutely a stranger to all that was passing in France, and that his only and involuntary crime was in being at Paris under another name than his own. Having been interrogated in regard to his connections in Paris, he named me as the only friend he had. He asked as a favor that I should not be brought into this affair, and that I might be spared a visit which might be fatal to my health, offering himself all the information which might be demanded, and even the most severe reparation, rather than expose him who had given him hospitality. The sentence of extradition having been pronounced, Santa-Rosa seemed to accept his fate with that simple pride which never fails of its effect. He seemed uneasy only on a single point, the consequences which this affair might have upon my health.

Whilst this was passing at the prefecture of police, I was in my bed, covered with leeches, and in the most deplorable condition. The following day, between four and five o'clock in the morning, I heard a loud knock at my door, and suddenly five or six gendarmes rushed into my room, having at their head a commissary of police, who, showing his scarf, signified to me, *in the name of the King*, that he had orders to make strict search among my papers. I did not know what all this meant, and it was only at the end of the examination, the result of which was to discover to them some notes on Proclus and on Plato, that the commissary informed me that I had been searched on account of Santa-Rosa, who had been arrested the evening before on leaving my house. Struck by this intelligence as with a thunder-bolt, I transported myself immediately to the house of M. de Laveau, and demanded of him why, if he accused of conspiracy against the French Government a man who knew no other person than myself at Paris, he had not placed me under the same arrest; or, if he dared not also to accuse me of conspiracy, why he complained of a man who could have done nothing except through me and with me. If it was not in fact a question of conspiracy against France, I showed him what a lack of magnanimity there was in pursuing a proscribed person, because he was under another name than his own, when moreover this proscribed person was a gallant man, and inoffensive in his life; and I asked to see Santa-Rosa at once. M. de Laveau was a party-man like M. Franchet; he was of a narrow and suspicious mind, but he was an honest man. He had just interrogated Santa-Rosa a second time; he had just read the report of the commissary of police on the results of the search made at my house, and was beginning to feel that the accusation of conspiracy against the French Government was deprived of all foundation. My visit, by proving to him that we were not afraid, and that we did not fear a trial, was sufficient to persuade him. At the same time he thought that he must still affect some doubt, and announced to me that the trial would take place. I demanded to appear in it as evidence, and a few days after I was summoned before the magistrate, M. Debelleyme, since Prefect of Police, and now member of the Chamber of Deputies. The examination was short and minute. M. Debelleyme displayed impartiality and perfect moderation. He conceived, in regard to the prisoner, a just idea of his morality, and always spoke to me of him with respect and benevolence. This ridiculous process terminated in an ordinance declaring that there was no cause of action on the ground of conspiracy, the only one which had occasioned the arrest. As to the affair of the passport under a false name, the crime of the prisoner was acknowledged, but in terms most honorable to himself. Mention was made of his loyalty, and of the frankness of his avowals. This ordinance of "no cause of action" was not made until the expiration of two months, and during all this time poor Santa-Rosa remained a prisoner at the prefecture of police in one of the rooms of the Salle Saint-Martin. The first days of the arrest having passed, I obtained permission to visit him every day, and some others afterwards obtained the same permission. It was then that I learned still better to know the character and the mind of Santa-Rosa.

At the first moment he had two fears: the first was that of being delivered up to Piedmont, that is, to the scaffold; the second, that the excitement of all this affair and the visit of the police might be sad to my health, perhaps even fatal to me. When he saw me enter his prison in apparently better health than usual, his serenity of mind returned to him, and during the two months that he remained in the Salle Saint-Martin I did not hear him complain either of his fate or of any one around him. He prepared himself to die well, if delivered up to Piedmont, and read no longer any thing but his Bible. Afterwards, when this fear was removed, his attention was directed to the details of the proceedings against him. He was touched by the regard testified for him, and penetrated with respect for the excellence of the French law, and for the independence of the magistracy. Santa-Rosa should have been seen in his prison. It was a very good room, airy, salubrious; he was in no bad condition, and enjoyed himself wonderfully. The jailor, who had long followed his occupation, and who had acquired some knowledge of men, soon saw with whom he had to deal, and did not treat him as an ordinary prisoner. He always called him *Monsieur le Comte*, and this was not displeasing to Santa-Rosa, who spoke to him with kindness, and concluded by so far securing his affections that this jailor seemed entirely like an old servant of his house. Santa-Rosa was informed by him as to his fortune, his family, his children. The other consulted him. Santa-Rosa gave his advice with mildness, but with authority. One would have said that he was again at Savigliano in his mayoralty, speaking to one of his employees. When he left the prison the jailor told me he was losing a great deal. It was so in my own house. My nurse loved him more than she loved me; and even now, after the lapse of twenty years, she speaks of him only with the utmost tenderness. It was in this prison that I met Santa-Rosa's old servant in the army of the Alps, Bossi, a bad head and a good heart, who knew not how to manage his affairs, but who would have willingly given all that he had to his old master. It is needless to say that these two months, during which we passed two or three hours of each day together in the Salle Saint-Martin, united us more and more closely.

It seems, after the ordinance of "no cause of action" rendered by the magistrate, M. Debelleyme, that the result of that affair ought to have been at least to leave Santa-Rosa tranquil at Paris. Such was not the case. At first there was a primary arrest by the police. It was necessary that the royal court should interpose, and formally pronounce a dismissal, if no other cause of arrest should be met with. Through the police of M. Corbière, opposition was made even to the execution of the second judgment; and after Santa-Rosa had been justly declared out of the reach of further arrest, and consequently free, M. Corbière, by ministerial interference, decided that M. de Santa-Rosa and several of his compatriots, arrested in the same manner as he, should be consigned to some province under the surveillance of the police. Alençon was the prison, somewhat larger than the Salle Saint-Martin, to which Santa-Rosa was condemned by the Minister of the Interior and of the Police. That shameless and wicked act towards a man evidently inoffensive, and who was able to find consolation only at Paris, in the company of a friend whose liberal opinions and very tranquil life (since that life was nearly all passed in his bed) were known,—that act which destroyed Santa-Rosa in separating him from Paris and from me, caused him, by its useless rigor, a real irritation. He protested, demanded permission to remain at Paris, or passports for England. No answer was given him, and he was transferred to Alençon.

Here are portions of some of his letters from Alençon, which make known to us the life which he led there, his sentiments and his labors:—

"Alencon, May 19, 1822.

"We arrived yesterday at Alençon. The orders of the Minister subject us to the surveillance of the local authority, and this surveillance will be exercised in the following manner: Every day, at the hour of two, we must present ourselves to the Mayor, and enter our names in his register; that is all. I have declared very calmly, very simply, but in terms very clear and very significant, my position to the Mayor. He had no good reasons to give me for all this, and I demanded none of him either good or bad. The intercourse, too, was not very animated, but it was polite, which did not hinder it from being sufficiently interesting to your good-natured friend. Besides, I love the Mayors, and for a reason. One of them is a good old man, with a feeble, pleasant voice. His colleague, whose name ends in *ière*, and who walks as straight as an *i*, did not receive us so well. I have promised myself that if I ever become again ruler of my dear city, I will guard myself from giving unpleasant moments to the poor devils who shall be brought to me. I am going to live the life of a hermit; that will console me for being no longer in my prison of Paris. The indignation which the injustice that I experience causes me has not diminished, but I shall not let it trouble my repose. This is enough to say about myself. I am coming to a subject that I cannot quit. You think you are really better than in November last; this better ought to give you a beginning of courage, because it is a beginning of hope. Reflect a little on the pleasure, the vivid, the inconceivable pleasure of becoming again yourself, and on the pleasure I shall feel to see you in the full possession of your power of thought and action."

"Alencon, June 2.

"I am lodged, my dear friend, in the street *aux Cieux*, in the house of M. Chopelain, an upholsterer. I have two chambers sufficiently large, and convenient enough; but a sorry view upon the street, and upon a small ugly court, has replaced the lake, the Alps, Vevey and Clarens, which I had under my window a year ago. I wished yesterday to see the environs I found the stagnant Sarthe and some quite fertile fields. By dint of search I found a little shade in an arbor of apple-trees. The city is very badly built; it has a passable public garden, and quite a number of comfortable landlords. To judge by certain vague indications, the Alençonians are very good people, somewhat curious, but very innocently so. I do not believe them to be litigants, Normands as they are, for their court-house is only half constructed. The cathedral is large, with painted windows; but the interior is half Gothic and half bad Greek. I heard a priest there preaching to some children. He cried loud enough, but I did not understand one word of his beautiful discourse: it was nevertheless in French, but delivered according to the custom of Normandy.

"I am *enamored* of Paris; there is a good portion of myself in that city which I always wished to hate, and have ended by *falling in love with*.

"I have not received the response of the Minister, yet I was expecting it much. I shall not cease to complain, should it be for no other reason than to remind them of their injustice. They like very well to see those they have persecuted resigned and silent: I shall not give them that pleasure.

"Besides the works which we agreed upon, I ask of you, 1st, M. de Bonald, '*Législation Primitive*;' 2d, M. de la Mennais *de l'Indifférence;* 3d, Châteaubriand *de la Monarchie selon la Charte*."

"Alencon, June 11.

"Yesterday your two letters, that of the 3d and that of the 9th, reached me at the same time. I had need of them. The uneasiness which I felt in receiving nothing from your dear person began to become anxiety. It would have been folly in you to make a journey when it is so warm. Do not be astonished in regard to the books which I ask you for; you must know that nothing more awakens in me the power of reasoning, and above all of *feeling vividly my ideas*, than the reading of works which combat the truth with a certain force. Besides, in those which I ask you for, one finds true and strong things by the side of the most deplorable sophisms. In a word, Bonald and La Mennais oblige me to rise from my chair, the fire in my face, and to walk in my chamber, assailed with a torrent of vivid and grand ideas. I feel more what I really am in reading the writings of our adversaries than in reading those of our friends; for, in our friends, how certain things trouble me, chagrin me! It is only the indignant man who can be true and strong, for indignation has nothing personal in it. I finished yesterday the "*Esprit des Lois*." The last books, which had almost caused me *ennui* for twenty years, and even thirty, have been singularly pleasing to me this time. I found an explanation of many things, and among others of my sojourn at Alençon. How much time it takes to bring about an emancipation! I yield to necessity, my friend; but Alençon is one of the saddest necessities of the eighty-four departments of the kingdom. I am so lonely! But tell me, ye unfortunate, is it not solitude that you need? Yes, but not this. This is worth nothing to me. I know myself, and I feel that this banishment to Alençon is a frightful misfortune to me. That which I needed was precisely that Arcueil of sweet memory, that solitude at the haven of Paris; that alone remains to work for. But this is my last complaint; you shall have no more of it. Would that I could finish by a *capitolo in terza rima* in praise of our dear Paris! I keep for you your room; you shall choose the apartment on the north side or that on the south side. I occupy the former during the day, and sleep in the latter. I am a great lord, as you see. So, devoted friend, come, you and your Plato; you shall be well received. But you shall come only when the journey can do you good; understand me, when it can do you good; *così e non altrimenti.* O my friend, I am convinced that your philosophy, in the present state of things, would bring great good to men. Are you not frightened to see in Europe great religious and moral truths abandoned almost without defense to the blows of two sorts of men equally opposed to the order and prosperity of society? Do you not see that victory, on either side, will be only an achievement against true liberty, the alliance of which with true morality is an imperishable law of eternal order? Dear friend, in this strife of evil against good, in this contest between the two principles, (but no; evil is not a principle, it is only an act,) it becomes one's duty to make his voice heard when he has the consciousness of its force. That edition of Proclus, and even that translation of Plato, have crossed your true career. . . . I, my friend, I have health, a tender heart which is full of warmth, an imagination made for that heart; I have a just spirit, but no profundity; and I have an education so defective, or, to speak more truly, I am so ignorant upon a great number of important points, that it becomes an almost insurmountable obstacle to most of the enterprises that I would undertake. I have without doubt a certain practice and a knowledge of the material of affairs which is rarely joined to an ardent imagination; it is this which can make of me a citizen fit to serve my country during the storm and after the storm. But it is in a very differently exalted manner that you can serve human society. I, who have the consciousness of an indefinite lengthening of my moral existence, of my existence of will and freedom, who have it for you and for me,—I earnestly desire that your passage upon the earth may be marked by your influence upon the prosperity of other passengers, no great good being without great reward. You see, my friend, that I love you well, and like a true devotee as I am.

"The Congress of Florence does not cease to run through my head. There is something very odious in that abandonment of the Greeks to the more or less ready vengeance of the enemies of the Christian faith.

"You have commenced the session of the Chambers by the discharge of pistols; that is a touching imitation of English usages. You take what is best from your neighbors; I compliment you for that. As for me, I confess to you that I would prefer that Alençon should be somewhat more like Chester, Nottingham, or some other town of the British empire. Will M. Roger-Collard have occasion to confound his adversaries as he did last winter? I fear that he has not chosen a question worthy of him. Remember me to him: you know my feeling of preference for him; it is of long standing.

"Adieu, my dear friend. I love you because you love me, because you are a Platonist, and because you are a Parisian, and still more for an occult reason which is worth more than all the others because it is not expressed. I felt it yesterday on receiving your two letters after some days of expectation."

"Alençon, July 7.

"You recommend to me a commentary on and a refutation of the '*Contract Social.*' It is a fine idea, I own; but I fear that the execution may not be within my power. I prefer to pursue my work commenced on governments. I am occupied in reading Daunou on *Guaranties.* This work has two distinct parts. In the first the author examines as to what constitutes liberty or guaranties; he characterizes them, decomposes them, circumscribes them; all that appears to me in general well conceived and well done. In the second part, it is sought in what manner different governments grant or limit these guaranties. Here, Daunou is neither sufficiently comprehensive nor sufficiently profound. In my work I shall refer this second part to a point of view rather practical than theoretical, and I shall enter into details for want of which the work of the orator resembles a book of geometry rather than one of politics. Perhaps I shall commence by publishing a small portion of my work; for example, the conciliation of the guaranties which liberty claims with those which force claims, that is military organization, in a free government. It is only one point, it is true; but do you not think, my friend, that the careful farming of a part of the territory that lies fallow is more useful for the advancement of science than a cultivation of the whole, the result of which would be uncertain? There are without doubt geniuses of immense vigor who can lay hold of every thing, like Montesquieu; but I am not one of those. Besides, ours is the time for culture by parcels. We are so far advanced that a vast enterprise, if it is superficial, could not be useful, and perhaps we are not yet ripe for a great enterprise profoundly conceived and perfectly executed. If I could have cultivated well my lot, my dear friend, I should have deserved well of my fellow-men, and should have obtained sufficient reputation to assure and embellish my existence. I have also formed the project of a work on Circumstances; but I fear that I shall not be able to execute it. I had some unwell days at the end of June. Do you know that my head sometimes refuses to work? I have also a troublesome rush of blood to the brain. Woe to me, if I do not take much exercise! And I am yet quite young. I believe I shall be a long time young in tenderness of heart and in the enchantments of the imagination. My mother was only thirteen years old, and there is something in me that responds to this extreme youth of maternity. I feel that I am young, and that I am not completed. My heart alone received the finishing hand. . . .

"Have I told you that Sismondi wrote me a letter filled with kindness? I have received also a letter from Fabvier, of whom I shall speak to you another time, and for a reason."

That letter of Fabvier, and the *ennui* which was visibly gaining on the poor prisoner, and, above all, the need of seeing him again, determined me to go and rejoin him, in spite of my wretched health and the positive orders of my physician, M. Laenneck. I confided to no one my determination; took the diligence, and rode fifty leagues day and night; arrived in the most pitiable condition, but finally did arrive. I occupied one of Santa-Rosa's two chambers, and we lived thus during a month in fraternal intimacy. I have often been sick; more than once affectionate cares have been lavished on me: never have I known such cares as those bestowed by him. It would be impossible to describe the tenderness which he showed me, and henceforth I shall speak of it no more. This month passed together in absolute solitude completed our union. I could read in his soul, and he in mine, every feeling and every thought. There was manifested the last degree of confidence, and the veils which still covered the most delicate parts of our life were raised, as it were of their own accord, in those moments of abandon when the firmest souls, reposing in confidence, are no longer troubled with reserve. From that time our intimacy could not be increased, and took at once a character of sweetness and manliness which it always preserved, even during the long years of our separation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR GENERAL REVIEW.

AN ABSTRACT AND BRIEF CHRONICLE OF THE TIMES.

[Our readers will doubtless be gratified to find that our monthly review of literature will also contain a monthly review of things in general—of contemporary history, both in Europe and on our own continent. We mean a notice of those leading facts which are most significant of the times. Retrospects are not always unpleasant things. People in progress sometimes like to pause, not so much to take breath as to look back over the road they have travelled, and congratulate themselves on the headway they have made. They also feel an interest in the breadth and comprehensiveness of the survey. Now-a-days literature is not merely a matter of abstract refinement, lying apart from the high roads of men. It is bound up with the law of movement, partakes of its impulses, and wherever it lives healthiest, should show a lively sympathy with the business of the human family.

We hope that, in doing the business of Ariel once a month, putting, as it were, a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, our beneficent Prospero—the public—will smile encouragement, and not withhold the reward of such services.]

FRANCE.—France, after all, takes the attention first, in spite of the splendid and praiseworthy costermongery of the Crystal Palace. Béranger says, very grandly:

> "Le sang français des grandes destinées
> Trace en tout temps la route au genre humain."

No doubt she has been a remarkable precursor in great changes, and sometimes leads the van in fine style. She has been a pillar of fire to the nations. But it cannot be denied that she has also been a very bewildering pillar of cloud. She has been alternately

> "The glory, jest, and riddle of the world."

At this moment her tendencies are as uncertain as those of a meteor. What is she about to become? We could make a shrewd guess at the probable condition of any other European government at the end of the next two years. But what France will be at that time nobody can venture to prophesy. Of modern nations she presents the most startling contrasts of elevated heroism and feeble, contented submission. In 1789 she rose, stung with the injuries of a thousand years, and tyrants either perished at her feet or ran from her angry face, like grasshoppers. Then she cooled down into subserviency to the will of a despotic soldier. She afterwards took back, with a helpless grumble, the Bourbons she had execrated. In a succeeding fit of magnificence she kicked them out again; but clasped a royal Artful Dodger to her bosom instead of liberty. Another vehement eructation, after a time, sent him and his princes, all their regal hopes and household gods, sprawling disastrously against the moon! Then, what but the purest form of republicanism—Liberty, Fraternity, Equality—the trinity of her old worship! But look again. The noble French nation has discarded its idols of the Provisional days, and put a little Bonaparte at the head of the government. The people forgot the customary Phrygian cap, to fall down and worship the Emperor's old cocked hat! So did not William Tell upon a memorable Austrian occasion.

France seems upon the edge of another explosion: she is always on the edge of something of the kind; and privy conspiracy has its *foyers* in the city of Paris, with affiliations in other places—a very influential one in the English metropolis. In the beginning of last month a plot was discovered having for its object a general socialist revolution. On the 6th ult., one hundred and twenty-five arrests had been made in consequence. M. Maillard, former secretary of Ledru Rollin, was among those arrested, and it is thought the latter himself is implicated deeply in the business. So the matter stands. The approach of 1852 and the Presidential election deepens the interest of all who work for France or think of her. Louis Napolean desires to be chosen for another term, shrinking back from the abyss of oblivion into which he should subside on leaving his present seat. He evidently wishes to create an impression that, without his firm rule and measures of coercion, the Republic would be pulled to pieces between the Legitimists on the one hand, and the Red-Republicans on the other; and he relies very much upon that easy class of the *bourgeoisie* which dreads another outbreak and the knocking about of its crockery. There are about "six Richmonds in that field" already, all looking either to the Presidency or to some other shape of authority over the nation. There is the party of Henry of Bordeaux; that of the young "County Paris;" that of the Prince de Joinville, (as President;) that of Louis Napoleon and the cocked hat; that of the moderate Republicans and Cavaignac; that of the Red-Republicans—this last being, as yet, acephalous. A pretty Medea's "kettle of fish," from which to bring forth the renovated France of the next two or three years! The chances of the two first seem feeble, and, we may add, those of the last named. That of the Prince de Joinville is thought to have some sort of promise in it. He is about to offer himself as candidate for the department of Finisterre, hoping to be returned, to have his sentence of banishment repealed, and then to offer himself for the Presidency. MM. Guizot, Duchatel, and other Orleanist leaders, are opposed to this project. Their aims are all royal. They look for a possible union of the two Bourbon branches and the restoration of the monarchy. Berryer, the world-renowned legitimist orator and advocate of Henry V., has spoken with his usual boldness in the French Chamber. He laughs at the idea that France is republican, and asks what signs of republicanism has she been showing for the last two years? France, he says, *cannot* be a republic. "Yes," he exclaims, "I say that the republic is incompatible with the old society of Europe—is utterly unsuited to the genius, wants, manners and feelings of a nation of thirty millions of inhabitants, closely packed together in the same territory, and whose ancestors have been for centuries governed by kings." This is pretty plain speaking—not without some applause. The Mountain roars like the sea in a stiff tempest. But France is not all mountainous; she is a champaign country, for the most part; and the Berryers are not put out of wind or countenance.

As for Louis Napoleon, he mainly relies upon the great mass of the rural population; those who remember Napoleon, as the Portuguese remember Don Sebastian; those whom Béranger describes in his "Souvenirs du Peuple:"

"Long, long, in many a lowly home,
They'll fondly talk of all his glory;
For half a century to come,
The cot shall know no other story.
There, many a time, at close of day,
The villagers will meet and say:
'Mother, to make the moments fly,
Tell us some tale of days gone by:
What though his rule, they say, was hard,
We keep his memory with delight:
Tell us of him, good grandmother,
Tell us of him to-night!'"

He has the unreasoning instincts of such people on his side. But a strong power is against him if he means to subvert the Constitution. The Generals, Cavaignac and Changarnier, will thwart any of his illegal attempts, and divide the army against him; and Lamartine, to blast his pretensions in their stronghold, pours out his withering denunciations of Napoleon as a vulgar homicide, in his new work, the History of the Restorations. It is commonplace to say that France is the surface of a volcano; but the figure is so appropriate that we adopt it till we can get a better for the purpose.

Two naval squadrons are about to be sent from France: one to cruise on the coast of Italy to watch the disturbances that are beginning to threaten the peninsula; the other to the sea of Japan under a Rear Admiral—a military, scientific, and commercial exploration of those rich lands and waters so long *tabooed* against the Europeans, and now about to be involved in the vortex of progress.

England.—In England the noise and excitement of the Crystal Palace are undergoing diminution, and the Church business is beginning to make itself heard the louder. The late law, making the assumption of Catholic Church titles penal, is agitating the empire. In Ireland the hubbub is greatest, as was to be expected, and the Catholic priesthood *protest* as vehemently as the schismatics of the fourteenth century did. A Catholic Association is organized to war against perfidious Albion in the matter of these titles. Ireland, as much of it as the emigration has left behind, is expected to range itself at the back of the Bishops, and the old business of the O'Connell days is making that miserable *terrarum angulus* still more ridiculous and deplorable. The intention of the Irish dignitaries is to assume the forbidden style, and then try the thing in court. The Catholic Church will go to law with England! In the latter country the majority of the press is opposed to the Catholic claims; even the liberal papers do not find their liberality proof against the traditional dislike of every thing Popish. Punch is death on the Church of Rome! Of course many of our readers have seen (for Punch is no stranger in our American book-shops) the many comicalities, sharper than swords in the end, by which Popery is assailed.

> "A thousand 'scapes of wit
> Make it the mother of their idle dreams,
> And rock it in their fancies."

What a figure the Irish Bishop cuts with the Fiery Cross! And the clerical Wolf and Little Red Riding-hood! But, after all, they may laugh who win. And the titulars will win.

The Crystal Palace will be closed this month. It has turned out to be an excellent thing, even as a trading speculation. It could not fail. The Queen and Prince Albert were to that show what Barnum is to his own, and carried it through right royally. The almost daily attendance of the Queen was enough to sustain the interest of the house, which might otherwise have subsided somewhat. At first the London papers were disposed to disparage our contributions; but a Yankee reaping-machine and the miraculous lock-picking of Mr. Hobbs, of New-York, have made a more lasting practical impression upon a practical people than nearly all the rest of the show put together. But the United States showed, after all, that her best things were not by any means at the Crystalline. Like an ancient knight-errant, riding up alone to the gates of a strange city, and challenging any champion disposed to come forth and fight with him, the very famous little cutter "America" rode the other day into Cowes, where the swiftest keels of England were congregated, and sent a cartel of defiance into the midst of them!

> The Yankee craft stepped forth before the rest,
> And, Albion, challenged you to run a race!

And she ran it, and won it too, beating the best yacht in England, by tremendous odds, in a course of twenty miles. John Bull stared, as at something extremely unlooked for, and Punch handsomely admitted that instead of "Yankee Doodle-doo," our motto should be Yankee Doodle Did! Well, this has been fairly acknowledged by the English press to be a fair and undoubted beating—an emphatic proof that on the element which England has been in the habit of calling her own, she is no longer without a superior. Within the last year or so, indeed, Mr. Collins's steamships have been demonstrating the same in the face of the world. The Jupiter Tonans of Printing-house Square admits the fact, and doubts are for ever dumb. One English paper, the *London Merchant*, speaking the honest conviction of almost the entire press of the country, says: "We write to record our opinion, that the empire of the seas must before long be ceded to America; its persevering enterprise, its great commerce, are certain to secure this prize; nor will England be in a condition to dispute it with her. America, as mistress of the ocean, must overstride the civilized world." Not such a great misfortune for the world, that! America will do nothing unladylike, thank God. She will not overstride the world to plunder and maltreat it. Meantime, England will keep her supremacy, we perceive, as long as she may: Cunard is building four iron screw steam-ships, the first to be ready for the billows on New-Year's Day.

England can boast her golden territories as well as ourselves. Gold has been discovered in the earth at several places in New South Wales, and a placer has been opened at Bathurst. Every thing is in apple-pie order at these diggings. The Governor-General has issued a proclamation prohibiting the search for gold unless with a government license; and though the diggers are digging as men do every where who dig for gold, eagerly and energetically, they are doing so under regulations. A deposit bank was about to be set up at the placer, to be supported from the license money. This would secure the winnings of the searchers, who, it is said, average half an ounce each per day. Mr. Stuchbury, the geologist of the colony, has reported very favorably of this golden discovery.

Gold has also been discovered in the valley of the river Chaudière, in Lower Canada. About five hundred Americans and several persons from New-Brunswick have been prospecting there during the summer. The mineral region, it is said, extends over a surface of 3,000 square miles, the gold being found in the bed of the stream and in the neighboring hills.

A letter has been published from Dr. John Rae, regarding his efforts for the discovery of Sir John Franklin, dated Fort Confidence, Great Bear Lake, Oct. 14th, 1850. He proposed going in the spring of this year, 1851, twenty days' march to the northward between Victoria and Wollaston's Lands. He ultimately proposed to descend the Copper Mine river, in June or July, when the ice should be broken up. He seems confident of falling in with Sir John. This is not impossible, if he should journey through that "dark valley," which it is generally believed poor Sir John has reached long before now.

Ireland seems to be making spasmodic efforts about the Church-in-danger. But she is mainly busied in running away. If the Irish could remove their country from her anchorage and set her afloat, like another Delos, they would ferry her over and moor her under the lee of New-Jersey shore. As they cannot, they leave the wreck, and escape in hundreds of thousands. The emigration from Ireland is increasing in an enormous degree, and will continue to increase till about two or three millions will only be left in the old island. It is the island of a thousand undeveloped resources, and we should not wonder if some of our Yankee speculators went and settled in it. It is a wealthier island naturally than Cuba. An American colony upon it would be the signal of its regeneration.

GERMANY.—The news from Germany is interesting. The Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia promulgate their designs of restoring despotism to its old rights. The Emperor of Austria, with an honest ferocity, has doomed the Constitution of March, 1849, to the flames—that Constitution for which people said the Austrians and Hungarians should have been so grateful. He will govern for the future with the help of a Council of Ministers,—at the head of whom, from present appearances, is to be placed once more that ancient prop of absolutism, Prince Metternich,—which is to give its opinion whenever he has a mind toask for it. Like Louis XIV., he will throw his sword on the council-table, and say: "L'état, c'est moi!" This proceeding has greatly agitated the good people of Vienna, who sent him scampering to the Tyrol, along with his uncle Ferdinand, in 1848. The King of Prussia has muzzled the *Cologne Gazette;* has let it know it must no longer meddle with the discussion of public affairs! In the mean time there is a knot of Thrasybuluses in London, who watch the "thirty tyrants" of that German land. They have set about publishing revolutionary pamphlets, and are in communication with the discontented people of the continent. High Holborn is their *pou sto;* and with this fulcrum they try to move the Teutonic world to independence. Dr. Tausenau is their president. The English Government, though sympathizing little with their republicanism, or with that of the Italian patriots, who also sit and plot within the sound of Bow bells, must tolerate them. So will the democratic genius of England—which has still an influence in the land, and which is yet destined to put down the tyrannies and abuses that obscure and weaken it just now.

THE HUNGARIANS.—Kossuth and his companions—five only were latterly left with him—were to have been liberated on the 15th ult., and sent from Kutahia to England, on their way, it is reported, to the United States. For the last two years, Turkey kept the Hungarians imprisoned, under awe of the threats of the Emperors of Russia and Austria. The Ottoman Porte has been praised for not surrendering them. We cannot see how it can escape condemnation for not permitting them to pass freely through and from its independent and neutral dominions. Kossuth has expressed his doubts of his release at the appointed time, in a letter addressed to Mr. Horne of our embassy at Constantinople. He feared for the feebleness of Turkey, and told Mr. Horne he had little hopes from the influence of America in the matter; inasmuch as the American government and the American press took always occasion to declare that the Republic would not meddle in the affairs of other countries. This policy Kossuth evidently deplores. He said it was doubtless suitable to the infant fortunes of the States; but would be certain, in our times, to weaken the influence which such a powerful and enlightened nation should possess, and make our sympathies as a people good for nothing. This is not the place to discuss so important and delicate a question as this. That wise policy which has done so much for freedom here, and free opinion every where, can only become more efficient for the good of others by the increased influence which the growth of America will give her in the affairs of the world, as the wings of her eagle spread wider, as her commerce and population grow, and the maritime supremacy of the world (see the English papers) passes over to our flag. America, strong enough to be the arbiter of nations, must, by a *law of necessity* which certainly will have no reservations here, be all that the best friends of liberty can desire. Her word will yet have the force of law in the world; and she will not greatly need to knock any one down. But if any one should insist on being knocked down for misconduct, why, that alters the case somewhat.

ITALY.—This noble and unhappy old peninsula is angry and restless, and her peoples are longing for the power to punish their tyrants. At Rome the *transtererini* hate the French cordially, and the latter feel ashamed of their duty as army of occupation for the Pope. As the Italians are debarred the use of the *stylus*, in its more legitimate character, they change it to the *stiletto*, and use it whenever they can, upon the persons of their enemies. An attempt was made to assassinate the Director of Police the other day. The chambers of one of the Roman Secretaries of State were lately opened and examined by the police—doubtless with the authority of Pius IX. In Naples, Lombardy, and the other governments, despotism is clinging to the people, as the great snake coils itself round the tortured family of Laocoön. The rulers are every where more cautious than they were previous to 1848. Their military forces and police are increased, and organized on the most determined principles of tyrant government. But the cause of liberty is indestructible, and we may expect to hear, from time to time, of some terrible outbreaks against the native or foreign governors of Italy.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

At the commencement of last month, news, previously received, of the failure of the Cuban expedition, were fully confirmed. The enterprise was as helpless as that of Cardenas, and much more fatal. About 160 men have been sent to Spain as prisoners; 22 are unaccounted for; the remainder of about 460 who went with Lopez in the Pampero have been put to death one way or the other. Having landed at Bahia Honda on the 12th August, Lopez marched inland, leaving Colonel Crittenden with 130 men to guard the baggage. Next morning, Crittenden, on his way to join Lopez, was attacked by the Queen's troops, and forced to retreat to the shore. Seeing that no Creole had joined in the enterprise, he embarked his men in boats, intending to return to Florida. But he was taken with about fifty others, and all were shot in files at Havana. In the mean time, Lopez, with about 350 men, was attacked by General Enna. The latter was killed and his men repulsed. But Lopez lost thirty men in killed and wounded. In this battle, instead of one of those used by the warriors of antiquity to make their soldiers fight with alacrity, he used a cow-hide applied to the backs of his men! So says Lieutenant Van Vechten; though, considering he is one of those pardoned by the Spaniards, and expected to give an account of the expedition, his evidence must be taken *cum grano salis*. Next day Lopez was again attacked, and though his followers kept the Spaniards in check for some time, against formidable odds, he was forced to retreat to the mountains. He and his men wandered through them drearily without food or shelter, for a week, during which time one hundred and twenty-five of them were glad to feast on a horse. On the 23d, they were once more attacked and dispersed, and only seven men remained with Lopez. On the 26th, having had but one meal for six days, they went into a house, where they got food. But, leaving it, they were surrounded by the country people and taken prisoners. Thus ended the last expedition against Cuba, fourteen days after the invasion of the island. Lopez was taken to Havana, and died with fortitude, by the *garotte*.

The moral of these attempts on Cuba seems to be, that it is vain to try and liberate any people from without—vain to try and liberate any people which is not fit for liberty. The Cubans—Creoles and others—did not lift a finger in aid of Lopez, proving that they are a slavish population, and unfit for the institutions and duties of self-government. The seeds of liberty are not of such rapid growth. Liberty cannot be *improvised*, nor made permanent without the proper education of the national mind. The Cubans are a cowardly race, and deserve none of our sympathy. Those whom Lopez would have enfranchised were the most eager to run him down with blood-hounds, and betray him—the country people of Cuba. Sympathizers will pause a long time before they again try to kindle a revolution in Cuba.

The Three Glorious Days of Boston.—We doubt whether, since the day she threw the royal souchong into the bay, Boston ever felt so proud of herself as on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of last month—days which are set among her municipal Fasti, as the three glorious days of 1851! This jubilee of amicable Septembrisers was held to celebrate the formation of those lines of railway in the northern part of this continent, which promise to promote in a very gainful and fraternal manner the general intercourse of the Canadians and our people, and give greater life and scope to the commercial interests of North America. Very liberally and cordially did the Bostonians meet the expensive occasion, and not less cordially did the Canadians of all ranks accept their hospitality and reciprocate their feelings of courtesy and brotherhood. The first charter for a railway was granted twenty years ago in Massachusetts, and now the State is covered with a net-work of iron roads, comprising seven trunk-lines, with a large family of branches. The roads within the State employ a capital of about fifty-two millions a year, the yearly revenue of which is considered to be about six and a half millions. Her population, something less than a million, is amply supplied with locomotive advantages.

On the 17th, a great number of the civil and military authorities of Canada, and other subjects of Her Majesty, had already come into Boston, and been escorted to the several chief hotels. On that day they were carried about the city to see the notabilities, and, of course, taken to Charlestown to survey the star-y-pointing obelisk of Bunker-Hill. The next day, President Fillmore having come to town, a large steamer took him and the chief guests on an excursion down the harbor, attended by a crowd of floating craft and by all the sights and sounds of general festivity. By the time the aquatic tour was completed, Lord Elgin, Governor-General of the Canadas, attended by his brother, Colonel Bruce, and Lord Mark Kerr, was received at the Western Railway Station by the Mayor. On arriving at the Revere House, the descendant of a long line of ancestry—honorable, too, as bearing the name of Bruce, (passing by Lord Byron's splenetic Curse of Minerva pronounced on the Earl's father, we believe, for bringing the friezes of the Parthenon, and other sculptures, from Athens to England)—went across the hall of the same hotel to pay the homage due to the head of this Republic, to the son of a plain Yankee farmer. In the evening, the Earl distributed himself among three or four reception rooms of the Boston aristocracy.

The next was the superlative last day of the Jubilee. The whole population seemed to have come to the windows or into the streets; and bunting enough for five hundred armies flew from roofs and spires, and arched and draped the thoroughfares appointed for the route of the procession. In eleven large divisions it took up its pilgrimage,

> "And wound, with blithesome march, its long array,"

to the pulsations of many drums and the inspiriting noise of wind instruments; while such multitudes of faces looked and cheered from the houses on each side, "you would have thought the very windows spake." The authorities and chief societies of Boston marched—the military divisions, Lord Elgin, Governor Boutwell, the Canadian ministry, the Canadian guests; and then the trades, a long and highly interesting line. The President was suffering from cold, and did not appear in the procession. The dinner in the pavilion on the Common was a grand affair. Between three and four thousand persons occupied seats at a cold collation of things, but warmed by a good deal of fraternal enthusiasm. President Fillmore sat to the banquet, but only for a short time. Not being able to stay till the close, he spoke his speech, by anachronism, before dinner, and left the hall to proceed to Washington.

After his departure, several excellent speeches were made by Lord Elgin, the Hon. Mr. Everett, Hon. Mr. Winthrop, the Hon. Mr. Howe, of Canada, and others; all full of the spirit of the occasion. At dusk the party broke up to see the fire works on the Common. Lord Elgin left the city next morning. And thus terminated a celebration which, drawing the people of the British Provinces into closer contact and sympathy than heretofore with our citizens, must foster a partiality for our ways and institutions, and ultimately result in greater political independence on one side, and greater commercial advantages on the other.

THE STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR AT ROCHESTER, held simultaneously with the Boston Jubilee, vied with the latter in the splendor and interest of its concomitants. It was worthy of the imperial State of New-York, so rich in all natural endowments. The display of agricultural products, farming implements, manufactured articles, cattle, poultry, &c., was magnificent, and the multitudes that crowded to the Fair from all parts, Americans and colonists, were not less remarkable than the thing itself. The Canadians distinguished themselves in several departments, and seemed as much resolved to make themselves happily at home as their brethren in Boston. Lord Elgin dropped into the Fair on his way to the latter city, and looked about him with great interest, particularly at a gorgeous collection of horses, blood horses, and so forth. Governor Hunt was there; ex-Governors Marcy and Morton, and also ex-President Tyler, General Wool, and other notabilities. A grand dinner wound up the affair in a very splendid and harmonious manner; and at the conclusion it was resolved that this Fair should henceforth be an annual one.

On the 10th of last month a large body of armed negroes at Christiana, Pa., resisted the attempts of Mr. Gorsuch, of Maryland, (accompanied by five others,) to reclaim two of his fugitive slaves. Mr. Gorsuch was killed, and his son and nephew desperately wounded. The negroes numbered sixty or seventy, and fought with the most determined ferocity. Under the prompt action of the United States Marshal, from forty to fifty colored persons were arrested; and the law of the United States will be vindicated in this affair in the trial which takes place this month.

One hundred and twenty-eight Hungarians lately arrived in this country from Shumla. Their delegates, Captains Britch, Lichtenstein and Bukovitz, had a recent interview with the President at Washington, introduced by Major Tochman, husband of the late Mad'lle Jagello. The President welcomed them to America, and hoped Kossuth would come soon and settle in this country. The Hungarians were on their way to New-Buda in Ohio, where Governor Ujhazy and others of his nation have already settled. Mr. Corkoran—the name shows that he is a son or descendant of old Ireland—has paid $1,700 for the passage of one hundred of these Hungarians to their destination. Not to be outdone in generosity, the railroad companies have resolved to carry them free, so that they will have the cash to purchase implements of farming and other industry when they get to the West.

OREGON.—Oregon is going ahead almost as fast as California. Some time ago six steam vessels were expected to be on its rivers by this time. The editor of the *Spectator* has been through the valley of Tualatin, where an academy has been formed, and gives a highly favorable account of the fertility of its soil and the salubrity of its atmosphere. Much the largest part of the immigration to Oregon was from the Council Bluffs rendezvous. Governor Gaines and General Lane have been fighting with the Indians. The latter had entered their territory, killed forty or fifty of them, and driven the rest into the mountains. He brought away thirty prisoners. The number of the Indian tribes which the settlers have to contend with in Oregon shows the fertility of the soil and the excellent natural resources of the country.

Mexico.—This country seems to be in a precarious and unpromising condition; she never, in fact, seemed to be in any other for a long time past. Just now it is threatened with rebellion and the loss of some of its northern provinces, among which are Tamaulipas and New-Leon. The leaders in the business of revolution are Carabajal and Gov. Cardenas. They are to be assisted by a large body of Texan rangers recently disbanded, and do not expect much resistance from the Federal troops. This enterprise has been concocted for some time, and great hopes of its success are entertained. Scarcity of provisions in consequence of a long and severe drouth is felt in the northern States of Mexico, and doubtless adds to the popular discontents, and excites wishes for some change in that quarter. An outbreak took place lately at Vera Cruz, the people of which appealed against the taxation which weighs upon them. They assembled to lay their complaint before the Ayuntamiento. The latter ordered some soldiers to be present at the interview, which sent the people back to their houses for their arms. Then began an angry parley, and the argument grew into a general fusillade. Three persons were killed and half a dozen wounded in this business, when the National Guard came out with cannons, sided with the people, and obliged the Ayuntamiento to come to terms and respect the demands of the citizens. Another outbreak had occurred at Durango, in consequence of want of provisions, and several lives were lost in the struggle. It is thought that the three thousand Cuban sympathizers who were ready to be wafted from New-Orleans to Cuba when news arrived of the defeat and death of Lopez will transfer themselves westward, and, under Carabajal, Cardenas, or some other leaders, endeavor to win new States from the Spanish-descended people of the mainland. Mexico is not insensible to her own distracted condition or the designs of her enemies within and without. The Senate had passed an act recommending all the Spanish American Republics to unite in an offensive and defensive alliance, establish a uniform political system, a general act of trade and commerce, and tribunal for the settlement of differences, &c. In the State of Guanajuata a *pronunciamento* was recently made in favor of Santa Anna. It is scarcely possible for Mexico, so torn by internal dissensions, to be able to bring about any harmonious action of the South American Republics—all as restless and angry as mosquitoes.

New-Grenada has been lately in the jaws of insurrection. It is said to have been excited by the Jesuits who were lately driven from the country. The government of New-Grenada is going on the plan of radical reform, and has the support of the people. General Borrero, who headed a body of malcontents in Antioquia, was defeated by the troops of the executive.

General Flores, the absconding President of Ecuador, recently left Peru to go and head an insurrection in Ecuador which was intended to co-operate with the outbreak in New-Grenada. Flores is said to be the stipendiary of Lord Palmerston, and the subordinate of Mr. Chatfield, the English envoy; he lately resided at Costa Rica. Some years ago he arranged a plan by which Spain could bring back all the runaway Republics and make them colonies of Spain again.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Lectures on the Lord's Prayer. By William R. Williams. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

A series of most admirable discourses by a profound and pious thinker, on a subject of universal application and interest. We *enrich* our page by the following extract from the preface, remarkable for its force and beauty:—

"Could we write the history of mankind as it will be read by the Judge of all the earth in the last day, how much of earth's freedom, and order, and peace would be found to have distilled, through quiet and secret channels, from the fountain full and exhaustless of this single prayer. It has hampered the wickedness which it did not altogether curb; and it has nourished individual goodness and greatness in the eminence of which whole nations and ages have rejoiced.

"What forming energy has gone forth from the single character of Washington, upon the destinies of our own land and people, not only in the days of our Revolution, but through each succeeding year! He only who reads that heart which He himself has fashioned, can fully and exactly define the various influences which served to mould the character of that eminent patriot; yet every biographer has attributed much of what George Washington became to the parental training and the personal traits of his mother. To Paulding, in his Life of Washington, we owe the knowledge of the fact, that this Christian matron daily read to her household, in the youth of her son, the Contemplations of Sir Matthew Hale, the illustrious and Christian Judge. The volume is yet cherished in the family as an heir-loom, and bears the marks of much use; and one of its essays, 'The Good Steward,' is regarded by the biographer as having especially left its deep and indelible traces on the principles and character of the youth whom God was rearing for such high destinies. And certainly, either by the direct influence of the book and its lessons on the son, or by their indirect effect upon him through that parent revering and daily consulting the book, the Christian jurist and statesman of Britain seems, in many of his characteristic traits, to have reappeared in this the warrior and patriot to whom our own country gives such earnest and profound gratitude. The sobriety, the balanced judgment, the calm dignity, the watchful integrity shunning the appearance of evil, the tempered moderation, the controlling good sense, carried to a rare degree that made it mightier than what is commonly termed genius,—all were kindred traits, strongly developed in the character alike of the English and of the American worthy. In Washington's character, this seems among its strangest and rarest ornaments, its judicial serenity maintained amidst the fierce conflicts of a revolution; the composure of the Areopagus carried into the struggles of Thermopylæ.* Now the work of Hale, thus the household manual in the dwelling of the youthful Washington, contains a long, labored, and minute series of Meditations on the Lord's Prayer. How much of the stern virtue that shone serenely over the troubled strifes of the Commonwealth and Protectorate, and over the shameless profligacy and general debasement of the restored Stuarts, came from the earnest study of that Prayer, only the Last Day can adequately show. We can see, from the space it occupies in Hale's volume, what share the supplication had in his habitual and most sacred recollections. We seem to recognize, in his earnest, importunate deprecation of the sins from which society held him singularly free, and in his urgent and minute supplications for all grace and for those especial excellences in which his age and land pronounced him to have most eminently attained, the secret of his immunity and his virtue. Is it fanciful or credulous to infer that, directly or indirectly, in his own acquaintance personally with the work, or in his inherited admiration of the author's character, our Washington derived his kindred excellences from Hale; and that healing virtue thus streamed from the robes of the Saviour on the mount, as He enunciated this form of supplication—streamed across wide oceans and intervening centuries, into the heart and character and influence of him whom our people delight to hail as the Father of his Country?

"No human analysis can disintegrate from the virtue, and freedom, and prosperity of modern Christendom, the proportion and amount of it which is distinctly owing to the influence of this single supplication."

The Religion of Geology, and its connected Sciences. By Edward Hitchcock, D.D., LL.D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

These admirable lectures form one of the most valuable contributions to the subject that has yet appeared in so popular a form. The eminent author has devoted many years to the elucidation of the harmony between the inspired Revelation and the discoveries and conclusions of modern scientific research in the magnificent field of Geology and its kindred sciences, (one of the grandest subjects of human contemplation,) and has brought to the task a mind thoroughly furnished both as a theologian and a scientific savan. We regard the arguments which he puts forth as impregnable both as against the skeptical materialist on the one hand, and those who still contend for the literal interpretation of the Scriptures on the other. There can be no more profitable study than this work to all parties.

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* "Calm, but stern; like one whom no compassion could weaken,
Neither could doubt deter, nor violent impulses alter:
Lord of his own resolves — of his own heart absolute master."
Southey (of Washington) in his *Vision of Judgment.*

The Epoch of Creation: The Scripture Doctrine Contrasted with the Geological Theory. By ELEAZAR LORD. With an Introduction, by RICHARD W. DICKENSON, D.D. New-York: Charles Scribner.

We place our notice of this work in juxtaposition with that of the above, inasmuch as it is an argument directly upon the other side of the question discussed by President Hitchcock. It is undoubtedly able; the best argument, as a whole, on its side, that has come under our notice. Yet we must confess that to our mind it is utterly insufficient, and we fear not calculated to do the good intended by its author.

If the meaning and intention of the first chapter of Genesis, and other parts of Scripture that have any reference to natural facts and phenomena, is at all an open question, (and how it can be considered otherwise we cannot conceive, when so many of the learned and pious have argued it,) it is certainly most rational to adopt the view that best harmonizes with what at least appears to us to be the facts and legitimate deductions of science. The whole superstructure of modern Geology, as a science of principles, Mr. Lord denies, or at least doubts; its deductions, which come from the very necessity of our reasoning upon its facts, he ignores; and he would have us draw no inferences—eliminate no *laws;* although he must be aware that such deductions and such inferences of laws are every day being confirmed by new facts predicted from such deductions and inferences. Such views are in our opinion in conflict with human development and progress, both intellectually and religiously. The *facts* of the great arcana of Nature are but the frame-work—if we may so speak—of the informing spirit of *Law;* and it is this latter alone that appeals to the highest principles in the intellectual nature of man. To discover the *principles* of things has been the great educational stimulant of our nature through all ages, and the desire has been implanted in the human soul by the AUTHOR of Nature for this highest of all purposes. Can we then believe a theory that will only allow the mind to store up barren facts? Mr. Abbott observes, speaking of the topography of that wonderful region, the valley of the Nile: "The human mind, connected with a pair of eagle's wings, would have solved the mystery of Egypt in a week; whereas science, philosophy, and research, confined to the surface of the ground, have been occupied for twenty centuries in accomplishing the undertaking." So from the mount of God, with the eye of inspiration, Moses might have revealed to us the structure of the earth, as well as the fact of its construction; might have demonstrated to us the mathematics of the heavens, as well as stated the simple and sublime fiat that bade them be and they were. But this, even we can see sufficient reason for not doing. It is not the highest purpose to know the facts or even the laws of things or existences, but to be morally and intellectually developed by these—to become a conscious thought, worthy and capable of being the *appreciator* of the great Creator and *Pervader* of all.

The Works of Shakspeare: The Text carefully restored according to the First Editions; with Introductions, Notes, original and selected, and Life of the Poet. By the Rev. H. N. HUDSON, A.M. In eleven volumes. Boston and Cambridge: James Monroe & Company. Volumes I. and II.

We have looked with much interest for this edition of the *great master*, since it was announced as in preparation, knowing as we did the eminent qualifications of the editor for his task. Several of the essays of Mr. Hudson which have been contributed to the columns of this Review, and afterwards published among his Lectures, have made our readers acquainted with his profound study of the bard, and the remarkable powers of criticism and analysis which he exhibits in his elucidations of the wonders and beauties of his plays. We beg to refer our readers to Mr. H.'s editorial preface for what he designs, and we doubt not will accomplish in this edition. We have little doubt but it will be altogether the best popular edition yet published. The volumes before us are executed in a most admirable style, both in matter and manner; with observations and notes both judicious and acute; printed on beautiful paper, with remarkably clear and elegant type. They are of the duodecimo form, of all others the most convenient for so constant a necessity as Shakspeare. We predict an unbounded popularity for the work.

Drayton: A Story of American Life. New-York: Harper & Brothers.

The slight glance which we have been able to bestow upon this volume hardly enables us to judge of its merits. The story is a truly American one,—the career of a youth of genius, rising from a shoemaker's apprentice to the highest honors of the bar. The style is somewhat inflated, and yet there is a facility of narrative and expression which, whilst that indicates an unpractised hand, this gives promise of a capacity for something better.

Literary Reminiscences, from the Autobiography of an English Opium-Eater. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. In two volumes. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

These will probably be the most popular of this elegant series of volumes of the miscellaneous writings of De Quincey, by this enterprising house. The wonderful grace and beauty of his language, the shrewd observation, the profound analytical capacity, and the appreciative sympathy with all that is either refined or great in literature, qualify this author, we had almost said beyond all others, for such a purpose as is undertaken in these essays: namely, to represent to us the great literary geniuses of his time and acquaintance—Davy, Godwin, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Southey, Edward Irving, Talfourd, &c. These, with the many most interesting circumstances of his own literary career, will make the work a never-failing favorite with all for whom literature has charms beyond the vulgar things of sense.

Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is a "quaint and curious volume," but of such unquestionable genius that no one with the faintest appreciation of quiet and truthful earnestness of character, and with any taste for simplicity of antique modes of thought and speech, can open it without being fascinated by the quiet and quaint pictures that the author, with such skill, maketh to pass before his mental eye. It is altogether wholesome and good.

Io: A Tale of the Olden Fane. By K. Barton. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

We must reserve our judgment of this book for a better opportunity of perusal. The scene is laid in ancient Greece, and the author has evidently a feeling of classic enthusiasm. His manner and style is, however, strained and overwrought. Such, at least, is the impression that the opening chapters make upon us.

Episodes of Insect Life. By Acheta Domestica, M.E.T. Second Series. New-York: J. S. Redfield.

This volume is no less attractive and beautiful than the first, of which we have already expressed our opinion. Truly admirable contributions they are to popular scientific knowledge, with all the grace and attractiveness of fairy tales, notwithstanding their accuracy of detail and minuteness of scientific knowledge. There is no falling off in the elegance with which the enterprising publisher has gotten up the work. We know of no such centre-table attraction.

Swallow Barn; or a Sojourn in the Old Dominion. By J. P. Kennedy. Revised edition, with twenty Illustrations by Strother. New-York: George P. Putnam.

Familiar as the name of this book has been to us, we had not, before this beautiful edition was put into our hands, seen it; and although we were prepared to expect a work of no ordinary merit from our knowledge of the later and graver writings of the distinguished author, we confess to having our expectations more than realized. To our fresh enthusiasm over this elegant edition, with its humorous and graceful illustrations, and clear brilliant type, it appears a worthy companion of the somewhat similar volumes of Washington Irving; not unlike his Bracebridge Hall, of—shall we say?—equal grace and humor, with the advantage of being more national in its subject, scenery, and treatment. We can promise all those who have not read it a treat; and those who read the first edition, now so long since published, will eagerly possess themselves of this new one.

Elements of Thought; or Concise Explanations of the Principal Terms employed in the several Branches of Intellectual Philosophy. By Isaac Taylor. New-York: William Gowans. Second American, from the Ninth London Edition.

By giving the full title of this little work, and adding our testimony to the many before us of the admirable manner in which the design of the author has been executed, we perform a duty to the public as well as to the publisher. To the student of philosophy, with whom so much depends upon the proper definition and clear understanding of *terms*, this work should never be wanting.

The Sea and the Sailor; Notes on France and Italy; and other Literary Remains of Rev. Walter Colton. With a Memoir, by Rev. Henry T. Cheever. New-York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

We have had occasion to notice the several other works of this pleasant and popular author. This is probably the most interesting of the series, making us acquainted as it does with the personal history of the author, and exhibiting more fully the versatility of his genius, and the variety of his accomplishments.

Vagamundo; or the Attaché in Spain. Including a brief Excursion into the Empire of Morocco. By John Esaias Warren. New-York: Charles Scribner.

Mr. Warren has given us in this work his adventures, feelings, and reflections during a six months' residence in Spain.

Entering as he does truly into the very spirit of that most romantic land, with a ready pen and enthusiastic temperament, he could not well, and has not failed to make a charming book. His style suits his subject, and his subject his style; and therefore we may predict that his book will be a favorite.

Chambers's Papers for the People. Vol. I. Philadelphia: J. W. Moore.

This republication is, we believe, a fac-simile of the original Edinburgh edition of this popular miscellany. This, therefore, will be sufficient to say of the neatness and taste with which it is issued. The name of Chambers is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the contents.

A Wreath around the Cross; or Scripture Truths Illustrated. By Rev. A. Morton Brown. With a Recommendatory Preface by John Angell James. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

The purpose of this work, and the recommendation with which it comes, will insure its welcome among the class of readers for whom it is designed.

It will be observed that the whole three years of actual results do not equal Mr. Walker's estimate for one year by nearly eighty-eight millions of dollars!

How utterly absurd in the plain light of the facts does all this appear! With what confusion should it cover the advocates of a system demonstrated to be so palpably fallacious! But no; the party that applauded this report to the echo, and acted upon its suggestions, abate not one jot of their pernicious theory; but, in spite of the demonstration, and in spite of the disasters and the embarrassment they have brought upon the country, mean again to fight for the supremacy, in order to maintain the tyranny of so fatal a system.

But let us suppress our indignation, and pursue the results of this policy up to the present time. What are they? In brief this: that instead of an excess of *exports*, we have *imports;* instead of selling, we have been buying.

The exports of our own productions for the present fiscal year will amount to about one hundred and sixty-four millions of dollars, whilst the *imports* reach about two hundred and twenty millions; leaving a balance against us of fifty-six millions of dollars. Something more than one half of this appears to have been paid for in specie, and the rest has yet to be paid in the same way, or by anticipating our future export resources, and so merely postponing the evening of the evil day. And now, as the natural result, our manufacturers and merchants are failing in all directions, our banks are embarrassed, and our producers find melting, or in danger of melting out of their hands, the profits so hardly won during these years of competition with foreign rivals. We are, in short, having enacted over again the frightful results of former experiments of the same kind. Thus nature and facts are too strong for us, and we must ever be retracing our steps if we attempt to follow the theories that other nations concoct for us from other circumstances and other principles than our own.

We have thus endeavored to bring before the minds of our readers, in the most succinct, matter-of-fact, and palpable manner, one of the subjects dividing the political parties that appeal to the "business," if not to the "bosoms," of all men, politicians or not politicians, rich and poor, manufacturers, merchants or farmers. We have done this that we may have at least one point, the emergency of which will be disputed by no protectionist, whether he be Whig or "Democrat." Now, whilst the ponderous evil we have been illustrating, and others that we may touch in the progress of this article, traceable directly to *political* causes, are so pressing, there is an unaccountable apathy of political action, organization and discussion, among those upon whom the nation depends for the rectification of those evils—the Whig party, its press and its statesmen. The enemy is looking with satisfaction upon this state of things, for in this apathy is his certain triumph. He depends more upon inaction than action. The *nation* aroused is always and ever his certain discomfiture.

Politics in this country is not in its nature an amateur science for the gratification of the tastes or ambitions of the few, that may be taken up or laid down as those tastes wax or wane, or those ambitions die or receive other directions; but is the practical duty of every man in this free community. He that is indifferent and does not take pains to form definite opinions upon questions of public policy, and perform those acts necessary to give practical efficiency to his sentiments, is willing to be the slave of other men's opinions, and submit himself and his affairs to theories that he may despise, and instruments whom he detests; and is consequently no good citizen, no worthy member of a State, the theory of which is, *the government of all over all.* No one can say that he is not responsible for what is done because he takes no part in politics. His negative action has *positive* effects. If evil measures are perpetrated and evil men put into power, he has been at least half as efficient an agent in the work as any one who by his political action has carried those measures and elected those men. These are truths that no one disputes, that there are in fact no arguments against; and yet how many act contrary to until some great emergency compels them to regard them.

When the treasures of the nation—the means by which it carries on its beneficent objects of blessing and elevating humanity, that should be regarded as sacred as the offering in the temple—are found to be in the hands of thieves and robbers; when they are practically being regarded as the spoils of the political victors, then are these principles for which we are appealing acted upon ; the vampires, though unsatiated, are flung from their prey. But the evil cannot be undone, and we must go back and heal the mischief that our own falseness to duty has permitted. Again, when the nation is deliberately precipitated into an unjust and unnecessary war, and the armies sacred to freedom and the rights of all men, are used to violate our own first principles by subjugating foreign territories and their people to a sway not of their own choosing, thus sanctioning the principles upon which all tyrannies rest—then do the men to whom we would appeal arise in their might, and, conscience-stricken by their former supineness, emphasize their indignation and their power by placing in the seat of their recreant Executive the hero who, although laboring under the weight of a disdain for the purpose of his actions, did that only which man could do in the melancholy case, threw the shining mantle of military glory over the national crime. And now again, when the economic theories of a nation whose political yoke we once and for ever threw off, have been permitted to bind us to a commercial supremacy which we have not yet the means of resisting,—draining from us the life-blood of our commerce, and the means of developing the immense latent riches of our lands, our mines, and our water-powers,—may we not with confidence again anticipate a rising which shall break those fetters that have more than once before been fastened upon us, until, galled to the quick, we could no longer bear it, but bounding from them in each case entered upon a career that, from its uniform prosperity, should have settled upon an impregnable basis the policy of the nation on this point for ever? Unquestionable as this truth is, people will in their eagerness for the future, and their absorption in the present, forget the past.

That we may not appear to any to be without ample warrant for what we say, we will quote from our own records and predictions. In the number of this Review for March, 1847, will be found an article by Redwood Fisher, Esq., on a report of Mr. Secretary Walker, in which the following passages occur:—

“Now, it is a fact well known that the tariff of 1846 has diminished, and it will continue to diminish, the number of artificers and manufacturers; for the very reason, that, as Mr. Walker states, at lower duties it produces an increased revenue, by supplanting articles made at home with similar importations from abroad.

“An appeal to some statistics of past years may not be out of place here, and we shall refer to them with a view to show the results of extraordinary importations beyond the power of the country to pay for.

“We commence with 1815, when, according to a table prepared by Mr. Walker accompanying his Report of December 3d, 1845, we *consumed* of foreign merchandise $106,457,924. In 1816, according to the same table, we *consumed* of imported goods $129,964,444.

“Those who are old enough must remember the disastrous effects of these excessive importations, which were not fully realized till 1819, when, among other evidences of the distressed condition of the country, a committee appointed by the Legislature of Pennsylvania reported as follows: that there were ‘ruinous sacrifices of landed property at sheriffs’ sales, whereby in many cases lands and houses have been sold at less than a half, a third, or a fourth part of their former value; thereby depriving of their homes and the fruits of laborious years a vast number of industrious farmers, some of whom have been driven to seek in the uncultivated forests of the West that shelter of which they had been deprived in their native State. An almost entire cessation of the usual circulation of commodities, and a consequent stagnation of business, which is limited to the mere purchase and sale of the necessaries of life, and of such articles of consumption as are absolutely required by the season. The overflowing of our prisons with insolvent debtors, most of whom are confined for small sums, whereby the community loses a portion of its active labor, and is compelled to support families by charity who have thus been deprived of their protectors.’

“By the same table of Mr. Walker, we find the *consumption* of foreign merchandise, in 1835, was $129,391,247. In 1836, the *consumption* of the same goods amounted to the enormous sum of $168,233,675. These immense importations were in consequence of the inflation of the currency, consequent upon the removal of the deposits from the Bank of the United States, which prompted the loans made by the *pet* banks, as they were called. The memorable break-down, and the suspension of specie payments which resulted, must be fresh in the recollection of all who were in anywise conversant with the business affairs of that period.

“In 1839, the same table tells us, we *consumed* $144,597,607, and the results were little less ruinous. In 1841, at the close of what was called the ‘Compromise Act,’ we consumed $112,447,096. At that time the duties were so much reduced that the net revenue for the year was but $15,516,589, and the whole country groaned under the depression of home industry of every kind.

“For the fifteen years previous to 1835, the *consumption* of foreign imports had scarcely exceeded $80,000,000. During the periods of the large importations, which caused the heavy *consumption* stated above—while the foreign goods were coming in—the country wore the fallacious appearance of prosperity, until the catastrophe arrived and the bubble burst.

"At each of these periods, as the importations arrived—when the amount of the duties were pouring into the treasury, as they did in all except 1841—the respective Secretaries might have congratulated themselves as Mr. Walker now congratulates himself in this Report—with this difference, that the evil day may be somewhat longer postponed in consequence of our increased exports, should they continue. But as certainly as such over-consumption of foreign manufactures produced the revulsions then experienced, so certainly, under like circumstances, will the same thing occur again, sooner or later, under the tariff of 1846."

Now would it not appear, under the light of such facts as these; and predictions, the fulfillment of which we are at this present moment suffering, that the laws of this question ought to be considered as settled, from the most positive experience and induction? Would it not appear to be as rational to go back to ancient alchemy, when the *ignes fatui* of theories presided in the human mind over the laws of matter, now when induction has *established* principles, as base our policy upon a theory that has not yet *one success* in its repeated trials to point to in its support? How are we, then, to account for the constant repetition of this absurd experiment? How but by the pernicious recreancy of those who know better to their political duties? They act as if mere political theorists must be permitted to try their experiments; not realizing, until they are compelled by their individual suffering, that their common sense and experience are at all times as essential a political element in the affairs of this country as any writers of reports or actors on the political boards. Notwithstanding our professions, it is lamentable to think how long it must take to eradicate the traditional feeling that measures of Government are something to which we must submit, rather than something which belongs to each one of us, and which we should direct. Let us here put in a warning to those who think it unnecessary to take the trouble of deciding these political questions in their own minds, and acting upon them. The power of adapting themselves to the circumstances which surround them which the people of this country possess is unexampled in the history of any nation. If the *political* theorists insist upon a policy detrimental to the best material interests of the nation, those whose means and enterprise and sagacity would be a blessing to the whole, operating in the direction of the true, may, and will, adapt themselves to this false system. Their conformity to it may be less detrimental to them individually than the time they must waste in the unceasing contest they are obliged to wage against it. And so in regard to the principle of protection or "free-trade," (which we continue to use in illustration of the necessity of increasing political vigilance on the part of all,) we may have the nation divided into tillers of the soil and merchant princes; the seaboard dotted with cities crowded with external commerce; the former of these classes tributary to the other, there being no competition with them by miners and manufacturers; the wealth *under* the surface of the ground remaining buried, and the giant powers of our water-courses wasting themselves unused. We have already had practical intimations of this result, a tremendous counteracting influence to the *pliancy* of circumstances, under our system of government, which so many seem to rely upon against the *permanency* of any existing evils.

Leaving now our illustration, which we have chosen from the pressing necessity of immediate action upon the subject of it, and the space that at the present time it fills in all men's thoughts, we will turn more definitely to our purpose of arousing, if possible, to action those upon whom the nation depends in all emergencies to turn the political scales, or to hold firmly in their posts the defenders of the right. We firmly believe that in favor of this principle of the Whig party, and every other important one, there is and has been always a majority of the people of these United States. Now it happens that the orderly, quiet and thrifty—those who eschew excitement, but allow themselves to be too exclusively and selfishly occupied with their own affairs, and who thoughtlessly contract a disgust to politics from the trickery and dishonesty practised by those who make it a trade—are almost universally theoretical adherents to the Whig party. It would not be, we are sure, too much to say that of those who neglect to vote at the average of elections, nine in ten will be found to be Whigs—enough, probably, to turn the scale in any question that has been fairly discussed between the two parties for the last twenty years.

Will man in his actions never reach the level of his intelligence, and continue heroic and firm only from necessity or through passion? Shall there, in our public affairs, never be a settled principle of action, that shall ever press upon the consciences of men as a duty which there is no honesty in neglecting?

What now is to be done in such a case as this? We can only continue to utter our appeals and our warnings, and call upon all those who have any means of arousing and influencing public opinion to direct their exertions towards this point, as one through which, at this and every crisis, they can most directly and practically benefit their country. There seems to be a feeling pervading many well-meaning minds, that those are the most favorable periods for the Republic when political excitement is allayed, when there is no definite contest of opinion going on, and indifference exists as to the dominance of this or that set of principles in the administration of the government. Nothing can be more fallacious than such an idea. It may not always be necessary that an army should be engaged in warfare to insure its efficiency, but it is always necessary that it should be constantly drilled and exercised. How much more is this the case in that state of political existence to which we have been called—a state of constant warfare for the truth or vigilant watchfulness against the encroachments of error and the corruptions of vice. We have adopted and glory in the possession of a political system in which *opinion* is to rule—the opinion of all without reservation. The means of its action is through *universal* suffrage. It is unrecognized, utterly inoperative, except through the vote at the ballot-box. It is necessary to our theory of government that this voting should be founded, so to speak, on well-considered and definitely-formed opinion. In order that such opinion should be in constant readiness for the ever-recurring voting that our system demands, it is necessary that constant discussion should by all legitimate modes be kept up. If discussion and a wholesome excitement is so kept up, voting will follow as a natural and a legitimate consequence. If it is not so kept up, the most of the voting will not be an expression of opinion, but of passion, feeling, or blind prejudice, or simply the dictation of demagogues. From such sources, as fountains, will our public policy flow, and to such dictators, having accomplished their ends—place and power—will we all have to submit; and from this degeneracy will follow the swift destruction of the fairest theory of government that ever blessed the hopes of man. As the result of long struggle, earnest patriotism, and the heroic stake of "lives and fortunes and sacred honor," was established this theoretically perfect system for the maintenance of freedom and the security of universal right and justice. But in the establishing of a theory, however heroically done, and in the organization of a government by it, with whatsoever wisdom accomplished, hero nor sage had no such conception as seems to be acted upon by their posterity, namely, that they were fixing for ever the fate of their successors by simply giving them this theory and these institutions. No! they knew that liberty, like virtue, is a constant warfare—that its price is eternal vigilance. They effectually conquered its enemies from without, but they knew that it would for ever be in danger from those within. They relied as much upon us, their posterity, as they did upon the justice of their cause, and their own wisdom, self-sacrifice, and devotion to right. Had they not expected to perpetuate themselves in their sons, they would not have expected their work to be perpetuated; they would have felt that their lives were sacrificed in vain, that their fortunes were thrown away, and that their honors were tarnished by wresting from a crown and an aristocracy their rightful possession, government, and conferring it upon the people, who are incapable or too selfish to use it. That which makes universal suffrage secure is its practical universality: we want the vote of the philosopher from among his books as well as the laborer from the field; the clergyman from his desk as well as the merchant from his counting-house; the rich man with his conservative tendencies as well as the poor man with his desire of change. The radical must not rule with his destructive theories, but be only an element of motion. The conservative must not be king with his unyielding adhesion to what is, but only a regulator to the wheel of progress, like the principle of gravity to the motion of the earth. Let each one act out his nature, be the creature of his circumstances, for these are God's elements in the subject; but let him honestly strive for honesty of purpose and opinion, and let him throw these off into the political atmosphere of his country, for this is the work bequeathed to him by those he reverences, and in it lies his only political safety and well-being. It is the universal principle we would inculcate, alike applicable to all parties, times, and conditions; feeling as we do such an unwavering confidence in the truth of the great principles of the Whig party, that we are sure nothing more is required to their general and permanent success but a conscientious fulfilment by all of those political obligations to which they are bound by the most sacred considerations of patriotism and self-respect. Thus may it be seen how easy it is to become in effect traitors to a government that, conferring, or rather confirming and making operative to the individual all his rights and privileges, demands his warmest affection and most constant and determined support. He should consider every, even the most trifling act that it demands as of the most imperative character and sacred obligation.

Intelligent opinion and virtuous sentiment are the very life-blood which this form of government demands for its existence; and yet, strange anamoly! amazing paradox! the possessors of these refuse to exercise them in their noblest field for their own safety. They—for strange to say, it is to this class that such observations as these have to be addressed—they know that every preponderance obtained by error or vice on any occasion of political action, however trifling, endangers the government and inflicts a wound upon public virtue or public prosperity; and yet they neglect to vote. Would these men betray their country into the hands of an external enemy by refusing to do any act for her safety? We think that none would be so base. On such an emergency, where the act would be *called heroism*, they would be *heroes*. This patriotism then of theirs we must regard as a dormant feeling, requiring stimulants to arouse it to action. This intelligent opinion of theirs is only competent to their own petty and private interests; it is inspired by no generous ambition, and will jeopardize its own rather than stand by the public good. This virtuous sentiment is all required for home consumption, and cannot be spread abroad, although it may be necessary to prevent a current of corruption that will set in even upon your own households. What shall we say then? Are these men mean, selfish, dastardly? Is their intelligence and virtue only an easy habit, and not an active principle? Will they suffer their government to be corrupted willingly, so that they enjoy their ease? Not altogether so. They are only thoughtless, and suffer themselves to become disgusted with the corruptions that others have introduced into politics; an evil, the result of their own neglect, that they are thus lending themselves to perpetuate. There is guilt and folly here. Let it be so understood, and let us have a public sentiment that will distinctly so regard it. Let us have organizations among our active young men who do not regard themselves as politicians, to create, act upon, and give an efficient vitality to this public sentiment. Such organizations in all the wards of our cities, in all the districts of the county, would infuse a new and healthful life into the body politic, would paralyze demagoguism, and we are sure would establish the principles of the great national and constitutional Whig party, with its "*American system*" of political economy, as the permanent policy of the government.

The obstacle that stands most directly in the way of the purpose of this article, is the feeling pervading the community, that any attention to politics must necessarily interfere with a man's business affairs. This is not altogether an unnatural, but it is a most inconsistent though formidable element in the circumstances of our case. Let us see what consistency there is in it. We have already shown the vital, immediate, practical connection that exists between each man in this country and the government under which he lives. We have purposely taken our illustration of this from a subject that has an immediate connection with his every-day affairs. The adjustment of the tariff on imports is a matter as directly affecting him as any general business *arrangement* that he can make in his private affairs. His whole business connections may be affected by it favorably or unfavorably. His individual profit from the work of his hand, or the business on which his credit depends and his capital is invested, may rest entirely upon it. When it is arranged upon the senseless *ad valorem* principle, as the present one is, he may be at the mercy of any swindler who will perjure himself for profit. And yet the active producer, manufacturer, or distributor who has a vision beyond his individual farm or workshop or counting-house, and who sees the necessity of actively taking means to guard against those political measures which sometimes sweep away entire branches of industry, must be looked upon with distrust by those *prudent* men who control the sources of credit and capital. Is not this the mere caution of blindness, that can only grope its way, and is more likely to grope its way into a pit than avoid it?

For our part, we believe that the immense disproportion between failures and success so often commented on in this country, is owing to the too exclusive devotion which we give to the narrow circle of our individual operations, to the neglect of those general principles in which we are all bound up together. We all know that this selfishness is wrong; and it has its reward in the notorious uncertainty of success, and in the narrowing influence it exerts upon the mind of the country, incapacitating it for enlarged and intelligent views and actions even in regard to its individual affairs. But this is the lowest view that we can take of the subject. There are other necessities for arousing the intelligence of the country to the responsibilities which it cannot avoid, that we must glance at in the brief space that remains to us. These *prudent* men at whom we are aiming do not mix enough with the multitude to be aware of the dangerous elements that exist among us. They have not considered the reckless thirst for conquest and dominion that stirs the blood of our unsettled population; an element that the demagogues of party are ever striving to ride into power and place upon, and that is rapidly undermining, not only the settled policy which has led to results of prosperity beyond that of any other nation, but the very principles which distinguish us from all governments founded upon power and upheld by force. It must be obvious to every thinking man, we care not on what side of politics he may be, that conquest and propagandism by the sword is an idea utterly at variance with pure republicanism; and if acted upon, leading certainly through anarchy back to despotism. In the case that has already occurred,—the war with Mexico, and the acquisition from that nation of a large portion of her territory, (a circumstance that for other reasons has shook the nation to its centre,)—the very men who took the fearful responsibility of instilling this idea into the mind of the multitude for their self-aggrandizement, instinctively shrank back from incorporating the principle of conquest even into *their* code of policy, and covered up their conquest—the very ground that their armies occupied—by *purchase* and indemnity; whereas could they have justified the positions upon which they acted, in beginning and conducting the war, they could have *claimed* indemnity instead of paying it. And thus the people were first made to pour out their blood to violate their principles of government, and then made to pour out their treasure to patch over the wound.

The glaring abomination of this case, the debts which it entailed, and the sectional feuds which it excited and exasperated, aroused the real strength and intelligence of the nation, and those who might have prevented it had only the satisfaction of hurling the perpetrators from the places of power which they desecrated. This is an experience within the memory of all. Shall it be, in the language of the maxim which we have placed at the head of our article, only a "stern light to illumine the tract we have passed?" Surely it is too recent for that! Surely the signs of its repetition in probably a much worse form are too obvious to be disregarded by those who have any principles to preserve, or would have any country to honor, or worth honoring. Look at the facts of the case. Some reckless schemers or adventurers, utterly regardless of the consequences to others, by the most cruel misrepresentations and audacious falsehoods, inveigled into a mad expedition against the government of the island of Cuba a few brave and thoughtless men. How far behind the ostensible workers, either editors or park-orators, the real designers of this scheme against the lives of adventurous and enthusiastic men stand, their own cowardice leaves us no means of knowing. But certain it is they were workers in the dark, and with the tools of darkness, falsehood and fraud. They had therefore no public sympathy, and appealed to no public support. It is then a libel on the nation to connect it in any way as such with this in itself insignificant and lawless adventure. But neither with the fact of its insignificance, nor with the supposition of its nationality, had the Administration at Washington any thing to do. The simple fact of its illegality was to dictate the rule of its conduct. Strictly according to such rule did it act. It issued the usual proclamation which all administrations in like circumstances have issued. The President warned the actors that according to the laws of the land they would place themselves beyond its protection, and he took the regular and legitimate means of preventing any armed expedition being fitted out, in strict accordance with what he was bound to do by his oath of office. These are the unquestionable facts of the case; and now what do we see? Why, a deliberate attempt to fan this flimsy pretense into a flame of sympathy, and direct it against the Administration for purely political ends. No one can read the resolutions, speeches, or articles of the opposition upon the subject, without instantly perceiving this purpose. They have obviously no design or desire for the liberty of any one, but only for their own political success. They will risk raising a storm that may destroy the Union for the sake of the places or the plunder it may enable them to acquire. Is not this then obviously the beginning of another case, just such as we have seen so recently emphatically condemned by the nation, aroused when too late to do any thing but punish the perpetrators? and is there not an obvious necessity that it should be aroused now before it is again too late? Could a general attention to the schemes of these politicians be awakened, we should have no fear of their success.

We have long observed that it is a principle in the political tactics of the Democratic party to *get up* some question upon which they can create an excitement by appeals to the passions and prejudices of the multitude on the eve of the election, when there is not left sufficient time for discussion to rectify the judgment they would compel. It is invariably the case that a thorough discussion of the subject settles it against them. In this case they have sprung the mine too soon, and it will be entirely the fault of those who see these tricks from the beginning if the truth is not made to prevail against them. Our people are impulsive, but not lacking in intelligence. Bring their "sober second thoughts" to a question, and the demagogues who would lead them astray are sure to meet their reward.

Finally, the position of this country in reference to the present state of the affairs of the world, and the cause of human freedom and happiness generally, is such as will excuse no one member of this Republic from an active participation in its politics. The United States of America, having declared a system of government based upon the abstract rights of man, gave it an organized form by a Constitution that recognized no arbitrary element, either for the people or against them, (knowing by an instinctive wisdom that that which is arbitrary has no limits, and is the root of all tyranny,) but built upon *principles* their whole structure. Under this crowning work of political wisdom this nation has presented a spectacle of order, happiness and progress, which has reacted upon the entire civilized world. The subjects of other governments have poured in upon us with unexampled rapidity, welcomed as they are by our laws to share our prosperity and freedom. Our diplomatic relations are extended to all courts; our commercial intercourse penetrates the marts and exchanges of all nations. Thus at every point we have touched and inoculated the nations of the world with the idea of the perfect practicability of self-government among men, and of the utter insufficiency of any other system to their best development and progress. This has been done silently, but surely and effectively, by adhering to the policy laid down with such earnestness by our immortal Washington,—by abstaining from all interference with others, and firmly repelling the interference of any with ourselves. Respecting the legal rights of all, but requiring to the last tittle our own, we have shown to the conceited bigots of absolutism and the timid crouching under the protecting shadow of kings, that order and law, justice and equity, are equally as distinct elements in our system as the liberty of the individual. Now this glorious position—a position unspeakably grand and important, the very greatest hope that the world has for a future of true progress—is in imminent danger. Demagoguism is about laying its unholy hands upon this ark of our safety and of the world's regeneration, and endeavors to pervert the feelings and most sacred sympathies of the people to purposes of party aggrandizement, and ultimately to the destruction of our prosperity, our honor, and our influence. There is, from our now extended intercourse, constant liability of the rights of our citizens or the nation being infringed, and a physical contest between absolutism and republicanism being provoked by the former. It may be that such a case as the former has arisen in Austria, in her unjustifiable treatment of Mr. Brace, and the latter may have arisen in the interference of England in Central American affairs. But in these and others that may arise, how essential that we should have *statesmen* such as we now have at the head of the government, instead of mere demagogues, who, by putting us in the wrong, weaken us before the world; and by claiming, for *party* purposes, untenable positions, obtain their places, and end by giving up to the strong, as in the Oregon case, what they *valiantly* wrest from the weak? Formerly, when this reckless party selected for their candidates men of character and statesmanship, there was little danger of their vagaries being carried out into practice. But since they have adopted the system, as in the case of Mr. Polk, of selecting a tool, and pledging him to the work they require him to do, nothing is safe, nothing is sacred.

With such elements, then, around us, and such consequences to our individual well-being and national safety and prosperity as we have pointed out before us, might we not as well plead our business against our religious duties, or our personal comfort against the support of our wives and children, as to plead either of these against that attention to politics and our duties as citizens, which can only keep us free from false systems of public economy, save the nation from unjust wars, maintain with the Constitution the harmony of the States among themselves, and perpetuate for ourselves and the world the pure form of constitutional republicanism bequeathed to us by the great Washington and his immortal compatriots, the framers of our wonderful Constitution, the definers and establishers of the rights of mankind, who have left to us, their posterity, the mighty responsibility of defending these inestimable interests against all foes, *without* or *within* the Republic?

SANTA-ROSA.

[CONTINUED.]

It was during this month that I composed the argument of the *Phedo* on the immortality of the soul. Santa-Rosa had desired that I should see as clearly as himself into the obscurity of this difficult question. His faith, as vivid as sincere, went farther than that of Socrates and Plato; the clouds which I perceived still hanging over the details of the soul's immortality, after the dissolution of the body, pressed mournfully upon his heart, and he regained his serenity only after our discussions of the day, at our evening walk, when wandering together at sunset, as chance directed, about Alençon, we mingled our hopes for this life and the life to come in a mute and profound hymn of faith to Divine Providence.

Santa-Rosa wrote only to a very small number of persons, and lived, as we see, in a manner which could very little disquiet the authorities. Nevertheless, either because his companions in exile were less prudent than himself, or for some other reason, the vigilance of the Government was redoubled. My visit to Alençon, in the state of my health, troubled the police; that which was only an impulse of the heart appeared bravado, or even a plot, and impatience on account of such an existence entered into the soul of Santa-Rosa. He confided to me the contents of the letter which Colonel Fabvier, one of our common friends, had written him. Fabvier announced to him that his safety was menaced, that an extradition, or at least that a new imprisonment was possible; he advised him to flee to England, and offered to furnish him the means. At such a day and at such an hour a post-chaise might be found a half-league from Alençon, with some devoted friends, to transport Santa-Rosa in disguise towards a seaport where the means of flight to England would be arranged. We recognized in this proposition the heart of him who made it; but we immediately rejected it. Flight, on the part of Santa-Rosa, would have been almost avowing that he doubted his right; it would have been dishonoring the judgment of "no cause for action" rendered by the French justice, and wickedly suspended by the police of M. Corbière. Upon that, Santa-Rosa and myself did not even deliberate. But Santa-Rosa saw with fright the moment arrive when I should return to Paris, and when he should dwell alone at Alençon, without friends, without books, without aid for his heart and his studies.

In the mean time there was in the Chamber of Deputies a lively discussion, in which several members of the opposition complaining of the tricks of the French police towards the Italian refugees, M. Corbière, Minister of the Interior and the Police, pretended that the refugees were not of the same opinion as their defenders, and that they were satisfied with the conduct of the French Government towards them. Santa-Rosa found the words of the Minister as false as his conduct had been unjust, and he believed it due to his honor and the honor of his companions in misfortune to publish the following letter in answer to the discourse of M. Corbière:—

"My Lord:—A member of the Chamber of Deputies, rising, at the session of the seventh of this month, to speak against the abuses of the administration, judged it proper to designate the treatment which the Piedmontese refugees receive in France. It pleased your Excellency to say, in reply, that *these strangers show themselves grateful for the protection of the French Government and for the benevolence of the King*, and there was a manifestation of surprise at the injustice of such complaints. Such are the expressions stated in the *Moniteur* of August 10th. Other journals, doubtless less exact, have made your Excellency speak with a hardness which would not be in accordance with your character.

"My Lord, after having been conducted here by your orders, and after having in vain addressed to you my complaints, I might have had recourse to the Chambers. I did not do it. Constrained by my principles to remain a perfect stranger to the affairs of every other country than my own, I preferred to wait in peace till the Government should repair its injustice, rather than become the subject of a lively discussion in the midst of the Chambers. The men who, like myself, feel the full extent of their misfortunes and those of their country, do not like to have them spoken of; but, my Lord, the words which you have caused to resound, and which are spreading through all Europe, force me to break silence. To be ungrateful for benefits, to disavow a protector, is wickedness; to suffer one to attribute to us, to impose upon us gratitude, when the injustice which oppresses us weighs upon the heart, is also wickedness. The proscribed Italians, my Lord, will never descend to that: they may be pursued, imprisoned, overwhelmed with misfortune; they will not forget what they owe to their own character and to that country, so dear and so unfortunate, whose reputation is their first care. I own it would have been sweet to enjoy the benevolence of the French Government, to live under the protection of the author of the French Charter, by which liberty has appeared after forty years of opposition. Other kings of France protected the Italians proscribed for the same cause, and the last defenders of the liberty of Florence and Sienna found in France a second country, under the shade of the throne of Francis I. and Henry II.

"Behold what has happened to me in France. I came with a Swiss passport and with a borrowed name, in the false belief that this precaution might secure me a peaceable abode at Paris. I lived in that city and the country during four months; I was tranquil, and should I not have been so when my conduct was without reproach? The 23d of last month I was seized by the agents of the authority, in a public place of Paris, and conducted to the prefecture of police, where I read on the mandate of arrest which was presented to me these words: '*Detected in seditious intentions.*' I asked to be conducted before the Prefect of Police, and I immediately declared to him my real name. After a long interrogation I was entered in the jailer's book at the prison of Salle Saint Martin, and my trial came on in course. The magistrates must have found in my conduct and in my papers a very complete absence of signs of culpability in political matters, because the procedure was reduced to a case of irregularity of passport. I was expecting to be judged and condemned upon this last point. I knew my wrong; I was resigned to bear its penalty. I had committed only one material fault, it is true; nothing was purer than my intentions, but this was still a contravention of law, and it is not justifiable in my eyes. The French magistracy did not think it a duty to insist on a rigorous and literal application of the law; it disdained to bend, under any circumstances, its lofty principles of equity. The primary court returned a verdict of 'no cause of action.' The public ministry opposed this first judgment. The royal court pronounced a second favorable judgment, and ordered my release in the accustomed form. I then asked your Excellency for the privilege of enjoying French hospitality, that is, for the privilege of living in France under the protection of the laws of the kingdom. I believed that the French Government ought to indemnify me by this good act for all that unjust apprehensions in regard to my political conduct had made me suffer. This illusion, of which I am not ashamed, soon vanished; I saw myself at first retained nine days in prison, simply upon a letter from the Prefect of Police to the door-keeper; a real violence exercised upon my person, which, after the decision of the royal court, could be deprived of its liberty only in virtue of a new warrant issued by the magistrate. The response of your Excellency arrived. It was an order to the Prefect of Police to conduct me with a guard to Alençon, to remain there under the surveillance of the local authority. As soon as I arrived at the place of relegation, I wrote to your Excellency that I no longer asked the French Government for an asylum in France, but for passports to England. I received no response, and you, my Lord, had doubtless forgotten my claim when you uttered in the tribune the words which I have cited.

"These facts, which do not concern me alone, and which are nearly common to me with MM. Muschietti and Calvetti, my compatriots, arrested at the same time with myself, and banished with me, are known to your Excellency, and might, if necessary, be proved by the authentic documents. I carefully preserve the judgment of the royal court of Paris, as a monument of the protection which my innocence found before the French magistracy.

"Now, my Lord, I ask you whether we have been treated in France with justice or with injustice, with benevolence or with malevolence; whether we have been protected or whether we have been oppressed? We have not been sent to the scaffold, erected at Turin for the authors of the revolution of March, 1821; a minister never dared to present such a measure for the signature of a son of Henry IV. But we are retained in France against our wish, we are deprived of our liberty, notwithstanding the tribunal of royalty solemnly recognized our innocence; in a word, it is not hospitality which is accorded to us, but a prison. We should have asked for that, my Lord; then only would the words of your Excellency have been irreproachable. As for me, that which I have asked, that which I still ask, is a passport or hospitality without odious conditions; and I ask it publicly, in the interest of truth and that of my own personal dignity. It shall be known that it is not true that the conduct of the French Government inspires us with gratitude. My Lord, when Europe shall be closed to us, we will go to another hemisphere rather than resign ourselves to an asylum so dishonorable; but we are not reduced to this extremity. Several of our unfortunate compatriots live in peace under the protection of old England, and a great number have found beyond the Pyrenees a generous nation which, forgetting in some part its own calamities, has loaded them with benefits.

"After all that I have just said, my Lord, it will be possible to judge whether France is an asylum for the unfortunate; and I should have nothing to add if your Excellency had not applied the expression of *merited misfortune.* The name of the illustrious citizen who first proclaimed the maxim to which your Excellency makes allusion, will always be pronounced with respect by the good of all countries; but the application could not regard us: it does not regard men who have taken up arms only in the hope (unfortunately deceptive) of securing the independence of the crown of the country, and to give legitimacy by public institutions to the government of a family which was always dear to them,—men who, when power was concentred momentarily in their hand by the force of circumstances, and in the midst of the greatest dangers, oppressed no one.

"I have spoken only in my own name, my Lord; but I have the courage to believe that no one of the Italian refugees in France will wish to contradict me. There is not one who knows how to violate truth and honor.

"I am, with respect, my Lord,
"Your very humble and very obedient servant,
"The Count DE SANTA-ROSA.
"*Alençon, August* 14, 1822."

One would think that this noble and defying language must have irritated the congregated police. Soon an arrest from the Minister of the Interior transferred Santa-Rosa from Alençon to Bourges, aggravating his situation and driving him at every hazard to quit France, where he no longer hoped for a supportable hospitality.

But I resume my narration at my departure from Alençon, and my return to Paris, August 12. The following are the fragments of our correspondence during the month of August and the month of September:—

"ALENCON, August 14.

"I wait with an impatience, of which you can form no idea, for the news of your journey. I have earnestly recommended you to God. I had not for a long time felt his presence so vividly in my heart. I have implored upon you all the benedictions of Heaven; that Heaven may protect you, that it may give you strength to support prosperity as well as adversity. Every thing comes from heaven, you well know. Write me two words of Laenneck and Plato. If the first is not discontented with your condition, so much the better; if he makes up a face, remember he is only one man. I trust and always trust in you. You, a man so beloved by your friends, offend God if you contemplate your existence with a sombre eye. There are cruel, bitter misfortunes which you do not understand, and which produce the effect of slow poison. The organization of my body does not feel its effects: it is so strong! but the soul. . . But it is better to speak of something else, and to come back to the material of life. Here is the letter to M. Corbière. It is somewhat strong, but truth is truth. The original will go to-morrow by way of the prefect to whom I shall send it myself.

"I am too much occupied with the consequences of my act to permit me to continue tranquilly my studies. The haughty La Mennais does me no good; I like my dear Catholic Church better, when I defend it in the name of reason, not against good philosophy, but against bad.

This proud skepticism repels me in place of attracting me. Bonald is an entirely different man; he is a great thinker, but he pushes his systematic ideas to the length of extravagance, and has very little regard for facts, although he cites many."

"ALENCON, August 20.

". . . . . I am very well satisfied with having done my duty, and I await the results with perfect tranquillity. If any ministerial or *ultra* journal should publish an article against me or my letter, respond to it if you think proper, and as you shall judge best. In case you see any serious storm gathering over my head, I am prepared to cross into England at a moment's warning: govern yourself accordingly, and mention it to Fabvier. But if, as I hope, my contradictions are received in silence, I shall remain in our dear France, which, culpable as she is, attaches me to her I know not by what charm.

"Yesterday I took a short walk about Alençon. I saluted the setting sun for you. Oh, my dear friend! how I feel the need of you! What divinity has united us? I have seen, I have loved you; and how deeply did I feel it the day of your departure from here! Do you know with what rapidity our so confiding friendship has been formed? It must give us some pleasant days. I shall have need of knowing that you are happy, tranquil, serene. I have faith in you. Also I wish you to be happy, somewhat through selfishness. If you are happy, you will occupy yourself with more success in solacing my profound sorrow. Do not, by a culpable pity, diminish in a single degree, in the least degree, this intimacy, so lively and true, which you have with me. I could not be mistaken in that, and it would render me really unhappy. You are my heart's last object of attachment." . .

"ALENCON, August 24.

"My work advances; the whole plan of the work is determined upon. The title will be—*Concerning Liberty and its Relations with Forms of Government.* I shall soon commence writing; but at present I can think only of the Congress of Verona. You see that it is no longer doubtful. It is my duty to designate to Europe what this new Congress is going to do, especially so far as Italy is concerned."

"BOURGES, September 6.

"Well! I am here at Bourges. How painful this journey has been to me! I wish to restrain myself from thinking any more. The prefect, Count de Guigné, received me with politeness, but I avowed to him that he had very severe instructions in regard to me, and he sent me back to the mayor, who testified to me, with much honesty, his desire to mitigate my situation. In fact, I was very discontented with his proposition: 'I count upon having your word of honor as well as that of these gentlemen,' (for I found here four other refugees, MM. de Saint Michel, de Baronis, de Palma, and de Garda,) without which he told me he should be obliged to make the city literally my prison; to keep a constant surveillance over me; to obstruct me; to interdict me even promenades, for they are *extra muros;* in a word, he forced from me in some sort this word of honor. I gave it to him for ten days, for the purpose of looking around a little for whatever I might see. My situation is therefore worse, as you see, and twenty times a day Alençon causes me regret. Finally, I am installed in a very humble chamber containing a small study, where I shall work, at home with soldier-like and very tranquil people, nearly resembling my hosts at Alençon. What do you counsel me in regard to my son? I have a desire to send for him. If you see no serious objection, send the letter which I addressed you from Alençon for my wife. If things should take the worst turn, and I should be banished to some place in Hungary or Bohemia; if my son would follow me, he alone could aid me to support a horrible existence. My friend, send the letter; my heart is here in a lacerating solitude. Yes, if you have no grave reasons for opposing me, send the letter, and let me not die without having one moment of happiness. I wrote my wife that at the reception of the letter which she will receive by the way that I have indicated, she should send my son to Lyons, where she will direct him to some merchant; there are so many there who correspond with Turin. From Lyons to Paris, it is a journey of only two days.

"I have said nothing of Bourges. Nothing is remarkable save the cathedral, which is a large and very fine Gothic church. But the sanctuary reserved for the priests leaves no passage to the altar. Your French priests keep the Christians very far from God; they will repent it one day.

"What has become of the argument of the *Phedo?* Do you recollect the day that was entirely devoted to the reading of those pages that had been written in the midst of so many pains of soul and body? They belong to me, or rather I belong to them," etc.

"BOURGES, September 15.

". . . . Oh, my friend, how unfortunate we are in being nothing but poor philosophers! For me the prolongation of existence is only a hope, an ardent desire, a fervent prayer. I should like to have the virtues and the faith of my mother. To reason is to doubt; to doubt is to suffer. Faith is a kind of miracle; when it is strong—when it is true—what happiness does it give! How many times, in my study, do I raise my eyes to heaven and ask God to reveal to me, and above all to give immortality.

"I have a study, and I pass in it the greatest part of my day; at first from eight to eleven, then I go out to breakfast with my comrades. I sometimes take a walk in the garden of the bishopric: I enter it at one, or a little later, and remain till five. I dine alone, in ten or twelve minutes, and go to search out a promenade with an almost serene heart; but I find only stagnant waters, stony fields, sometimes a little grass under a row of walnut trees, and then I sit down and read, often interrupting myself to meditate or dream. You made my promenade very pleasant day before yesterday. I began by writing you in my head a charming letter. Nothing, or next to nothing of it remains to me; but I had an hour which called to mind eighteen years of my life, and owed it to you, my good friend. Does not this give you pleasure, and do you not like to have me speak of it to you?

"I still entertain the project of writing on the Congress of Verona. In the mean time I continue my readings, and I have commenced putting to paper the fundamental ideas of the work which is my habitual thought. The farther I advance, the deeper I penetrate into the subject, the more I see the clouds gather about me. Bonald has some profound and admirable things; he has others which make one laugh with pity, or which excite indignation. Bonald and Tracy are alike in their depreciation of the ancients—those ancients to whom we are so much indebted, and whose venerable relics have renewed the civilization which had perished. Christianity has perhaps hindered civilization from sinking into an abyss of barbarism; but its revival is due to the ancients. Now we mock at our masters, and proclaim that we are wise, enlightened and great, while there pass in turn from us so many things that should humble us. . . . It appears to me necessary, and, moreover, radically true, that an essential difference should be established between general utility and individual utility. General utility, which I also call, for the sake of explaining it to myself, equality of liberty, ought to be the end of law. This general utility is also the prosperity and the greatest good of all individuals. Happiness consists in doing what one wishes to do. That all may have it, nothing must be done injurious to others. The development of the rights of man is the aim of the legislator, as the teaching of the Decalogue is the aim of the priest. God is the centre of all this. The submission of force to the laws which protect the feeble cannot be explained without God. The liberty of all can exist only in the social state. Upon what conditions?—how? The first thing is to put liberty above the power of the majority. This is what Rousseau has by no means done. Certainly we cannot put it there altogether, for no social existence would possibly be in it. But for the principal guarantees of the individual, or, in other terms, as to the most precious portion of liberty, I think it cannot be left to the discretion of the majority.[*] There remain for it constitutional and administrative laws. I would call those social laws which trace the limits for the exercise of liberty on the part of each so as to guarantee it to all. That they are called rights, duties, guarantees, is of no consequence. Rights can be translated into duties, and *vice versa*."

"BOURGES, September 21.

"To-day the prefect has sent for me, and has asked me whether I still intended to leave for England. 'The Minister has instructed me to put you this question, and ask you, in case you wish to go, whether you would prefer to embark at Calais or Boulogne?' I answered him that I did not wish to remain in France unless I could enjoy full liberty; that if this were not granted me, I should eagerly accept passports for England. I then besought the prefect to ask for me the privilege of going to Calais without the attendance of a guard, offering my word of honor to follow the course which should be prescribed for me. The prefect has this evening answered the Minister, and probably in five or six days the order or the permission to depart will arrive.

"You understand well that I could make no other response than the one which I have made. I shall therefore bid adieu to France, to your country; but I do not renounce it. European society will have some years of calm. Perhaps the disquiet which my person inspires so inopportunely in certain spirits will pass away. I shall then return to see you, and probably to establish myself near you in the capital of Europe. I have need of this hope. You see, my friend, it is Providence which leads me by the hand into England; it is necessary to yield. I have a tranquil heart; there is no place for doubt, for perplexity; and such is the only condition that can deprive me of half my powers." . . .

"BOURGES, September 27.

" . . . I was entirely prepared to winter at Bourges; but I avow to you the thought of recovering my liberty touches me infinitely. I beg of you, if it is in your power, to procure me some letters for London. . . .

"O my friend, I go to England with a tranquil heart, because I see myself, thus to speak, driven by the circumstances in which I find myself, and in which I am placed by conduct, the details of which you understand. But I go not with a gay heart; I leave you in France. Your name in the balance, had always inclined it to this side of the channel; but my position is clear—either liberty in France and at Paris, consequently at the height of my wishes, or in England. There is nothing intermediate either possible or proper."

"BOURGES, October 1.

"I start to-morrow at noon. M. Leranchet has answered that he would not permit that I should go to Calais without an escort. I shall therefore have a guard. I pass by Orleans and Paris. Day after to-morrow, between half-past five and seven, I shall arrive at Paris. I have promised to remain at Paris only during the necessary time to pass, in some sort, from one diligence to another. I shall have scarcely time to grasp you by the hand, and to embrace you. I am tranquil, because my resolution was demanded by my situation; but I feel at the bottom of my heart a sadness mixed with disquiet. I am sure of regretting Alençon more than once; but it is Providence which drives me to England, and I obey. . . . My friend, you are a large part of my moral existence. If you knew with what heaviness of heart I write you! There are very few persons—no, I believe there is only one upon earth to whom I write with more emotion than to you."

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[*] The history of our country has demonstrated that liberty is safe with the majority. The decisions of the majority are by no means infallible; they cannot, as Mr. Carlyle has clearly, yet in a spirit quite too fierce, not to say savage, shown, alter eternal fact; they cannot suspend the law of gravitation, nor make wrong right; but these same decisions of the majority, especially so far as settling the fundamental principles of liberty, and determining those primary laws of justice that exist in the nature of things, that are stamped upon the human mind, that serve as the basis of all good government, are concerned, will oftener accord with absolute truth than any other decisions that can be had among men. He that is a party to his own liberty will not be likely to betray it; liberty is then safer with the majority than with any limited number.
O. W. W.

Santa-Rosa was right; we were scarcely able to see each other a few moments, on his way at Paris. It was permitted him to go to my house accompanied by a *gendarme;* and it was before this *gendarme* that we bade each other the adieus which were to be eternal. Doubtless neither he nor I had any distinct presentiment of this. On his part, he was sustained by the thought of accomplishing a duty; on my part, I was afraid of yielding to a kind of selfishness by retaining him in France, in the midst of the watchings and the tricks of the police; and yet a secret instinct filled up for me, with an inexpressible bitterness, this fatal hour, in which it seemed to me that I should lose him for ever. We exchanged scarcely any words, and I conducted him back in silence to the diligence, which bore him far from me. Soon he had left the France for which he was fitted, and was lost, as it were, in the immense desert of London, without fortune, without resource, without any real friend: he who knew how to live only to love or act. After the first moments of unquiet activity for the purpose of making for himself a supportable situation, the unfortunate soon fell into a profound melancholy, from which he escaped only soon to fall into it again; so that finally the *ennui* of this life, either solitary or dissipated, led him to the magnanimous and mournful resolution which placed him for a moment, with a certain *éclat*, upon the stage of the world, before he disappeared for ever.

During the sojourn of Santa-Rosa in England, our correspondence did not cease to be intimate, serious, and tender, as it had always been; but it is necessarily very monotonous, singularly filled with affectionate sentiments, abortive projects, deceptive hopes; sad picture, which I cannot bear to describe, so I will only cite a few fragments of the letters of Santa-Rosa, in order to give an idea of his interior situation.

"London, November 26, 1822.

". . . It is however necessary that I should tell you the reasons of my silence, or rather that I should prove to you that I have not ceased to think much of you. The better way of proving it would be to send you the contents of three letters I began, and then tore up, through an impulse not of impatience, but of friendship. They would have been really afflicting to you. I spoke in them to you with a tone so melancholy of my dejection and my interior sadness, that it would have been cruelty to send them to you, persuaded as I am, as I always shall be, of the depth of your sentiment for me. . . . Do not be too much alarmed; or rather I should say to you, who know and feel that all life is in interior existence, be seriously alarmed. I have had days in which I believed myself undone. Good God! is not that to feel one's self dying? At bottom, I have nothing with which to reproach England but the kind of life which I lead. To make calls; to receive them; insignificant coursings from one end of the city to the other; the necessity of learning English, and a decided repugnance to giving myself the trouble to learn it; a disquieting future, if I do not make practical use of my faculties; expenses much above my means, etc. My work on the Congress of Verona occupies me almost all the time, when I am able to think. I have already written many pages in my head on the walks of London. I hope this small work will be useful. I shall write it in French; I shall get it translated into English without its costing me any thing, and I shall publish it here; then I shall send you a copy of my manuscript, authorizing you to retrench and modify every thing that might frighten a Parisian bookseller. Despite of the moderation which will always guide my pen, it is impossible to forget, while writing, that I am in England. As I shall put my name to this production, it will be able, if it succeeds, to give me the commencement of a reputation which will quadruple the price of my works. I am going to commence the work as soon as the Congress of Verona shall have published a declaration. This is necessarily the point of departure. I am now going to speak to you of the acquaintances which I have acquired at London.

"I put in the first rank Sir James Mackintosh, Whig member of Parliament, the brother-in-law of Sismondi, and of Jeffrey, the principal editor of the *Edinburgh Review.* Information which has appeared to me immense, and a very enlightened political philosophy, characterize Mackintosh, if I am able to judge. Moreover, his reputation in England is very advantageously established. He speaks French correctly rather than easily: he knows much of Paris. You know perhaps that he defended your revolution against Burke, and his voice is constantly raised in Parliament in favor of the cause of national independence and social ameliorations. I have also made the acquaintance of Austin and his family. He is a young advocate, obscure as yet, but a real thinker, and a disciple of Bentham, with whom he and his wife are particularly acquainted. She is a person of excellent character, wonderfully learned for a woman, but none the less amiable. She is very willing to give me some lessons in English, by which I am little profited, in spite of the attraction which lessons from a lady of twenty-seven or eight, and of a very agreeable figure, might offer.* This is an interesting acquaintance which I shall cultivate with care. As to Bentham, the eccentricity of his character and the difficulty of approaching him are things known here. Bowring is his favorite; but of Bowring I have as yet seen very little. I hope soon to see Wilberforce and Brougham. I have received some invitations from several radicals; but it is not proper to show myself in very intimate connection with the extreme radical party." . . .

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* The young and amiable woman of whom Santa-Rosa here speaks, has become one of the best writers of England. Her work best known is that which she has devoted to Goethe.

"December 10th, 1822.

"I have received news from my wife. She and our children are exceedingly well; but my eldest, Theodore, disquiets me: he has need of instruction, of superintendence; he has need of his father, in a word, and yet it is impossible for me to call him after me. My feeble resources are being rapidly exhausted." . . .

"December 25th.

" . . . How much cause I have to fear England! but I do not esteem it any the less for that." . . .

"February 12th, 1823.

" . . . I do not at all think of Portugal or Spain, where Collegno has gone. My political principles by no means call me thither.

"You speak to me in terms of gentleness, and I thank you for it; I love them much. It is just a year since we were together at Arcueil. What a sweet life I lived there! Only if I had not seen you suffer. But perhaps what you cost me of grief in this respect only increased my feeling for you. This feeling will end only with my existence, and I hope with Socrates that it will next end in a long time."

"April 14th, 1823.

"I must scold you for not having yet sent me the first volume of Plato. I have read it at the house of Bossange. I came near opening my purse, although so thin, and paying the bookseller ten or twelve shillings in order to carry the book in my pocket and devour it at my ease. It seemed to me a species of affront not to have in my possession this dear volume, the greater part of which I saw produced and matured. I have a real right to it.

"I hope soon to go to the country. It is absolutely impossible for me to work in London. Calls to make and receive; several dinners during the week; half the day in the endless streets of London; many evenings at the table to see bottles opened which I do not touch; in short, I do nothing but read a little, make a few notes. I do not in reality work. But I swear to you I shall not continue this sort of life, and that I shall soon busy myself in some corner of Wales.

"I have received and read with infinite pleasure the translation of Manzoni, by Fanriel; it is exquisite. The work of Manzoni on the unities has seemed to me perfect, and as it were has converted me. *Adelchi* pleases me less than *Carmagnola*, the merit of which increases in my eyes every time I read it; but the choruses of *Adelchi* are ravishingly beautiful.

"There has just been printed at Barcelona a declaration in the name of the Italian *corps*, but without signature, in which with signal bad faith I am accused of not having wished to take part in this expedition through motives unworthy of me. I do not think it my duty to reply to an anonymous production. I own it is very sad. I shall never be wanting in that kind of courage which an upright man must have against calumny. That which afflicts me is, the evil which it does to a party that I do not prefer to my country and do not confound with my country, but to which I am nevertheless attached." . . .

"May 25th, 1823.

" . . . No, I wish to accept nothing from any one. One can have only his intimate friend for a patron, and I have closed the list for ever. You have been enrolled the last, in regard to the date; but so far as affection is concerned you can have no second place: my heart very clearly tells me that. There is a very small number of persons that I love as well as you, although not in the same manner; I am sure that I love no one better than you. All that I owe to you costs me nothing, absolutely nothing. I believe if you had a million I might ask you for half of it without hesitation. I have finally left the dissipated life of London, and am established with Count Porro in a small house, called here a *cottage*, at the extremity of the city, as at Paris lodgings would be at Montrouge or at Chaillot. This is absolutely like the country: from my window I have a view of Regent Canal and the cottages built on the opposite bank. One would believe it to be a hundred leagues from a great city, and yet in twenty minutes one can be in Oxford street or in Hyde Park, in the midst of the most elegant promenaders. Our cottage belongs to Foscolo; I love it much, but Arcueil will always be my favorite. I have kept of it a souvenir—I may say a tender souvenir; sadness is mingled with it when I recollect how I saw you suffer. It is possible I may spend the coming autumn and even the winter in my cottage; I must have retirement and labor. If I can procure a livelihood I shall send for my family. With the resources of my wife, and what I can get here by working, our means of living will be sufficient. If my hopes deceive me in regard to ways of getting money, then we shall have to establish ourselves in Wurtemberg, since Switzerland is closed to us."

"August 4th, 1823.

"I have no good news to give you of myself, and I cannot tell you the reason for it; this will be the first subject of our intercourse if you come here. How many things I have to tell you, how many things to ask of you!" . . .

"September 10th, 1823.

"I work constantly, but not with pleasure. It grieves me much that I must write articles for the journals; they will hinder me from executing more serious works. This is a great objection, I think; but in the first place, the need of getting some money is imperious with me, and articles for the journals are the only means of getting it at hand. In the second place, it appears to me that when I shall get some exercise in it, this writing will take only half of my time, and I shall be able to give the other half to my old projects.

"I have written you that I do not much please the English, and in general this is true enough; but there are nevertheless some persons upon whose friendship I think I can rely. I know, among others, a family of Quakers, (the Fry family,) which is engaged in commerce, and rich, one of the members of which, the mother of the family, Catherine Fry, is known in England by the care which she bestows on the prisoners of Newgate. I have passed some days with them in the country, and this family has made on me a profound impression.

"I have read the *Parga* of Berchet three times. The third part is a master-piece. In the other parts there are passages spun out to considerable length, yet they are wanting in interesting and necessary details. Berchet has just published two Italian romances; the first is written with much fervor and grace, but the second has a more serious character; it is a morsel of poetry perfectly beautiful.

"Have you read Las-Casas? In truth, it would be necessary to lose one's memory in order to put any confidence in what Napoleon tells us of his beautiful liberal projects. He saw that the tendency of our age after 1814 was towards liberty; and if he played his new part badly in 1815 that does not hinder him, in the manifesto which he addresses to posterity through Las-Casas, from making poetry for us upon what he pleased, and upon what he was about to undertake for liberty. But that which recommends Napoleon with me is his successors; they work night and day at the reputation of the man whom they overturned."

"September 18th.

"I am very well, and continue to work. Dear friend, I must think of the desire which I have of pleasing you, by doing my duty, in order to surmount my dislike. I have received from Turin a letter which has done me good; I expect one with impatience from the *Villa* Santa-Rosa. I shall send in the coming spring for those poor creatures associated in my unfortunate destiny. You shall see them on their passage at Paris."

"30th September.

"I continue to labor in the same manner, earning my living at the expense of all my designs. At present I am writing an essay on Italian literature. Work has increased in my hands. How can I pass over certain men and certain epochs? In reviewing the adventurous lives of Giordano Bruno, of Campanella, and some others of this stamp, I have been forcibly reminded of you. This Florentine Platonism whence sprang a generous and valiant youth, that would have saved the country if such could have been, but they at least saved honor. We Italians of the nineteenth century have not even had this advantage. There are, my friend, thoughts that pursue a man all his life: you understand me, and you ought to pity me. How many times do I reproach myself, and at what price would I not purchase back those thirty days of a political career marked by so many errors. Forty years of my life have fled. Much have I desired happiness, and I have possessed a great faculty for feeling it. I mourn the untowardness of my better destiny. Nevertheless I have a future: I have children, and their mother I love and esteem. My children will render me happy or unhappy. Besides, if I yield to my misfortunes, I do not fear the void, the horrible oblivion in which I will not and cannot believe, and which I repel now and for ever by my will, by my instinct, in default of positive demonstration. If I write I will put my conscience in my books, and I shall also have my country before my eyes. The remembrance of my mother will also be a divinity, which will command more than one sacrifice. This sentiment is one of the excitements of my interior existence. Good or bad, so it is. This all-powerful reason will not permit me to sympathize entirely with the new ways and the new era.

"Let me hope seriously to see you during the year 1824. Your passport will not be obstinately denied. Henceforth either I am deceived, or the French government will become still more strengthened, which cannot but happen, unless great follies are committed. If you are watched, it must be seen that your whole life is devoted to philosophy. A passport then will not be refused to you, and I shall embrace you on the shores of England in spite of the eyes of gaping Englishmen.

"It wearies me to write articles for the journals. I could wish to contribute a little to the honor of this poor and unhappy country, to which I have sacrificed all the sweets of existence. The glorious example of Manzoni must inflame every Italian who has any heart or any talent. Berchet behaves well and appears to be quite happy. He has promised me to write a good number of romances similar to his last: if he keeps his word he will have created a new style."

"18th October.

"Yes, my friend, there must be in my interior life, in my affections, a certain superstition; what has just happened confirms me in this belief. This 18th day of October, this day upon which I complete my fortieth year, and upon which I am shut up, invisible in my little hermitage, meditating upon my misfortunes, upon my future, surrounding myself with my dearest recollections, with my sweetest friendships; this day, even at this moment, your letter of the 12th and your Plato are brought to me. Of the Roman race and of the Roman blood, I accept the augury, as was done in the times of Camilla and Dentatus. I seize my pen immediately to answer you in this first delicious moment of life. Oh what a mysterious and divine thing is the human heart! how much I deplore the doctrines of materialism! I was thinking of it when your Plato arrived. We both believe in what is good, in order. Philosophy is not knowing a great deal, but placing oneself high. In this respect alone I think myself a philosopher, notwithstanding my ignorance in so many things. Adieu: I leave you. To-day I belong entirely to myself, and it is only because I love you as I do, that I have written to you. Adieu once more."

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

LOUIS KOSSUTH AND HIS COUNTRY.

The expected visit of Kossuth to this country—and, perhaps, by the time this shall have been put into print, he will have arrived—renders it proper that we should give some particulars concerning a man who has already filled so large a portion of modern history. In connection with the subject it may be as well to glance at the nature of the struggle of which he was the chief hero, and which seems, on this side of the Atlantic, to be but little understood. Indeed little is known, except that the oldest constitutional monarchy in the world was that of Hungary.

The Magyars are oriental in their origin. The exact country from which they came is a mystery, though a tribe in the north of China, now existing, and speaking a tongue very similar to the Magyar, may throw some light on the subject. All that we have in the way of history is an anonymous register of King Bela the Third, in 1170, which informs us that the Hungarian nation occupied Pannonia, (the modern Hungary,) which had been conquered by their ancestors, the Huns, emigrants from the centre of Asia; that the government at that time was not kingly, but conducted by seven rulers (chief leaders) chosen freely by the people. On their entrance into Pannonia, Arpad was chosen as sole ruler, and his descendants long after were elected by the people to the same dignity. Saint Stephen, the grandson of Arpad, introduced Christianity into the country in the year 1000, and was formally crowned King—two crowns having been sent to him, one by the Greek Emperor, and the other by the Pope. These two diadems, united into one, make the crown of St. Stephen, with which, by the Hungarian law, it is necessary for each King to be crowned. With King Stephen came the first written articles of the constitution, containing a series of liberal propositions, voted by the national assembly, and confirmed by the monarch; astonishing from the fact that they were created during the incipiency of civilization, and when liberalism was utterly unknown. During the reign of this dynasty, which closed in the thirteenth century, the constitution received several very important additions; amongst the rest the celebrated *Bulla Aurea*, which may be regarded as the *Magna Charta* of Hungarian freedom.

When the race of Arpad became extinct, the nation resumed the right to choose its rulers; and among the elected monarchs were some of the most illustrious. Under Louis the Great, in 1300, the frontiers of Hungary were washed by the Black, Baltic and Adriatic seas; and under Matthias Corvinus, in 1460, it became the most powerful of European nations. In 1445, when Europe was threatened by the Ottoman, who had swallowed up the Greek empire,—after Mohammed the Second, who respected his warlike neighbors, had offered in vain to divide with them the empire of Europe,—the Magyars entered the field as the champions of Christendom. Mohammed attacked Hungary with two hundred thousand men, and three hundred pieces of artillery, at that time a novel weapon. He was met at Belgrade by the celebrated John Hunyadi, the father of Matthias Corvinus, with thirty-five thousand Magyars, and, after three days' hard fighting, utterly and irretrievably routed. For nearly a century the position of Hungary was a proud one, in spite of many reverses; but the disastrous battle of Mohats, whereby the Turks were enabled to overrun Hungary, caused the nation to bestow the crown on Ferdinand of Hapsburg, the then Emperor of Germany; and with the accession of this monarch were sown the seeds of Hungarian ruin.

From that time date all the misfortunes of the Hungarian nation. The most skilful intrigues were directed toward the entire annihilation of the constitution and national existence. To further the infamous purpose, deceit, treachery and violence were freely employed. Thus it was that the first Hapsburg sat on the Hungarian throne. And it was by a continuance of the same policy, that the Hungarians were compelled to elect prince after prince of the same dynasty. It is true that many patriots endeavored to avert the calamity which their clear vision saw to be impending, but were unsuccessful; and after the royalty was made hereditary in the family of Hapsburg, in 1687, these true-hearted men became objects of relentless persecution. Revolution after revolution was contrived, but invariably betrayed before each had arrived at a crisis, by some one of the foreigners introduced through policy. These plots were quenched by the blood of their projectors; the executioner received full employment; and the Zrinyi, Frangepan, Wesselenyi, Nadasdi, and other illustrious families of Hungary were rendered extinct.

Another great misfortune which took place after the battle of Mohats, was the separation of Transylvania from Hungary. From the deep hatred and distrust entertained for the new dynasty, it was an easy task for Sigismond Zápolya to cause Transylvania to revolt and form a distinct sovereignty. Thus it was that Transylvania for a century and a half existed as a separate State, ruled by its own Grand Dukes, who were elected under its constitution, and standing as a barrier between Turkey and Austria—sometimes protected by one or other of these powers, and occasionally, under illustrious rulers, the most fearful enemy of both. During the seventeenth century, the Turk, having lost pachalic after pachalic, was, after the capture of Buda, driven forth from Hungarian soil. Transylvania being under the government of a weak chief, and admiring the energy then displayed by the house of Hapsburg, submitted to the dominion of the latter. But, having been separated for some time from Hungary, her constitution was really more liberal than that of the latter. Therefore, though she accepted the same sovereign, she remained an independent State.

Of these changes it must be observed, that, though Hungary and Transylvania accepted the Austrian Archduke as their sovereign, it was done by virtue of solemn treaty, and in pursuance of their powers as independent nations. In accepting the crown of Hungary, the Archduke of Austria was obliged to give all the necessary guarantees, and by the constitution it was necessary for each succeeding King to be crowned with the diadem of St. Stephen, upon Hungarian soil, after swearing a solemn oath to uphold the constitution of the realm.

In the year 1687, the royalty was made hereditary in the house of Hapsburg; and in 1723, this arrangement was extended, in favor of Maria Theresa, to the descendants of King Charles the Third. This act is known in history as the Pragmatic Sanction. But this Pragmatic Sanction contains nothing but the acceptance and regulation of the law of succession, under the same conditions guaranteed by the coronation oath, and by all the laws preceding and following the compact itself. So far was Hungary from becoming a province of Austria, that to the very year of 1850, not a single Austrian was allowed to hold office in Hungary. An Austrian was a foreigner in Hungarian law and practice. An Austrian subject was not a citizen of Hungary, and to achieve the privilege of citizenship, had to be naturalized by the same process of law as an alien from any other foreign country.

To uphold the constitution, and to insure its solemn acceptance and observance by every member of the house of Hapsburg, was at all times the unremitting care of the Hungarian nation. To possess· Hungary without any condition; to subject the Hungarian nobles and citizens to arbitrary measures of government; to reign over the land as though it were but one of their many conquered provinces; and finally, to merge its nationality in the Austrian empire, made up at all times the fondest wish and highest object of ambition of the house of Hapsburg. Religion and policy were made subservient to this purpose by the Austrian Emperors; religion and policy were invoked by its opponents to defeat the plans of the Court. Thus the Austrian Government was to be seen favoring ostensibly the cause of Catholicism in Hungary, and attempting to hide its passion for political conquest under the cloak of a pretended religious zeal. Protestantism in Hungary stood always by the constitution, and would have preferred a league with the Turk to submission to the absolute tendencies of Austria. The attempts, covert and open, for the purpose of defeating the constitutional party, made successively by the Austrian princes, have repeatedly forced the Hungarian nation to defend its liberties by force of arms. Attacked in its own bounds, formerly as now, it carried the war into the territories of the monarch who attempted to impose his rule over it, in violation of his coronation oath. In this way the Hungarian nation was, for successive generations, exposed to all those artifices which ambitious monarchs and their wily counsellors employ to defeat a national opposition to their plans. Valuable rights were thus, by the continual agitation, gradually taken away; and had it not been for the general opposition, Hungary could not have escaped being conquered in the midst of profound peace.

After various movements made by several Kings with the design of destroying Hungarian liberty, and repeated attempts to merge Hungary in Austria, followed by corresponding insurrections, the long struggle begun by Leopold the First was ended in 1711, by Joseph the First, who by his solemn oath confirmed the ancient constitution. Joseph the Second, having united the most absolute tyranny with highly popular and winning manners, used every means to annihilate the Hungarian municipalities, and to substitute the use of the German for the Magyar language. In order to further his designs, he raised the Wallachian people against the Magyar nobles in Transylvania, in 1784; and gave the example of a war of extermination so successfully imitated by his successor at the present time. This conduct kindled a revolt which was only pacified in 1790 by Leopold the Second, who withdrew his brother's pretensions and abandoned his invasion of the constitution of the realm.

The twenty articles of the diploma of inauguration in 1790, by virtue of which Leopold the Second ascended the Hungarian throne, after generally affirming the independence of the Crown, the laws and the privileges of Hungary, among other enactments proceed to decree triennial convocations of the Diet, exclusion of foreigners, viz., Austrians, from the government, and the residence of the Emperor-King, during a portion of every year, in his Hungarian dominions. They declare that the King can neither make laws nor impose taxes without the consent of the Diet; that royal proclamations, unless countersigned by one at least of the Boards of the Hungarian Government, are null and void; and in the tenth article of the same diploma it is distinctly avowed, that "Hungary, with her appanages, is a free kingdom; and in regard to her whole legal form of government, including all the tribunals, independent, *i. e.*, entangled with no other people or kingdom, but having her own consistence and constitution, to be governed accordingly, by her legitimately crowned King, after her peculiar laws and customs."

It is evident then that, by both law and practice, the hereditary States of Austria and Hungary have been always politically separate, and that their only union existed in the identity of their sovereign. The monarch, who was prince by absolute right in his German States, was not King of Hungary until he had been crowned with the crown of St. Stephen, at Presburg, and he had bound himself by a solemn oath to govern the country, with the co-operation of the Diet, according to the constitution and the laws. Thus it was that Joseph the Second, not having given the required guarantees, nor having been crowned according to the prescribed form, was never recognized as sovereign; his acts and ordinances are void and of no effect; and his name does not appear upon the list of Hungarian Kings.

This indisputable independence of Hungary was farther acknowledged and confirmed by Francis the First, who, when the German empire ceased and determined, assumed the title of Emperor of Austria. In the act drawn up by him on that occasion, it is distinctly declared, that "the provinces of the Hungarian crown, in their quality as a separate kingdom, are quite distinct from the provinces of the Austrian realm, of which they are not, in any way, a constituent part."

These are the several compacts upon which is founded the rule of the house of Hapsburg over Hungary. Transylvania was acquired by the same house in 1690, by a compact of several points, and entered not as a portion of the imperial or archducal property, but of the crown of Hungary. In this compact, similar precautions to those previously used by Hungary were taken. But, as we have before said, no entire union took place between Transylvania and Hungary. The only connection between them was, that the King of Hungary, on having been crowned with the diadem of St. Stephen, and complied with the remaining necessary formalities, became *ipso facto* Grand Duke of Transylvania; provided that the newly-crowned King dispatched a plenipotentiary to the Transylvanian Diet, who swore in the name of his master to preserve the constitution. Every fresh accession was then farther ratified by a diploma of the Diet. The nobles and citizens of Hungary enjoyed the same rights in Transylvania as at home, and *vice versâ*, while there was free trade between the two States. But Transylvania had her own legislature, her own government, separate and distinct from that of Hungary. The two countries, thus separated, continued to preserve their constitutional liberties against the machinations of the Court of Vienna, and in spite of intrigue and violence remained, under the rule of the absolute Austrian Emperor, as independent States.

It is of interest to the public and of importance to our design, that the peculiar features of the Hungarian and Transylvanian constitutions should be explained. The investigation becomes doubly important from the fact that these are the oldest guaranteed forms of government in Europe; their origin lost in the forgotten past, and their provisions preserved through a lapse of ages, amidst violence, intrigues, and commotion.

The Hungarian constitution was based upon principles of the most liberal character; but its provisions, until the year 1848, were confined solely to the nobility. Till then the nobility was the nation. The Hungarian noble was the freest man in the universe, having all possible liberties and benefits, being entirely the master of his own actions, and having his personal security guaranteed by the first article of the constitution. That instrument contains the initiatory words: "*Nobilis, nisi legitimè citatus atque convictus, aggravari potest.*" — "The noble, unless justly arraigned and convicted, cannot be molested." But under this arrangement the people were nothing except slaves to the most absolute tyranny. And it is to be noted that the privileges of nobility were not alone conferred upon the Magyars; the nobles of the other races in Hungary enjoyed the same privileges. It may be remarked in connection with this, that the nobles of the different races, with the exception of a very few, joined the Magyar nobles and people during the recent struggle, and the Croatian Ban, Jellachich, was obliged to use martial force to repress the Croatian nobles of Turopolya.

The legislative power was of course in the hands of these nobles; and both in Hungary and Transylvania resided in bodies known as Diets.

The Diet of Hungary consisted of two houses, the upper, or House of Magnates, and the lower, or House of Representatives. The upper house was presided over by the Palatine, who, as the chief executive officer, or governor of Hungary, was elected for life by the Hungarian Diet. The House of Magnates was composed of the members of the various Hungarian magnate families, Prince, Count and Baron, the Ban of Croatia, the Bishops and prelates of the Catholic Church, and the Mayors of the several departments or counties, each having a vote. The lower house was presided over by a person appointed by the King, and consisted of deputies elected by the counties. Hungary was divided into fifty-two departments or counties, each of which met quarterly under the presidency of its Mayor, or in his absence, the Vice-Mayor. We have given the name of Mayor to these functionaries for want of a better English synonyme. The words in Magyar are *Fö Ispàny* and *Al Ispàny ;* or in Latin,— *supremus comes* and *vice comes.* These, it is curious to note, are the Latin names of offices under the English common law, from whence arose the titles of Earl and Viscount. The duties of the Hungarian officers are not exactly the same, though their powers are somewhat analogous. As chief of the county, *supremus comes*, the word Mayor is the best that we can find to convey a meaning. Of these counties any noble residing or having property within their bounds was a member. Their duty at their meetings was to discuss and decide upon all matters of interest to the portion under their jurisdiction; to watch over the domestic administration and policy; and to amend, alter and abolish their own constitution, except when such action conflicted with the fundamental law of the realm. These local legislatures had also the power to elect the various office-holders, with the exception of the Mayors, who were nominated by the King. This election for officers was called a *restoration*, and was conducted by the Mayor. Of late years the Government, having aspired to virtually control the municipalities by electing the officers, caused a great disturbance by their intrigues and made the elections scenes of great excitement. Every county, without regard to its population or extent, was entitled to send two deputies to the Diet. The National Assembly of Croatia possessed the right to send three deputies to the Diet. The capitals and convents of the Catholic Church sent deputies, but these had collectively but one vote; and the deputies of the free royal towns had the same privilege.

Some years since the lower house began to attain greater weight from the fact that its members were the representatives of the majority of the privileged class, and were provided with special instructions from their constituents, which they were sworn to obey. The attitude of the lower house assumed more importance at each succeeding session, and began to display an incontestable tendency to important reforms. In the lower house was deposited the right of initiating all measures. A bill introduced and passed by it was transmitted to the upper house; and if there successful, was submitted to the King for confirmation. At the first submission the King had the right to send the bill back with his objections, but if it again passed both houses, the monarch was obliged to confirm it upon the last day of session; appearing in person at that time to assent to the several bills and close the Diet.

As provided in the diploma of inauguration of 1790, the Hungarian Diet must be assembled every three years, convoked by a special decree of the King, and opened by the latter or a plenipotentiary. Besides the business of ordinary legislation, the Diet voted such subsidies as they thought proper for the maintenance of the army during a space of three years, and the sum they appropriated was collected and paid over to the Austrian Minister of War. The financial affairs of the nation, after the amount required for the purpose was determined by the Diet, were regulated by the several counties. It was the duty of those bodies to raise the amount voted by the Diet for the civil and military expenses of the general government, as well as to obtain and control the necessary funds required in the civil government of their own jurisdictions.

The constitution and political existence of Transylvania were based upon the very principle of absurdity; and though somewhat tolerable under their own Dukes, were necessarily disastrous under the dominion of the house of Hapsburg. The constitution seems to have been erected upon seven sins, namely, three races and four religions, each acknowledged by law and furnished with the same rights. The privileged three races were the Magyar, the Szekler, both of whom spoke the same language, and the Saxon. Each of these had its own designated territory. The Hungarian division was subdivided into thirteen counties, organized similarly to the counties in Hungary; the territory of the Szeklers into five, and that of the Saxons into eleven subdivisions, with a special organization differing each from the other, and from the Magyar. The privileged four religions were the Catholic, the Calvinist, the Lutheran, and the Unitarian. All these different races were represented in the Diet; and all the elective employments of state, from the governor of Transylvania down to the lowest counsellor, were divided equally between the four religions. According to law it made no matter if a competitor for office of another religion were better qualified, as the employments were distributed not according to the capacity of the candidates, but the nature of the religious belief they avowed. The consequence of this was an exceedingly creditable display of sectarian piety, at each election, on the part of the needy office-hunters.

The Transylvanian Diet consisted of but one house, and was composed of—

Firstly, The deputies elected by the departments of the several races, every department sending two members. In the Hungarian counties the election was the same as in Hungary proper, the fundamental institution being based upon the nobility. The Szeklers being a tribe of nobles and enjoying special privileges, every Szekler was an elector. The Szekler counties had also the right to elect their own Mayors, a privilege enjoyed by no others. The Saxons were possessed of civil institutions different from the Magyars, somewhat tinged with the principles of the old Roman constitutions, and in theory based upon liberty and equality; but in practice, through the intrigues of the Court and the influence of the bureaucratic league, they became instruments of tyranny.

Secondly, The deputies from the privileged towns, two from each.

Thirdly, The deputies from the single capital and convent of the Catholic Church. All these deputies had individually votes.

Fourthly, A portion of the magnates and wealthy nobles called to legislation by special letters of appointment, given by the Grand Duke, usually called *litteræ regales*, royal letters, whence these deputies were called Regalists. Thus it was in Transylvania, that only such of the nobles as were friends to the monarch entered the Diet.

Fifthly, The bishops of the Catholic and the united Greek Church.

This Diet was presided over by an elective president, whose station was the most important in Transylvania. Besides exercising the law-making power, the Diet elected the principal office-holders, from the governor of Transylvania down. But in these elections the four religions we have before given were obliged to be respected; and for every office three candidates of each religion were chosen and nominated to the sovereign, who selected from these. But the King was bound in his choice to respect the same principles, and divide his gift of life-offices among the favored beliefs.

According to the compact made in 1690 with the house of Hapsburg, the Diet was to be convoked annually by a special minister. The laws and resolutions which passed the Diet were submitted to the King, who had a right to send them back with his objections, which were to be respectfully considered. Unfortunately, there was no limit as to the time in which a bill should be returned, and frequently very necessary bills of immediate importance were retained some half a century by the supreme power, in order to give proper consideration. The deputies from the towns in Transylvania, and the members of the lower house, were paid from the public treasury; but the nobles and bishops, being supposed to represent their own interests, obtained no compensation.

Such were the peculiarities of the two constitutions, at the incipiency of the struggle for reform and freedom; and the formation of the legislative bodies was found to be the greatest bar to advancement. The members of the upper house in Hungary, and the regalists in Transylvania, were the principal tools employed by the Austrian Government to carry out their darling wish, and undermine the structure of Hungarian nationality. In Hungary, the majority of the magnates were conservatives, who completely checked the efforts of the progressive nobles. Though the lower house could initiate a bill, the upper could stop it of course; and any measure displeasing to the Court of Vienna met with a prompt negative by her noble-born instruments. In Transylvania, the number of regalists not being determined by law, the monarch could at any time control the whole legislation by his creatures. Thus it was that there crept into the Transylvanian Diet a set of miserable conservatives, whose sole ambition was to pander to the views of the Court. And the regalists were farther assisted by the twenty-two representatives of the Saxons, who never hesitated to take any position they could, antagonistic to the welfare of the Hungarian constitution; and the representatives of the Szekler and Magyar races, and of the free towns, were constantly in danger of being overwhelmed by the Saxons and an indefinite number of regalists.

A constitution so illiberal as each of these, however well it might have answered in a darker time, was manifestly out of keeping with the progress of civilization, and it became a point of national interest to effect a reform. The constitution of Hungary had a tendency, though based upon aristocratic principles, to improvement; but so active were the intrigues of the ruling house against the liberty of the nation, that the Diet for a long while had enough to do to ward off these blows of the Court. Francis the First, after having, as previously stated, accepted and sanctioned the conditions imposed on Leopold the Second, and re-affirmed his acceptance in the act by which he created himself Emperor of Austria, convoked the Diet regularly, according to law. But during that time the nation was too much occupied with wars and rumors of wars, to proceed regularly or zealously with constitutional or social reforms. The chivalrous nature of Hungary, and her loyalty to the crown of St. Stephen, led her to submit to repeated demands for men and money, without exacting in return an abatement of grievances. When the victories of Napoleon were shattering the unity of Austria, the Diet was reminded of its response to Maria Theresa at a similar crisis, and each appeal to their liberality was answered with devotion if not enthusiasm. Even when the Hungarians had grown weary of a war wherein they had performed the giant's labor for the dwarf's reward, the near approach of the invader made them firmer in defense of the very King who had violated their rights. When the victorious army of Napoleon crossed the frontiers of Hungary, its great commander issued a proclamation to the people, promising to maintain their national independence, and inviting them to elect any King they chose according to their national constitution. In that memorable proclamation the various violations of the constitution by the house of Hapsburg were clearly exposed, and how little of good and much of evil Hungary must necessarily expect from its perfidious royal race. Able and masterly in its style and tenor, it was correct in its conclusions; for it prophesied, as the result of a refusal to abandon the Emperor-King, the ultimate downfall of Hungarian liberty and independence. Letters were also dispatched by Napoleon to leading Hungarians, containing the same striking considerations. But the fidelity of the nation remained intact; it respected its allegiance to its sovereign, and continued a war which could never turn out to its own advantage, unless the Court, in return for such devotion, would on the restoration of peace assist in the necessary reforms. But the chivalry of the nation was ill-recompensed. From 1796 to 1811, the Diets were convoked to grant supplies, and prorogued when they began to discuss grievances; and thus for year after year the unequal contest was maintained between a generous people and a prince who forgot nothing save his promises.

At the peace of 1815, it was found that Hungary, in spite of wars, levies, and the worst of governments, had materially increased in prosperity; and it was every where hoped that peace would afford an opportunity of devising and effecting those cardinal reforms admitted to be so necessary. But it was an era of protracted disappointment. Austria, as a member of the Holy Alliance, was now more than ever determined to place Hungary on the same footing with her hereditary States. A Court party was sedulously fostered in the Diet and the country; Austrian officers were placed in command of Hungarian regiments; and every effort was made to gain the necessary strength to consummate their intrigues. In the army no Hungarian could arrive at distinction, if he were not educated as a tool of the Camarilla—unless it might be a few stubborn fellows who fought their way up in spite of all persecution. The censorship of the press was rigorously enforced; new and galling restrictions were placed upon commerce; the paper currency, immensely expanded during a long war, was depreciated by government, at two several times, 98 per centum; Francis, in infraction of his coronation oath, did not convoke the Diet from 1811 to 1825; and nearly every article of the constitution of 1790 was assailed by violence or evaded by intrigues. In 1822 and 1823, the Austrian Cabinet attempted to levy troops and collect taxes, in direct violation of the diploma of Leopold the Second. The county courts refused to put in execution the illegal orders. The Cabinet, determined to enforce its usurped authority, surrounded many of the county halls with troops, during the session of the legislative court, intending to intimidate the members. But this move was met by passive but unshaken resistance, each member declaring that he would be buried beneath the ruins of the hall where he sat rather than yield to so palpable a violation of the constitution. At length Francis was compelled to recede, and in 1825 again assembled the Hungarian Diet.

Under the lead of the distinguished Nagy Pál, or Paul Nagy, the session of this Diet was stormy; but found only time to discuss and endeavor to obtain atonement for the accumulated wrongs of thirty-five years. So resolutely did they proceed about this work, that the Emperor-King retracted, apologized, and by additional articles engaged to observe the fundamental laws of his Hungarian kingdom, to convoke the Diet triennially, and not to levy subsidies without its authority and warrant.

From that year the movements of the Austrian Government were less daring and more insidious. After the Diet of 1825, the Court of Vienna sent for Nagy Pál, the leader of the lower house, that he might hear the royal word. The exact nature of the interview is not public. But in the next Diet, Nagy Pál was dumb, took no more an active part in politics, became the recipient of a very lucrative office from the Emperor-King, and in his private conversation was ever after a strong advocate of conservative measures.

Up till that time the democratic principle in government was hardly known in Hungary, the constitution being based solely on the privileges of the nobles, and these last continually endangered by the acts of absolutism. The pride and alarm of the noble Diet kept it aloof from the great idea of the nineteenth century, until a leader appeared in the person of Count Stephen Szechényi, to raise the banner of democracy and progress.

Szechényi, a member of one of the most illustrious houses of Hungary, wealthy, well educated, with a mind improved by travel, and having natural talents of a high order, espoused the cause of liberalism with ardor, and soon roused the vast body of the nation to a sense of its wants, and an expression of its wishes. With him were soon found nobles, priests and people, and the popular tide began to flow with a steady and resistless motion, which at once terrified and provoked the Court. Suddenly, in the midst of the war of parties, the active agitation of the progressives, and the steady resistance of the Court party, there sprang, Minerva-like, from the head of the revolutionary Jove, that man now known as Kossuth the Exile, but to be recorded in history as Kossuth the Great.

LOUIS KOSSUTH was born of a noble Hungarian family, in the county of Zempleny. He received his education in the Protestant college at Sarospatak. As a boy he displayed every token of a strong intellect. After graduating with high honors, he commenced the study of law at Eperjes, and was finally admitted to the bar. As a young lawyer he went to Presburg to increase his knowledge of constitutional law. Arriving at or about the time when the publication of the debates and proceedings of the Diet was suppressed by a royal decree, he became an intimate acquaintance of Szechényi and Wesselenyi. By their assistance he began to prepare and disseminate, in writing, secret reports of the discussions in the Diet. This succeeded admirably, especially so long as it escaped the knowledge of the Austrian Cabinet. He wrote with great facility and dispatch, and the patriots throughout the country received early and authentic information of every measure before the legislature. But the spies of the Court soon discovered this movement, and at once subjected the volunteer reporter to determined prosecutions. Numerous other liberal members were indicted at the same time, Wesselenyi for instance, and condemned. Kossuth fared no better than his associates, and was doomed to suffer two years' imprisonment at Pest.

During the time of his incarceration, he devoted himself earnestly to the study of the languages and mathematics. When the amnesty was proclaimed, he was released in common with other political prisoners, and came from the Austrian dungeon, weakened in health, but with a mind enlarged by study and reflection. His suffering in a good cause and the preëminence of his talents attracted public attention and achieved popular support; so that not long after his enlargement he was enabled to stand at the head of a journal as its editor. He gave a new character to Hungarian journalism. The carefully-prepared leading articles in his paper were ardently read over the whole country, and gave a new impulse to political movements. The most important points of the reforms demanded were explained in that lucid, stirring and eloquent style which characterized every effusion from his pen. As a noble of Hungary, and consequently member of the county legislature, he took an active part in the general meetings of the Council at Pesth, where he began his career as a public speaker. His extraordinary oratorical efforts thrilled his auditors like an electric shock, and the whole assembly vibrated with his almost magical eloquence. His masterly speeches produced a similar effect in print. Sent by thousands to all parts of Hungary, they produced the same enthusiasm as at Pest, and won for him the love and confidence of the nation. It was at this part of his career that he met the opposition of Szechényi, and hence it was that the attacks of the latter were unjustly said to be dictated by jealousy of an ascending rival.

It is scarcely possible for us to give an idea of the oratory of Kossuth. A friend of ours who heard him says that his style is more like that of Canning, the once celebrated English Minister, than any other. The most engaging manners and fine features were combined with an evidently tender feeling for the whole human race, which displayed itself in every gesture. On all occasions and on all subjects his reasoning was purely logical, and arrayed in the fittest words; his sentences, pronounced in silvery tones, pierced the very souls of his hearers. His occasional touches of pathos would draw tears from the most impenetrable, and his thrilling appeals excite the most impassive to the utmost of patriotic enthusiasm. When inveighing against tyranny and despotic innovations, his soft eyes changed their character, assumed a preternatural brightness, and shot forth indignant flashes; his usually kind manner changed to a stern determination; and his defiant position was that of a gladiator in the arena. Oratory such as this, combining mental and physical eloquence in excess, could not fail of its object; and beneath the storm it produced, the whole country rocked and heaved like a tempestuous sea.

This extraordinary effect, and the consequent popularity of Kossuth, were by no means to the taste of the Court; but there was no mode to act, under the letter of law, against the zealous reformer. All his proceedings were confined within the strict limits of the constitution and laws, and would not have been dangerous were they not performed in an extraordinary manner, by an extraordinary man. The Court feared to take any grossly illegal step lest it might precipitate matters to a crisis; but it neglected no means to stay the proceedings or weaken the influence of its great opponent.

The first act of the Court was to silence his editorial voice—to remove him from the editorial control of his paper. The owner of this journal was a book-seller and publisher in Pest. Him the Court commenced to persecute, and after having exposed him to numerous assaults and vexations, threatened to suppress his publications, unless he dismissed Kossuth from the editorial chair. The owner, to save his property and perhaps his liberty, acceded, and another person was obtained to attend to the editorial duties. Kossuth, thus removed from his vantage-ground, demanded, as a free citizen, the authority to become proprietor and publisher of a new journal; but this he could not obtain. All his political agitation was now concentrated in the county meetings, where he continued daily to display greater tact and talent than ever. The Court resolved to remove him from this stage, and urged its partisans to object to his admission to the meetings of the local legislature on the ground that he had no property in the bounds of the county, and consequently had no right of membership in the municipality. This objection, pitiful as it was, would have been sufficient; but the patriotic party at once united, and soon disarmed that objection by conveying to him an estate. Thus the Court was foiled in that endeavor.

Kossuth still continued his political labors. Having been made such a prominent point of attack and persecution by the Court, his adherents increased their numbers immensely, and his influence augmented in proportion. He entered into all the progressive associations; and if a society were formed for the development of any branch of industry, or the achievement of any particular or general public good, his name was to be seen among its earliest subscribers. His character at this period was as pure as it always continued to be; and of that it is enough to say, that with the control of the whole treasury in his hands, he took from the country when he fled but five hundred ducats; and his family, when in an Austrian dungeon, were absolutely exposed to want. During a number of years he continued an incessant agitation; and when the Diet of 1847 was convoked, he was elected a member of the lower house. From that time forth his biography is so intimately connected with the history of his country, that to resume our summary will readily satisfy the reader.

In spite of all the machinations of the Austrian Court, the opposition grew stronger day by day. The house of Hapsburg saw, with chagrin and mortification, that every step it had taken only served to alienate the confidence of its own partisans, and beheld its power becoming weaker every day through its own ill-judged perfidy. The common sense of the nation readily penetrated the ultimate aim of the dominant house, which was the extinction of Hungarian nationality. The bold advocacy of reform and emancipation by Kossuth and the liberalists arrayed on their side the young, the generous, and the patriotic; while the ruin that must ensue if Hungary were made a mere appanage to Austria, aroused the faltering and alarmed the conservative. A gradual and firm union, for the sake of their fatherland, ensued among all classes; and this token of a popular storm struck dismay into the hearts of the Camarilla. In 1845–6 the Court made its last constitutional efforts, by displacing all the county Mayors who were suspected of the least inclination to liberalism, and supplying their places with creatures of its own. As soon as this work of purification, as they called it, was complete, the salaries of the Mayors were considerably augmented, partly to render the office desirable to avaricious nobles, and partly to fortify their extraordinary purity with a golden armor, utterly impervious to the attacks of honor or patriotism. At the same time it made it obligatory upon these Mayors to reside constantly within the bounds of their jurisdictions, and forced them to assist and lead in all measures of legislation and administration in their several counties; thus giving them a power to which they were not entitled either by law or custom. Nor did it stop here. Determined to organize if possible a strong conservative, or rather retrograde party, the Government convoked the Transylvanian Diet in 1846 for the purpose of regulating the existing feudal system. The Camarilla judged with correctness that this subject would excite the alarm of the timid nobles, and unite at once all the strong conservative elements. It was a shrewd view of things; and the motion was proved, by its results, to have been an able one. The regalists were appointed with care, and in such great numbers that the liberalists gave way; the elections went by default, and the retrograde Diet was chosen. Elated at this success, the Court endeavored to succeed on a larger field, and proceeded, in 1847, to convoke the Diet of Hungary.

The proceedings of the Transylvanian Diet were so far satisfactory to the Court, and the hope of ultimately reducing the country to a provincial position became so strong, that it suffered the Diet to vote a new feudal law. This, however, was one which could not be popular. It did not give a single material advantage to the laboring class—the broad substructure upon which every nation must rest, and without whose content and comfort no nation can prosper. It contained a number of fine flourishes—words of encouragement and praise—but did not lift a straw's weight of burthen from the backs of the trodden serfs. Such a law could not satisfy the people. It was begotten by egotism and stupidity, and sanctioned by ignorance and inexperience—unless, indeed, the royal confirmation to the act was given through a cunning policy on the part of the Court, who had observed how much easier it is to invade nationality when one portion of a people is discontented with another.

The true patriot beheld with pain these triumphs of tyranny, whether of the Court or the conservative nobles, and observed with mingled anger and alarm the state of affairs in Transylvania. The hopes of the truly liberal party were now concentrated on the action of Hungary, whose Diet was to open in 1847. The county elections began, and the result was awaited by both parties with anxiety. Every measure was taken by the Court to arrest the progress of political freedom; and all these plans were frustrated by the zealous and energetic efforts of Kossuth and his compatriots. The elections over, it was found that the progressive party had achieved a decided triumph. Louis Kossuth himself and his friends were elected; and great reforms were under the circumstances to be expected.

The Court saw its hopes and designs thwarted by the sound common sense of Hungary, and as a last resort concentrated their force upon the office of Palatine, in order to obtain it for a member of the reigning house. No individual could have been chosen for such a purpose with more judgment than he whom they offered as a candidate—the Archduke Stephen. He was the son of the Archduke Joseph, who for more than half a century had exercised the office of Palatine; he was born at Buda, in Hungary; had been educated at a Hungarian university, and spoke with ease and fluency the Magyar language. The election of Palatine being fixed for the next Diet, the Archduke opened the electioneering campaign some months before the session was to begin. In the conduct of this he showed himself an able tactician, and displayed a degree of finesse which would have done no discredit to the shrewdest stump candidate that ever kissed all the ugly babies in his district, or inquired particularly and affectionately after the welfare of the wife and family of some till then unnoticed voter. He travelled around the country, visiting every place of popular resort, assuming the most condescending and gracious air possible, and declaiming loudly and earnestly on the progress in prosperity and material reform which the country would soon be able to make. The bait took, and the people swallowed it, hook and all. Every one was delighted with the affability and patriotism of the Archduke; even the most mistrustful thought him to be "a marvellously proper man;" the Diet met, and he was elected to the office of Palatine.

The Diet of 1847–8, from the opening of its session, displayed a determination to effect by all peaceable and constitutional means the most decided and practical reforms. The lower house was composed of the most illustrious patriots and statesmen in the land. Among these Kossuth Lajòs, known in England as Louis Kossuth, stood at first conspicuous, and ultimately preëminent. Not long after the opening of the debates, by the fascination of his incomparable eloquence and that magical power which men of mark exercise over a deliberative body, he became recognized as the leader of the House of Representatives. In the upper house, through the expansion of public opinion, liberalism obtained a strong hold. The magnates began to discover that the true interest of the rich and noble was to better the condition of the poor and lowborn, since no society could thrive without it. The new generation of nobles were to a man reformers; and the Court beheld with profound astonishment the whole tendency and character of the upper house, their once strong ally, entirely changed. The very nobles who had been supposed to be most firmly in the interest of the Camarilla now followed the lead of Count Louis Bathyani, and strove manfully for the honor, independence and prosperity of the country, and the emancipation and political regeneration of the people.

This favorable condition of affairs was no little increased by the position assumed by the clergy, which was utterly unexpected by the liberals. This change in clerical action was owing to a gross blunder committed by the Court—a political error injurious to themselves, and advantageous to the friends of freedom. The Catholic clergy, being immensely rich in Hungary, always had that great influence in national affairs which wealth and clerical position combined are sure to confer. Regarding this body as one of the firmest props of absolutism, the house of Hapsburg treated it with every kindness and consideration; and, in return, the clergy was careful to maintain the odious position of representative of arch-conservative doctrines. Some years since a decree was issued from the Vatican at Rome, which commanded the suppression of mixed marriages in the Catholic Church. The clergy of Hungary received the same order, and having been assured by the Court of its protection, boldly proceeded to the execution of their duty as priests and prelates. Their steps made the most lively impression upon the public mind; the sessions of the county legislatures became scenes of a quite tumultuous discussion of the subject, and the warmest remonstrances were addressed to the Court; but the latter remaining impassable, the clergy proceeded to stop, by all means in their power, the mixed marriages.

By these proceedings the Catholic Church of Hungary lost thousands of members, who passed over to various sects of the Protestant religion. The clergy at once assailed the Court with energetic demands for a prohibition of this wholesale apostasy; but the Court feared to make the experiment. It rightly judged that in such a case its weakened influence would be utterly destroyed; consequently, the change of religion on the part of all those who wished to marry in an opposite faith continued and increased daily.

It was natural to suppose that the coming Diet would have a stormy session, and still more natural to expect that the course of the clergy would be vehemently attacked in that body. The clergy expected this, but having a promise of assistance and support from the Court, appeared boldly and proudly in the Diet. The attack, as expected, was made, with bitterness and freedom of invective. But, to the utter astonishment of the clerical members, not one of the Court party rose to defend the Church, but remained utterly unimpressed, and calm if not amused observers of the scene. For what reason did the Court abandon their allies? or had they a reason at all? Was it not an act of neglect? Judging from other circumstances, or rather in connection with other circumstances, it might be considered one of those blunders which the house of Hapsburg is so liable to commit. Whatever might have been the cause, the effect was one of importance to the liberal movement. For the clergy felt itself abandoned by the Court, exposed to the continual assaults of its enemies, and abased in the public esteem. A blow had been struck at its influence which could not be forgotten; and it only awaited an opportunity to repay the treatment of the Court, and regain its forfeited position.

The year 1847 approached; the Diet was to be opened; the signs of the times indicated that the proceedings of this Diet would possess as much interest as any that were recorded in the annals of Hungary, judging from the members elect of the lower house, and the increased number of the opposition in the upper, under the leadership of Count Louis Bathyani; but no one hoped to see the clergy take the attitude they assumed. That was an agreeable surprise for the patriotic, and a terrible shock to the Court party.

The ancient constitution of Hungary is a very liberal one for the time during which it was made. Perhaps its greatest defect was that it gave a too extravagant liberty to its citizens. But the privileges it conferred, the rights it defended, were those of a certain class alone—the nobility; and even in that class it allowed distinctions. The common people—the life's blood of a state—were excluded from a participation in the act of government, and from the full protection of the fundamental laws. It was not to be expected that such a constitution could remain in the nineteenth century. Its existence was a libel upon the intelligence of the people—a bar to the prosperity of the country. It needed, to render it of value, the most essential reforms. This the privileged class saw plainly enough, and they determined to confer upon the mass of the people the right of citizenship and political power.

The first internal reforms, indispensable to the welfare of the country, were regarded as these: To lessen or utterly remove the distinction between the privileged and unprivileged classes; to improve the principles of taxation and of land tenure; to extend perfect religious toleration to all religious sects and creeds; to establish free trade with all nations—for the Austrian Government thought to confine Hungary to Austria for a market, while treating Hungarian produce as foreign; to maintain a free press, and especially the right to publish the debates and proceedings of the Diet; to develop the great resources of the country by means of railroads, bridges, and other plans of internal improvement; and finally, but as important as any, and more so than most, to provide for a system of general education. These were the reforms demanded by all classes, and predetermined upon by the liberal party in both houses.

One mode of resistance by Austria to liberal movements was to extinguish parliamentary bills by the veto of the crown; the fear of which had paralyzed the upper house, a body naturally disposed to lean to Austria. Against this the Hungarians had no adequate constitutional weapon to use, since the Austrian Cabinet was not responsible to the Hungarian Diet. The often-repeated declaration of their independence of Austria by their sovereign, and in particular the distinct compact of Leopold the Second in 1790–91, justified them in endeavoring by peaceable means to obtain an independent ministry, directly responsible to their own Diet. Such a ministry had been long talked of and claimed in the Diet. In fact, the conservative party and the opposition had differed little as to the objects at which they aimed, but chiefly in the degree of vehemence in which matters should be urged; the conservatives pleading to give time to the Austrian Court. But in 1848 the conservatives as a separate party were destroyed, the great body of them going over to the opposition. Thus it was that Louis Kossuth carried, by a unanimous vote, the resolve that the constitution of Hungary would never be free from the eternal machinations of the Austrian Cabinet until a constitutional government was established in the foreign possessions of the crown, so as to restore the nationalities as they were at the period when the Diet conferred the sovereignty on the house of Hapsburg. A series of reforms were now carried in quick succession after the termination of a discussion which had commenced with the advent of Szechényi into political life.

Now, in looking at the events of the Hungarian struggle, the people of this country have been frequently led into gross errors, but to none more manifestly mischievous than the impression as to the nature of the commencement of the struggle. For not only was the contest no insurrection against established authority, but the reforms of 1848 were neither won by fraud nor violence. An assertion that the changes were made by force has been put forth by Austria as a sort of palliation for the commission of cruelties which have made her the detestation of the civilized world. On the contrary, every change was wrought in a constitutional manner, through legal forms, and by peaceful means. And this was the more striking since there was every provocation to a revolutionary movement. When a royal house continues to usurp the powers lodged elsewhere by the compact to which it owes its right of rule; when it invades that fundamental law upon which alone its own authority is based; when it endeavors to debase an independent people to a provincial position, and to put their guaranteed rights at the mercy of absolute will; then, indeed, we may hold, with Robespierre, that insurrection becomes the most sacred of rights, and the most indispensable of duties. The Hungarians took no advantage of these crimes on the part of the Court. Determined to emancipate the great mass of the people from fetters imposed by the ignorance and bigotry of past ages, and to place their country on the utmost pinnacle of civilization, they were content that the executive power should remain vested in the house of Hapsburg. They had neither design nor desire to overthrow the reigning dynasty. There was no intention to depose Ferdinand. The purpose of the reformers was an honest one. They wished to emancipate the people; to recreate the nation; not to aggrandize themselves, nor to form a new dynasty. And that could be done without any infraction of the compact between prince and people. The nobles desired to curtail themselves of privileges which were in direct antagonism to the spirit of the century; they proposed to raise the hitherto down-trodden serf to a political equality with themselves, But they felt it was consistent with the dignity of their purpose to do this remodelling of a constitution within the pale of the constitution. Every measure brought forward, every reform urged, was as strictly pressed and ultimately achieved under the forms of jurisprudence, as the most conservative champion of law and order could desire. All was done with the apparent concurrence of the viceroy, the Archduke Stephen, who seemed to identify the cause of the country with his own. The Emperor-King, Ferdinand, displayed the greatest desire to comply with and complete the wishes of the people; and the latter showed no inclination to abridge a reign which promised in its close to be so brilliant and glorious.

During that memorable Diet of 1848–9, the hopes of the patriot rose to their utmost point of culmination. The independence of the realm appeared to be assured; all the reforms immediately necessary had passed the Diet and been confirmed by the sovereign. The constitution was extended to all classes, and civil equality announced. The ancient Diet, constituted of or elected by the nobility, was changed into a true House of Representatives, whose constituents were a class hitherto excluded from the privilege of suffrage. The feudal system was abolished, and millions of inhabitants, formerly serfs, became at once citizens and freeholders, receiving, on a promise to indemnify its former proprietors for feudal services, the land they cultivated in fee-simple. Every such freeholder had a vote in the election of those who were to levy taxes upon his property; every thirty thousand inhabitants were entitled to a representative in the national Assembly; every free town to one or more representatives, according to its size and population. Thus the lower house of the Diet became representatives of the people, and not of the nobility; and to a seat in this house every citizen was made eligible. The new Diet was to be presided over by an elective chairman, and all the other officers of the Diet were chosen by itself.*

The re-organization of the upper house, or House of Magnates, was postponed to a future time. It was thus far decided, however, that there should henceforth continue to be two houses in the Diet. As it was not proper in a representative government that one part of the legislature should consist of members qualified by birth, it was determined to re-organize the upper house; but as it was a matter of grave importance, the assembly determined to make the change at a later time and after a careful deliberation. Thus the upper house was, for the time, preserved in its ancient form.

Before the end of the month of March, 1848, a deputation of members from both houses of the Diet appeared in Vienna, carrying with them the unanimous wish of the

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* Let it be here understood, however, that the Hungarian peasant was never bound to the soil as in Russia. He could settle where he chose; but he could not hold real estate. There were, to be sure, certainly some cases where the peasants held estates; but for this they were obliged to pay certain duties to the lord of the land. These duties, and the tenths, were abolished by the laws of March, 1848, giving to the peasant the real property of the soil, which hitherto he had cultivated on the payment of feudal duties.

Diet that the King would consent to various bills. Among these the greatest constitutional change was the restoration of the old union between the Diets of Hungary and Transylvania, provided the Transylvanian Diet concurred, a bill to that effect having passed the Hungarian Diet. It was provided, in case Transylvania concurred, that the members of her Diet should enter that of Hungary—the regalists in the upper, and the elected deputies in the lower house. All reasonable pretensions of the Transylvanians were to be admitted, and all privileges guaranteed. But, socially, the most important laws were those equalizing all classes and creeds, and that noble enactment which quit the peasant of feudal burthens, and converted him into a lord of the soil. This last bill had passed both houses, on February 4th, 1848, before the French revolution had broken out, so that the emancipation of the peasants was no result of revolution elsewhere, but the homage of nobles to truth and justice—the free act of men who stripped themselves of the hereditary privileges of centuries from motives of enlarged philanthropy and devotion to the real interests of their country. All these reforms, without exception, were accepted by the King, who, at the invitation of the Diet, proceeded to Presburg, in Hungary, with the Court, to ratify them. There, to the highest satisfaction and amid the liveliest manifestations of joy and loyalty, he gave the royal sanction, and after having solemnly sworn to protect and defend them, returned to Vienna.

Such is the true summary of the most important reforms adopted by the Hungarian Diet of 1848 ; such is the true history of their adoption. It will be seen therefore that they were the result of peaceful, calm deliberation; that they were commenced, carried on, and completed, in compliance with both the letter and spirit of law; that they were the result of neither turbulence, fear, nor insurrection. They were justly regarded by all patriotic Hungarians as their charter of rights, opening the promise of a national career whose progress and brilliancy should emulate that of the most favored constitutional government.

But by these laws both the royal oath and the rights of the people were made positive, and warranted against the absolute will of the Court. Hence it became the plan of the Court to render the reforms abortive. On the very day of signing the bills, the Croatian Ban, Jellachich, was admitted to a private council, and the overthrow of Hungarian nationality, by a war of races, deliberately planned. How that was carried out—the blood, the strife and struggles of a campaign, which would have succeeded triumphantly for Hungary, but for the treason of the infamous Görgei, which startled the civilized world — our readers well know. In the history of that strife Kossuth's own life is inseparably interwoven. Some errors of public appreciation, in regard to it, we may at a future time correct; but our paper has already reached an unusual length, and we must cease.

JOACHIM MURAT.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MÉRY, BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

At the mansion of the Comtesse de Lipona, at Florence, as soon as the piano ceased to accompany the airs of Bellini, that is to say, generally about midnight, the intimate friends of the family would draw together in a circle, and relate tales and adventures until morning. There was an inexpressible charm in these *réunions*. The saloon was still in disorder from the ball or the concert, but the dancers or the artists had disappeared. The music was scattered upon the desks; the card tables displayed their fading lamps, with their four vacant arm-chairs; to so much joyous bustle, succeeded a quiet, familiar conversation; coffee was served, together with delicious waffles, stamped with the arms of the Queen, and prepared by the former cook of Madame Dubarry.

No one thought of sleep during these delightful morning *soirées*. The Comtesse de Lipano used to say, "Three hours of sleep are enough for me; it is a good habit that I owe to my brother the Emperor." And the guests took pride in conforming to a habit which came to them thus directly from Napoleon. On leaving the palace, we often saw the gleam of the dawn upon the black colonnade of the offices, and upon the dome of San Spirito.

The Comtesse frequently related to us charming narratives, with that half French, half Italian grace, which never forsook her. The illustrious dame had witnessed so many dramas, so many festivals, so many misfortunes, that she was never at a loss when she deigned to furnish her contingent to this traffic in anecdotes.

One night the circle was closely grouped about her arm-chair; the noble dame had promised us something new, and her voice faltered with emotion; her calm and beautiful face was evidently agitated by some sad remembrance. Our silence seemed to question her respectfully, and she began:

"At the time when Italy was French, a sedition broke out in one of our regiments, that was in garrison at Leghorn. It was a much more serious affair than a common mutiny. The Emperor appeared extremely irritated when he heard the news; he resolved to make a severe example, and Joachim was charged with the duty of punishing the refractory regiment. The Emperor's orders were precise and terrible; he wished for no court martials, but for the immediate execution of the culprits.

"Joachim arrived at Leghorn, assembled the regiment upon the public square, and informed the soldiers that he had received an order from the Emperor to punish them, and that he intended to do so. The vehemence of his words, his impetuous and menacing gestures, above all, the authority of his name, had already brought the rebellious troops to submission. The soldiers cast themselves at his feet; they were humble and suppliant. Joachim was moved; he was always kind-hearted: but he had received his orders; he repressed his emotion, and with anger burning in his face, and in a voice of thunder, he declared his purpose to decimate the regiment.

"The consternation of the troops was great, as you can imagine. The regiment, confined in the barracks, sent several deputations to Murat to implore his clemency. Officers and soldiers swore to confront death in the first battle, beneath the eyes of the Emperor. Murat was for a long while inflexible, in appearance at least; at last he seemed touched by their submission. But the fault was so great, his orders so peremptory, that he demanded that three soldiers, chosen from among the most mutinous, should pay with their lives for the crime of the regiment. The three victims were soon designated; they were put in irons, and their execution announced for the following day. The regiment still remained confined in the barracks.

"In the middle of the night, Joachim directed the three soldiers to be brought before him; a sergeant, in whose prudence he could confide, led them into his presence.

" 'You will be shot to-morrow!' said Murat. The soldiers burst into tears. 'Prepare for death, and fall like brave men; it is the only way to wipe out all memory of your crime. I charge myself with the duty of transmitting your last farewells, your last regrets, to your fathers and mothers. Your families did not merit children such as you. Have you thought of your mothers? Speak!' Sobs stifled their voices. 'Those poor women would have been proud and even happy if you had fallen in battle with the Austrian; but to die thus, unfortunate men! Go! I will send you a priest to afford you the last succors of religion. Think upon France and your God; from this moment you belong no more to this world.'

"The soldiers cast themselves at Joachim's feet, not to ask for mercy, but for his pardon, before death. As they were leaving the apartment, Joachim recalled them. 'Listen!' he said: 'if I should grant you your lives, would you live henceforth like honest men?'

" 'No, we wish to die,' replied one of the soldiers; 'we have deserved death; let them shoot us; it is just.'

" 'But if I do not wish to have you shot?' cried Joachim. 'Wherefore would you die, when I would have you live? I have never given the word to fire, except at the enemy, and I cannot bear to give it against those who are my brothers, who are Frenchmen, although guilty.'

"And Joachim wept like a woman—he, the bravest of men! Was he not, Messieurs?"

And we wept also around the arm-chair of the Comtésse de Lipano, who spoke so touchingly of her heroic husband.

After a pause, she continued her narrative.

" 'Listen to me!' said Joachim, in a milder tone. 'You are great culprits, but I am glad to find that you have energy of character; you will second my project well. I grant you your lives, but it is necessary that you should to-morrow be thought dead by all the world; above all, by your regiment. To-morrow, near nightfall, you will be led out of the Pisan gate, upon the glacis; you will receive the fire of a platoon, at twenty paces' distance, and you will fall dead; at this moment the last file of your regiment will pass across the place of execution; the obscurity of the evening will favor the deception. A man, of whose fidelity I am assured, will place you upon a tumbrel, and transport you to the cemetery. Here you will find a change of clothing wherewith to disguise yourselves as sailors, and a thousand francs will be counted out to each of you; you will remain concealed for a few days in an inn, which will be pointed out to you; in two or three days an American vessel will sail for New-Orleans; there you will go to pass your days, and live like honest men—do you hear? You will be taken on board as soon as the wind is favorable. Be prudent, and follow my advice exactly. Go; I will take care of your families!'

"The soldiers bathed Murat's feet with their tears, and repeated, again and again, that they would do as he had directed them.

"All passed as Joachim had arranged it. A severe example was given to the regiment; but there was no blood spilled, and the Emperor, happily deceived, thanked Murat for having sacrificed but three lives to the demands of discipline. The Emperor was never informed of the generous stratagem to which my husband resorted in this affair; it was for a long time a secret between myself and a few of our faithful friends, who have never betrayed it. There is now no indiscretion in divulging it, and I divulge it therefore for your sakes."

After this narrative, Murat's widow, too deeply moved to prolong the conversation, retired to her apartment. We likewise were much affected; we kept silence. Every eye was turned upon the magnificent portrait, painted by Le Gros. It represents King Murat, in a striking attitude, galloping along the shore of the bay of Naples. Mount Vesuvius, belching flames, rises in the background. Murat and Vesuvius! two volcanoes, face to face.

The conclusion of this narrative was recounted to me, several months afterwards, by a person very intimate with the imperial family. It is like the romantic *dénouement* of a drama, which seems to belong less to real life than to the imagination of the novelist.

Upon the borders of a forest, in the vicinity of New-Orleans, a huntsman knocked at the door of a modest farm-house, to seek shelter from a violent storm. It was in the autumn of 1830. The hospitable door was opened, and the stranger was led by an aged woman into a neat apartment, plainly furnished, and almost entirely hung with Parisian lithographs, representing our principal deeds of arms.

"It appears," said the stranger, in the French language, "that my kind star has led me among fellow-countrymen."

"Monsieur is a Frenchman, doubtless?" said the old woman.

"Yes, madame; and a good Frenchman too. I have even relatives here in this apartment."

"My son is in the garden; I will go and call him; he will be very glad to see you."

"Is your son a Frenchman also?"

"Yes, sir."

This reply was uttered with some hesitation; she then added with more confidence:

"He has dwelt a long while in this country, and, God be praised! he does not repent it. This farm belongs to him. We live comfortably and respectably, and have no cause to complain of our fortune."

At this moment the master of the house entered the apartment.

"This gentleman," said the mother, "has done us the honor to repose, for a while, beneath our roof, until the storm has passed over; he is a fellow-countryman; he is a Frenchman."

The proprietor of the farm made a military salutation, and stammered out a few words of civility. The face of the stranger produced a singular impression upon him, and he was so agitated that he could not reply to his questions. At last he ventured, with difficulty, to address him.

"Monsieur," he said, "you will find my request indiscreet perhaps, but I am constrained to inquire your name. Excuse me —your face——"

"My friend," replied the hunter, "this is the only question I cannot answer. It would be easy for me to deceive you, by giving you a false name, but I prefer to be silent. A man who bears my name knows not how to lie. Now that I have refused to tell you my name, I do not venture to demand yours."

The master of the house did not reply.

"It seems that you, also, wish to keep your name secret," added the hunter.

"Yes, sir; that which I bear in this country is not my true name; why should you desire to be made acquainted with it? I am known here by the name of Claude Gerald."

"At least," said the mother, "this gentleman must not imagine that my son need blush for the name he bore in France. There are reasons which——"

"It is the same with me," said the hunter. "I tell my name only to those who deserve to hear it, and from this moment I think you worthy of the favor. I am Achille Murat; I am the son of the King of Naples."

Claude Gerald and his mother fell with their faces to the earth, as if stricken down by the might of so great a name.

The Prince, at that time a citizen of the United States, seeing them weep, could not comprehend this excess of emotion, which they seemed unable to control. No sooner had Claude overcome his agitation, than he pointed to the portrait of the King of Naples, which hung against the wall, inclosed by branches of green laurels, and he said to the son: "There is your glorious father! He is the master and saint of this dwelling; it is to him that I owe all. One day, when I was in danger of death, your father saved my life."

"Upon the field of honor?" said Achille Murat.

"No, upon the field of dishonor. I had forgotten myself; my brain was on fire; I deserved death. They conducted me to the port of Leghorn, with two of my comrades, who were as culpable as I was; they fired at us; we fell. It was Murat who had arranged it all. By his assistance I came to America. My two comrades died two years ago in New-York. I still live, and this life I owe to your noble father. I have labored, and I am now in comfortable circumstances. My mother, to whom a certificate of my death had been sent, received some years later a letter from her living son, inviting her to come to America. My poor mother, after having wept so much for my loss, nearly died with joy on seeing me again. And now, if the son of my royal benefactor needs my arm, my wealth, my life, all are his!"

"I recognize him in your narrative—my generous father!" said Achille Murat, with tears in his eyes.

"He has pardoned many others besides," said Gerald.

"He found none to pardon him!" replied his son.

IMAGINATION AND FACT.

"Imagination's world of air,
And our own world."—HALLECK.

"YEAR BOOK OF FACTS."—"HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES."

THIS is a great age—a wonderful era—every thing going ahead with such unprecedented velocity. Slap, dash, all by wheels! Whirr, whizz, all by steam! Chip, chop, ding, dong, all by wires! Here we are, and here we go! Racing along the high road of progress—fulfilling our destinies at full speed—

"While panting Time toils after us in vain."

We acknowledge the fact, and do homage, from our quiet nook, to this last and loudest offspring of Chronos,—the Nineteenth Century,—a giant personification, passing shadowy before our mind's eye at times, with mightier paces than the Homeric Neptune's, when

———"three strides he took,
And at the fourth the distant Ægæ shook."

This demiourgos moves enormously—in a tempest of smoke and sound; his head wearing indistinctly the likeness of an engine chimney and the eyes of fire underneath; his long, thin arms stretched every where, and filling every thing they touch with electricity; while, for feet, he has the motion of wheels, rolling in thunder, and instinct with life, like those seen by the prophet Ezekiel! We see all this; and bid the beneficent Monster God-speed, and feel, respected Whigamore, that the material age is, indeed, a grand affair. But, in "the cosmogony of the world," as Jenkinson calls it, there are other elements and considerations beside those which touch us physically; and we have an idea that unencumbered philosophers and ponderers in quiet nooks are they who recognize them with most clearness and cordiality. So, being of the latter class, we shall, with permission of our Whigamore, (which being interpreted, Celtically, means "big Whig" or "chief Whig,") discuss the matter in a philosophic way—throw off a few of our impressions of things in general—

"Just rattle on exactly as we'd talk
With any body in a ride or walk."

The generality of people, then, seem to think that facts are every thing in the business of the world—the only considerations in the philosophy of human progress. Opposed to what is imaginary, facts are allowed to have much dignity. Your practical reasoners look to facts decisively—facts "are the jockeys for them"—facts that they can hear, see, handle, reckon, demonstrate; while the imaginations are mostly held synonymous with the worthless, the unsubsantial, and the ridiculous. They say, with one of Congreve's characters—we forget which—"Fiddle-faddle, don't tell me of this and that and every thing in the world! Give me mathematical demonstration." Now, we do not go so far as the astute Bayle, who, on the other hand, affected to laugh at the correct pretensions of mathematics and demonstrations, but we do think, "under leave of Brutus and the rest," that facts do not seem and have not seemed to be so very essential to the course of things on this oblate spheroid of ours, to the history and business of the mind and to the law of progress, as some appear to believe. Without troubling our heads, in this gossipping paper, with the subtleties of Berkeley and others who knock all creation into the compass of a man's perceptions—establish the column of the universe on the pentagonal base of the senses—we have an idea that more of the fictitious and imaginary are mixed up with our conditions than are dreamed of in our matter-of-fact philosophy. Human nature has been always contriving some gilding for its ginger-bread—some pleasant disguises "to make the bitter pill of life go down." Tasso, in his invocation of the Virgin Mary for a muse, says (we have not got a Fairfax—so must stop to upset, meo Marte, this matter into the vernacular;—"help angels, make essay!"):—

> "For, well thou knowest, the world more fondly turns
> To old Parnassus' consecrated spot;
> And truths which graceful poetry adorns
> Subdue in pleasing, and a spell is wrought
> For the most subtle and fastidious thought.
> So for the sickly child, by friendly wile,
> The cup's deceptive edge with sweetness fraught,
> Lures to the bitter draught; the imp the while
> Drinks life and health from the judicious guile."

And not alone have the edges of the cup been touched in this way with honeyed fallacy, but the contents of it have been very much, in all ages, "dashed and brewed" with the same emollient. Reality is not such a delightful thing, after all; the feigned and the phantasmal have always been considered the necessary complement of our condition here. Voltaire says, very pleasantly:

> "On court, hélas! après la vérité;
> Ah, croyez-moi, l'erreur a son merite."

If we take away, from the amount of what the world possesses, that which belongs and is due to the imagination merely,—which is not authentic, and could not be sworn to in a court of justice,—what will be left? Let us be Cornelius Agrippa or Albert de Groot for the nonce—make a wafture of the hand, with "Hey, presto, begone!"—and what then? There is a sudden solitude in the world! The beautiful is vanished, and the hard, blank remnant of things is full of gaps and desert places, disastrous flaws and a strange silence. Nothing now, gentlemen, but facts in the world—facts and mathematical demonstration! But it is a very hard, cold world to live in; much worse, believe us, than it was before; and, in the opinion of that pale pessimist over the way there, that was bad enough in all conscience!

They who first found out the world and roamed about on it felt its naked materialism, its matter-of-fact aspects, to be too deficient and uninviting for their ideas. The unclothed reality of things was too cold and unlovely—beautiful as it was—for their perceptions. So they began to improve it, by informing it with a creation of their own. They looked to the elements and the infinite host of heaven, and, following their irrepressible instincts, they began to build the airy fabrics of visions and cover the universe with ingenious and beautiful mysteries. They imagined a god for the cope and clouds of heaven, and he wielded the thunder from the mountain summits; another, shaped after the most gracefully formed of men,—"the Lord of life and poetry and light,"—was the Angel of the Sun, and his sister was the Goddess of the Moon—

> "Astarte, Queen of Heaven, with crescent horns,
> To whose bright image, nightly, by the moon,
> Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs."

They felt the presence of a god in the winds and in fire, to which some of the earliest altars were raised. They saw a powerful divinity in the vastness and anger of the sea, and imagined a crowd of lesser deities for its caverns and depths. The forests were sacred to the universal Pan, his fauns, sylvans and satyrs; every oak had its Dryad, every river its Naïad or its Potamid; the Oreads presided over the meadows, and the Napeæ haunted the valleys. Impatient of mere reality, men in this way covered the earth and filled the air and sea with theories, phantasms, imaginations—

> "The intelligible forms of ancient poets—
> The fair humanities of old religion—
> The power, and the beauty, and the majesty."

Apart from the mythologies, let us consider the effect of that abolition we have spoken of on the amount of what we know—on the circle of knowledge—of which, by the bye, Bacon asserts that poetry is the third part. Suppose we ignore the poetry,—as Plato would do, in his imaginary republic. The creations of these ancient *makers* and imaginative writers have filled up a space in the earlier ages of the world which, without them, would be a blank, and as much lost to the human mind as the pre-Adamite chaos is. Do away with them, and what a throng of splendid deeds, of heroic and beautiful figures,—demigods, champions, kings, heroes and heroines,—"fair women and brave men,"—moving in gorgeous panorama across the dark background of antiquity, shall be blotted out! What a dispossession it would be to abolish the Iliad and the Odyssey! To be deprived of Hector, the kind-hearted and manly hero, and Priam with his mighty sorrows, the beautiful Helen, and—

> "Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer"—

the splendid Achilles, the soldier-pilgrim Ulysses, and Agamemnon, king of men! Not alone would much be wanted in the want of these, but in the want of all they have suggested and given rise to in after times. The succeeding poets and dramatists of Greece and Rome drew light from Homer as Milton's stars did, in their golden urns, from the sun. They took his old imaginations and figures as their models, and reproduced them in forms which the world would not willingly let die.

Coming to our own literature, we find that the fictions of our writers—trans-Atlantic and cis-Atlantic—are as favorably remembered and as much appreciated and cited, for the purposes of life and moral progress, as the facts of our historians. In our genial moments, when the mind desires to be pleased or invigorated, it will revert with a very general preference to what is imaginary in literature; and half the world give as much and as grave attention to the men and women of Shakspeare and Scott, Irving and Longfellow, as to those of Hume and Prescott. And how intimately and lovingly we give our interest to the words and actions of these poetical creations! To be sure, the historic annals have recorded and given names to some of them. But as the dramatists and romancers present them to us, they are *bonâ fide* brain-born affairs. And thus we believe in them with an ample faith. What a world of thought and life in the plays of Shakspeare! and what a pleasure to put his grand panorama in motion, either in quiet thought or delightful colloquy! There is the venerable Lear, driven into the stormy night, and talking the truest philosophy to the elements that so feelingly persuade him what he is; and Hamlet, so sententious in his antic disposition; the fair Ophelia, the prosy "old courtier of the King's," Polonius, and the many-vested clowns knocking the jowls of dead men about and propounding conundrums for pots of ale; then the immortal bed-presser and huge hill of flesh, first of liars and of favorites; and Mrs. Quickly, ancestress of Mrs. Malaprop; then Macbeth and the terrible hags of the heath, and his more terrible wife; then Richard, and the ghosts rising in his tent and cursing him as they pass; then the witty and adventurous Rosalind; and Desdemona,

> "The gentle lady wedded to the Moor;"

and Portia, the beautiful, wise young judge; and the passionate Juliet, with the southern lightnings in her veins; and Miranda, the enchantress of an enchanted island! And a hundred others.

Then there are the creations of Scott, coming nearest of any to those of Shakspeare, and possessing even a more general popularity. Successive generations enjoy them as a legacy, and the memory always recalls them with pleasure. There is Cedric the Saxon in his low-roofed hall; the swineherd; the Templar; the gorgeous tournament at Ashby; the storming of Torquilstone; the Black Knight, fighting as if twenty men's strength were in his single arm; the peerless Rebecca, Locksley, and Friar Tuck: what an array of images, bringing back so truly and vividly the old feudal character of things! We shall never forget the feelings with which we first read Ivanhoe. All our vague ideas of romance and knightly doings were there put into a wonderful life and motion. We have since learned the effect of that splendid book upon the genius of Thierry and Victor Hugo, and how its *gramarye* has absolutely revolutionized the character of modern history. But the bugles are blowing, and we admire the picturesque bravery of Fergus MacIvor,

> "All plaided and plumed in his tartan array;"

and the noble Flora, and the delightful Baron of Bradwardine. Balfour of Burley slays the guardsman at Drumclog, and the Covenanters preach and fight at the Brig of Bothwell. Edgar and Lucy walk to the haunted spring, and the last lord of Ravenswood disappears awfully into the "Kelpie's Flow," with an effect unsurpassed in any catastrophe of the Greek drama. Norna of the Fitful Head speaks her wild rune of the Reimkennar to the spirits of the north wind; "bold Magnus, the son of the Jarl," Minna Troil, the gallant Cleveland and Claude Halcro feast, love, fight and rhyme in the Udaller's charmed isle. Diana Vernon on horseback clears a five-barred gate, Rob Roy cries "Claymore!" and Baillie Nicol Jarvie fights his Highlander with a hot coulter, and goes up perilously into the

Clachan of Aberfoil. Jeannie Deans stands in presence of Queen Caroline pleading for her sister's life, and Argyle puts his hand to his chin whenever the Queen or the Duchess of Suffolk are in danger of a random hit from the unconscious advocate. Monkbarns discovers a Roman *prætorium*, and Edie Ochiltree comes up with: "*Prætorium* here, *prætorium* there—I mind the bigging o't!" The Knight of the Leopard and the disguised Soldan fight their picturesque battle in the desert, and then feast together under the palms. Richard Plantagenet leaps from his sick-bed in spite of the Hakim, tears down the standard of Austria from the mound at Acre, and hurls the giant Wallenrode from the top to the bottom of it. Dominie Sampson exclaims, "Prodigious!" Dandie Dinmont rears the family of Pepper and Mustard; Dirk Hatterick strangles Glossin, and shoots Charlotte Cushman,—Meg Merrilies we should say; but 'tis all one,—who recognizes young Bertram, and dies hard. Hal o' the Wynd fights "for his ain hand" on the Inch of Perth, in the midst of the clans Chattan and Quhule. Queen Elizabeth holds high revel in the hall of Kenilworth, and Amy Robsart perishes in the fatal trap at Cumnor. Tristran l'Ermite hangs the trees around Plessis lez Tours with Zingaris like acorns. Louis XI. and Charles the Bold ride abreast in the breach of the walls of Liege, and the head of the savage De la Marck secures for the young Scottish knight the hand of Isabel Croye. The Highland widow mourns over her son with a tragic truth and pathos unrivalled. The Last Minstrel sings a wild epic of goblin gramarye—the Leaguer of Branksome, the Lists, the Festival. Roderick Dhu fights for life at Coilantogle Ford, and Allan Bane flings to the dying chief in the cell a picture of the battle of the Trosachs. Constance perishes awfully in convent cell, and Marmion dies like a courageous knight on the field of Flodden:

> "'Charge, Chester, charge; on, Stanley, on,'
> Were the last words of Marmion."

All these and more come thronging at the call of the imagination; and with them pass before the reader or thinker's eyes the extravagant hero of him who "smiled Spain's chivalry away," Dr. Primrose and his delightful family, Parson Adams, Sir Roger de Coverley, Uncle Toby, Evangeline, Leather-stocking, and a thousand other personages which everybody's memory will distinguish for itself, as every eye forms its proper rainbow. These have all the distinctness of historical characters, and it is by an effort we draw the line of demarkation between both species.

And many of these last, and not the least interesting of them, are in fact little better than the fictions of poets, dramatists, and romancers. The histories of the venerable Bede, Geoffrey of Monmouth, Giraldus, Froissart, and so forth, are half imaginative. There are some of the outlines of the truth in them, but the filling up is mostly fiction: "the truth is there, but dashed and brewed with lies." The history of Scotland from the reign of Fergus, and that of Ireland from the days of Heber and Heremon down to the conquest of the country by Strongbow, are just as fanciful as the metrical romances of Scott and Moore. Then for the annals of Greece, Herodotus, who is called the father of history, sets down every thing that popular tradition and the lying priests of Egypt told him. People don't know whether to call the Cyropædia of Xenophon a romance or an authentic work. Plutarch applies the same stories sometimes to different persons, and, with the admirable attractiveness of Hume in our own times, has got a good deal of his incorrectness. Taylor, in his *Annotationes ad Lysiam*, says of this venerable biographer: "*Mendax ille Plutarchus, qui vitas oratorum, dolis et erroribus consutas, olim conscribbilavit.*" With regard to the history of Rome, "the mellifluous copiousness of Livy," says the elder D'Israeli, "conceals many a tale of wonder; the graver of Tacitus etches many a fatal stroke; and the secret history of Suetonius too often raises a suspicion of those whispers, *quid rex in aurem reginæ dixerit, quid Juno fabulata sit cum Jove.*" Niebuhr has got into our old history of Rome, and laid about him like an iconoclast —like Leo the Isaurian come to judgment! He ruthlessly destroys a whole army of our ancient beliefs, and makes almost a solitude of the first ages of Rome, so very wonderful and picturesque in our schoolboy days. He makes a solitude, and calls it history! He demolishes the venerable Numitor and Evander, Mars and Rhea Sylvia, Romulus and Remus; the wolf, too, "the thunder-stricken nurse of Rome," finds as little mercy as the rest: all seem to make themselves air, into which they vanish! Then the Tarquins, their insolence and expulsion; Lars Porsenna—

> "Lars Porsenna of Clusium
> By the nine gods he swore,
> That the great house of Tarquin
> Should suffer wrong no more;"

the siege of Rome, Cocles at the bridge, and Scævola at the flaming altar, are all inventions of Ennius, Fabius Pictor, Nævius, and others! This portion of the annals, says the German critic, should not be termed history, but simply the "Lay of the Tarquins," to take its place along with the "Lay of the Nibelungen." "Livy's *pictored* page" (if we may be permitted to make a critical emendation of Byron's phrase, in the spirit of Warburton's Notes on Shakspeare) is, as we have already suggested, considered to be as fallible as it is brilliant. Thus we have a vast amount of what is called history utterly confounded with the professed creations of fanciful minds; and there seems, after all, to be no very perceptible difference between Homer's Agamemnon or Ajax and the Cecrops and Codrus of Herodotus; between Virgil's Æneas or Dido and the Numa or Clelia of Fabius Pictor: they are all equally distinct or indistinct. Scott's King Richard singing of the "Jolly Brown Bowl," and exchanging a buffet with the Clerk of Copmanhirst, seems as firm on the canvas and as true as Alfred burning the cakes in the hovel, or Knute rebuking his flatterers from a chair upon the strand of the channel.

And even as regards the more modern and authentic annals of history, we scarcely think they have paid much more respect to the actual facts of the world. Sir Robert Walpole used to say to his friends, "Don't read history; that *must* be false." And Sir Walter Raleigh, looking from the window of his prison in the Tower of London, and witnessing a quarrel in the court-yard, and the after-testimony of the by-standers concerning it, was tempted, it is said, to throw his History of the World into the fire, in despair of ever being able to gather any thing like truth from conflicting authorities. And, certainly, the differences of writers of history, their doubts concerning motives, and their disagreements concerning facts, tend to give us very unsettled ideas of history in general. Historians have sent Col. Kirke down to us from James the Second's reign with a black and bloody renown. But he was not half so black as he was painted by the angry Whigs of that and the succeeding times. The story of the poor girl whose husband he hanged before her eyes, after she had too dearly purchased his life, on Kirke's own terms, is said by Ritson to be an impudent, bare-faced lie. Richard the Third enjoys a very bad character, though it is not unlikely the young princes were not murdered in the Tower, and that Perkin Warbeck was the true prince after all. The historians of those Tudor times underlie the strongest suspicions for a crowd of falsehoods calculated to secure Henry VII. and his family on the throne. Then there are Jack Cade and Wat Tyler: they have been receiving cruel wrong at the hands of the historians. They dared, in an age when the rights of the people were but imperfectly understood, and the influence of the feudal system still in its strength, to take up arms and go to war with their king and his nobles, for liberty? Their sufferings and provocations were undeniable, and their spirit was certainly heroic—kindred to that which animated Melcthal, Furst and Stauffacher, at the Brunnens of Grutli. (Pray Heaven we may have put these immortal consonants together correctly!) The Swiss peasants were successful, and are therefore held in everlasting honor. But the Englishmen failed, and are hung up as scarecrows and *ludibria* on the field of history! Wat Tyler and Jack Cade were incited by the same blood which boiled in the face of tyrants at Naseby, Marston, Dunbar, Worcester and elsewhere, which warmed the hearts of the first colonists on Plymouth Rock, and flowed so freely at Lexington and Bunker Hill. We should begin to honor these poor English heroes, in spite of history and—alas! that we should say it—in spite of Shakspeare! It is remarkable to find this myriad-minded man, so full of the finer humanities of our nature, yet incapable of sympathizing with the cause and feelings of the mass of the lower classes: we do not say *people*, because there was no such thing in his days. But Shakspeare was, after all, a man of his era; and as little dreamed of the democratic evangels of our times as he did of the Daguerreotype and the Electric Telegraph.

Then, no man can be sure of the lesser

details of the annals, though he may put faith in some of the great facts. We are not indisposed to admit, on oath, if necessary, that there was such a man as Julius Cæsar; though whether he ever said, "*Quid times? vehis Cæsarem!*" to the boatman; or "*Et tu, Brute?*" when the republicans set upon him in the Capitol, is a matter on which our beliefs are not so decided. Most of these picturesque properties of character and of fact—so to speak—are generally furnished by the fancies and after-thoughts of the narrators for effect, or fabricated wilfully for a purpose. We need not go very far back in history to discover the truth of this. In the great naval engagement, when the French fleet was beaten by that under Lord Howe, the historians of the time set forth that the ship "Vengeur" being terribly shattered by the cannonade, and sinking, her flag still flew, and her defenders went down with her, crying, "Vive la République!" to the last. The French writers did their best to glorify this instance of devoted patriotism; and it was thus transmitted. Carlyle, in his History of the French Revolution, makes quite a cartoon of it with his own vigorous and picturesque pencil. But lo! an English naval officer who was in the battle, seeing one of his own country's writers taking the story, came out in the *Times*, just after Carlyle's book, and showed that the poor devils who manned the "Vengeur," instead of dying with "Long live the Republic" in their mouths, leaped overboard and tried to save their lives as well as they could—small blame to them!—and that some hundreds of them were saved in the British boats. The message carried from the dying Desaix to Bonaparte at Marengo, was a fabrication of the latter. The story of the Duke of Wellington lying in the hollow-square of the Guards at Waterloo, and jumping up with, "Up, Guards, and at them!" is another of the heroic figments—to be classed with those wonderfully fine sayings of the great men of antiquity on grand and critical occasions. And we are concerned to be under the impression that "A little more grape, Capt. Bragg," must be ranked in the same category.

All history, in fact, is more or less fiction. Hume, in one of his letters to Robertson, alluding to the publiction of Murdin's State Papers, which showed several of Hume's published facts in a new light, says, with a great deal of candor: "We are all in the wrong." Indeed, Hume is among those to whom we are indebted for the imaginative coloring of history. He brought a host of Tory prejudices to his task, and a cordial dislike of the tone and tendencies of Whiggery. In this respect our philosophic historian bore a resemblance to Sir Walter Scott—the Tory of a latter generation. It would be needless to go on and give more instances of the discoloration or falsifying of historic facts which the annalists are guilty of. Like the poets,

> ——"they are such liars,
> And take all colors, like the hands of dyers;"

as any body who has read history with Voltaire, or *witnessed* it, like Raleigh or Walpole, can testify for himself.

Imagination, after all, seems to be the complement of the creation, of facts and things—whenever the mind busies itself with these last—the strictly mathematical excepted. If we contemplate nature, it enhances whatever we behold. The mountains, rivers, forests, and the elements that surround them, would be but blank conditions of matter if the mind did not fling its own divinity over them. Nature was thus endowed from the beginning, when men heard voices in the winds, and saw supernatural inhabitants in the uncertain shades of the hills and forests. Beings of an ethereal nature walked the earth—

> "Meeting on hill, in dale, forest or mead,
> By paved fountain or by rushy brook,
> Or on the beached margent of the ocean;"

or were of the number of those who, with Poseidon,

> "Took in, by lot, 'twixt high and nether Jove,
> Imperial rule of all the sea-girt isles."

And the modern lovers of nature, though they no longer recognize the mythologic people of the ancient beliefs in her picturesque wildernesses, clothe her manifestations with the attributes of a great supernal power; and in the towering of her peaks, the murmur of her forests and seas, the roar of her storms, the singing of her nightly stars, find revelations or prophecies of another condition of existence above and beyond this. In this respect the modern poetry of nature has a nobler scope and purer inspiration than the ancient. The imaginations with which the elements about us are clothed upon are far profounder than those of the world's elder families. Shelley, Wordsworth and Byron speculate on the various aspects of nature with a more lofty philosophy and feeling than do Virgil, Theocritus or Lucretius.

In a lower sense the imagination materially imposes upon facts. In contemplating cities, works of art, or even scenes of nature, we almost always appreciate them for the associations that belong to them—the imaginations they excite; at least we seem to do so the more cordially for that consideration. Let us look at a gray, bleak sort of plateau between hills at one side, and the blue sea at the other, and we see nothing, perhaps, to admire. But let somebody come and say, "That is Marathon!" In a moment, while the blood thrills at the word, a glory seems to be lightning over the immortal ground; the air is thick with phantoms;

> ———" to the hearer's eye appear
> The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career;
>
> " The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;
> The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;
> Mountains above, earth's, ocean's plain below;
> Death in the front, destruction in the rear!"

It is this quality of the imagination which gives all old or storied countries that superior charm which they possess beyond new and comparatively unhistoric soils. At sight of battle-fields, religious houses, cathedrals, castles, either in ruins or otherwise, we are gratified in calling up a crowd of shadows from the dust, and finding a sort of mysterious companionship with them, during those passing reveries in which, as Campbell truly says,

> " 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;"

and it is generally true of the human mind that it regards *the past* with a feeling of tenderness. The philosophers or *sans culottes* of the world may say what they please, but people will have a curious sort of leaning and looking to these same "old times." There is a certain charm in Time, who is the dominator of us all; and the ruins and remnants of any thing seem to speak a solemn warning of our own evanescent fate. That belief in the good old times *is an instinct*, so to speak, which has some soul of good in it. It can be very easily demonstrated that these good old times were very rude, ignorant, and, in fact, bad old times; but the innate imaginativeness of our nature will not be reasoned with, and, in spite of ourselves, we are disposed to admit, with the poet, that

> " Not rough or barren are the winding ways
> Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers."

Any thing old and historic is appreciated mostly in proportion as it gives scope to the imagination "to point a moral or adorn a tale" concerning it. We gaze on the wild hill, the vale, the stream, or the forest of a new country with none of those feelings which fill us in beholding similar objects in an old land with the past history of which we are familiar. The former may be as fair or even fairer to see; but as

> " A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him"

of whom Wordsworth speaks, so this object without association is merely what it stands for, and no more. But the other is not so much a place or object as a memory, a romance, a voice of tradition. In that valley is the legendary well, and close by is the inviolable fairy ring; by the stream is the ruined fortalice of some historic, high-handed name, and not very far from it is the old abbey of the Templars, now dwindled to a few ivied walls, three carved arches, and a broken oriel; on that moor was fought a bloody battle in which a king fell fighting with his sword in his hand; on the slope of yonder hill are Druid stones in a circle set up there, certainly, in the remote times of those giants who descended from Thor, and

> " Lived in the olde days of King Artour."

It is greatly to the disadvantage of our scenery that it has not any of these old associations of history or romance. To be sure we have some of the noblest memories in the world entwined with some of our localities; but these are too much in the foreground; they are terribly authentic; they have none of that indistinctness which the imagination loves to live in; they could be sworn to, and are too closely connected with the matter-of-fact condition of things about us. Sometimes we find ourselves regretting, foolishly enough, that we have no fairies on this continent—no fairy mythology. "The fairies of America" is a term that sounds as *impossibly* as "Emperor of America," or as if one were to say, "The Duke of Massachusetts," or something of that kind. To be sure, in the latter case, we are ready to thank God for the impossibility. But, in the other, we should not be sorry to have a crowd of fairy traditions scattered over the flood and field of our republic. However, we must only try and be content with universal suffrage and this system of public school education; though we are poetically convinced that the other state of things would help a good deal to spiritualize the aspects of nature here, and tend to foster the imaginative faculties, now so subservient to the hard, commercial philosophy of the day. Our forests are, undoubtedly, noble objects, whether the breeze steals through their glades and shakes the upper boughs in sport, or the whole distracted army reels struggling and howling under the great buffeting of the tempest,

> "And oaks come down with all their thousand winters."

But these aspects appeal to our higher perceptions of things—to our rarer and more abstract sense of what is great or beautiful. We admire and take to them, as it were, with effort. We cannot feel cordially towards them. Give us, in preference, a sight and sound of what remains of the New Forest, where William the Second

> "By his loved huntsman's arrow bled;"

or of the forest of Arden, where Rosalind wandered in her boy's dress, and the melancholy Jacques met the motley fool. Chimborazo and the Mountains of the Moon are magnificent objects. We prefer the Alps; and so would most people, for the same reason: because they are *the Alps*, the familiar Alps; they are covered with associations as well as snow:

> "A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
> Around them."

The shadows of Theseus, Hannibal, Alaric, Attila, Charlemagne, Napoleon pass through the gorges and under the peaks; the country of Tell lies on one side of this famous Oberland, and the immortal peninsula of the Scipios and the Cæsars on the other; and then the poetry of Byron, Shelley and others is so linked with these lofty localities! Lake Leman, for similar reasons, is preferable to Lake Superior, and the Ægean dearer to the imagination than the Atlantic. After all, we have an idea that the human associations form the most attractive elements of the sublime and beautiful of objects; just as Thomson's poetry is a greater favorite with human nature than Shelley's. The farther you remove a thing from the human associations, the less the human imagination takes to it, the less it likes it, and the seldomer it recurs to it. We could here expatiate a little into metaphysics, and show the soundness of our opinions, from the nature of our moral perceptions. But we shall take some other time for this. We are not going to turn short upon the good-natured and unsuspecting reader in that manner.

In fine, this faculty of the fancy is mixed up with what we consider most real in the world. The preacher calls the world a vain shadow; and the Berkeleyan philosopher calls it a huge delusion of the senses; and Shakspeare says:

> ——"the world is of such stuff
> As dreams are made of, and our little life
> Is rounded by a sleep;"

also, that "nothing is but thinking makes it so." The practical philosophers, therefore, —the makers of railways, the managers of stocks and the owners of the telegraph or telegraphs,—cannot be considered to have the matter all to themselves. The poet and the dreamer will have as much of "the thick rotundity of the world" as they, and certainly the most enchanting portion. Schiller gives us, in an admired lyric, the idea that the imaginative being was forgotten in the distribution of the properties of the earth by Jupiter, but received, as a compensation, a general invitation to the court of the divinities. This nether "maker" or "finder" does still, of course, go up to the windy platform of supernals whenever he has a mind, but not as a matter of necessity. He has vindicated a pretty share in sublunary things, and has got a great many *châteaux en Espagne*, which he lets out to a multitude of tenants, very profitably. W. D.

THE TRENCHARD PROPERTY.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.

A FEW days after, Stephen Randolph sauntered to the mansion house, and finding the Colonel standing on the back piazza, giving directions to a servant, turned away to the cheerful little sitting-room in which he was most likely to find Lucy Montgomery. She was not there at the instant, and to while away the time, he picked up a book that lay upon the table. It was an album, and he opened instinctively at the page which contained the vigorous lines written by himself, at the request of the fair owner. These having been read over with great satisfaction, he turned to the succeeding effusion—a doleful ditty, whose chirography exhibited the professional skill of its author, the master of the village school. It began:

> "One sin, alas! I'm fain to confess—
> Bitter envy, I mean, of this Book,
> Which lovely Lucy deigns to possess,
> Greeting it with so kindly a look."

Randolph smiled complacently, as he compared this poetry with his own. On the next leaf came some really fine and expressive, as well as appropriate verses. He recognized the handwriting of his hated rival, and was chagrined at the excellence of the contribution. At the bottom he read:

"Selected by Charles Middleton."

"Oh! *selected.* Pshaw!"

Some stanzas followed, which were original, with the signature "F. H.," unquestionably standing for Francis Herbert. They flowed off smoothly, and were by no means destitute of poetic merit; yet they were pervaded by a sadly plaintive tone, and testified but too clearly to the morbid sensitiveness of the writer.

Lucy entered unobserved, and glanced over his arm as he read them.

"You see my album is filling up rapidly, Mr. Randolph."

"*It is, indeed;* and if the pieces were all as sentimental as this last one, you would have, I think, an unique collection."

"Poor Frank deserves sympathy and encouragement," she gently answered. "He has many admirable qualities, and if they were only supported by self-reliance and vigor of purpose, he could not fail to have a noble career."

Randolph's lip curled with a slight sneer as he said: "'Tis a pity, as you say, that not being a man, he wants sufficient sense even to pretend to be one. But don't let us talk about him any more; for if he were to know it, he would die of his blushes before he could again gasp out the 'How do you do?' which already nearly suffocates him in the utterance."

She laid the volume away without reply, and taking her sewing, assumed her wonted seat by the fire. Stephen drew his chair close to hers, and after some indifferent remarks had been interchanged, started a new topic.

"*Cousin* Lucy"—for, since the Colonel insisted upon his claim to receive the title of uncle from her, the nephew argued that the relationship must be shared by himself—"Cousin Lucy, the old gentleman has been scolding sharply, and tells me to *reform.* What must I do?"

"Obey him dutifully, to be sure."

"But he finds most fault with me for a matter of necessity; that is, mingling in the society of Delviton. Now there is but one way of escape from this calamity, and my uncle's consequent displeasure. Have you any further advice?"

"Since you know the proper course, all I can say is, adopt it."

"But, Cousin Lucy, though this is a matter in which it is very easy and pleasant for me to resolve, it unfortunately happens that the coöperation of another person is necessary."

"Well, sir, I trust your proposed colleague is not unreasonable."

"Far from this being the case, I refer to the most kind and amiable person in the world—the most considerate and self-sacrificing that you can imagine; yet I have cause for doubt and fear."

Lucy made no observation, and he continued: "Were my now cheerless dwelling but enlivened by the presence of another, whose home it might be for the reason that it was *my* home; one who would guide my wayward fancy by gentle counsel; who, by the daily exhibition of true loveliness of character, would teach me gradually in some degree to imitate what I could not but admire; who would be to me a friend closer than a brother, my companion never to be parted from; one to be loved, cherished, adored! Can you, dear Lucy, be such a one?"

"Mr. Randolph, I cannot."

His impassioned glance was turned full upon hers, which timidly sank beneath it.

"Lucy! think that this is to me a subject vitally real and earnest. The time has *passed* when I could treat it with gayety or trifling; now I leave jesting to others. I throw my whole soul at your feet. You will not, you cannot cast it back to bitterness and despair. You will not withdraw the hand which I seize as my hope of salvation!"

He clasped her fair palm in his, so as to require some degree of force to extricate it. That force was exerted, however, and the hand withdrawn.

Instantly he stood upon his feet; his frame shook with ungovernable passion; every vein of his countenance was swollen, and his flashing eye added intensity to the cruelty of the words which burst from his lips:

"Stay then as you are, a sneaking, penniless dependent; yes! a sneaking, mercenary, hypocritical, fortune-hunting dependent! Stay where you are: rob me of my inheritance, and share it with your base confederate!"

He rushed from the room and from the house, strode down the lawn, and then along the road to the village, at a rate which few could have equalled without absolutely running. It was not till he had reached the side of the tavern that he became sensible of the singularity of his motion, and to recover composure, relaxed into a very slow walk. Around the corner, and in front of the tavern, was quite a throng, composed of inhabitants of the village and others. They had been discussing the late remarkable night occurrences at Colonel Trenchard's. One of them observed:

"I don't somehow believe that *Jim* can have done it. What's your mind, Jack?"

Our old acquaintance, Chapman, the individual addressed, merely answered: "I don't know what to say about it."

"For *my* part," remarked Skinner, the overseer, "I'm inclined to think that old Ichabod was nearer right than wiser folks, after all, and that the Colonel *hung himself*, when out of his head. Indeed, he talks wild about the business even yet. What do you think, Mr. Leach? He says *you* had a hand in it; that he heard your voice through the window."

"That's queer enough," replied Sandy. "I know that I have a rough voice, but I should hardly think it would reach 'way from Davy Chapman's parlor to the house on the hill. If the old man's mind wanders in this way, I really must agree with you, Skinner, that he did the deed himself in a temporary fit of insanity. They say, too, that he was greatly vexed about the injury of his big tobacco crop."

"But did the footprints on the roof and through the corn-field only exist in imagination?" This question was addressed to Skinner by a young man in a green frock-coat, whose fowling-piece and brace of pheasants showed that he had just returned from a hunting excursion. His chestnut hair curled about a face of almost feminine beauty, and his form, though exceedingly graceful, was slight, and had hardly attained the ordinary stature.

"I saw them with my own eyes," said Skinner; "but then it must be considered that Mercer and I thought that they led from the piazza around to the front of the house, and the doctor struck upon the trail that led to Steve Randolph's sort of by guess or haphazard, without tracking them plainly along the grass to where we started from."

"And what reason could anybody have had for doing such a thing?" asked Sandy Leach.

"Truly," said the youth in green, Francis Herbert, "I do not see what motive *Jim* could have had; but as to others, there is more ground for doubt."

"Mr. Herbert, I don't see but he had as much reason as any nigger, and Colonel Trenchard says the man was certainly *black*."

"But how easy and common it is for ruffians to make white black with candle smut, or a coal from the chimney corner!"

"Do you then suspect Randolph?" exclaimed Leach.

"I have not said so; but if I were in his place, and innocent, I should be very restless till the mystery were cleared up."

Stephen Randolph had overheard the latter part of this conversation ere he turned the corner, and stepping up quickly to Herbert, said in a harsh tone:

"I did not understand your remark exactly: repeat it, sir."

Herbert drew back slightly, but answered with firmness, and in a tone which showed a natural resentment at the dictatorial manner of the interrogator:

"I do not remember the *words* I used; but since you desire it, I will tell you my thought: I fervently trust that you are innocent, but cannot help regretting that you do not show more zeal in searching out the culprit."

"Lend me this a moment." This was spoken by Randolph to a bystander, from whose hand he snatched a horsewhip, with which he made several smart blows upon Herbert's shoulder, saying as he did so, "You are a meddling puppy! Take that, and learn to behave yourself."

Herbert's face flushed to a deep crimson at the insult, and then sank to an almost deadly paleness. He raised his fowling-piece, and, with an arm as rigid as if cast of bronze, held it pointed at the breast of Randolph; the hammer was thrown back, and his finger touched the trigger.

Thus both parties stood without motion for a space of time that seemed an age to those around. Then Herbert lowered his gun undischarged. Randolph smiled contemptuously and turned upon his heel. The youth, maddened at the sight, clenched the weapon and again had it half raised; but again he let it sink, and withdrawing his right hand, smote his forehead in bitterness and walked away from the group.

As he left, some of the coarser of the party gave utterance to a brutal laugh. In that discordant sound the loud cachinnation of the worthy Sandy Leach was most distinguishable.

Herbert's agony cannot be described, and few indeed can imagine it in its whole extent; yet he must be less than human who is unable, in some degree, to understand how hard it is to bear a "wounded spirit."

CHAPTER V.

Stephen Randolph's footsteps were yet audible along the hall, when Lucy burst into tears and went to throw herself into the arms of her mother. Mrs. Montgomery, surprised and grieved, clasped her head to her own sympathizing bosom and tenderly sought to know the cause of her agitation. As soon as her sobs allowed her utterance, she briefly related the conversation that had just taken place, and the harsh taunts which had been heaped upon her at its close; and then added, with her tears flowing afresh:

"Mother! mother! let us leave this place instantly; not another hour let us stay."

"But alas! my child, what home have we beside?"

"Never mind, mother; let us trust to God to provide us a resting-place. Better, far better let us be tenants of the poor-house than remain here exposed to such horrible reproaches."

"Dear Lucy, you know not what you say: here we must stay or starve."

"Then if that is the alternative, oh! let us *starve*."

"My child, be calm. What, after all, do the wild words of young Randolph concern us? It is not upon him we are living; no right of his is touched; our own consciences, as well as the candor of Mr. Trenchard, justify us against his passionate charge. Why then should it leave a sting?"

"But, mother, it is dreadful to be subjected to the *suspicion* of such a thing. If we were away from here, the uncharitableness of Mr. Randolph himself could not soil our name with so much as a whisper. Let us pack up and go this very evening."

"*Pack and go?* Who talks about going? Why, what's all this—crying? Lucy, what's the matter?"

"Mr. Trenchard! Colonel! is this you?"

"Mister? Colonel? Why in the name of the old Harry can't you learn to call me *uncle?* Surely your mother's my sister-in-law—and in *reality* too, I shall ever regard her. But what did you say about going?"

"Why, sir, mother and I have come to the conclusion that it is best we should leave the mansion, bidding you good-bye with more gratitude in our hearts for your kindness than our lips can express. Her health, you know, sir, is not very good."

"Well," said Trenchard, with a frown, "is this place sickly? just tell me that!"

"In truth, sir, there are other circumstances which forbid us to trespass longer upon your liberality."

"Come, come, I reckon I understand all about it. Stephen has been here; he left in a towering passion, I'm sure, by his savage walk; he's been saying something to you that he ought not. Confound the rascal! I wouldn't give a dozen like him for one hair of your head. So now be cheerful and like yourself, and I'll cane him if he so much as speaks to you again."

"But really, uncle, I think it is best that we should leave."

"Hush, Lucy! you shan't go; you shan't talk about it; you shan't so much as *think* about it: so be quiet. But whose step was that? Here, Ichabod! Ichabod!"

"Well, Marser."

"Who was it, Ichabod, that came in at the front door just now?"

"Marser Frank. He went right up to his room."

"Not Skinner, then? Ah, well! when Mr. Skinner comes back from Delviton watch out for him and tell him I want to see him about the wheat to be sown in the new field. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir; an' I reckon that's him now: I heard the little gate slam what leads to his house."

"Run then and head him; I'll go to the back piazza."

Thus speaking, the old man trudged away, and was not seen again by Mrs. Montgomery and her daughter till an hour afterwards, when they met him at the dinner-table along with the other member of that family of four, Francis Herbert. The latter was very pale, and spoke less than usual during the meal.

After the garniture of the table was removed, and the servant had left, they remained in their seats some moments according to custom, Colonel Trenchard glancing over the newspaper, and the others conversing. Presently he lifted up his eyes from the journal, and said in his blunt way:

"Frank, is it true, as I hear, that you have taken a horsewhipping in the village this morning?"

The two ladies started and bent their eyes instantly upon the youth. He too was startled by the sudden interrogatory; the crimson current rushed at once to his cheeks, which just before seemed bloodless, and he felt his heart throbbing in his throat. It was some moments before he answered; when he did speak, it was in a tone wonderfully calm:

"Yes, sir, I have received some blows of a whip from Mr. Randolph."

Trenchard replied:

"Well, the Herberts used to be a spunky breed; they must be changed a great sight since. I suppose, however, you are going to challenge him; but that's a poor business. Have no duels, but settle your quarrels, you youngsters, when your blood's warm and there's no sin in it. It is a pity indeed that you let the minute slip. I don't see what other course you have left open for yourself. It's wrong, though, very wrong; but Stephen's not a fellow to back out and ask pardon: it's a pity—pity—pity."

"I agree with you, sir, that duels are sinful, and have no thought of challenging Randolph to one."

"The mischief you haven't! And what then will you do?"

"What can I do?"

"Yes, sure enough, what can you do *now?*"

"What other course, sir, would you have had me pursue *then?* I was fearfully tempted: may I never again have such a struggle to endure. Thank God, I conquered."

"Conquered!" echoed Trenchard. "I don't understand your story: whom did you conquer?"

"Myself."

"Oh, is that it? So you take pleasure in the recollection of your cowhiding?"

All the youth's former agitation, so hardly repressed, returned. His evident suffering excited some compassion even in the stern breast of Trenchard. The ladies showed *their* deep sympathy without disguise upon their countenances, and Herbert, wretched as he was, drew comfort from the sight. Hastily dashing away a struggling tear, h said:

"What, sir, would you have had me d

"Had you do when a man struck yo

Why, strike him back, to be sure. In such a case, don't stop to think on which side the odds are, but jump right into the fellow. I have known many a little man stump a big one. When I was down in New-Orleans, ten years ago, I happened to meet a man who had been long before, and who always will be, more hateful to me than the old boy himself. He was much stouter than I, as well as a great deal heavier, but when I shook my fist in his face on the public street he dared not toe the mark. Well, shortly after I was taken down with the fever, which kept me two weeks; and the first day I tottered out, as thin as a ghost and hardly able to hold my own weight, this cowardly scoundrel took the chance to give me a cut with his whip, as Steve did you; but you may swear he didn't bestow me a *second.* I hadn't my knife, unfortunately, or I would have given it to him in the midriff; but I clapped my fingers around his throat and clinched them tighter than ever cooper hooped a flour barrel. The villain tripped me up in a hurry, for my legs were not as stiff as a pea-vine, but I held my grip; down we came together; he battered my face till the mother that bore me would not have known it. Still I held on, and he grew blue and gasped for breath; then he got his thumb under my right eye and gave one twitch; I winced my head, and the eye-ball slipped from his clutch; the next instant his fingers stretched out with a jerk, his fat carcass rolled upon its back, and I had no call to hang on longer. He was not dead, however, and afterwards revived to do more villainy. I believe in my heart he is anxious to kill *me* in the same way I made him suffer. It is Alexander Leach I mean, that hypocritical buffoon. But to return to the present business. I must allow that you would have had no chance whatever in a regular set-to with Steve Randolph, nor would anybody else have had, for he is as strong as Samson and has the spunk of Lucifer; but then you had a loaded gun."

"And would you really prefer, sir, that I had now your nephew's blood upon my hands?"

"I tell you, Francis Herbert, if I had been in such a situation, I would have shot the man, whoever he might be! If he were *my father*'s brother, I would have shot him *as he stood*—shot him with *deadly* aim."

"But, Mr. Trenchard, could you have justified such an act upon the principles of the New Testament?"

"Frank, God has made man to feel resentment, and feel it most keenly at any thing that wounds our honor; and therefore—and accordingly——"

"Pardon me, sir, for interrupting you; but Christ tells us to subdue such resentment—to hold it in check."

"Well, if it is so, we are not perfect; and surely to kill a man in a sudden passion is not like killing him in cold blood. This is exactly the reason, as I said just now, why duels are so wicked: they are more like rank murders."

"But, Colonel, if you had ever killed a man in a quarrel, do you not think you wauld feel sorry about it afterwards?"

"I have known others, of whom I would not have thought it, to become sorry, and it is possible I might too."

"Well, sir, have you not also known such persons to wish that any thing had happened rather than that they should have another's blood upon them?"

"Yes; Hiram Messenger was just so."

"Then, sir, if it is certain that if I had killed Randolph I should have bitterly regretted it, did I not right to refrain?"

"No, Frank; you were placed in a necessity: a man with a gun in his hand who is horsewhipped is under a necessity to shed blood."

"But I was not in a necessity, for I did not shed blood."

"How did you escape from it, though? What! to stand still under a cowhiding like a slave! It could not be endured."

"Yet, Colonel, as Christians we are bound not to slay except when our own life is in peril."

"Frank! Frank! I am not a member of the Church—you are. I could not act so: if you must, you should turn preacher, and then you would be safe."

"I cannot perceive in myself," answered Herbert, "any special qualification for the sacred ministry, and I should scorn to fly to its protection out of cowardice."

"Be Quaker, then."

"My last reason holds as to this, too, sir; and further, I do not think it right that that principle should be made the distinction of a *sect*, which the Saviour has enjoined as a characteristic mark upon every disciple."

"Frank Herbert," said the Colonel, impatiently, "it is not worth while to talk any more. You are just graduated, and may easily have too much logic for a plain old man like me; but if you are sincere in your doctrines, you of course have no regard in such a case as this for the opinion of the world. You are content to be despised and ridiculed at every public gathering—at every family fireside; to have the very boys point their fingers at you as you pass, and, in ridiculous show, mimic the operation you have undergone; to hear some negro, after being punished for a petty theft in the way in which negroes are punished, tell his companions with a grin, that he can 'stand a lashing 'most as well as Marser Herbert.' You can endure all this, eh?"

Herbert was pale as death, but made no reply.

"So you are quite pleased to be the object of disgust and contempt, or else of humiliating pity; to receive the vilest insults from every bully; to be jeered at, cuffed, kicked; to be avoided by every gentleman and loathed by every woman? All this you must bear, for it is the necessary portion of the coward—or of him, that is, who *seems* to be one."

These last words were spoken after a pause, by way of extenuation, for the old gentleman, in the energy of his application of the *argumentum ad hominem*, had not noticed the increasing emotion of poor Frank, who finally had burst into tears outright. Perceiving his rather awkward apology inadequate to counteract his previous rhetoric, he added soothingly:

"Never mind, Frank; you know me; don't take it hard, my boy. We were only *talking*, of course; you brought on the debate, so you ought not to mind it."

"Excuse me, sir," said Herbert, rising and hastily withdrawing.

There was silence when he left. Trenchard looked alternately at the young lady and the old one. Mrs. Montgomery murmured, "Poor fellow!" Lucy's eyes were directed to the floor, and the long lashes quite concealed their expression. The party then, by a common impulse, separated. Lucy proceeded to her chamber, and to reach it had to pass a pleasant little room which, in the abundance of apartments in that large mansion, had been appropriated by Herbert as a sort of study. The door was a-jar as she stepped lightly by, and she naturally cast a glance within. The young man sat with his head buried in his hands and leaning upon the table. She went on to her own room, but in less than an hour came out again, and walked so softly down the passage that a mouse would not have been startled by a footfall; when she was again opposite the study, she laid her hand upon the latch, and with the same quietness that had marked all her movements, looked inside. There Herbert still sat with his head enfolded in his arms. She entered, touched his shoulder lightly, and said:

"Frank!"

He raised his head, and his lovely visitor perceived that his eyes were almost bloodshot, and that his cheeks showed the ravages of a scalding torrent of tears.

"Ah, Lucy, is it you? Why come to look at me in my wretchedness?"

"Is it not reason enough, Frank, that you *are* wretched?"

"Alas!" he rejoined, "why do you remind me by your company that life has any thing attractive? Lucy, this world has never been an indulgent mother to me; now I am bitterly taught how utterly worthless and intolerable it is. What do I live for? Care—pain—distracting doubts—unceasing torment. Where is the pleasure that I can hope to taste which will not turn to ashes in my mouth? We exist and suffer, but to die at last. Oh! what torture can be worse than that which now rends me body and mind? And to think how trifling a thing might free me from it all: the work of an instant, and then—then—" Herbert covered his face with his hands, but removing them, added, "then a deliverance from this woe—deliverance from the presence of man."

"But you could not," said the gentle comforter, "you could not lay violent hands on that life which it required Omnipotence to give you?"

"No, Lucy, I could not. I am guilty in even cherishing such thoughts. Oh! what have I come to? How have all those resolutions, which I thought stable as adamant, crumbled? But you would pardon me if you knew—what you cannot know—the excess of suffering I have undergone."

"I can feel for you," she replied, "for I too have had to suffer keenly on my own account, and that within the limits of this day. The injuries of us both are inflicted by the same person. We have a common pain caused by a common author. Cannot we then sympathize?"

"What! has Stephen Randolph presumed to offer you discourtesy? Tell it me!"

The youth, as he uttered these words, sprang up as one transformed, and his fine eye sparkled with anger.

"Nay, it was nothing; I merely wished to divert your thoughts."

"Lucy! Lucy! I must know it! What has he done?"

"He has done nothing; he merely said——some inconsiderate words."

"Well, what were those words? Do not vex me with such vague information."

"Well, then," answered the maiden, "though I had no thought of repeating it, since you will have me relate so trifling a matter, he called me"—she blushed and hesitated—"Mr. Randolph called me 'a fortune-hunting dependent.'"

"By heavens! the scoundrel shall rue it!" cried Herbert, pacing the floor vehemently; "he shall retract the base, unmanly slander, or I will cram it down the bully's throat!"

He started to leave the room, but Lucy quietly restrained him.

"What would you do? Will you so soon cease to obey the sacred duty of forbearance?"

"Oh, I forgot—*forgot*." There was something in the *tone* with which these simple words were spoken that must long have rung in the ears of any one who had heard them, so much was there that told of abandonment of hope and energy; of a grief bordering upon despair; of a heart well nigh broken. He resumed his seat by the table, and as at the first, his head rested upon his folded arms.

Lucy was awed by an intensity of emotion so surpassing any thing that can be felt by minds of ordinary organization, and made no sound to disturb his sad revery. What space of time thus elapsed, we have no means of exactly ascertaining; the sun, however, in its descent had nearly reached the horizon, when the young man arose with a countenance as haggard and care-worn as if years of anxiety had left their impress upon it.

"*Lucy,* I want your opinion. I have come to a conclusion,"—he smiled frightfully,—"it is this, that I am, as Colonel Trenchard says, a *coward*: is it not so?"

The maiden looked at him with surprise and apprehension, for she believed his mind wandering.

"Yes, I see," he continued; "your silence acknowledges that you believe me correct."

"No, Frank, you are not a coward; your own heart tells you you are not."

"I am—I must be. This accounts for every thing. No wonder that my guardian reproaches me, that you pity me; no wonder that men cast upon me different looks from what other persons receive; no wonder"—here the muscles of his mouth contracted spasmodically—"that I am—horsewhipped! Wherefore am I made of feebler sinews than any other of mankind? Why is an excess of bodily vigor given to one who is disposed to abuse his gift, rather than to me who would use it to raise, and to heal, and to succor the oppressed?"

"Ah, Frank, ought you not rather to bless God for the *disposition* than to envy those who, without that disposition, incur his fearful displeasure? Choose for yourself. If the Almighty thinks not fit to confer all his gifts upon any one, how can you complain if you possess those which are most desirable?"

"True, dear Lucy. What a wretch am I to dare call in question the propriety of the appointments of my Creator! You are right, you are right. Why should I care for the judgment of man? To do so is not only wicked but weak and foolish."

"I am glad," said Miss Montgomery, "to hear you speak thus once more. That which the devotees of the world might regard as a disgrace, ought rather, as it is in obedience of the law of God, to be reckoned an honor."

"Yes, yes," replied Herbert; "but the thought will recur, 'What do men think?' To be *dishonored*—dishonored for ever! Oh! Lucy, what a fate!"

"Frank! have you never admired the martyrs of ancient time? Have you never felt that you could endure like things to win a place in that noble army?"

"I have—I have indeed; and were I a minister of the gospel, I think I should prefer that field above all others which should most signally try my faith; were it hedged in with pestilence or with fagot, the more eager, I think, I would be to press on."

"Then why not count your present sufferings a martyrdom, and summon a martyr's temper to endure them?"

"So I could, Lucy, were it not for one distinction, which you overlook. Those glorious men who died to bear testimony to the gospel, suffered indeed pangs which I dare not equal mine to, yet they had this happiness, that their *courage* was never called in question. I undergo an agony which to my frail strength is almost intolerable, and I undergo it, I trust, from *principle;* but men—and this makes the bitterness of my lot—men attribute my conduct to pusillanimity. If now some opportunity would only occur, without the sin of my seeking it, to prove my courage in some dreadful danger—but what am I saying? Do I know myself so well? Might not I succumb under such a trial, and then my condition become worse than it is? God Omniscient knoweth, and will direct the matter in mercy. But I dismiss all my doubts and distress. I am a coward indeed, so long as I remain enthralled by them. I see my duty before me, and I will follow it—may Heaven bless the determination—follow it, whatever obstacles interpose, whether it be danger, or, what is harder to bear—yet which I *will* bear—the hatred and scorn of my fellow-men."

"Frank! you are now like yourself."

"I *am* myself, dearest Lucy, thanks to you. How many, alas! have been as sorely tempted, and have not had such a monitor. But fear no longer for me. I may indeed sometimes fail to perform my duty, but never again, so help me God! will I feel grief or shame at *having* performed it. But stay; why do you go?"

"I am not sorry to have stayed so long; but see! it is almost night. It will soon be supper: remember—meet the Colonel firmly."

"Doubt it not. Watch me well, and if I prove unequal to this occasion or any other, then call me craven, and forbid me, Lucy, to tell you how I love you."

Frank perceived, dark as it was, that this observation had brought up a blush, and sprang forward so quickly as to obstruct her passage through the door.

"Stop, Lucy! you must tell me. In case I *should* prove a resolute champion of the truth, will you allow me to whisper what, if you reject it not, I will dare avow on the house-tops?"

"Fy!" exclaimed the maiden, "there is magic at work. Where is that bashful gentleman whom I saw here just now? He has quite vanished and left no trace."

"He is here still," said Frank, at once changing his tone and manner; "have you nothing, Lu—I mean Miss Montgomery—to say to him?"

"Yes," replied Lucy, coolly; "I advise him by all means to refrain from imitating a certain wild youngster, not far off, who presumes to lay restraint upon the liberty of young ladies. So good evening to you."

Thus speaking, she tripped by him and disappeared in the passage.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOURNALISM IN NEW-YORK.*

THE appearance of three new dailies in one month in this city is sufficient to dispel all doubts as to the enterprise of New-York publishers or the capacity of New-York readers. If the establishment of newspapers depended solely on literary men, we should not be surprised at witnessing a much greater number of these too fascinating enterprises than exist among us at present. Writers as a class have not usually very much to lose. They are not particularly distinguished for a distaste to running in debt. They are not given to the calculation of probabilities in the matter of profit and loss, and are always ready for new schemes that may happen to consort with their ambition for fame or their desire of filling their pockets. But men of capital—and publishers now-a-days cannot be otherwise—are more chary of their fortunes, and calculate before they embark in any new enterprise how much they may expect to "realize" from their venture. With them the "uncertainty of human affairs" is ever a living text, and their general sagacity and good sense sufficiently indicate the training which a firm disbelief in what is commonly called "good luck" has given them. We must admit, therefore, that the sudden production of three cheap daily papers in a city which we had imagined overstocked with journals, somewhat startled our confidence in the discernment of New-York publishers. Our established prints already form a portly catalogue. Of commercial sheets we have the Journal of Commerce, senior and junior, the Courier and Enquirer, the Evening Post, and the Commercial Advertiser; among their cheaper and more popular brotherhood, the Express, the Tribune, the Herald, the Day Book, the Mirror, the Sun, the Morning Star, and the New-Yorker; the three latter distributed at the low rate of one cent each. This, it will be seen, is a very large number of daily journals for a city of the size of New-York, and would seem sufficiently great to satisfy our wants and to deter capitalists from embarking in rival speculations. New-York, including Brooklyn and one or two other suburbs, is inferior in size to three of the European capitals, London, Paris, or Constantinople. We might therefore be contented if we did not support as many daily journals as either of the two first-mentioned cities. Yet we find that our newspapers, aided by their new reinforcement, actually outnumber those of Paris or London, or indeed of any other city of the world. And having already so many, we are far from supposing that we shall have no more.

The gentlemen who are severally connected with the Times, the Verdict, and the National Democrat, have probably very good grounds for assuming their present responsibilities. We take pleasure in recognizing most of them, and we speak more particularly at present of the business department, as old hands at getting up newspapers; and we feel sure that they would not have committed themselves to their recent undertakings without first sitting down and counting the cost. They cannot have been deceived by false estimates, or by unfounded advice from interested parties. They cannot be supposed to be ignorant of the public pulse, or of the vexatious contrariety of opinions and difficulty of tastes among the readers who are to furnish the ultimate means for the support of their journals. We are certain, therefore, that having allowed for all necessary and contingent expenses, they confidently reckon on paying all claims and dividing fair profits. No one will deny, in view of their enterprise and their reliance on themselves and the public, that they merit the success which they assure us they anticipate.

Taking it into consideration that these new papers are published on the cheap plan; and that one of them in particular, with an amount of reading matter inferior only to that of two other New-York daily journals, is afforded at one cent a copy; and that to obtain a remunerating circulation they must from the outset be equal at least to their rivals in point of news and literary merit; we cannot but see that they are surronnded by very imposing difficulties. There is, indeed, no city out of the United States in which the publication of a newspaper is attended with so small a tax-expense from government, or in which the inhabitants are such general readers, as the city of New-York. Yet nowhere else does competition reduce the price of newspapers to so low a mark, or dictate so high a standard of literary excellence. The cost necessary to furnish one of our journals with early telegraphic intelligence, authentic correspondence from points of interest, full and reliable mails, and with that style of editorial writing which our improved taste begins to demand, is in itself immense, and seems to one who has never been at the pains to estimate its several items, positively overwhelming. And this aggregation of expense constitutes but one drawback from profits. Paper and ink may indeed be purchased at low rates, but rooms sufficiently large to accommodate the many fixtures of a newspaper are not to be procured in the heart of a city without the payment of a heavy rent, and printers will not be satisfied without they receive pretty nearly the value of their services. Reporters and editors mnst be paid, punctually, if not liberally. Gentlemen of the press are not noted for economy, and generally live so close to their incomes that temporary suspensions of payments involve them in the most disagreeable embarrassments. Their claims at all events must be attended to, even if those of the paper merchant or the stockholders in the concern are suffered to lie over. And if returns come in but slowly—and when at the establishment of a new journal were they known to do otherwise?—there must be a capacious reserve fund to meet expenses. In the history of every journal now prominently before the public there have been times when the most gloomy forebodings were rationally indulged by its proprietors; when the hopes they had entertained of the responses of public sympathy seemed illusive and of doubtful realization; and when the energy that had hitherto sustained them seemed to be deprived of its ultimate dependence. We cannot be accused, then, of looking at these new enterprises with a discouraging aspect if we respond to the sentiments of distrust and solicitude which, in spite of their bold and cheerful tone, display themselves in the prefatory remarks of their conducters, and confess an anxious interest in their fate. And should any of them fail to survive the year of their birth, we shall attribute such misfortune rather to an inevitable opposition of circumstances than to a want of honest endeavor or of faithful study of popular needs.

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* The Verdict.
The National Democrat. } New-York, September, 1851.
The New-York Daily Times.

The press of New-York, whose recent enlargement we have thus chronicled, although it shares many of its characteristics with that of other cities and of the country at large, constitutes, from various causes, a subject of peculiar interest. Perhaps among the least of these may be noticed the especial consideration it enjoys abroad—a consideration which we have sometimes been puzzled fully to account for. As New-Yorkers, although by no means unconscious of our advantages or our importance, we are certainly mindful of the existence of other cities near our own, but little inferior in point of size, possessing equal facilities of education and popular improvement, lying equally open to commerce and to foreign investigation, and equally distingnished for cultivation of pure literature and the arts. We do not forget that in this country circumstances render it impossible for any one city to be the focus of the intellect of all, or to monopolize the materials of any department of literary activity. A central capital and a jealous regard on the part of our rising cities for their own rights and reputation, combine to prevent the largest commercial emporium of America from ever assuming that position as a dispenser of intelligence, and an authority for opinion, which is so unhesitatingly and ungrudgingly accorded to London by sister cities. For our own part we are content to regard ourselves as but one among many, and to prefer an exclusive claim to nothing which we cannot prove to be peculiarly our own. But when the foreign press has occasion to speak of American journalism, it invariably selects that of New-York as the representative of the whole, and according to the current tone of our own prominent sheets draws conclusions favorable or unfavorable to the spirit of our institutions and people. As a specimen of this generalization, which, however gratifying to our vanity, or to a desire for notoriety which may exist in a portion of our journalism, can hardly be said to proceed from a fair review of facts, we quote the following from an article in the Foreign Quarterly, published a few years since in reply to certain statements on the part of one or two American prints, which had given great offense in England:—

> "It will not do, after this," says the reviewer, "to speak of the 'Herald' but as the most popular and largely circulated sheet in America. It is popular in the proportion of its infamy and indecency. It is accounted clever, only because frightfully reckless of all moral restraints; a recklessness most effective in that condition of society. 'Have no money dealings with my father, for, dotard as he is, he will make an ass of you.' What money gives to the miser, the utterly reckless man, no matter how imbecile and ignorant, is endowed with by the party passion of America. It gives him what stands in the stead of intellect, of honesty and virtue. The extraordinary influence of a great English advocate used to be explained by the remark, that there were twelve Scarletts in the witness box. We cannot explain the hundred thousand readers of the 'New-York Herald' except on the supposition of a hundred thousand Bennetts in America." * * * * *
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> "If we are asked whether we suppose it possible to check the further advances of the democratic tendency in the United States, we answer, No; but that most possible and practicable it would be, by a very different course from that which is now pursued, to guide, to elevate, to redeem it, to conduct it to a noble and enduring destiny. As it is, every thing swells the forces of society in one direction, against which not a single effective stand is made in any one quarter. In this state of things the 'New York Herald' made its appearance, some eight or nine years ago, and found society thoroughly prepared for its career of infamous success. In one immense division, utter recklessness; in the other, where safety lay, utter indifference. And what a lesson for some present resistance against dangers still to come, is embodied in the past course and influence of this terrible foe to decency and order! All those vices of the republic which should have been gradually wearing away—the prying, inquisitive, unwholesome growth of a young and prematurely forced society—have been pampered and bloated to increased enormity. For as nothing breeds so rapidly as vermin, the 'Herald' brood, within this brief space of years, has almost covered the land. We are told, and we can well believe it, that the 'Herald' has imitators and worthy disciples in very nearly every small village, town, or city in America. It seems at first incredible that no strong effort should have been made to resist all this, but a little reflection explains the cause."

With the charges against the Herald contained in the above extract we have, of course, nothing to do. But its sentiments are precisely like those of the entire foreign press. It accuses us, as a nation, of a proclivity to political and social recklessness, from which we are, to say the least, as free as most of our neighbors; and ascribes to New-York newspapers an influence to which their vanity, even in its most inflated mood, can hardly lay claim. And we are told that the New-York press is imitated by that of other cities, and the nation at large, not in its literary excellence, or its enterprise, or its range of information, but in that lawlessness and grossness from which it has not at all times been exempt. We are given to understand that New-York is the centre of criminality for the United States, and that its journals are the radiations by which its evil influences extend to all parts of the Union. We think differently. We think that the newspapers of New-York maintain the larger share of that influence which they may possess throughout the country, through the commercial and industrial power of the metropolis whence they emanate. Their ability, the good sense and the good writing which their columns contain, and the sagacity for which we must give them especial credit, are also not without weight in commending them to the careful notice of all American readers. But their occasional derelictions from political honesty or personal candor do not meet with that general sympathy which our national enemies might wish to see. Many of the severest lectures they have received have been read them by the country press. Many of the sharpest criticisms to which their sentiments have been subjected have proceeded from journals in other cities, or in the interior. And so well are their opinions sifted before they are received into the creed of our citizens, that it is a little surprising they should so entirely represent the nation abroad. For we are safe in saying that one half of intelligent Englishmen and Frenchmen who read their own papers imagine, from the origin of the transatlantic extracts therein contained, that New-York is to the United States what London is to England, or Paris to France. This may pass for what it is worth, as a tribute to our metropolitan vanity.

If it were not that the cheapness of American newspapers has ceased to elicit surprise at home, we should be disposed to indulge in a few paragraphs of admiration at the quantity and quality of reading matter which we purchase for two cents in a copy of the Tribune, or in the frequent double sheet of the Herald, or for one cent in a copy of the Times. We dare say this cheapness is to be easily and satisfactorily accounted for. The Times is an experiment; but as its proprietors know very well what they are doing, we see no reason why we may not speak of it as a fixed fact in New-York journalism, and rank it among the profitable sheets we have just mentioned. These papers have, then, in the first place, an immense circulation. The daily issue of the Tribune is about twenty thousand copies, and that of the Herald often equals twenty-five or thirty thousand. The Times, at its present low rates of subscription, may confidently reckon on an equal, and perhaps a greater circulation. One great element of cheapness, a wide sale of the manufactured article, is thus attained. Printing machinery has been brought to a degree of perfection which leaves us almost nothing to hope for, so long as we doubt the possibility of obviating friction, or of discovering a more economical motive-power than steam. The labor of the composing and the press-room has been systematized, until human fingers have arrived at their ultimate capabilities. The philosophy of advertising has been ingeniously pushed to its ripest development. Editors and sub-editors have probably learned to compose sentences as rapidly as their fingers will transcribe them. All this facilitates economy, and goes very far towards doing away with what might otherwise seem an inexplicable wonder.

A page of the Times is made up of six columns, each column containing one hundred and sixty-five lines of leaded type, or two hundred and ten lines of close type, or two hundred and fifty lines of newspaper minion. Of the twenty-four columns of the paper, from eighteen to twenty are filled with reading matter, two thirds of which is editorial, consisting of articles on political subjects and current affairs, reviews of new books, "city items," and condensed paragraphs from the mails. A leaded column of the Times contains over twelve hundred words; and as much of its editorial is printed in smaller type than that on which we have based our estimate, we can safely reckon the quantity of editorial matter at 14,400 words, equal to eighteen pages of this Review. The remainder of the original matter, consisting of correspondence, reports, and financial intelligence, swells the amount to upwards of 24,000 words, equal to thirty pages of this Review. When we consider that this quantity of matter is renewed daily, and can never be suffered to decrease; that its preparation requires the constant services of a large force of sub-editors and reporters, who must be fairly remunerated for their labor; that the quality of what is written must never fall below a standard which the taste of those readers at whose patronage a first-class paper should aim has already set very high; and that the white paper on which it is printed costs about two thirds of a cent; we cannot but think that the science of newspaper production has been pretty faithfully studied. How large a circulation will justify this extreme cheapness we have no means of accurately determining, but we think it must at least equal twenty thousand copies. The Times probably reckons on thirty or forty thousand subscribers, and we do not see how it can divide fair profits on its invested capital with a less number.

The Tribune and the double-sheet Herald each consist of eight six-columned pages. Five of these pages are filled with reading matter, by far the largest part of which is editorial and correspondence. The price of these sheets is two cents each, and the paper on which either of them is printed cannot cost less than one and a quarter cents. They are each liberal pay-masters to all in their employ, and afford handsome remuneration for accepted contributions. The number of advertisements in each by no means equals that of any one of several other city journals, while their subscription prices are much lower; yet such is the largeness of their circulation, that they are yielding what may seem to some enormous profits. It was stated a few months since, on as good authority as financial gossip can ever lay claim to, that the dividend of the Tribune for the past year was over seventy thousand dollars.

We have mentioned these examples of cheap journals in New-York, not for the purpose of comparing them with journals in other countries, beyond all of which they are vastly cheaper, but simply because they are the most complete triumphs of capital and skill which we have thus far witnessed in the history of the American press. Leaving their qualities out of view, of which indeed it would be invidious to speak, in the matter of cheapness they are without rivals in our largest cities after New-York—Philadelphia, Boston and New-Orleans; and we need hardly say, in the country at large. The wonder they excite abroad is perfectly natural. The Londoner who pays five pence for a copy of the Times may well be surprised at seeing the Tribune, containing nine tenths the quantity of reading matter of his favorite journal, sold for a penny. And his surprise is all the greater because he has all along regarded its more costly neighbors, such as the Courier and Enquirer and Journal of Commerce, as prodigies of cheapness—papers which most of our citizens would think it decidedly extravagant to buy.

A singular feature in the journalism of New-York is its political complexion. Most of our readers know that the two great parties are about evenly balanced in this city. From an acquaintance among our business men one would conclude that New-York was Whig, but the election returns show that we may safely calculate upon an equal number of ins and outs between the Whigs and Democrats. Our journals, however, would not seem to indicate this. Whig sheets crowd upon us as we write their names—the Courier and Enquirer, the Tribune, the Express, the Commercial Advertiser, and others; but until the appearance of our latest acquisition, the National Democrat, the Evening Post has represented the entire Democratic press of the city. As may be readily supposed, this state of things has not been quietly suffered, and numerous attempts have been made from time to time by our Democratic friends to establish a journal around which, to use their favorite expression, "the masses might rally." Singularly enough in the history of a party that polls votes in this city by tens of thousands, these attempts, although backed, as we have reason to know, by a good deal of hard work, have uniformly been failures. Had we written this article a year ago, we should have been in time to chronicle the expiring issues of the "Globe," a Democratic paper which, after struggling for a twelvemonth, was discontinued for lack of support. In sober verity we mourned over the death of the Globe, for it was a very well-disposed, well-conducted sheet, and seemed killed more by fatality than by bad management. It was very much better than any of its predecessors, and died much harder; and as its successor is decidedly better than all, we hope it may hold on to life with more tenacity. We like the tone in which the editor of the National Democrat speaks of his paper, and the causes of the ill success of its forerunners:—

> "We have had some experience in writing the editorials of *first numbers* of new papers, and especially Democratic papers in this city. If they have failed, after we left them, to make their appearance daily, the fault was not ours. We never had any charge of them when it became necessary to write their valedictory; nor have we ever mourned over their exit. They often did more good by dying than they did while living. The vitality that was in them was of that effeminate character that it would have been difficult to decide whether it did really belong to any active, intelligent, and living commodity.
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> "But our thirty-odd thousand Democrats in this city have been so long without a daily morning sheet, that they will, undoubtedly, look upon a pure specimen of the article as quite a curiosity; and will at least introduce it into their families just to see how it looks and what it says. We intend to furnish it to them, we hope, for many years to come. We do not enter the field this time at the suggestion of others, having no care except to receive a certain number of dollars and cents for what we contribute to the columns of our journal. We wish to try the experiment with a view of ascertaining whether it is not possible to build up a permanent Democratic daily morning sheet in this great metropolitan city. Many are of opinion that it requires a large capital to accomplish this. This we have not got, nor do we expect to have. But we believe there is enterprise and means enough among our Democracy to give our project a fair trial. The majority of our city population is Democratic; the majority of the people of the Union is Democratic; and so is the majority of the people of this State. When it is asserted that they will not support a well-conducted journal that advocates pure Democratic doctrine, a stigma is cast upon the intelligence and liberality of the Democratic party. It will be our object to prove that this disparaging assertion is untrue. We will labor with energy and zeal in our new vocation. * * *
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> "It cannot be denied that every Democratic journal which has been started of late years in this city has lingered out a brief and sickly existence, and then yielded up the ghost, without even a natural spasmodic struggle to prolong its life, and without much seeming disappointment on the part of the proprietors, or regret of the party to whose service its columns had been devoted, as the exponent of their principles. So common has been the failure of Democratic

> journals in this city, that it is generally supposed that after the election is over the paper must go down. So often has this prediction been verified, without even a single exception, that the people appear to be anxiously awaiting the anticipated result, as though it were a fixed fact. We have no doubt that there are a great many honest and well-meaning Democrats who would, for the moment, feel disappointed if our paper did not break down immediately after the election. We can see no good reason why a Democratic paper should not succeed in a city of more than half a million of inhabitants, and with a natural majority of Democrats. At all events, we intend to try what industry, energy, and perseverance will do."—*National Democrat*, Vol. I., No. 1.

It is even true that a city which yields to none other in the world in readiness to imbibe political feeling and foment political excitement, has for many years supported more or less neutral papers, while with a solitary exception those journals that have been devoted to one of its two great parties have languished and died. The "Sun," a neutral sheet, possesses a larger daily circulation than any other journal in New-York, and perhaps than any other in the world. The Herald has never suffered from lack of patronage, and several smaller neutral papers within the shadow of the Sun and Herald establishments are enjoying the stimulus of very healthy incomes. We are not aware of any other city whose journalism presents so anomalous a feature.

The weekly papers of New-York are many in number, and of various characteristics, exhibiting in a marked degree the enterprise that distinguishes our daily press. They outnumber the dailies some two or three to one, and one who is disposed to ascertain their exact number by personal research will weary himself in stumbling through the intricacies of Nassau and Ann streets before he has half completed his task. Although English writers are apt to speak of their weekly journalism as the most perfect in the world, we are persuaded that our dignified and semi-naturalized "Albion" will not yield to the "Examiner," memorable though it be in the name of Albany Fonblanque; and that the "Spirit of the Times" may very well compare with "Bell's Life in London." We must, however, confess that our various hebdomadal imitations of inimitable "Punch" have been failures. We are of the opinion that a paper precisely like Punch cannot be sustained by us at present. The experiment has been tried, often and faithfully, and "our first humorists" have been engaged to contribute, but such dismal sheets as "Yankee Doodle" and "The Town" have been the sole consequences. Punch's wit is emphatically the wit of society; society of long duration, complex institutions and clearly defined features, open alike to the most trenchant and the most delicate satire, and sufficiently rigid to be often attacked at the same points without losing those peculiarities that have provoked assailants. Foreigners are obtuse to the wit of Punch. It plays wholly on the national, and would cease to exist if it ceased to be English. But as a matter of fact, we have as yet no society, if we may in the term include those different conditions of ancestry, education, modes of thinking and modes of living which make up the social life of a body of people whose disposition of circumstances has not been broken in upon by revolutions or immigration. And so it results that when our pictorial satirists have used up the "B'hoys" of the Bowery and the "Suckers" of the West, they have very little left to fall back upon. This may partly explain our lack of a national Charivari; and it is also true that we cannot at once change Brother Jonathan's long face to a round one, or occupy ourselves in hunting up materials for laughter when each one of us has quite enough to do at getting his dinner.

Most of the New-York weeklies, like their contemporaries of Philadelphia and Boston, are intended expressly for country circulation, and are of large size and very heterogeneous contents. It is not uncommon to find one of them devoted to a dozen or twenty different objects of interest, taste or study, among which literature and the fine arts have hardly enough elbow room to make themselves visible. Very many of our cheap "blood and thunder" novels, written by "Harry Hazel," or "a distinguished naval officer," or "the most eminent of our rising novelists," have first appeared serially in the columns of certain of these weeklies, where, we doubt not, they gave great satisfaction. We have also seen in the columns of these identical sheets valuable disquisitions on the deepest matters of philosophy, essays on religious subjects that might have been penned by a Doctor of Divinity, agricultural treatises whose perusal would benefit a thorough-bred farmer, and candid reasonings on politics and the affairs of the nation. This versatility, or comprehensiveness, as Bulwer Lytton would style it, has been also profitably adopted by the Sunday press, in whose columns, in addition to their overwhelming mass of town gossip, theatrical criticism, and serial fiction, one often meets with sermons from our celebrated clergymen, appearing a little awkwardly, it must be owned, among their unwonted companions; like a sober youth suddenly tossed into a party of gay roysterers whose amusements he is somewhat puzzled to share.

Notwithstanding the reputation of hard work and inadequate remuneration attendant upon the profession of a journalist in a large city, and the precarious future which is ever represented as forming the bounding horizon of his path, there is no lack of recruits of all ages and of all degrees of talent to the great army of writers for the press who find subsistence in New-York. The advice constantly given to all such eager aspirants for the honors and rewards of literature by our leading editors and journalists, is regarded by them as fallacious and unfounded; and never having been called on to undergo the difficulties against which they are cautioned, and from which it is in their own power to remain aloof, they feel very little hesitation in committing themselves to an undertaking which presents so many attractive features to the man of talent without capital, and yet in whose successful prosecution capital is so largely and vitally concerned. Upon the establishment of a new paper, therefore, in this city, offers of service in its various departments are sure to come in upon the proprietors with most perplexing obtrusiveness, and with a pertinacity that in most cases seems to admit of no denial. As an instance of this, we may mention that the conductors of the Times, in addition to the numberless negatives which they dispatched to applicants during the summer preceding the appearance of their journal, were obliged to let sixty or seventy applications lie over to be publicly answered in their first number, owing to sheer want of time to attend to them by letter. And there is no one of our leading journals that does not daily receive offers of literary service from writers in various parts of the country, many of them proposing quantities of labor and terms of compensation which, it is not too much to say, would not be submitted to by one artisan or day laborer out of a hundred.

To one of impulsive sentiments and little forethought, the profession of a writer for the city press is undoubtedly fascinating. In sober truth, and without arrogating to newspapers any purities of honor or dignities of thought which our common sense tells us they can never possess, the position of a journalist, and especially a journalist in a large and influential city, is necessarily even more than respectable, and can be made of eminent reputation if its incumbent practise those manly virtues which are deemed necessary to the integrities of private life. It disowns all circumstances of wealth and fashion, and bespeaks for the man who holds it a reception into the society of refined and intelligent men and women, which property, unaided by education, might seek after in vain, and which can only be forfeited by violations of good breeding, or derelictions from personal honor. It at once inducts him into the free-masonry of intellect and art. It throws him professionally among authors, painters, musicians, and the favored few whom fortune makes the Mæcenases of current genius. It gives him the *entrée* of the concert room, the gallery, the senate chamber, and the studio. It spreads before him an array of privileges, whose purchase would demand a fortune, and which renders him for the time contented with what pecuniary recompense he may receive, and oblivious of all drawbacks which the future may have in store for him.

Nor are the duties of the novitiate journalist so severe as to discourage his ambition, or his ardor for his vocation. Youth is strong and healthy, and the effects of the close atmosphere amid which he performs his work, and the sedentary constraints he is obliged to undergo, may be nullified by that exercise in the fresh air, and wholesome carelessness in hours of recreation, which is common to most young men who are placed within reach of the stimulating activities of busy life. His duties have not yet palled upon him, and he has not reached those anxieties of existence, those murmurings at the superior success of others, those solicitous longings after better fortune, which pertain so invariably to men of middle age. He sees other young men about him working harder than himself, and receiving less pay; young lawyers drudging at copying for the mere privilege of a good "seat;" newly-created M. D.'s toiling through hospitals and private sick-rooms in back-streets, with no other reward than "seeing practice;" clerks in their third and fourth years barely clothing themselves from their salaries; and he congratulates himself on his easy and profitable occupation. And at this time of life, while ahead in the race and feeling no diminution of vigor in view of the ground yet to be passed over, it would seem that at least an equality in social circumstance and possession of this world's goods might be attained in after years by one so highly favored at the commencement of his active life.

But, unfortunately, men of the press rarely possess those habits of economy and calculation that attend the progress of rising business men, with whom it has at first been a matter of great difficulty to earn their living. Indeed, as a class, they are noted for extravagance, for disproportionate and heedless expenditure, for carelessness of the future, and for a constant enjoyment of empty pockets. Their habits of life are not calculated to produce caution in spending money or forethought in saving it. The younger *employés* of a newspaper establishment are paid weekly, and are in consequence exposed to the almost irresistible temptation of a small and constantly-recurring surplus; in each case a trifle in itself, a few dollars more or less, yet a noticeable aggregate in the course of the year, and which if laid up would swell to a firm and useful capital by the time its owner possessed sufficient experience in his profession to make it available. But such savings are rarely practised. What remains after maintenance disappears amid suppers, recreations of the turf and water, expensive presents, and importunate companions; and the end of the year finds the journalist as poor as at the beginning. And such courses of life rarely fail to perpetuate themselves. If with abundant means of saving, you have accumulated nothing at the expiration of one year, the chances are that with increased facilities you will have saved nothing at the end of another. If for a length of time you have suffered irregular hours and irregular overflows of pocket to conquer your notions of steadiness and economy, you will find it difficult in future to be steady or to save. It is melancholy to see men growing old as hack-writers, as poor as when they commenced their career; fortunate indeed if year by year they are permitted to retain their places, and are not ousted by fresher and younger rivals. And such is almost sure to be the destiny of men of the press in large cities, unless they overcome early in life the injurious influences of their profession of which we have just spoken. They cannot expect to be exempt from those conditions under which they live in common with other men. In our centres of civilization, capital is a rigorous deity, whose favor must be propitiated, no matter by how great sacrifices. Clerks, to be merchants, must have capital, must have saved, if they have not inherited it. We ask pardon for uttering so obvious a truism, but it is a text equally applicable to hired journalists, and we think pretty generally forgotten by them. The writer who has capital enjoys an advantage over his brother writer who has nothing but his salary to depend upon, precisely like that of the moneyed business man over the salesman or book-keeper whose expenditure constantly equals his income. One is independent, and the other dependent. One has it in his power to order; the only option of the other is obedience. One, having the power to plan, finds pleasure in contemplating his future; the other, possessing very little on which to build his hopes, narrows himself to the dubious existence of the moment. The income of one is continually increasing in arithmetical ratio, while that of the other, after a certain lapse of time, remains invariably fixed. Spendthrift clerks do not often rise to the command of establishments; and the writers who eventually become editors and proprietors of city journals will, in most cases, be found to have saved their money, and to have relied as much on their pecuniary as on their mental capital.

We say "most cases." We would leave room for occasional triumphs of eminent talent over all drawbacks of extravagance, recklessness, and irregularity. But such triumphs, every practised observer will own, are rare. We think that intelligent industry is a better guide to success than spendthrift talent. And, in fact, to write well for the newspapers, does not require a very large degree of native talent: it demands little more than that ability which moderate intelligence may acquire by faithful practice. "Men may think," says Bulwer Lytton, "that it is a deuced easy thing to write for the papers; but if they try it once, they will see how much they were mistaken." We agree with this remark. It is *not* an easy thing to write a creditable newspaper article. In our own observation, men of undoubted abilities, but of small experience in writing, have appeared very discreditably in print. But they would not have made a much better figure at laying brick, or at navigating vessels, or at any other craft with which they were not practically acquainted. Writing for the press is a profession—a craft. Men of ordinary abilities may labor at it to good advantage, and between the respective productions of any two newspaper writers, the eye may see no more difference than between two contiguous brick walls laid by different masons. And then it is not until after years of service, that journalists are allowed the privileges of the strictly editorial columns, where genius, and certain kinds of talent, native to but few men, and acquired only by infinite difficulty, can alone display themselves. One man may write a better leader than another; may be acquainted with more facts, and have a better faculty of drawing inferences from his stock of information; may have a more copious fund of allusion; may be better able to satirize a political enemy, or dignify a party friend; may reason away prejudices more skilfully, and advance doubtful propositions with a better grace: but genius is not a better hand at the scissors than industry; and "city items," fatal accidents, military parades, freaks of mad oxen, personal rencontres, variations of the thermometer, and horse-thief committals, may be chronicled as well by unknown scribblers as by Messrs. Greeley or Bryant themselves. It is among such themes as these that young journalism finds its occupation, and those of its members are wise who seek in the exciting task of making them known to the public a source of pecuniary profit, as a backer in after years, rather than a fame, whose attainment is, to say the least, problematical.

But if a writer be sufficiently healthy in mind and body to withstand the wearing effects of a long probation in duties which often lose their interest, and seem but drudgery in comparison with the higher labors of the press; and sufficient forethought to save his money, while there are no special drafts upon his purse; the eminence he will eventually gain in the journalism of a great city will be both honorable and profitable, and will seem not unworthy of the sacrifices that have purchased its attainment. For in no other country beside our own can the journalist—the editor—speak his mind fully on the great topics of social and political welfare, and thus perform his real and whole duty. We would not lower the freedom of the American press, by comparing it with that of any of the continental monarchies; and we shall look in vain among the servilities and the aristocracy-worship of London journals, for that independence and boldness which characterize our own. It will be difficult to find a foreign sheet that dare speak its real sentiments upon prominent national subjects, till it has first ascertained that what it may say will not provoke the active wrath of government. London newspapers find it for their interest to be obsequious to court dictates; the Parisian press, enjoying a larger liberty than any other in Europe, is constantly watched by the police. With us, it is needless to say, there are no such restraints. Our press, expected, and in most cases disposed, to observe the rules of decency and order, is privileged to speak its mind on all subjects with which it is concerned, with the assurance that its opinions will meet with such a reception as their honesty and value may bespeak. And although no one pretends that newspapers form public sentiment, or create creeds and systems of belief where none before existed, it is a grateful truth to the journalist, that he has the privilege of laying the results of extended information and practised reasoning powers before a large audience of intelligent men and women, and of compelling the assent of candid minds to what is undeniably true, whether fact or theory, but which, had it not been proved, might have ever remained disbelieved. A well-informed, truth-loving, and independent editor has the satisfaction of knowing that his readers are predisposed to side with his views, regarding him as a closer student of public affairs than themselves, and as a better authority in doubtful and difficult questions. Thus, although they may think strongly and even obstinately for themselves, they are inclined for the sake of bettering and fortifying their main conclusions, to square with the expressed views of one whose especial business it is to record and draw inferences from facts with which he is better acquainted than themselves. Perhaps their ideas are misty about certain matters not of every-day mention; the refracting medium of editorial intelligence clears away the fog, and presents to them their former notions in definite and tangible form. And often, for the mere sake of convenience, they permit opinions, of whose ultimate issue they are careless, and whose paternity they would deny, if at any time proved to be unfounded or mischievous, to flow in such channels as the practised hand of the journalist may indicate.

Without assuming to the journalism of New-York an influence over the thoughts of this nation greater than that enjoyed by the press of large and emulous cities on either side, it is not too much to say that it is vastly more influential abroad. A fact mentioned a few pages back readily explains this. The papers of New-York represent the American press throughout all Europe. The Philadelphia "North American" and the Boston "Atlas" may scarcely be known at London, at Paris, or at Berlin; but the Tribune, the Herald, the Courier and Enquirer, are in all foreign reading rooms, on the tables of all literary men, whether German, English, French, or Italian; read by diplomatists, scholars, politicians, merchants, and circulated to an astonishing extent among the common people. We need not enlarge upon the importance of the field thus open to the inculcation of republican opinion, or the privilege our journalism thus enjoys, of being the medium of free opinion from our highly favored nation to others less advanced in the study of those first truths which despotism has ever striven to keep in obscurity. It will, indeed, be an unpardonable fault, if a press so peculiarly honored shall ever retrograde in honest thinking or honest speaking, or shall content itself with looking on while freedom is at war with oppression.

In conclusion, we would congratulate the entire American press on its many improvements in style and tone which it has been our pleasure to witness of late years. That spirit of rancor, of jealousy, of low abusiveness, of unwillingness to see any thing of good in opponents, of blind subserviency to the basest uses of party, in which so many of our journals were steeped, has, we are glad to say, wonderfully diminished, and the courtesies and refinement of education and manliness are fast taking its place. We do not err in saying that scurrility is no longer at a premium, and that a reputation for political malice and personal abusiveness is bad capital on which to build up a newspaper. We are creating a name for national enterprise and good behavior, which the mass ot our citizens are unwilling should be perilled to gratify dishonest editors, or bribe-taking publishers. Foreign advances, too, are stimulating our own ambition, and American journalists are mending their style as well as their spirit; are learning to say what they have to say in the best manner, and with the aid of those graces of which their predecessors were ignoramt. And there are no reasons why we may not augur constant improvements in future, and predict a time when our journals shall be models to the world for courtesy and literary grace, as well as for independence, enterprise, and adaptation to popular wants.

EVENINGS WITH SOME FEMALE POETS.

SECOND EVENING.

Scene: In the midst of our books. Table with papers, decanter, glasses, and smoking machines.
Present: JOHANNES; BELLOWS.

JOHANNES.—Well, I have not been disappointed by glancing over that book. I expected to find nothing in it, and I have found *very* little, and that little was not new to me. Imitation seems to be the great burial-ground of our female poets, and I might add, of our male poets too, with few exceptions. Our ladies, more than those of any country on the blooming countenance of the jocund earth, have the faculty of making verses, and respectable verses too, at times; but the high art of poetry, in the general hurry of stitching *lace* and *face, love, dove* and *glove* together, is entirely forgotten, or if not forgotten, only recollected to be discountenanced and sneered at. A perfect defiance seems to be cast at Thought. Ideality, the faculty of imagining, creating or making, is only used in making clean paper ridiculous, and fancy is only paramount in the evidence that those ladies write fancying they are poets. It would be a great blessing for readers if the five sixths of our ladies who now deluge the magazines and journals with verses, to the infinite destruction of nice white paper, would adopt Moore's lines as their creed, and ponder well on the third line:

> "Take back the virgin page,
> White and unwritten still:
> *Some hand more calm and sage*
> The leaf must fill."

You may say that the very fact of their continually writing shows what a great imagination they must have; and I will agree with you that it takes a long stretch of that faculty in themselves to believe what they write is poetry. Yes, I will say, in that respect they do not lack imagination. I should decidedly say that the faculty in them was of the order called India-rubber. Apropos of this, I have made a discovery: there are three or four orders of this faculty, concerning which I am going to correspond with my physiognomical and philosophical friend Redfield, to direct his attention to them, that he may arrange them with the scientific references which their great characteristics demand. First, I have the *Papier Maché* order of Ideality, which has the effect of keeping the brain in that sort of softness indicated by the title *maché*, which fits it essentially for receiving impressions and for rolling itself into the moulds of other minds, and coming out with an appearance, not altogether original as may be expected, not altogether displeasing, which is not to be wondered at, for the shape is not its own; not altogether imperfect, which may be anticipated, for it wears otherbodies' spectacles; not altogether perfect, for it cannot see through those spectacles as the otherbodies from whom they are stolen can; nor altogether contemptible, for all those several reasons. This *Papier Maché* order of the faculty is that which actuates and facilitates a benevolence on the part of the possessor, which, though it may seem to said possessor very philanthropic, appears to me rather cheap and selfish, inasmuch as it costs nothing and tends to self-glorification: this benevolence is that which the rearers of others' offspring term *adoption*. And it is not at all to be wondered at if the adopted some day seek their rightful parent. Another order of the faculty is the *Gutta Percha* one; which also, in a state of softness, is in effect much the same as the former, save that its pliancy is greater, and its piquancy not so great. When this faculty by circumstances becomes heated, its adhesiveness to every thing irrespective of ownership is very remarkable, and its stubbornness on cooling down so determined, that it is almost impossible to prove that it clings to what did not naturally belong to it. Its *adoption* is of a very redoubtable character, and seems to carry with it an illustration to a certain theological dogma, that out of its grip "there is no redemption." A third order is one which I would classify as the *Monkey*, and which fully explains its peculiar reference, that of *imitation*, at the same time that it admirably characterizes the antics by which this imitation is made visible, and which is the sole consolation to the reader of such; the ludicrous cunning that o'erreaches itself, amusing from its sheer shallowness, where a serious attempt at mimicry of another's thoughts would only command our contempt. A fourth I would name as the *India-rubber* order, and which, as I hinted, explains its characteristic. The exercise of this order of the faculty has direct reference more to the state of the possessor's mind than to the matter which the said possessor pens, though the latter is the beacon by which a reader detects the existence of such in the mind of the writer. In the case of our female poets it is drawn on to an amazing length, and stretched to an almost inconceivable tension. It is the most self-pacifying of the orders of the faculty of Ideality, and when in full action tends to much danger in making its possessor believe he or she is gifted with the divine afflatus. In some writers it is painfully evident to an immense degree, and is only tolerable on account of the amount of audacity it brings to its aid; and we all know as well as Danton that "audacity" is a most commendable appendage in this age of forwardness and go-aheaditiveness. Vanity is nearly allied to this order, and would be more so, if the shallowness by which it is made evident was not so rudely visible. The abuse of the order is seen when the possessor, not satisfied with stretching it to even a more than usual length, tugs at it unnaturally till it snaps and ruins the hopes and aims of the too insatiate adventurer.

Bellows.—But, Doctor, don't you think that few would be so incautious as to trifle with such a faculty when they know they have naught to retreat on?

Johannes.—Vanity is unconscious of a climax, Morton; and the very use of the faculty in the manner I mention, and to such purposes, deludes itself. Their stretch of imagination is wonderful, and from constantly fancying they are poets, they become utterly regardless of their true position, and like the gnat around the lamp, they never desist until they immolate themselves to their daring. It is one blessing that they carry their surest destroyer with them: like the phœnix, which, as the Easterns believe, flaps his wings with such velocity that he sets fire to the wood which consumes himself. You see they virtually flap themselves to utter annihilation—*blow* themselves out; and, thank Heaven, have not the consolation of the phœnix, that of rising juvenescent from their graves. Sometimes, unfortunately, a witch of Endor in the shape of an editor holds up their living ghosts to the public, tricking them out to more advantage than they ever could possibly attain if left to themselves.

Bellows.—Then they carry out the similitude of the bird more completely: they *die* to *live*.

Johannes.—By the hand of my body, to borrow an oath from Mr. Hardcastle, you're improving, boy. Yet, in the end, you will find that they are but mere mortals, and live to die. It is a fact that the sun, about the warmth of which there is so much said, is cool, *remarkably* cool, as some of your Broadway-parading juveniles would say. This is an ascertained fact; and so of your lady writers, they make a good deal of noise, but if there were a few experiments played off on their productions we should find them pulseless and frigid. Reichenbach the German philosopher, in his very interesting work on his researches into the dynamics of magnetism, heat, light, and electricity, says that "experience shows that all stars with reflected light appear warm to the sensitive, while all others with proper light are cool." Just like most of our poets, male and female; and if the light which they stole from Byron, Moore, Tennyson, Keats, Mrs. Hemans, some of the elder dramatists, and those of the time of Goldsmith, Murphy, and Sheridan, was returned to the "places from whence it came," we would find that very little of themselves would be left, and that little would be *left out* of all consideration; for, like the M. Valdemar that Poe wrote about, they would sink into miserable dust. It is the mesmeric influence of other minds that holds their frail carcasses together.

Bellows.—They are not all so, I hope, Doctor?

Johannes.—*They—all* of whom I speak —are so; but there are a few whom I would not, nor could consider in the same position.

Bellows.—Well, positively, that is the first sentence you have uttered to-night, Doctor, which allows me to breathe. I had almost made my mind up that you were a gone man as regards the poets—especially the female ones. Now since you have a favorable opinion of a *few*, I have some hopes, and long to hear who they may be. Who are the ladies who have been so fortunate as to win the critical sympathies of so ferocious a commentator?

Johannes.—I will tell you. First—ha! I perceive my speech has not had the same effect on the liquor as it had on your breath; you have drawn on that considerable.

Bellows.—Well, you know yourself said that it takes ardent spirits to discuss the female poets.

Johannes.—No apology, boy. Here, fill my cup, thou witty Ganymede. Now fill your own, and just hand me that meerschaum. (Lights it—puff, puff.) Now I will tell you. Well, as poets, I have the greatest regard for Alice Carey and "Edith May" of all the women writers in the country. I believe they have more of the *mens divinior* in its truth than any of their competitors. I spoke to you of the former and some of her merits before. Both of those writers are highly imaginative. The first perhaps has the more originality, the latter the more graceful expressiveness of the two. The first loses in effect by not having a sufficiency of language in her best pieces ("Lyra" excepted) to make her ideas plain to a casual reader; the second gives a more favorable idea of her imagination by the bounding expressiveness with which she conveys her thoughts. Miss Carey seems to have a dreamy imagination, giving every thing that misty force and present concentration which is so remarkable in dreams; while Miss May appears like one of our modern revolutionists, full of the spirit of energy and vigor. Miss Carey is abstracted, lingers much round the sorrowful, and broods over it in the temples of her imagination. Miss May is a propagandist of her thoughts, and as such makes them catching at a glance. You have read Gulliver's Travels, Morton?

Bellows.—Oh, yes. He that lived with the Brobdig—what-d'ye-call-'em—people, in a box like Tom Thumb? Capital, eh?

Johannes.—Confound you and Tom Thumb! You've read the book? (Morton nods.) Well, I should liken Alice Carey to Gulliver bound by the Lilliputians in the shape of the English language; "Edith May" to Gulliver escaping from the same by the aid of ditto. The Carey is an eagle in a cage; the May is an eagle on the wing. You can look longer on and study the one; you see the other passing, and are delighted. I have directed your attention to some of Miss Carey's poems on our last evening, and shall now show you why I think so well of "Edith May." You must not imagine, because she is bold and vigorous, that she has not depth of sentiment beside. She has; for at the same time that she dashes along with a brilliant exterior like the revolutionists I compared her to, she has like them a purpose. Here is a fine chant:—

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

BY EDITH MAY.

"*Te Deum laudamus!*" through the green river meadows,
Where noon, pacing slow, holds in leash the fleet shadows,
Blown like a cloud from St. Agatha's altar,
Drifts down the south wind the loud-chanted Psalter:
Under the light of the tapers lies sleeping
One whose fair soul was not whitened by weeping.

Sorrow stood far from her—love, in mute reverence,
Knelt to the shrine of her starry intelligence;
Charmed by her music of being, dull cavil
Lay coiled in her presence; and lion-like evil,
Lying in wait for her soul frail and tender,
Crouched at the blaze of its virginal splendor.

Over her calm face a radiance immortal
Flows from the smile of her mouth's silent portal;
They who kneel round her from matins till even,
As they kneel at the tombs of the blessed in heaven,
Think not to question that presence resplendent,
Where fled the soul that is shining ascendant.

Down from the gray clouds the March winds are swooping,
Out of the low soil pale phantoms are trooping;
Lift on the wings of St. Agatha's choir,
The great "*De Profundis*" rolls solemnly higher:
Under the light of the tapers is lying
One whom keen anguish made ready for dying.

Sorrow, that writes, with the pen of an angel,
God's burning thoughts through her mystic Evangel;
Passion, that, laden with memories tender,
Crowns himself king with their tropical splendor
Weeping Repentance, with hands lifted palely—
These were the spirits that walked with her daily.

Death, creeping near while she knelt in devotion,
Froze on her features their mournful emotion.
They who reluctant draw nearer, to falter
"*Ave*," or vow at the steps of the altar,
Marking it thence, ask, in fear, if the sorrow
Lying slain on her lips will not quicken to-morrow?

It is really a noble hymn. The picture in the second stanza is beautifully imagined, and the music of the rhythm, which flows in like judicious light on a grand painting, is only marred by the rhyming of *cavil* and *evil*, which, though it has naught to do with the especial music of the verse, inasmuch as rhythm and rhyme are two very different things, breaks and ripples the perfect gracefulness, like a solitary rock in an otherwise undisturbed and smooth river. In regard of art, too, one or two corrections might be made which would serve the music of the poem. The second line of the fourth stanza, for instance,

"Out of the *low soil pale* phantoms are trooping,"

is rough in its construction. "Low soil pale" is very inharmonious. To read the line correctly we must divide it into five feet of one dactyl, two spondees, one iambus, and one trochee; thus,

— ⌣ ⌣ — — — — ⌣ —
Out of the | low soil | pale phan | toms are |
— ⌣
troop-ing:

which will not read to the preceding line, which is composed of three consecutive dactyls and an ending trochee. All this disorder is created by the injudicious selection of the three words "low soil pale," which cannot by any means be made a dactyl, and which is the metrical foot necessary to their place. I might say, if I was an Irishman, that the *foot* is exactly two *ells* too long. The letter *l* comes in too quick; if its appearance in the line was like "angels' visits," et cetera, the music would be better, and my remarks unneeded. I would not take this trouble, boy, to show you her faults, save that I think Miss May is worthy of a serious study, and far above a mere puffing exclamation of approval. Good ore is always worth refining. Some of "Edith May's" blank verse is remarkably beautiful—full in felicities of diction, and rich in conceits of fancy and imaginative passages. "October Twilight" affords some extracts of beauty. Her appreciation of the beauties of nature under its various guises is all worthy and congenial to her high poetic temperament. Horace was right: nature, not art, makes the poet; and it is evident that Edith May is a true lover of nature. Art to her is secondary, at the same time that without a full appreciation of its power as an ally, and a steady and judicious acquaintace with it in consequence, she would do herself and her nature an irretrievable wrong, and but half display the gifts which nature has presented her with. Art is a sort of showman; the more experience, the more to advantage can it display the beauties of its charge, and the better can it costume it for the captivation of all visitors. Art is to poetry what Barnum was to your friend Tom Thumb or Jenny Lind. He tricked out the diminutive freak of nature in such artistic equipments, and presented him so knowingly, that he shall in future times take rank with the Faustus, Paracelsus, Cardan and Cagliostro of the past, who strove to make people believe that they possessed the knowledge of making gold from every thing. He has proved his more than right to such an association; for with a dexterity that showed all his fingers were not *thumbs*, he made the pigmy carriage of the Lilliputian a perfect gold wagon, his woolly horse a conductor of auriferous intelligence; and by the daring dispensation of a "bird song" he charmed—what is far more wonderful and difficult than stealing the heavenly fire—the money from the purses of the enlightened "Yankee Nation." Barnum is the art of existence, and art is the Barnum of poetry. And insomuch as Barnum (be that commodity ever so great or little a component) is a necessity to existence as Bunkum seems to politics, so is art a necessity to poetry.

Bellows (*yawning*).—Y-e-s, I always thought so; in fact, I know by myself. I love to converse with nature; it is so delicious to lounge at Hoboken and fancy one's self in the groves of Arca—of Arcadia; to feel one's self a poet. I feel like writing a pastoral then—I *really do;* I feel as though I was some heathen god; and, curse them lutes! if I could only play one I should feel capable of something great. I really think I should abandon myself to the woods altogether if I could manage to pipe some melodious reed. Did I ever read you my poem on an evening at Staten Island, commencing—

> "O Staten, loveliest of isles
> On which the sunlight ever smiles!
> O Staten, Nature's sweetest prize
> That ever met my longing eyes!
> O brightest pearl in Hudson's mouth,
> Which opens to the ocean's foam,
> A welcome for the sons of South,
> And all who ever lost a home!
> O son of Europe, hither flee!
> O God————"

Hang it! my memory's getting weak from study. That's a pretty piece of imagination, Doctor?—that allusion to the isle in the mouth of the Hudson—daring, you know. I love the Byronic—Moore-ish too.

JOHANNES.—Ha! ha! ha! You'll—you'll be the death of me. Ha! ha! ha! he! he! he! Yes, a pretty piece of imagination, surely. I wish the island was in your mouth, you confounded fool!

BELLOWS.—Doctor, I contend that——

JOHANNES.—An empty head ought to be silent. Morton, be quiet! You can no more write a poem, or even a tolerable verse, than I could stand on my head on a liberty pole.

BELLOWS.—You take a great *liberty* with my *pole*, Doctor: really, now, you won't listen——

JOHANNES.—Now don't be a fool, boy. Fill your pitcher, like a sensible man, and listen to me; fill your pitcher.

BELLOWS (*filling and singing*).—

> "Give me but this; I ask no more:
> My charming girl, my friend and pitcher."

JOHANNES.—Stay; that *pitcher* puts me in mind of a capital little Servian poem which "Talvi" gives in her "History of Slavic Literature." It is very good, and runs thus. A woman speaks, or rather sings:—

> "Come, companion, let us hurry,
> That we may be early home,
> For my mother-in-law is cross.
> Only yestreen she accused me,
> Said that I had beat my husband,
> When, poor soul, I had not touched him:
> Only bid him wash the dishes,
> And he would not wash the dishes;
> Threw then at his head the pitcher,
> Knocked a hole in head and pitcher.
> For the head I do not care much,
> But I care much for the pitcher,
> As I paid for it right dearly;
> Paid for it with one wild apple,
> Yea, and half a one besides."

Now the whole question of the right of the "gude wife's" proceeding rests on *the* question, Had the husband a right to wash the dishes? Now your silence admitting of no question, I fear me, unless you listen, I shall have to heave the pitcher (when it is empty) at your head, (and one shall be as hollow as the other.) Keep cool, boy, and let us return to "Edith May." Of the poetic fancies I spoke of, we find some elegant evidences in "October Twilight:"—

> "Oh, mute among the months, October, thou,
> Like a hot reaper when the sun goes down,
> Reposing in the twilight of the year!
> Is yon the silver glitter of thy scythe,
> Drawn thread-like on the west? September comes
> Humming those waifs of song June's choral days
> Left in the forest; but thy tuneless lips
> Breathe only a pervading haze that seems
> Visible silence, and thy Sabbath face
> Scares swart November—from yon northern hills
> Foreboding like a raven; yellow ferns
> Make thee a couch; thou sittest listless there,
> Plucking red leaves for idleness; full streams
> Coil at thy feet, where fawns that come at noon
> Drink with up-glancing eyes."

And again:—

> ————"Evening comes
> Up from the valleys; over-lapping hills
> Tipped by the sunset, burn like funeral lamps
> For the dead day."

This last passage would be much improved if for the word *over-lapping* some other was substituted. Here is a passage and a picture which has all the healthiness of tone and finish of Thomson:—

> ————"Mark how the wind, like one
> That gathers simples, flits from herb to herb
> Through the damp valley, muttering the while
> Low incantations! From the wooded lanes
> Loiters a bell's dull tinkle, keeping time
> To the slow tread of kine; and I can see,
> By the rude trough the waters overbrim,
> The unyoked oxen gathered; some, athirst,
> Stoop drinking steadily, and some have linked
> Their horns in playful war."

The authoress is evidently a student of Tennyson. These passages full of beauty remind me of his neatness of expression, while the conception of the pictures, especially the last one, has the grouping of Jamie Thomson. You must read the entire poem for yourself, boy; I am not going to cull you the choicest bits; but here, i' faith, I can't pass without reading these aloud: they are remarkably happy in expression, and rich in imaginative conceit:—

> ————"The dusk sits like a bird
> Up in the tree-tops, and swart, elvish shadows
> Dart from the wooded pathways."

And—

——"Amid the faded brakes
The wind, retreating, hides, and cowering there,
Whines at thy coming like a hound afraid!"

Her descriptions bear the same relation to Thomson's that the mind of woman does to that of man, partaking more of the fanciful and less of the strength of ideality. Her diction bears the same ratio, with an evident study of Tennyson, in her best passages, at times equalling either of those poets. Her "Chaplet of Bronze" is a beautiful poem. Alice Carey has more genius, "Edith May" more force; Alice Carey more thought, "Edith May" more facility; "Edith May" more briliancy, Alice Carey more terseness; "Edith May" more heartiness, Alice Carey more heartfulness, than each other respectively; and from which I should imagine that "Edith May's" writings will have more immediate popularity, Alice Carey's more longevity.

Bellows (*looking thoughtful*).—Ah, yes, I suppose so.

Johannes.—Very different from "Edith" is Caroline May. A great lover of nature also, she is entirely devoted to the sentimental and pensive. Without a sufficiency of imagination to make it a characteristic of her mind, she is thoughtful, quiet and sensible. Her fancy is subdued and temperate, and she never fails, because she has the good sense to know her own mind. With an ardent love for poetry in its truest sense, she never dares when she is doubtful; and she has too high a sense of her duty as a woman to fall in the track of most female writers, and scream herself to death like the Grecian Cicala. Here are a couple of sonnets which embody much of Miss May's character and felicity of expression: they are the more pleasing for that they are so unambitious; and the thought running through them the more welcome because it conveys a true sense of the poet's necessity happily and sometimes *very* happily expressed:—

QUIET.

BY CAROLINE MAY.

I.

As well might that pale artist, whose keen eye
At home, abroad, in sunshine, or in storm,
Seeks in light, shade, position, color, form,
Something his picture-love to gratify;
As well might he in utter darkness try
To paint on canvas the sweet images
That, mocking nature, yet can fancy please,
As the poor poet strive, amid the cry
Of careless tongues, to think, much less to write,
His thoughts of music in such words as may
Be music too; for even as good light
Is to the painter's work, so quiet day,
Or if that cannot be, then quiet night,
Is to the poet's well-beloved lay.

II.

Yes! quiet to the poet is what light
Is to the painter. It disposes well,
In pleasant order, thoughts that else would dwell
In chaos, painful to his inner sight;
It brings out Feeling's softest tints aright;
Gay Fancy's gorgeous gloss it can correct,
And give the shades of reason due effect
To mellow what would else appear too bright.
Without it he becomes morose and sad,
Through the deep longings that are pent within,
To try those God-sent powers, which never had
Kindred communion with the world's vain din;
Though oft the master-poet is made glad
From lessons taught by slaves of strife and sin.

The last sonnet shows the writer an artist in the painter's sense. The comparison of quiet and light to the poet and painter is done very picturesquely, and betrays a true appreciation of the wants of each. Miss May is an amateur in the pictorial art, and these sonnets may be taken as some of her experience in the double capacity of author and artist. In both she is a student of the fields and the hills; and better than all, Morton, boy, she comes up to my idea, which I told you of before, and oftener has the bodkin and the needle in her hand than the pen. She makes suitable time however for both, and in the use of them is alike graceful and sensible. Her lines "To a Student" give her own character and likings:—

"Lift up thy face in gladness
To the sky so soft and warm,
And watch the frolic madness
Of the changeful clouds, that form
A mimic shape, in every change,
Of something beautiful and strange.

"The love of nature heightens
Our love to God and man;
And a spirit, love enlightens
Farther than others can,
Pierces with clear and steady eyes
Into the land where true thought lies."

All her own writings carry out, at least in intent, what she preaches.

Bellows.—Do you admire the verses of Mrs. Welby? I think they are extremely pretty.

JOHANNES.—Extremely pretty? Bah! If prettiness is a poet's chief characteristic, the writings of such are extremely useless. Prettiness in poetry is like prettiness in woman, for that it is generally unaccompanied by any thing more substantial. I say generally, for we have *some* exceptions. Some of the handsomest, prettiest people I ever met, were complete fools and idiots; as Carlyle says, mere "clothes screens." It is a matter of fact that numbers of light-headed people were and *are* very pretty. No doubt, this prettiness, bringing on vanity, especially in women, facilitates a monomania on the subject of *self*, until the unhappy "prettiness" becomes insanity, and "wastes its sweetness" in a very pretty edifice, 'ycleped a lunatic asylum. The most diabolical piece of furniture ever invented was a looking-glass. It has ruined more women and sent more mustachioed young gentlemen to destruction than can possibly be comfortably situated in the next world. If any piece of domestic intelligence ever was concocted by Lucifer, it must have been the looking-glass. It is a sort of decoy for human geese, seducing them within the long range of flattery; then consequently follow confusion, weakness, and annihilation. Nature carries out her laws through every thing. Some of the most delicate and *pretty* flowers have not the slightest perfume to delight the sense of smell. They are great on *appearances*, like very many human and quadruped animals. Some of the most seemingly delightful and plausible mortals are the most infernal scoundrels behind their appearances; and some of the most beautiful animals are the most treacherous and vicious you can hunt up in natural history. As to your "prettiness" as characteristic of Mrs. Welby's poetry, you are as shallow as you usually are. Whom did you hear say it was pretty? You don't know of yourself what it is! I advise you to read her verses; but as you asked my opinion, I will give it to you beforehand. Don't shake your head, Morton; I won't make the old joke about there being nothing in it, for that is a fact too well established. You remind me of some persons I know who have attained a reputation (but, by-the-bye, which you have not) for a vast amount of sense because they never say any thing; and I cannot refrain from smiling when I hear them characterized for wisdom. They don't say any thing, because they haven't any thing to say, and like all empty spaces, their brains but give a good echo to whatever is said last. Of all people, such are the most contemptible. A man without an opinion, be it right or wrong, is like a withered tree which cannot shelter one from either the sunshine or the storm, and is indicative of naught but a present barrenness. And——

BELLOWS.—Yes, Doctor, exactly; but as to the poems of "Amelia?"

JOHANNES.—Well, as to the poems of Mrs. Welby, I think them musical: that puts me in mind that my voice is quite the opposite. Just fill my glass, boy; my throat is as dry as——

BELLOWS.—A fish's.

JOHANNES.—Or a work on political economy. (*Drinking.*) Ha! the machine can't work without oiling. Well, Mrs. Welby's verses I consider not only pretty, but musical; sometimes hearty, sometimes faulty, when she rhymes *hers* and *tears* and *hers* with *years*, which occur in her "Melodia." *Riven* and *heaven* and *impearled* and *world* are allowable, where the thought more than balances the execution; but occurring in poems, the chief beauty of which is in the music, are scarcely to be tolerated. Such rhymes as *torches* and *arches* I think not "according to law," nor *entrances*, *glances*, and *enhances* with *fancies*. Mrs. Welby rhymes too often on the same word. Her rhythm has a pleasant bound, and her conceits are generally happy, but lack strength. I agree with Dr. Griswold, that "she walks the Temple of the Muses with no children of the imagination; but her fancy is lively and discriminating." In a notice of her life he says, perhaps in extenuation of her lack of remarkable force, that "No painful experience has tried her heart's full energies." It is not strange that the tide of misfortune, like the Nile to its banks, should fructify the poet's brain. I believe it. True stamen only shows itself when there are obstacles to overcome; and mankind is never so happy, hopeful and trustful, take my word for it, as when it has tugged with, and overcome, evil fortune. Man, *so* made strong, fears not the future, save that his strength be taken from him by disease. He always has a force in himself, an army in his brain, that will cross Alps and ford oceans. *I* know it, Morton, and I would rather see a young man with a crust and an empty pocket, beginning the world, than with his pouch full of golden eagles. Yes, sir, "a beggarly account of empty" pockets before the wealth of Astor for a young man. He *may* become a MAN in its truest sense, but with a bank behind him the chances are against him. Misfortune, like a dark eye, has fire in it; and if I had a daughter, Morton, I should give her to one whom misfortune had assailed, and not beaten, though claimed the victory over, or to a brainful, penniless youth. I *would*, believe me. I am experienced, and know the strength to be found in such. Misfortune may come in various shapes, but if he whom it fronts *is* a man, he will be a "man for a' that," and have a chance to show his nobility, by claiming that honest, fearless title. If he never writes, he enacts, an epic, and proves himself the truest poet. Think you that Maternus, the noble slave bandit, who to avenge his wrongs on the Roman Emperor Commodus trod in danger, and through his great enemy's camp, from the recesses of Transylvanian woods, passing months of hope and patience, wandering through Illyrian forests and Alpine passes, from the "Danube to the Tiber," to gain the gates of Rome,—think you that he was not a poet? Think you that the pagan maid who sought the father of Thomas à Becket in the streets of London from the Saracen-land, with but two words of the land's language to which she was flying in her mouth,—those words her lover's name and the town he lived in,—think you she was not a poet? Think you that in our day Humboldt, traversing the earth from the Himalayan peaks to the summits of the Andes, having Cotopaxi and Chimborazo for his watch-fires, and the heretofore untouched token-marks of God for his study and inspiration, making to our senses all nature rhyme with primal nature's laws,—think you he is not a poet? Or think you that Peter the Great, working in the dock-yards of Britain, toiling for knowledge to make *his* navy perfect; that Napoleon wanting his dinner in Paris, and afterward planning to make Paris the Rome of his day, and rule the world; that Wolfe Tone struggling against fate almost, in Dublin, London, Paris, gaining new vigor for his restless soul, returns from America to die on the altar he had hoped to redeem; that Washington and Jackson—were not all poets? They *were*, every one of them. They lived *poets*, which is but another name for the truest *men*, and acted more poetry than could be written by the world's bards in a century. Here's to all their healths: stay—no—their memory; Humboldt is the only one living.

> "Well, here's their memory: may it be
> To us a guiding light."

We've wandered somewhat from the ladies—not *quite gallant*, as you say, Morton. Well, we'll return to them, and that's more than the future, I fear, will do.

Bellows (*yawning*).—And what poetry *will* live, Doctor? It appears to me you would like to commit murder on all the poets and poetesses; you will not allow any of them even a short existence.

Johannes.—Poetry to live, then, sir, must be either very good or very bad. A poet will only live in being the best or the worst of his time. If their writings are good, they will *command* existence; if bad,—so ludicrously bad as not to be verse at all,—they will live to be laughed at, simply for the amusement they will afford; but all between falls like the sitter between two stools. Byron will live, and Fitzgerald, the miserable "small beer poet," as Cobbett called him, will live; while all between—your Barry Cornwall, Alaric Watts, *et hoc genus omne*—will have evaporated into the "airy nothing" which they ambitiously sought to give "a local habitation and a name" to. Ditto of Poe as the greatest mind, and Smith as the most ridiculous, (in proof of which overhaul his "Black Hawk,") when your crowd of asthmatic filibusteros and kid-gloved sonneteers who hover about the sacred stream are smothered and buried where they fell in the sheets which they so laboriously begrimed.

Bellows.—Heigho! And do you really believe as you say?

Johannes.—I never say aught that I do not believe, and I talk to you as I would to them, and as *I have spoken* to some of them. The philosopher's stone, my boy, could not keep them alive.

Bellows.—But there's the "Columbiad," and lately Mr. Landis's large poem on "Liberty," and Mr. Foster's "New-York by Gaslight," which I consider a prose "Don Juan;" and then there's——

Johannes.—Out on such stuff! I tell

you that if those men swallowed at a dose all the pills of old Parr, or if they were mummied by some resuscitated Egyptian, they never could by any accident be remembered, save indeed they passed through the alembic of Barnum's Museum. But let us change the subject, for I feel like dying suddenly myself under the blighting influence of even a consideration of such mere earthy stuff.

Bellows.—Well, suppose we take a glance at Mrs. Hewitt?

Johannes.—Yes; we shall find in her something to please. Mary E. Hewitt has considerable force and fancy, and altogether is much superior to the crowd who crush each other in the magazines. Her love poems are happy, and convey the passionate anxiety of a true and loving woman. Here are a few verses from "Love's Pleading:"—

"Speak tender words lest doubt with me prevail:
Call me thy rose—thy queen rose! throned apart,
That all unheedful of the nightingale,
Folds close the dew within her burning heart.

"For thou'rt the sun that makes my heaven fair;
Thy love, the blest dew that sustains me here;
And like the plant that hath its root in air,
I only live within thy atmosphere!

"Say I am dearer to thee than renown,
My praise more treasured than the world's acclaim;
Call me thy laurel, thy victorious crown,
Wreathed in unfading glory round thy name."

In all of Mrs. Hewitt's poems there is much earnestness, which is a pleasing contrast to the sentimental lack-a-daisy of the "female poets." In the following stanza there is a trite observation very artistically told:—

"God bless the hardy mariner!
A homely garb wears he,
And he goeth with a rolling gait
Like a ship before the sea."

And a very beautiful appreciation in this:—

"But oh, a spirit looketh
From out his clear blue eye,
With a truthful childlike earnestness,
Like an angel from the sky."

The trustful spirit of woman is combined with a happy fancy in the following stanza from "Green Places in the City:"—

"Breath of our nostrils—Thou! whose love embraces,
Whose light shall never from our souls depart,
Beneath thy touch hath sprung a green oasis
Amid the arid desert of my heart.

"Thy sun and rain call forth the bud of promise,
And with fresh leaves in spring time deck the tree,
That where man's hand hath shut out nature from us,
We, by these glimpses, may remember thee!"

And—

"Think the dew drops there each blade adorning
Are angels' tears for mortal frailty shed."

There are some capital lines in "A Yarn," the tale of a sailor who was the lone survivor of a vessel that was lost in a hail-storm on her passage home from Labrador. Ere he began his tale,

"Jack's brawny chest like the broad sea heaved,
While his loving lip to the beaker cleaved."

You must read the poem, Morton, for yourself. I'm not as good a reader as I used to be, but I will "pipe" you a few stanzas which are striking, and which ought to make you anxious to peruse it yourself:—

———"The pattering hail
Had coated each spar as 'twere in mail;
Loud swelled the tempest, and rose the shriek—
'Save, save; we are sinking!—a leak! a leak!'
And the hale old skipper's tawny cheek
Was cold, as 'twere sculptured in marble there,
And white as the foam, or his own white hair.
The wind piped shrilly, the wind piped loud;
It shrieked 'mong the cordage, it howled in the shroud,
And the sleet fell thick from the cold, dun cloud."

Those lines make us as chill and stiff as Coleridge's picture of the icebergs:—

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled
Like noises in a swound."

Or the opening of Keats' "Agnes' Eve." Here's another stanza quite in keeping. It is the morning after the wreck, and "the dead lay around him every where." The mate had been quite hopeful through the storm, and cheered his comrades to work the vessel:

"True to his trust, to his last chill gasp,
The helm lay clutched in his stiff, cold grasp—
You might scarcely in death undo the clasp;
And his crisp brown locks were dank and thin,
And the icicles hung from his bearded chin."

Sometimes Mrs. Hewitt betrays a fine imagination and exhibits some lofty thought. She is often forcible and not seldom unequal. "The Last Chant of Corinne" is in her best love style. My attention was lately directed to it by a maiden with as candid a mouth, and as brilliant a pair of eyes, as one could wish to light upon him, and which even at the advanced age of Johannes are things which are not altogether resistible.

Bellows.—I suppose they were like Kathleen's eyes that destroyed St. Kevin's peace of mind, and which Moore tells were

"Eyes of most unholy blue."

Johannes.—No, boy; they were wholly (holy?) black. The lady read me the chant, and I agreed with her that it is very good. But I am getting tired, and will close the book with one word: Don't read much of the female poetry, or female any thing. If you wish to improve your mind, eschew the feminines, with one or two exceptions; perhaps it is best to eschew them altogether until you can form an opinion on the strength you shall have acquired by a study of the best male models. By making them (the women) your primal study, you will be adopting the Bloomer costume of literature, which, however we may admire it on a handsome female figure, can never suit the *mind* of a man. You might as well

"Hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs;"

for, as regards the mind, one would be just as indicative of strength as the other. If you study women's writings before you can laugh at them, you will be a perfect Bloomer; with an approach to the appearance of a man you will in reality be a woman, and Heaven knows there is quite enough of nonsense in that sex already without your augmenting it. Come now, don't get angry; you'll be a good fellow and an honorable citizen if you take to read, and mature your mind. You will think better of me, no doubt, at a future day than you do just now. Come, boy,

"One bumper at parting."

Bellows.—Faith, you've been bumping me all the night.

Johannes.—Here's more common sense to the ladies, and more patience to you!

Bellows.—Nothing about the black eyes?

Johannes.—If you're not off presently you shall have a pair of them.

Bellows.—Doctor?

Johannes.—Well.

Bellows.—Here's more patience to you, and more common sense to both of us—black eyes included.

Johannes.—Young Impudence——

Bellows (closing the door after him).—Good night, Doctor. (Singing on the stairs.)

"'Tis all round my hat."

Johannes (*smokes*).

J. S.

MASS FOR THE HUNGARIANS

WHO FELL IN THE LATE GLORIOUS STRUGGLE WITH AUSTRIA.

[The following fine lyric, from the proof-sheets of a volume now in press, has been handed us by the author, Mr. Wm. R. Wallace, as appropriate to the coming event referred to more particularly in an article in this number. Our readers will remember several fine poems which have appeared in our pages by the same hand. They are characterized by a force of diction and sweep of imagination as rare as it is inspiring to the poetic feelings. The forthcoming volume, we doubt not, will be widely called for.—Ed.]

I.

Alone and in darkness I chanted their mass—
The mass that a poet should roll
For the brave who have fallen in Liberty's pass,
Through the shadowy aisles of his soul.
The Shades of old Heroes were kneeling around;
Tell, Washington, Emmet were there:
Their brows were with Liberty's aureoles bound,
And their broad, spectral banners waved out without sound
On the funeral breath of the air.

II.

Alone and in darkness I chanted their mass:
But shall that be the only one said?
Is it thus they shall slumber in Liberty's pass?
No! a grander mass still for the Dead!
Then again will the Shades of those Heroes appear:
Not soundless their banners shall wave;
But, like thunder-storms bursting on Tyranny's bier,
They shall blaze, while the Austrian is trembling with fear,
And Kossuth avenges the Brave!

III.

The tapers that light up that terrible mass
Shall the fagots of battle-flames be;
Its organ, the cannon in Liberty's pass,
Roaring down from the ranks of the free;
The priests are fair Liberty's soldiers who stand
On their soil which they swear to redeem:
Oh, never was mass for a mortal so grand
As that to be rolled over Hungary's Land,
By the blood-dripping bayonet's gleam!

IV.

Then rest, Heroes! rest with the Heroes of old!
We trample in scorn on the lie,
That for Faction your glorious banners unrolled—
For Freedom alone did ye die!
Yes, rest, Heroes, rest! Every zephyr that sweeps
O'er the battle-field murmurs your fame:
Oh, yet shall your monuments soar on the steeps
Of your own beloved Hungary, saved from the deeps
Where the Tyrant would bury her name!

CONSTANTINOPLE NOW.

The whole approach to Constantinople through the Dardanelles is the most exquisite thing in the world. On either side you are presented with spots of undying interest and classical renown: like Paul you "sail under Cyprus;" you anchor in full sight of that stronghold of chivalry, Rhodes; every island as you pass has its separate story of ancient or modern fame, and many of the spots are beautiful of themselves. Tenedos appeared finely as the steamer swept by; the low coast of Troy, with the Achilles' mound, was full in sight; next came the spot where Leander and afterwards Byron swam diagonally across the Hellespont; and then we were amongst a small fleet off Dardanelles, waiting permission to pass between these forts, whose immense guns the traveller has no opportunity to see or hear. Fortifications abound along these thinly-settled hills on either side, which directed by European science might give a very warm welcome to any intruder, but at present are of very little account. If a ship of war were only obliging enough to anchor right under a battery, after some trial the Turks might manage to hit; but to a steamer in rapid motion they could do no mischief. So that their capital city lies at the mercy of the world by sea as well as by land, and yet in its long history it boasts of having been but twice taken. It is more than twelve hours of steaming from the Dardanelles up to the city; but a world of fatigue is richly repaid by the view as you draw near Constantinople. If there is a great disappointment laid up for one inside, outside the most excited imagination is surpassed. I saw it when the morning sun was just gilding its lofty, needle-like minarets and vast domes (almost without number) with a flood of gold. Golden points and glittering crescents rise from every part of the city; high over all tower the mosque of Achmet and the superb dome of the once Christian St. Sophia, and above the gloomy turrets which girdle the whole rise up palace and seraglio-walls of dazzling white. The effect of the entire view, so far exceeding that of any other city, is owing to the number, beauty and size of the domes and minarets. The latter are not confined to the mosques, though St. Sophia has nine; but every public bath here, as in Cairo and Damascus, is distinguished by a huge dome, and there are one hundred and thirty of these; then each khan and large bazaar has one or more; so that Stamboul (as the Turks call it) may well be named the city of domes.

The "Golden Horn," the inner harbor, has no equal. The "Sweet Waters" flowing into it, upon which stand many summer-houses and small palaces, serve to keep it clean; the depth of the water allows the largest vessel to discharge its cargo right at the quays; only two bridges interrupt its navigation. Its shelter is as perfect as that of a Liverpool dock; and a thousand large vessels would not crowd one another. Here is the favorite promenade of the Turk. Whole fleets of light canoes, called caïques, are shooting all the day up and down these quiet waters. On the Christians' side are arsenals, barracks, military schools, naval and military hospitals, and dock-yards belonging to the government; on the opposite side a row of mean, half-painted, decaying wooden houses, a wonderful contrast to the fine view from the Sea of Marmora. Next on the Turkish side is the holy suburb of Eyoub, the palace of the Sultan's mother, the country-houses of wealthy citizens, each with its little boat-house. Then the arm of the sea contracts, and you are floating past kiosks, gardens and fountains, until you leap ashore at the favorite spring-house of the last Sultan, and see where his horses were buried, and where he and his ministers smoked away many a sultry hour in the sweetest of marble pavilions, in the midst of the falling waters. Europe has nothing more refreshing, and the Orient nothing more oriental, than this rural little palace.

The most holy cemetery deserves especial notice. Its beautiful little mosque, which no Christian ever entered, and in which every new Sultan receives his consecration, stands right upon the Sweet Waters, commemorating by its name that standard-bearer of the Prophet who fell at the siege of the city; and back of it commence the tombs of the royal families; and opposite is a convent of priests, a fact slightly at variance with the usual statement that Mohammedanism has no priesthood. Having lived nearly a fortnight with a party of fourteen of the Turkish clergy, and witnessed their frequent chants and prayers, I cannot but regard this matter as settled, notwithstanding the guide-books.

All the way from the water-side and along a mountain-side for miles, the tombs of the turbaned believers stand as thick as possible among the cypress trees. A dead uniformity of pattern, though a constant variety of finish, is observed among them. There is always the marble post at the foot and another at the head, the latter bearing the turban, in case its owner has not been decapitated, and frequently inscribed in flaming blue and gold with the name and occupation of the deceased; the pyramidal marble slab between generally containing a hollow full of water for the birds, but in the small mosques groaning under a load of magnificent rugs and shawls. The tombs nearest to this holiest of mosques are commonly built over with graceful iron-worked roofs to keep away the birds, and are exceedingly rich in Moslem style; that of the murdered Sultan Selim is one of the most conspicuous. Near by are those of the children of Sultana Ateya, who wept herself to death because one after another of her sons was bow-stringed to prevent any dispute in the succession to the throne. Except some of the oldest tombs on the hill, all others are in perfect repair, a wonderful thing in the East, where a structure begins to decay about as soon as it is built, and never is cared for after the clumsy architect has left his work. Scutari, which I crossed the Bosphorus to visit, is vastly larger than Eyoub, containing twenty times as many tombs as there are now inhabitants in the "Queen of the East;" but is not near so impressive except by its decay and apparent antiquity and almost endless extent. Scutari itself is an exceedingly shabby village. Guide-books tell us that every house has a color according to the nation which occupies it; a pure invention of the imagination, as most of the buildings on the Asiatic shore are of such colors as wind and rain please to paint on decayed wood; and, except the elegant marble tomb of Sultan Mahmoud's favorite horse and a new stone barrack for the military, there is no structure of any pretension in this far-famed Asiatic suburb, the peculiarly-preferred resting-place of the Turk, in obedience to the tradition that he holds no permanent abode on the European shore.

This ancient faith that they are to lose their capital city, the common feeling that the hour of downfall is near at hand, a destiny that has been proclaimed for nearly five centuries by all writers upon Turkey, seems reflected from the melancholy face of the Sultan and confirmed by his constant failures in efforts at reform. It is true that no other country has changed more; he that would see the genuine Mussulman conqueror has come on the stage already too late. The flowing robes of the high officers and their picturesque turbans are no more to be seen; from the Sultan down, the military, the police, and the various officials, wear a blue European uniform, and the ungainly tarboosh, or round, red cap of Fez. No longer do the traitors' heads grin from the seraglio gate; no more faithless wives are slipped through that wide trough into a sea-green grave. Neither are the packs of wolfish hounds as numerous and formidable in the streets; nor the merchants as honest, hospitable, lazy and pious as of yore. Snake-charmers are rare, slave-markets nearly deserted, opium-smokers all but unknown; richly-paying "Howadjis" can enter nearly every place unmolested, and detect nothing of the ancient bigotry of the all-conquering Moslem. And yet, decaying as it is at heart, every effort to improve failing through the corruption of the agents of government, European after European throwing up his employment in disgust or dismissed to give place to some court favorite or Armenian pretender,—with an army of three hundred thousand men, forty ships of war, several steam-vessels, the control of all the force of Egypt, and a revenue increased by the abolition of several monopolies, the Ottoman Empire may outlive the predictions of strangers and the expectations of friends. Sustained by the strong arms of England and France, it may weather worse gales than that now blowing upon it from the North.

It was noble, indeed, in a sovereign conscious of his inability to resist, to refuse the surrender of the Hungarian and Polish refugees, who had been received into his hospitality and promised safety and support in the ancient fashion of the East. Still, though the Russian wolf grit her teeth for the blood which would speedily have been shed, the lamb may be defended by the justice of her cause, the unanimous public sentiment of the world, the countenance of England and France, the efficient help of the very foreigners she has saved, and the necessity of arresting the ever-extending encroachments of the most dangerous power in the modern world.

Generosity to the suffering is a marked feature in Abdul Medjid's character: the recalled Ambassador of Louis Philippe received not only a present in money, but the offer of a high place under government if he could not do better at home; the Internuncio of Austria, under similar circumstances, having intimated that money would be acceptable instead of the usual jewels, received the salary of an American President as a parting gift; and it is rumored that the poet-statesman Lamartine will accept and occupy the wide acres presented him by the Sultan in the vicinity of Smyrna. The detention of Kossuth is readily explained by the fact that the rights of humanity, as understood in Turkey, required that he should be hospitably entertained, but did not require that he should be freely dismissed in face of the Russian declaration that this would be regarded as a sufficient reason for war.

But the Pope's countenance, praised as it is for benevolence. expresses no more than this sad young Sultan's. As we saw him passing to worship one Friday noon, attended by all his high officers on horseback, with a number of beautiful led horses in the train, a row of military with music lining one side of the street, a crowd gazing in silence, you seemed to see the destiny of his race in his sickly, effeminate, pensive and rather handsome face. The chief thing, next to the beauty of the Sultan's stud, was the uniform obesity of his officials: none of his servants seemed at all worn with work; and many an Ethiopian eunuch looked the perfect picture of animal comfort. The bands played tolerably, the soldiers coughed sadly, the crowd was the quietest I ever witnessed, but the grace of the horses was worth a voyage to behold.

The Hippodrome is the great curiosity of Constantinople. It is the only public square. It contains the principal remains of ancient art, and yet after all it is rather a disappointment. First and foremost is the Burnt Column, a singular, many-colored shaft, greatly shorn in height and stripped of the metal plates that once held its granite blocks together, and chiefly noticeable for its obscure history, its odd hues, and its very considerable height. Probably it once bore a statue of Apollo, and instead of being huddled up in old wooden houses, stood in dignified position in the great square. Next comes an obelisk looking very like a deserted stone chimney, once covered with plates of brass, but now threatening to fall. Then come the three twisted serpents of Delphos, a very queer thing, *supposed* to have supported the tripod of the oracle; but the heads are gone, the tails are not visible, and the twisted copper mass looks the tasteless imitation characteristic of the Turk. Then comes the only tolerable thing, and *that* spoilt by being out of place and keeping, the Theban Obelisk, a mate to that still standing at Heliopolis, fifty feet high, of one piece, having on its base a bas-relief exhibiting the machine by which it was raised. Here stood anciently the four bronze horses of St. Mark which have travelled so famously; Constantinople having stolen them from Rome, Venice from Constantinople, and Paris, for a short time, from Venice. As so much better ones can be made now-a-days, they are not likely to be disturbed again.

The finest bazaars in the world are at Constantinople. Having visited those of Cairo and Damascus, and seen some that were very curious in Syria, and made little purchases in all, I can praise those of Stamboul with a good grace. Like the Eastern shops elsewhere, each article is sold in its separate quarter; here jewels, there nothing but shoes; here drugs, there only fruit. Each merchant has a very small stock, and his office is in proportion, six feet by four; just room enough for a row of shelves behind him, and space in front to lie down and sleep, pray or smoke. The Oriental fashion of smoking and drinking coffee before the conclusion of a bargain is not thought of now, except for large purchasers. I never was offered the chibouque by a shopkeeper in Constantinople, and but twice at Damascus. But the peculiarity of the Constantinople bazaars is, that they are so well built; and, instead of being covered with ragged mats, like those of Damascus, or only here and there a grim arch, as at Acre, the vast extent is covered with a solid stone roof, arching over the street for miles. From the main trunk run smaller ones, also arched, at right angles, and at intervals occur the khans or lodging houses for strange merchants, and exchanges for the wholesale trade. These bear the name of some Sultan or Sultana by whom they were built, and are pretty nearly free to the public. In these the storage room is of course larger, but not to compare with what our own merchants require, and I found them everywhere dark, dingy and old. In Damascus the shops were framed of rough, unpainted wood, and the covers or shutters, which were locked every night, but never closed if the merchant only went to the mosque, were no better than the commonest barn door in Connecticut. In Constantinople, these were always finished with neatness, with a low, carved balustrade in front; the same idea very differently expressed. The most striking articles here were some Persian embroidered merinoes and silks, which attracted much notice at the London Exhibition. It struck me there were fewer conveniences for sleeping, and fewer still so pleasantly occupied, than in the other great Eastern cities. The truth is, the almost daily arrival of steamers in the Golden Horn has sadly disturbed this Sleepy Hollow; has really excited many a quiet Mussulman; has made sad havoc in all his habits, good and bad, and made him familiar with cheating in business, intemperance in drink, intrigue and inhospitality.

The slave mart, I have said, was nearly closed. My dragoman insisted upon it that the vigorous efforts of the British Ambassador had entirely swept it away. He has done all he could, and no single man could do more. Long familiar with this court, his tact, decision, energy, fearlessness, have all but triumphed. Yet, in the old spot, right under the most magnificent mosque in the world, in a number of small apartments, were sundry sooty damsels and a few white ones, very anxious to find a purchaser; and occasionally a Turk was observed studying the hand and form, or moving round the persons of the living merchandise. Being alone, excepting my timid servant, which was worse than being quite by myself, I could not discover much; only that these were the best dressed slaves I had seen—far better than the almost naked things on the Nile, that they had the muffled face like Turkish ladies, were exceedingly jocose, even to singing out to me "Good, good," and desirous to "find a new home" somewhere as soon as possible. I saw no beauties among them—those are reserved for Sultans and Pachas; but none so filthy and chimney-sweepish as at Cairo and Assouan.

I was struck by the honesty of a mosque servant close by. We were alone: I offered him several dollars just to enter the sacred edifice, which was empty at that moment. There can hardly be a doubt that he was poor enough to be tempted: but he would not yield; perhaps he said with the apostle, "Thy gold perish with thee." I had to be content with a distant peep at the large, carpet-covered floor, and the fine dome hanging with many lamps, and remember how many Turkish houses of prayer I had already seen. For, without a Sultan's firman and janissary, what I had freely seen at Cairo was forbidden fruit here. The peculiarities of the Constantinople mosques is not their size or age, nor their costliness or peculiar sanctity. The "Tagliouns" at Cairo is far older, and the St. Omar at Jerusalem far holier. But these, besides having more domes and minarets, have more spacious grounds, better conveniences for bathing, finer sepulchral monuments, and larger colleges of priests. One of them is very remarkable for a pile of chests and boxes of jewels and treasures, deposited by individuals for safe keeping, which remain from century to century untouched, quite as secure in an open gallery of the place of daily prayer, as if guarded by all the bank vaults of Christendom. Some of the fountains or Sibeels are very singular structures. Imagine a round marble house, with large windows grated with bronze, and men standing within all day long to pass fresh water to the windows—each cup a present in fact from some pious deceased person to the public. Sometimes you ascend a flight of marble steps, and suck the water from a little brass knob; and often the overhanging roof, or the entire building, is very fantastically decorated. In a sultry land, and a general scarcity of water, there is a mercy in all this.

The whirling dervishes, very improperly called "dancing," seemed utterly spiritless, compared with the howling brethren of the same name whom I had met in Egypt. The cream of the exercise was merely that forty men, in long but full woollen robes, sailed round their circular hall to some monotonous music, bowing to their superior once in each revolution, and receiving the same civility in return. There was no religious frenzy about it, nothing of the mad excitement I had witnessed before; the whole affair was formal and stupid enough. They had attended prayers at the mosque before, and generally have the Koran read or recited afterwards, and profess to be still a body of monkish ascetics, but are charged with being sad hypocrites, making only a cloak of their godliness. When fanaticism expires, in a body like this, it is succeeded by the worst kind of pharisaism. A good story about the present Sultan is that, a voice coming from a previous Sultan's tomb, saying, "I burn," instead of paying for prayers to get the poor fellow out of the fires of purgatory, he tore open the tomb, and found a rascally dervish, whose "burning" was quickly cooled down in the Bosphorus.

A very strange sort of cistern is that which bears the name of "the thousand and one" columns, containing at present less than half that number in an underground area of two hundred and forty feet by two hundred, and occupied now by wretched-looking silk weavers—not so naked, however, or sickly as the books declare. Every part of this structure marks the barbarous period of art.

The Seraglio is supposed by strangers to be merely the residence of the Sultan's ladies: so far from that, the principal government offices are included within its walls, and you have perfectly free entrance as far as the outer court. Near the over-praised mosque of St. Sophia is the "Sublime Porte," the outside gate of the Palace, a name now transferred to a stiff pile of state offices at a little distance; then on the right as one enters is a Pacha's palace, evidently a great place of resort, but a huge pile of meanness. Opposite to it stands the arsenal of ancient armor, once the church of St. Irene; and adjoining that some red tombs of an unknown antiquity, but placed here by the Turk for safe keeping; then come the mint and treasury. An ordinary gateway leads to the palace proper, whose grounds are filled with trees and occupied by buildings of every shape, except the beautiful or magnificent, erected by different Sultans according to the caprice of the moment; an irregular and vast expanse (those say who have visited it all) of kiosks, baths, fountains, and cypress groves.

The common streets of Constantinople are mean, filthy, and uninteresting in the extreme: not named or numbered, nor laid down upon maps, a stranger is absolutely helpless; and, as there are no lamps at nights, and some danger of dogs, and an awkward feeling that you might be robbed and murdered without anybody's knowing it, and then the most miserable of stone pavements to stumble over, and a very raw, uncomfortable wind from the Black Sea, one may be pardoned for not liking Stamboul any too well. Byron says that "five days out of every seven you might d—n the climate, and complain of spleen at Constantinople." The never-cleaned streets, the half-open graves, the extensive burial-grounds in the city, the extreme filth of the greater part of the population, and the absence of suitable medical treatment, more than explain the frequency of disease and death.

To leave Constantinople and not mention a bath would be unpardonable. Even the smallest Oriental town is thus provided, and the "queen city" has over three hundred for the public, besides many private ones for the wealthy. The exterior is always unpromising. The first apartment to which I was admitted was very lofty and spacious, dome-lighted, and pierced with numerous air-holes. In recesses along the walls persons were reclining with sherbet and the chibouque, as if to recover from extreme fatigue: a small café makes a corner of this reception and dressing-room. A half-naked fellow assists you to strip, ties up your clothing in a separate parcel, and girding a towel around your loins, and putting clogs on your feet, leads you to the next warmer apartment. Not familiar with the mystery of pattens, I preferred to walk bare foot over the warm marble, but actually fled with terror from the inner apartment, where the heat exceeded a hundred degrees of Fahrenheit. After a while, however, mustering courage for the worst, I gave myself up to a half-naked, shaven-headed Turk, who laid me on my back, and watered and soaped, and rubbed with a hair-glove, and bathed, till with the excessive perspiration I felt quite dissolved. Then a white napkin was bound round the head, and a dry linen around the waist, and the same attendant led forth to a lounge in the great hall, with whatever refreshment I pleased to order. After passing a sort of dreamy half hour, to a Turk the highest joy in existence, I returned to my lodgings in a parboiled state, enervated and indolent, unfit for work, and hardly fit for play, freshly equipped with fleas, and quite unmoved to the customary extravagance about the unequalled delights of the Turkish Bath.

F. W. H

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1852.

We anticipate more than ordinary interest and excitement in the approaching canvass for the next President of the United States. All parties are burnishing their armor and providing and collecting their warlike munitions for the impending contest. The disunionist of the North has already uttered his battle cry of "Free Soil or Disunion;" and in reply to this announcement of his political creed, is heard the response of the distant South, in accents imperions and threatening, of "Slave Labor and Disunion." The Democratic party, still writhing under the defeat of "forty-eight," and in a measure suffering the privations of the treasury spoils, are desperately engaged in creating new issues on which to rally their forces, and on which they hope to retrieve their fallen fortunes in the coming contest. The Whig party, too, have interests in the political struggle for supremacy. After a contest of twenty years against the assumptions of the arrogant and self-styled Democracy, they have succeeded in the vanquishment of their opponents, and have given to the country an administration distinguished for talent, for political wisdom, and undisputed integrity. Yet an administration qualified to accomplish so much for the prosperity of the country has been circumvented and trammelled, its energies crippled and prostrated, and its action rendered inefficient, by a Congress which has thrown every obstacle in the way of reform. Every expedient has been resorted to by the disaffected and defeated ranks of Locofocoism, to divert the public mind from the discussion and establishment of the important principles which the party in power is organized to secure. For the accomplishment of this sinister object, sectional jealousies, which had slumbered from the days of Andrew Jackson until now, have been excited and aroused. Fanaticism at the two extremes of the nation has been reanimated and excited to unprecedented activity by the insidious wiles of defeated demagoguism. It has been publicly proclaimed, that for the preservation of the "Union," old issues must be abandoned, old parties dissolved, and new ones organized. This absurd notion has been propagated with as much zeal, activity, and earnestness, as if the Union were actually in danger of dissolution. The whole of the *inflammatory* declamation relative to the dissolution of the Union is, at least now, unnecessary, and only productive of evil. True, infatuated and misguided fanaticism at the North has been loud, clamorous, and treasonable in its bold denunciation of the Union; but however unfriendly their sentiments, and vigorous and united their action to accomplish its overthrow, their numbers and influence are too contemptible to justify any apprehension on the part of the true and patriotic friend to his country. This position is fully sustained by reference to the contest of 1848, when the abolitionists of the North had their own candidate in the field, who received the undivided support of the party, and also the disaffected "Free Democracy" of the State of New-York. Yet under circumstances so favorable for the triumph of their principles, if such principles ever could triumph, they were unable to carry the vote of a single

State, or even to secure a respectable minority in any State, save in New-York, where they coalesced with the Van Buren school of Democrats.

Neither, do we apprehend, need there any more alarm be excited relative to the action of the more impulsive nullifier of the South. The thunder of his eloquence, when he first proclaimed disunion, was indeed startling; and as it rolled peal after peal through the political heavens, many there were who had their misgivings, until it was discovered that the bolt of the thunderer was pointless and unaccompanied by the vivid and destructive flash of the electric fluid. Long since has the most timid friend of the Republic taken courage, and forgotten to tremble at the direst maledictions of the most turbulent agitator. The disunionist of the South has no political influence out of his particular and limited circle. He has not the power to levy taxes, organize armies, fight battles, or elect Presidents. True, he has openly advocated treason in the most decided and menacing tone. Long has he labored to kindle an incendiary flame which should eventually consume the fair prrportions of that temple of liberty in which the freemen of a continent are destined to assemble and worship. Yet notwithstanding the energy of his treasonable appeals to the people, no step has been taken towards the accomplishment of his treasonable purpose; no disunion banner has yet been given to the winds of heaven; there has been no "assembling of the hosts to battle." The laws of the *United* States still continue to be fully executed in the infected district, without opposition from the most chivalrous of the conspirators, and the earthquake rumblings of revolution have receded and diminished, until its loudest note of discord is but faintly audible. They have finally appealed to the ballot-box, and found that the people were against them. They have taken the last lesson of the demagogue, and it has taught them that the masses of the South are as firm for the Union as those of any other section.

Granting then from these facts that the Union is in no danger, it is absurd folly to organize a political party for its preservation. The American people, with the exceptions alluded to, regardless of sect or party, are the true conservative party into whose hands the destinies of the Republic may be safely committed. No inflammatory declamation, no sectional jealousies, no "Fugitive Slave Law," can ever alienate their deep and abiding affection from the American Union. Full well do they know that political liberty, national independence and prosperity, are the direct and grand results of this glorious confederacy of republics. Let the revolutionary and disorganizing demagogue but make his treasonable appeal to the people, and from the grave descendant of the Puritan, still clinging to the rocks and hills of his Pilgrim Fathers; from the impulsive son of the South, amid his luxuriant and productive fields; from the rude borderer on the wilderness shores of the northern lakes; and even from those distant and romantic regions where all the gorgeous wealth of oriental fable appears to have been realized; from the wide extremes of this broad continent comes the responding shout of the nation as the voice of one man, proclaiming unchanging and eternal devotion to the Union.

At this period no inconsiderable portion of the newspaper press of the country, under the management of both political parties, is claiming precedence for certain distinguished statesmen in the impending contest, on account of the patriotism and vigor with which they sustained the Union when assailed by Southern and Northern nullification. It is shown by the journalists, that independent of the arduous Congressional duties imposed upon their favorites, which they have discharged with such distinguished ability, they have accomplished much more, and all for the Union.* They have visited all the

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* It is necessary for us here to enter a caveat against the too unguarded sweep of our contributor's observations. Doubtless there have been many attempts to ride into consideration on the wave of this excitement, as is usual with political aspirants; and their lack of other qualifications was expected to be hidden under the veil of this sublime devotion eulogized by our friend; but there *were men* who thought it necessary to step (from positions already attained by all the qualifications necessary for any) down into the popular arena, and with words of power and wisdom cool the heats, clear the perplexities, and arouse the patriotism that the strife had engendered. This, in these men, was legitimate and grand. *They had* fought the battle in other forms; had staked themselves upon it, when the issue was not known; throwing aside their sectional predilections, and taking a national and judicial attitude—just to all, and fearless of none.

They properly therefore came among the people more populous thoronghfares, and startled and electrified their inhabitants by the vehemence of their declamation for the Union. They too have unhesitatingly and gallantly eaten "Union dinners," and drank to the immortality of the Union. All of this is very well. But we fancy that this manner of defending the Union is pleasant and easy, endangering neither life nor limb; especially when we consider that the Union is in no danger. Speech-making is a most unsatisfactory test of the qualifications of the aspirant to the Presidency. His eloquence is an accomplishment, practised as well by the wily demagogue, who by false professions seeks to mislead the public mind, as by the true-hearted patriot. It does not follow, because an aspirant is attached to the "Union" or its "compromises," that he has the qualifications necessary to discharge with efficiency all the various duties of President of the United States. The wild borderer on the farthest verge of civilization is as devoted in his attachments to the American Union as the most lofty patriot; yet it is questionable, with this one qualification, whether he would fill with dignity the chair of State, and discharge its duties with intelligence or ability. But we apprehend that there are other important qualifications which should distinguish the aspirant to the Presidency, besides mere devotion to our national confederacy. He should possess enlarged, comprehensive, and liberal views of national policy, matured by a profound and thorough investigation of the theory of our government. His mind should be unfettered by any of the "one-idea-isms" which so much distinguish the politician of the present day. He should prove his capacity to watch over the affairs, civil, political, commercial, and agricultural, of the government over which he seeks to preside, and to administer justice and execute the laws with a firm, independent, unwavering, and impartial hand. His devotion to the Union should not be manifested so much by rhetorical display and glowing eloquence, as appears to be the prevailing notion of the present day, but should be proven by a life of sacrifice and devotion to the principles of republican truth on which our government is based.

It is farther contended that the candidate must be pledged to the compromise measures, and particularly avow his determination to sustain without modification the Fugitive Slave Law. To this we can see much objection. The doctrine of pledges, as it has operated heretofore amongst political aspirants, appears to be a cunning device of the demagogue, by means of which he seeks to mislead the public mind, and secure popular favor; and when he comes into power, the pledge, often and solemnly repeated, is neglected or forgotten. Instance after instance might be cited in proof of this position. Who does not recollect that the candidate of the Democracy in the canvass of 1844 pledged himself to his party and the nation, that under no circumstances would he ever consent to the dismemberment of the territory of Oregon? The people believed the candidate, and trusting in his good faith, elected him to office. But the Chief Magistrate had forgotten the pledges of the candidate, and without apology or explanation, he unhesitatingly signed away by treaty one-half of the territory to which, he asserted, our title was "clear and unquestionable." This and similar instances conclusively prove that pledges made by the candidate are no guarantee that the wishes of the people will be regarded by the officer.

We can see no necessity or propriety in exacting a distinctive pledge of a candidate to execute the Fugitive Slave Law. His oath of office requires him to enforce it, and would certainly be a more ample and reliable guarantee than the most distinct pledges which could be made before his election. It is highly improbable that a candidate will ever come before the people and ask of them their support for the purpose, if elected, of revolutionizing the government or any portion of its laws. No one, excepting those who are connected with the extreme wing of ultra Northern fanaticism, proposes to nullify the existing law; and to suppose that an advocate of that "higher law" which has been lately propagated with so much earnest enthusiasm could ever procure a nomination at the hands of either of the great political parties of our country, is a notion too absurd to combat. And even were it possible that such a treasonable en-

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when they found the demagogues still exciting them against the very laws of peace which had been agreed upon by all sections; and their success, too, is obvious to all men. One of the most hopeful omens in modern politics is, that the voice of wisdom stilled the raging of the demagogue wave.—Ed.

thusiast could be elevated to the chair of State, however violent might be his hatred to the law in question, however devoted he might be to that "higher law" discovered by modern philanthropy, and however reckless, unscrupulous, and abandoned his general character, yet we much question whether he could be so deeply lost to every sense of moral obligation as to lay perjury to his soul by the violation of his constitutional oath, or to conspire for the subversion of a law which before the world he had solemnly sworn he would execute.

It is admitted that there is a feeling of repugnance existing in the North towards the institution of slavery in the South; but much as the people of the North may deprecate its existence, there is neither the power nor the inclination to subvert it. Slavery in the South exists not by virtue of Northern will or legislation, but by Southern. A Massachusetts Legislature has no jurisdiction over existing laws and institutions in South Carolina. Northern zealots are fast learning that, however great the evil of slavery may be, it is far removed from their control. They are also making the discovery that the more they agitate the question of abolition, the more hopeless becomes the condition of the slave—the more tightly are riveted his fetters. They are learning too that in the tempest they have excited, the wheels of legislation have been stopped, important matters of general and local interest have been postponed or abandoned. During the contest of pro-slavery and anti-slavery over the prostrate and degraded African slave, the interests of the white free laborer of the North have been disregarded by both parties as unworthy of notice or protection. At this crisis, however repugnant African servitude may be to the feelings of the Northern man, he feels and knows it to be his true policy to cease from its useless agitation. He may regard the Fugitive Slave Law as a relic of barbarism, growing out of an institution established in an age less civilized and just than the present, yet is he willing to endure its continuance without a murmur, and submit to its most repugnant exactions without complaint, if his submission will silence the croakings of disaffection and fanaticism, and place a final quietus on the voice of agitation. This state of facts we should think would prove satisfactory to the most quarrelsome and jealous Southerners, without arousing the anti-slavery prejudices of the North by requiring pledges which are contrary to the principles in which they have been educated, and which would only tend to foster sectional jealousies dangerous to the harmony and general prosperity of the country.

But in the mean time, if instead of permitting the excitement on the slavery question to expire for want of opposition, the friends of peace and order should proclaim that the approaching contest for the Presidency is to be a crusade against abolitionism, in which the disunionist of the North is to be for ever crushed, the hostile attitude you assume gives an importance to the political influence of free-soilism which the insignificance of the party does not merit. The force of the Union party is overwhelming. It can bring into the field a thousand to one, in a contest with disunionists; but you cannot thwart their policy or divert their purposes by engaging them in a warfare with *a* Union party. Their great destiny is to agitate. To excite, to irritate and inflame the public mind, is the object of their mission. Opposition gives vigor and importance to their action. They lose nothing by defeat, as they had nothing at stake. They are not even disappointed, for they expected nothing but to be overcome by superiority of numbers. They have in fact fully accomplished all their purposes. The friends of the Union may marshal their forces and shake the nation with their Union thunder, but the disunionist is neither killed, wounded, nor even disheartened at the tremendous explosion. He in fact rejoices that an opportunity is furnished to bring his batteries to bear, as he might express it, on the forces of oppression. The contest has plunged him in the whirlpool of excitement. It has quickened his blood. It has re-animated his flagging energies. It has given impulse and vigor to his discussions, and importance to his party. It has enlisted public sympathy for his cause, and brought new recruits to his standard. He has gained much by the contest.

In the mean time victory has declared in favor of the Union party. They have saved the Union, which was in no danger. They have manfully vindicated and proven the truth of principles which scarce one in a thousand ever doubted. What has the great "United Union party" achieved in the contested field? It occupies the same ground, stands in the same position, and leaves the nation resting on the same political basis on which it rested before the battle for the Union was fought. Nothing has been accomplished; no new principles have been developed; no new policy has been marked out for the progress of the nation in its march to greatness.

The same results will naturally flow from adopting as an article of party creed the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law. This would give additional cause for dissatisfaction on the part of the disunionist of the South, and add more fuel to the flames of disaffection and nullification which have already burnt with so much fury. It would give strength and consistency to their action, and add numbers to their ranks. Many who have heretofore been silent in the discussion of these exciting issues, or who have manfully defended the Union, would be driven into the ranks of nullification by the repeal of a law which tended to guard their private interests from infraction. Even States distinguished for their high-souled patriotism would waver in their devotion to a government which had failed to recognize their peculiar institutions, and afforded no protection to their distinctive rights. They may even be tempted to desert the national banner under whose protecting folds they have won imperishable glory on many a hard-fought field, and range themselves under the flag of treason given to the winds by the hands of nullification.

All our experience proves that any issue whatever made on the subject of slavery must tend to foster and strengthen those sectional jealousies which may yet become formidable to the harmony and perpetuity of the Union. The feeling of enmity between the hostile parties has never been harmonized, but always increased, by a discussion of their matters of difference.

In the mean time the nation has lost years in this age of progress in raising new and fruitless issues, whilst the practical interests of the nation—its commerce, its manufactures and mechanical arts—are languishing for want of adequate protection. Notwithstanding mines have been discovered in our wide domain unexampled in richness and extent, although millions may have rewarded the industry and enterprise of the pioneer to the distant El Dorado, yet is the nation daily stripped of its vast resources, and the gold of California is found insufficient to pay the cost of imported fabrics, whilst American skill is idle and unproductive. It matters not to the enervated Mexican that *his* native mountains sparkle with precious ores. Whilst millions are dug from the earth, this nation is impoverished and bankrupt. And it matters not to the American that the California steamer discharges at his sea-ports her freight of massive gold; for the same gazette which announces her arrival and comments upon the incalculable wealth of the nation, heralds the departure of the European steamer freighted with the same precious metal for the purchase of cotton, woollen, and iron fabrics. At the same time American machinery is idle, her manufacturing skill paralyzed, her factories many of them closed, and the rest tottering on the verge of bankruptcy, and the commercial interests of the country threatened with a revulsion unprecedented in American history.

In the tempest of discussion relative to the "Fugitive Slave Law," the internal commerce of the country is perishing from the accumulated obstructions to river navigation. Whilst sage politicians are gravely discussing the constitutionality and expediency of a law in which the great majority of American citizens have no direct or practical interest, the boatman on our western waters, uncared for by Congress, finds a deep grave beneath the treacherous wave. Apply to Democratic sages who control the action of that great party, and a portion of them will tell you that the "noise and confusion" incident to the settlement of the "Union question" is so great that you cannot now be heard. Others, who unscrupulously voted for the annexation of Texas and California, and are now encouraging the conquest of Cuba, without inquiring or caring for the constitutionality of any of these measures, will tell you that the improvement of such a river as the Mississippi, rolling its mighty waters from one extremity of the nation to the other, bearing on its broad and ample bosom the products of half the confederated States of this Republic, is an object merely local in its character, and that its improvement was never contemplated by the American Constitution. Such counsels will continue to prevail so long as Congress continues to be the centre of the agitation on the subject of slavery. It will, then, be the height of folly and madness for the Whig party to admit into the coming Presidential contest any of those unprofitable and exciting topics that have been for the present professedly settled. Any attempt to revive them should be "frowned down," for they tend to weaken the Union, and will continue to prevent the triumph of any of those principles for which the party exists; and keep us under the iron theories from which we are now suffering.

R. W. M.

Nauvoo, Illinois, Sept. 24.

OUR GENERAL REVIEW.

AN ABSTRACT AND BRIEF CHRONICLE OF THE TIME.

ENGLAND.—In England the closing of the Crystal Palace was permitting the press and people to direct their attention once more to the affairs of the world in general. It was closed on the 11th ult., after having proved one of the most successful and splendid speculations of the age. The structure will probably be removed, in spite of the popular desire to the contrary. Hyde Park is an appanage of the Court and the aristocracy, and it is thought a show-box or other property of the commonalty would be out of place within its precincts.

The English were making great preparations for the reception of Kossuth, who was expected at Southampton in the American ship of war. Upwards of a score mayors of towns and cities wrote to the Mayor of Southampton to express a desire to join in the popular welcome. London and its municipality were prepared to give the Hungarian exile a polite and kindly reception. The desire to do honor to him is very general: for the Ministers are not disposed to curry favor with the despotisms just now. Two of them—the Secretary of War (Lord Palmerston) and Mr. Gladstone—have publicly denounced or condemned the high-handed doings in Naples and elsewhere on the Continent. So that no government consideration seems to stand in the way of a general English welcome. And it is a good and a cordial thing to see the two great and powerful families of English tongue and name, forgetful of past differences, standing side by side and foremost in the cause of humanity in the midst of such frowning and threatening despotisms. After all, there is no fear of the ultimate triumph of free governments all over the world, when England and America join hands in so noble a cause as this. Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet against the King of Naples has called forth a wrathful reply from his Majesty, implicating and taunting the English Government; while the speech of Lord Palmerston at Tiverton has excited a general indignation among the continental rulers—Louis Napoleon included; and it has been stated in a German newspaper, (the *Ober Post Amt Zeitung,*) that the toleration extended to the band of Teutonic conspirators now in London is a breach of good faith towards the German rulers, who are about to make remonstrances against it. London is, in fact, looked upon as the centre of the European democrats. The object of these is a steady radical revolution in Europe, to be brought about by the union of the people and by their contributions. The German Committee propose that shares shall be bought in national loans, which the chief men of the movement shall guarantee, and which shall be repaid on the liberation of the nations. Mazzini has been trying to get up such a loan for the particular behoof of Italy. Just now Professor Kinkel, the poet, is travelling through the United States for the purpose of expounding and furthering, particularly among our German population, this grand liberating project.

The *prestige* of our American republicanism is beginning to impress and agitate the United Kingdom in a very remarkable manner. The English press has become greatly occupied with these States, and its tone has become vastly more respectful and conciliatory. Latterly the Hon. Mr. Lawrence has been creating a sensation in Ireland, far more deep and general than that caused by the visit of the Queen to that island. The *Times* allows that he was every where received "with almost royal honors." And indeed the sincerity with which he was followed and *fêted* was the more emphatically proved, that he did not go among the people to promise them any thing or to flatter their passions or political leanings. His speeches, throughout, tended the other way—were full of calm advice to rely upon themselves and help themselves. Nevertheless, there he was—an American—from that great and rich land of their dreams—the land in which millions of their countrymen had a home and a refuge, and from which within the last few years over two millions of pounds sterling had come from poor Irish laborers to their poorer friends in the cabins at home; so that, if Mr. Lawrence were really the grandson of Brien Boru himself, he could not have been received with more cordial respect and enthusiasm. Furthermore, they identified him with that spirit of American enterprise which, in the matter of steamships and railways, is making such wonderful changes in the world, and hoped something was about to be done for the country at last. Some of the people actually had an idea that he was in secret the agent of some invading *propaganda* who came to spy out the nakedness of the land and prepare the way for the descent of an army of Americans! Some vague notions of Cuba and the *flibustieros* were running through their heads; and certainly such ideas were not calculated to diminish the fervor of their welcome on the occasion! Mr. Lawrence went from Dublin to Galway to see the bay which it is proposed to make a packet station, between Ireland and America. He afterwards visited Limerick, and then proceeded to Cork. These localities and one or two others are respectively contending for the honor and profit of being the "station;" and it required all the ingenious politeness which the Hon. gentleman could command, to order his phraseology in the midst of such rival claims. But he got through it admirably, and praising the localities generally, disclaimed any desire to decide on the most eligible place for the station. The hospitality of the Irish seems to have overcome his diplomacy in a great measure, and though the fact is not stated, we strongly suspect that, while at Cork, the Hon. gentleman must have kissed the celebrated Blarney stone. However this may be, it is very certain that his visit produced a salutary agitation in the Irish mind, and made a strong impression on the English press. The *Times* says that Mr. Lawrence, in visiting Ireland, went to take a look over what was shortly to become *his own*—that is, his country's; for "every Celt will one day renounce the sceptres and coronets of the old word." This great exponent of English sentiment seems to acknowledge, frankly, that the Irish are justified by circumstances in running away from the place of their birth to America; and prophesies that they will "fulfil the great law of Providence which seems to enjoin and reward the *union of races.* They will mix with the Anglo-Americans, and be known no more as a jealous and separate people." Strange sentiments these, coming from the grand organ of British supremacy.

The submarine telegraph between France and England has been laid down in the English Channel, from South Foreland to Sanngate, near Calais. The line consists of four copper wires, like bell-wires, cased in gutta percha, and twined with hempen strands into the size of a rope an inch in diameter. More hempen strands and wires of galvanized iron are twined round this, and all form a flexible casing 4½ inches thick. Messages have been flashed through very satisfactorily, and the communication with Paris will doubtless be shortly completed.

In Ireland the Catholic Association, which was about to be got up in opposition to the late Anti Popish Bill, has been a failure. The Catholic people and hierarchy are not agreed upon the matter. Many of the Irish bishops are in favor of the Queen's Colleges and the government system of education. But Dr. Cullen, Primate of all Ireland, is bent on an exclusively Roman system—separating, in all things, the sheep from the goats—the Catholics from the Protestants, with whom no terms, no faith, is to be kept. All the Irish priests and bishops are not prepared to go these very Catholic and consistent lengths, and hence one more element of Irish discord. All this may result, in time, in a sort of ecclesiastical independence in Ireland, like the Gallican in France.

Fergus O'Connor's great scheme of a "National Land Company" (under which the soil was to be apportioned in small lots, with houses, to those holding shares in the business) has fallen to pieces. They say near £100,000 has disappeared, and that Fergus, the manager, "does not know where to find it." The whole affair is in Chancery. Daniel O'Connell, with whom Fergus worked in the agitating line in Ireland some twenty years ago or so, used to call the descendant of the last King of Ireland "feather-headed Fergus." Daniel was Turkish in his tastes, "bearing no brother near the throne;" and he managed to cast off his colleague, who went to England and set up for himself as Chartist. His occupation, in any character, is now gone, like Othello's.

The Queen of England and her family are sojourning at the royal seat, Balmoral, in the Highlands of Scotland.

England is preparing to get up her *steam* in the world. The Royal West India Mail Steam Packet Company is about to place five new leviathan steamers on the line between Southampton and the Isthmus of Panama—the Amazon, Oronoco, Parana, Magdalena and Demarara. These huge sea-horses will be churning the great Atlantic way in the beginning of next year, and turn a vast amount of the trade between the Eastern and Western hemispheres into a central channel. A company has been also formed in Liverpool for the purpose of increasing the trade and intercourse of England with the Brazilian empire. Three new steamships of large size, and on the screw principle, are to be put upon the line as a beginning. They will be of 300 horse-power each, with an average speed of ten knots an hour. It is calculated that the distance will be run in twenty-five days. In this connection we may observe that the English are just now trembling for the continuance of the trade with Brazil. For some time past, in their efforts to put down the slave-trade, the British have been domineering somewhat over the various ships trading to the ports of Brazil—a proceeding which has caused some discontent on the part of the Brazilian Government, which feeling has been aggravated by the support which England is affording Rosas, Dictator of Buenos Ayres, against whom Brazil has been making some hostile demonstrations. The Emperor now threatens to demand the interference of other powers; and the merchants of Manchester, being among those most deeply interested in the trade with Brazil, have requested Lord Palmerston to interfere and prevent any rupture of the relations between the two countries.

The London *Morning Post* contemplates a larger steam project than the foregoing—to wit, regular communication with Australia; giving as a chief reason the rapid advances of the Americans in the Pacific, and the advantages offered to their commercial marine by the repeal of the Navigation Laws. The *Post* says that if England will not place efficient ships upon that eastern line, the steamers of America will anticipate them, and manage the trade and intercourse of the Pacific. The peaceful rivalry of England and America is apparently destined to hasten the progress of civilization in a very rapid and unexampled manner.

FRANCE.—With all the elements of society in a state of ferment and ominous fluctuation all about him, Louis Napoleon holds right on, without abating a jot of heart or hope. He lately assisted in laying the foundation of a great central market in Paris, and told the people on the occasion that he was only carrying out the old *imperial* intention; that, forty years ago, the French Government was about to do what he had now such satisfaction in performing; thus linking himself with the popular associations of his uncle's time. He then said that, as he then laid the foundation of a building which would shelter the market people from the inclemencies of the seasons, so he hoped to be able to lay the foundations of a social edifice which would afford sufficient shelter from the violence and fickleness of the passions. He then invited a deputation of the market-women to visit him at the Elysée, and they visited him accordingly,—

> "These daughters of the *Halle*, stronger than men,
> Huge women, blowzed with health, and wind, and rain,
> And labor,"—

when he most gallantly kissed half a dozen of them, and so made the fair descendants of the famous old *poissardes* all over Paris his fast adherents for life! The Prince-President affects to treat the French people as his uncle treated them before—as a light, unreasoning race, full of enthusiams, and liable to be easily impressed. A little time will tell if he has made a correct estimate of the national mind.

One hundred and seventy-eight persons were arrested for the Paris plot. After being regularly interrogated, seventy-two foreigners and four Frenchmen were set at liberty; eleven others were afterwards let go. The Department of the Ardèche was put under martial law. This is a broken and rugged district, containing a great many secret societies; and, on a recent occasion, the soldiers and gendarmerie had been attacked by mobs, in two or three places.

Prosecutions of the press continue. Five or six editors of the *Evénement*—a bold republican paper—were knocked off, one after the other, by the angry mace of the law. Among these courageous children of the pen were two sons of the celebrated poet Victor Hugo, Charles and Victor, who were sentenced to several months' imprisonment. The old gentleman, like Torquil of the Oak, in the Fair Maid of Perth, encouraged his sons to throw themselves forward in the fight, and when the last was carried off, wrote a letter to the succeeding editor, Vacquerie, which brought down one more prosecution. The old man says that the earth still moved, though the Italian inquisitors tried to make Galileo and the world believe it did not; and that, in the same way, the cause of liberty still moved and would move, in spite of all the tyrants of the globe. A hearty old cock this!

> "Coquerico coquerico,
> France! met ton schako!"

As for M. Auguste Vacquerie, he has hit upon a plan by which he probably hopes to touch the hearts of the tyrants. He sits down to a leading article and begins:

"Two and two are four;

"The elephant is one of the largest of quadrupeds; what a flexible trunk and what sharp tusks he has!

"It is generally considered that his late Majesty, King Henry IV., was killed by the stroke of an assassin, in the Rue de la Ferronerie. Political causes were certainly connected with this bloody act, so grievously to be deplored by the nation.

"The Queen of England has seven children."

And so on! Other unfortunate editors, who write as Damocles feasted, with a sword suspended over their heads, leave the leading columns blank—to remind the President of his old enemy, Louis *Blanc*, we suppose. Vacquerie has appealed to the Court of Cassation against his sentence of six months' imprisonment and 1000 francs fine, being doubtless ready to exclaim with Béranger:

> "Mille francs! mille francs d'amende!
> Dieu, quel loger pour six mois de prison!"

"A thousand francs! what a rent for six months' lodging in jail!" Rouy, the editor of the *Presse*, has also appealed against his sentence; and Barreste, the editor of the *République*, was to be tried for libel on the 14th ult. Altogether, the lawyers of Paris were in high feather. It has been stated by the Marquis de Jouffroy, a legitimist, and editor of the *Europe Monarchique* at Brussels, that all negotiations for the fusion of the two Bourbon houses have failed. The *Ordre* continues its canvass for the Prince de Joinville as next President. The same paper published a long list of fires that have lately blazed in the neighborhood of Paris, giving the Government no little uneasiness.

Several of the Paris journals hint that Louis Napoleon meditates against the red-republicans of the National Assembly such another measure, as that by which Napoleon purged the Tribunate, and sent a body of his enemies to exile at Cayenne. The red-republicans oppose the revision of the Constitution, and it is asserted the lawyers of the Elysée have advised the President they may be removed "at one full swoop," seeing they have subscribed to the democratic loan which Mazzini has set on foot to liberate Italy. This, it is reported, can be tortured into a matter of impeachment; and if it can, we think Louis Napoleon will certainly impeach, and thus remove the Mountain.

GERMANY.—The thirty or forty powers and principalities of Germany are all busily engaged in bringing that multifarious nation to its previous condition, and obliterating every trace of 1848. The Frankfort Diet is leading the way in this business of recalcitration. A little time ago it passed a resolution to demand of the several federal governments of the fatherland that they examine their several constitutions granted since 1848, and to alter the same in all cases where they may not be found in perfect harmony with the constitution of the despotic Bund, represented by the Diet. If it should so happen that the people of any federal

State will not quietly go "back again," the Bund will appoint a commission to investigate the matter, and settle it, when called upon. This central power has also determined to draw up a general federal *law of the press*, to oppose and correct the existing abuses of the press, and thus help the grand scheme of arrangement it has in view. This Frankfort Diet, of course, expresses and sustains the policy of the rulers of Germany who have thus agreed to nullify all their late concessions, on the plea, doubtless, that they were frightened into the granting of them, which was indeed the case.

The King of Prussia—always considered to be one of the mildest and most liberal of the German governors—(we recollect the *bonhomie* of his manners when he visited London a few years ago, and went with Mrs. Fry to see the prisoners in Newgate, where, with that good lady, he knelt down and said his prayers among them)—this King, we say, shows himself as anxious as any of them to get back to the old ground. Cologne, that city "of three and seventy stenches," according to Coleridge, is at present in very bad odor with his Majesty, who finds the political airs of the people the worst of all. He first put down the Cologne *Gazette*, and he lately directed a prosecution to be commenced against six of the municipal councillors, who, in a debate concerning an address to the King, were considered to have cast reflections upon the government. The poor Burgomaster who presided at the meeting of the town-councillors was severely reprimanded for allowing them to go on speaking. On the 24th of September, the Diet of the province of Brandenburg were suddenly prorogued because some of the members on the day before ventured to allude to old guaranteed rights and such things. On the same day the establishment of the *Constitutional* newspaper of Berlin was confiscated and put to silence, and the editor and all hands left to join the nearest club of secret conspirators for want of something to do. These clubs, which are scattered all over Germany, and called Communities of Free *Religion*, have lately fallen under the suspicion of the governments, in consequence of information transmitted from Paris by the agents of Louis Napoleon, to the effect that the Paris plot comprehended some designs against the rulers of Germany. The consequence has been that the houses of the leaders of these "communities" have undergone a general search, and every thing suspicious has been seized by the authorities.

A commercial treaty has been made between Hanover and Prussia, by which the former virtually enters the Zollverein, or Customs Union of Germany—the objects of which are protection and equal tariffs among the States of the Union.

The finances of Austria are in a very debilitated condition. The Government lately called on all Europe for a loan; but the money has come but slowly in, and there is a chance that the amount will not be forthcoming. The Emperor relied very much upon the Londoners; but the recent sentiments of Gladstone and Palmerston, and the excitement about Kossuth, have done away with his chances in that quarter. In the mean time Francis Joseph has been to visit his Italian dominions, lately pacificated by Radetsky. He made a grand entry into Milan on the 21st of September. Surrounded by soldiers he rode along, while the people preserved a calm demeanor which has been called respectful. He held a military review, and heard high mass in the cathedral. Several houses in the city were illuminated in the evening, but more as a matter of fear or policy than loyalty. The Emperor took up his quarters at Monza, the country palace of Radetsky, twelve miles from the city. During his absence, his uncle's old minister, the Nestor of politicians, Prince Metternich, (who also ran away with such celerity in 1848,) came back to Vienna. He entered it on the 23d September, and was received by Prince Esterhazy and other members of his family. The crowd are said to have received him with respect, that is, they did not pelt him with any thing, and said nothing. The Prince, who is very old, will not, it is stated, meddle with statesman-craft any more.

On the 22d Pesth was the scene of a horribly ridiculous spectacle. Louis Kossuth and thirty-six of his brave companions were hanged upon the public gallows—in effigy. As they could not strangle them literally, the Austrian officials resolved to do execution upon them by strong effort of imagination. And so while our good ship Mississippi was bearing the rescued Magyars out through the Pillars of Hercules into the Atlantic, the soldiers of Francis Joseph were drawn up in square about the gallows in the public place of Pesth, and the sentence of each of the contumacious Hungarians (to the number of thirty-six,) having been read, the hangman took thirty-six black wooden *simulacra*, and launched them into eternity, according to the forms in such cases made and provided. To each wooden traitor was attached his name and brief biography. Kossuth's cartel was as follows:—

"Ludwig Kossuth, born in Monok, county of Remplin, Hungary, forty-seven years old, of the Protestant religion, married, father of three children, advocate, and newspaper editor, Hungarian Finance Minister, and deputy of the city of Pesth at the Hungarian Diet, has from the beginning to the end of the Hungarian revolution played the principal part, and this preëminence was particularly shown in October, 1848, when he prevailed upon the Diet to remain together and not obey the Imperial mandate dissolving it; further, that he took upon himself the presidency of the Provisional Government, or so-called Committee of National Safety, and issued paper money, in order to furnish means for an armed resistance to the Imperial Government, which he developed in a dangerous manner, by recruitings, organization of a National Guard, and 'Landsturm;' that he himself joined the army in its invasion of the Austrian archduchy, declared the succession of Francis Joseph a usurpation, transferred the seat of the Diet from Pesth to Debrecsin on the approach of the royal forces under Windischgrätz; that by means of exhortations and proclamations, by rewards and martial courts, he raised the enthusiasm of the army and the people, and excited them to go on with the revolution, and tried to gain the sympathy of foreign countries through his agents abroad; that he, finally, on the 13th of April, in a private conference, and on the 14th in a public sitting, proclaimed the total separation of Hungary from the Empire, outlawed the sacred dynasty, chose a Ministry in his character of Governor, took the oath of independence on the 14th of May, and on June 27, 1849, preached a crusade against the allied forces of Austria and Russia, and ruled Hungary with the power of dictator, till at last he was compelled by the events of the war to resign, (August 11, at Arad,) and soon afterwards fled into Turkey."

Then followed Richard Guyon, born at Bath, in England. On the same day, thirty-eight others were summoned to come and be hanged within a specified time. Of course they'll be hanged if they do. On this fatal occasion, the bodies having hung the usual time were cut down, and then buried, doubtless, in unconsecrated ground.

The Elector of Hesse has got a great number of political prisoners in his fortress of Spanzenberg—counsellors, burgomasters, directors, generals, and colonels. The editor of a paper at Mayence was imprisoned for quoting from the *Berlin Gazette* a report of one of Gavazzi's London lectures which was rather hard on the Catholic Church. The son of privy councillor Welcher, of Baden, who had given medical advice to some wounded rebels, was let out of prison, on condition that he should emigrate to America.

Every thing, in fact, seems to show the design of the German rulers—a design which, as we have already said, has given rise to a very general conspiracy, the head-quarters of which is in London, and the object of which is a German revolution. Professor Kinkel has come to this country to raise funds for that object among the German population here, and the lovers of revolution in general. His purpose has been announced, and he has collected, it is said, over $40,000 in these States. The peoples of Europe now perceive that no sudden outbreak and victory of the masses can succeed in beating down the despotisms of Europe, with all the influences of custom and the formidable strength of armies on their side; and that the people must first agree to act every where in concert, and take care to have every where the proper sinews, weapons, and munitions of war, when the time of rebellion shall come

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Turkey.—Turkey has let Kossuth go, after a detention of two years. This act may involve the Porte in serious difficulties. Austria has already begun to concentrate her troops on the frontiers of Bosnia, Servia, and Wallachia. Turkey is just now full of difficulties, present and prospective. Her finances are at a very low ebb; so much so, that the Government lately took the extreme and somewhat disgraceful course of demanding back again the diamonds which had been for some time past given with orders of honor. The various provinces of the empire are in a state of great confusion; and not the least of her troubles is her difference with the Pasha of Egypt, who is about building a long railway from Cairo to Suez, and that without any recognition of the Turkish supremacy. The English Government, which, of course, would benefit by the railway more than any other in the world, is trying to make peace in the matter, by the mediation of Sir Stratford Canning. The making of the road will go on whether the Sultan permits it or not.

On the 7th of September the Hungarian prisoners, fifty-five in number, arrived in the Dardanelles in a Turkish ship; whereupon the captain of the Mississippi went on board, and going up to Kossuth, saluted him in the name of the Republic, said the ship of war was at his disposal, and quite in Oriental fashion, which, however, was not at all disgraceful to the West, presented him a purse of money—$15,000. It was a great scene when Kossuth found himself on the quarter-deck of the Mississippi; seeing he was now as much out of the power of Padisha or Kaiser as if he was sitting on New-York Battery! He was quite overcome, and spoke of his liberators and friends with tears rolling down his face. Capt. Long, too, caught the contagion, and, stammering at the commencement of a regular address, could only come out with—"You are welcome to this ship, sir! Three cheers for Governor Kossuth!" Which mode of salutation, seeing he could bring out nothing better under the circumstances, he repeated: "Three cheers more for Governor Kossuth!" And if there was little oratory, there was a great deal of shouting and genuine emotion.

We see it stated that Sir Stratford Canning and Mr. Lavalette proceeded to the Dardanelles to congratulate Kossuth on his departure. On her way up the Mediterranean, the Mississippi touched at Genoa, Spezzia, and Marseilles. The Sardinian authorities, though friendly to the patriot, were reluctant to give him permission to land; and though he desired to touch the soil of Piedmont, he acquiesced, and remained on board. It has been stated that he will make a stay in England, on his way to the States; but at this moment it is uncertain whether he will turn aside from the direct course to New-York.

Spain and Cuba.—The Spaniards, who were at first terribly indignant at the invasion of Cuba, have subsided into a state of calm satisfaction, on hearing that General Lopez was *garotted*. They are also satisfied, it is said, with the intentions of England towards them; and they have complimented Lord Palmerston for his desire that Cuba shall not be taken by the *flibustiers*. But the shrewdest speculators are of opinion that this Spanish gratitude is rather premature, for it is believed that England will only agree to guarantee the possession of Cuba to Spain on condition that some sort of reform shall be introduced into the island; this guarantee to be against foreign invaders *alone*, not against the efforts of the Cubans themselves. It is further reported that a rich and influential merchant of Cuba has gone to London to induce the English Government to interfere for the suppression of the slave-trade, a fixed yearly payment by Cuba to Spain, and the participation of native Cubans in the government of the island. The present temper of the English nation and ministry seems to show that England will not guarantee the possession of Cuba to Spain in the present condition of the island. The organs of the Government at Madrid were at first inclined to advise war with the United States, and the seizure of American vessels to compensate for the loss of Cuba, but that mood is over. And the results to Cuba will probably be that some alterations will be made in the government of the island, to meet the wishes, not of the islanders, but England.

A letter written to the London *Morning Post* by a Spanish officer, offers an explanation of the enmity of Lopez against the Spanish Government. In August, 1836, Lopez, then a Brigadier-General, at the head of 2,000 men, was sent from Madrid to join the army operating against Cabrera in Arragon. About 60 miles from Madrid, he allowed himself (being at breakfast at the time) to be surprised by the Carlist General Gomez, who captured his entire column with the exception of a few cavalry fugitives. Lopez was confined by Cabrera for several months in the citadel of Canta Vieja, till liberated by the Christino General San Miguel. From that time to the last hour of his existence Lopez was never reëmployed by the Spanish Government. His friend Valdez gave him an appointment in Havana, some years since, when he was Captain-General; but the Government at Madrid did not recognize it, and Lopez was dismissed when the successor of Valdez arrived. The high spirit of Lopez brooded bitterly over this, and his resentment against the Spanish Government incited all his future attempts on Cuba.

ITALY.—It is stated on authority that, in the recent consistory held at Rome, the chief question under debate was, not the regulation of cardinals or bishops, but the probability of some general outbreak in 1852. A letter received from Vienna, in answer to one sent to the Austrian Ministry by the Pope, was also discussed. It is described as giving His Holiness every assurance of assistance against the people, who, he now sees with fear, regard his priestly government with abhorrence, and are ready to defy it on the first favorable opportunity. Should a Roman Republic be proclaimed, Austria will send an army to Rome capable of quelling all rebellion. Attempts at assassination continually take place at Rome. Letters from Milan state that the attempted rejoicing to welcome the Emperor Francis Joseph to that city had failed. The majority of the population quitted the town while the Emperor remained, and left to their servants the *compulsory* duty of illuminating, &c.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.—The monarchy of Hawaii is favorably progressing under the fostering care of John Bull. The King is assuming the customary state of all the rest of the potentates; and the court of Hawaii is a faithful miniature of that of Buckingham Palace. The President of Peru has sent to let his "august Majesty" Kamehameha know that he was President; and the King tells his "great and good friend" in return, that he is extremely well pleased to hear it. The *Polynesian* publishes the treaty recently made between England and Hawaii. It conforms to the treaty of 1849 with these States, and will be ratified in ten months. It guarantees the complete independence of the island kingdom. An ordinance granting certain privileges of inter-island navigation has been granted by the King, empowering Mr. Howard to establish steam navigation between all the ports of the kingdom. The first steamer is at work by this time. The anniversary of the restoration of the Sandwich Islands by the English Rear-Admiral Thomas in 1843 was celebrated on the 31st July, in great state. Admiral Moresby in the *Portland*, and H. M. brig *Swift*, were contributing to the splendor of the jubilee. On the report of the discovery of gold in Australia, a great excitement rose at Honolulu, and five vessels were at once advertised for Sydney, and four or five thousand bags of flour changed hands in a day.

PLAGUE AT THE CANARY ISLANDS.—A terrific plague has been lately raging at the Canary Islands, to which, it is said, it was brought by some fishermen, who caught it on the coast of Africa. A letter from the islands says that "History does not record any thing so sad as the spectacle which the island of Grand Canary has presented and still presents. The best directed pen attempts in vain to relate such misfortunes and horrors, and words would not be sufficient to depict their intensity."

VOLCANO IN MARTINIQUE.—About the first week in August last, the Montagne Pelée, in Martinique, began to vomit sulphurous vapor with a terrible noise, like the trampling of cavalry. The top of the mountain was hitherto regarded as an extinct crater, and the recent explosion threw up its old coatings of soil, burnt and impregnated with sulphur. Montagne Pelée continues to exhale poisonous sulphuretted gases.

REBELLION IN MEXICO.—Mexico has been lately—and perhaps is still—in a perilous predicament between bankruptcy and rebellion. She has an empty exchequer, and has been for a good while puzzled how to raise the wind. A sort of States General, (ominous name!) that is, a Junta of the Governors and Representatives of States, met about the middle of August, to devise some means of recruiting the national finances. But they did nothing decisive. In the mean time, the people of the Northern States of Tamaulipas and New Leon became dissatisfied, chiefly with the Government prohibition which forbids them to bring into their States duty-free goods obtained by them from the Americans in exchange of commodities of their own. The Central Government wished, in fact, to raise taxes, and raised a rebellion instead. For lo! a proclamation was issued against it on the 3d September, signed Canales (Governor of Tamaulipas) and Gonzales; and another appeared on the 16th, signed by Colonel Carvajal, and ending with, "Long live Liberty," and "Death to Tyrants." In justification of the movement, these manifestoes dwelt upon the inefficiency and misconduct of the central power, which permitted the Indians to massacre a great many of their people, and which distressed and hindered the trade of the community, by an unjust system of prohibitions and duties. They specified about a dozen demands, and offered them with a belligerent alternative. The alternative came first; for, on 19th September, Carvajal, assisted by two companies of Texans, under the command of Colonels Tremble and Lewis, attacked the Mexican troops at Camargo, and drove them out after killing sixty of them. Other advantages followed, and then the insurgents succeeded in taking possession of the town of Reynosa, where they found a field-piece and a quantity of small arms. In the mean time, the Mexican General, Avalajos, proceeded to put Matamoras in a state of defense and await the approach of the revolutionists, who by this time had circulated their pronunciamento and the account of their successes very generally. General Canalez, Governor of Tamaulipas, was said to be approaching Matamoras, and Avalajos preparing to meet him, either to fight or negotiate. The two Texan companies, hearing that Canalez was about to take the chief command of the revolutionists, declined to coöperate any farther. It is now confidently reported that negotiations are pending between Carvajal and the Government, and that if the latter shall agree to redress the grievances of Tamaulipas and Leon, the rebel forces will be disbanded.

THE POLAR EXPEDITIONS.—All the ships which went to the Arctic Circle last year, from England and America, have returned without finding the whereabouts of poor Sir John Franklin or his ominously-named vessels, the *Terror* and *Erebus*. The crews of eleven ships have in vain tried to reach the secret so closely concealed in the terrible wildernesses that lie around the pole. Captain Austin's four ships, the Resolute, Assistance, Intrepid, and Pioneer; Sir John Ross's two, the Felix and Mary; Captain Penny's two, the Lady Franklin and Sophia; the Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, Commodore Pullen, (sent by the Hudson's Bay Company,) and Mr. Grinnell's two, the Advance and Rescue, have only succeeded in discovering that Sir John spent the winter of 1845–6 on Beechey Island. Detailed accounts of these expeditions will doubtless be given in time.

On the 26th of August last year, the Advance and Rescue entered Wellington Sound, and there found Captain Penny's two ships. Captain Penny had then made the only discovery the expeditions were enabled to make. He had found three graves in a spot on Beechey Island, and knew by the wooden head-boards—the dates on which were so late as April, 1846—that they were men of Sir John Franklin's crew. A direction post found near the graves was formed of a boarding pike-staff, seven feet long. The spike end had been broken off within five inches of the point of the iron, and the staff was found lying on the ground. Some canvas which was found was proved by several persons to be part of a trysail of one of the vessels; the letters N. C., ("naval canvas,") and a yellow sort of Government thread in it, showed that it did not belong to the mercantile marine of England or any other country. Shortly after the American ships, those of Captain Austin and Sir John Ross arrived at the same place.

On the 8th September, the Advance and Rescue proceeded through the ice to Barrow's Inlet, and on the 11th reached Griffith's Island, beyond which they did not go in a westerly direction. They left this on the 13th, intending to return home, but were locked in near the mouth of Wellington Chanel. They were then drifted by the ice-drift to 75° 25′ N. latitude, and thence southerly into Lancaster Sound. Here both ships were kept for five months. While thus frozen in, the terrible night of the Arctic regions fell upon them, and for eighty days they remained in darkness! The thermometer (Fahrenheit) ranged 40 degrees below zero. About the 5th of November the Rescue was abandoned to economize fuel and let the men *come together*. For a long time they expected the vessel (the Advance) would have been crushed in the awful commotion of the bergs about them, and slept in their clothes with their knapsacks on, ready to take to the ice in the last extremity! At last, on the 18th of February, the sun rose, and it was morning; whereupon the crews cheered the luminary as if they were Fire-worshipers! On the 13th of May the Rescue was re-occupied; and on the 10th of June the ships came into the open sea. Captain De Haven then proceeded to Greenland, where he refitted, and then proceeded northward once more. On the 11th of July he had reached Baffin's Island. He continued warping through the ice till the 8th of August, when he became again perilously entangled in a sea of icebergs. He there found that the north and west were already closed against him, and seeing that further effort would be useless, he returned. The ships of the different expeditions reached their respective homes about the same time—the last week in September.

The Arctic explorers, Sir Edward Parry, Sir James Ross, and Captain Beechey, hearing the accounts of the expeditions, were of opinion that Sir John Franklin had taken the northwest passage out of Wellington Channel, which in the opinion of a great many would lead into a *more open expanse* of sea. The Danish interpreter who went out with the Lady Franklin is of opinion that Sir John and his ships are still safe. Captain Penny says that nothing effective can be done among the icebergs of the high latitudes without a screw-steamer. He expressed himself ready to go back again with such a vessel, and addressed the Admiralty for the purpose. But they decline to aid any further attempts this season. Sir John Ross, differing from the rest, believes that Sir John Franklin did not proceed to the northwest. He credits the report of certain Esquimaux that Franklin's ships were wrecked in Baffin's Bay, and a portion of the crews murdered by the natives. Captain Penny, however, with a greater show of correctness, disbelieves the Esquimaux statements—interprets them differently. For, this matter turns upon the meaning of some words in the savage dialect of those miserable polar human beings. Considering every thing, we think it probable that still further efforts will be made to learn something of Franklin's fate.

HOME NEWS.

Accounts from California are always interesting. Those received toward the beginning of last month were of terrible import. The Vigilance Committees of San Francisco and Sacramento had been hanging several men for robberies. Two men, named Whitaker and Mackenzie, had fallen into the hands of the San Francisco Committee, who prepared to bring them to punishment; but they were taken away by the regular authorities, and the Committee then plotted to get them again by stratagem. After three days' confinement, these prisoners were taken, on Sunday, 24th of August, from their cells, to hear divine service in the jail of the city. Just as they had taken their places, the outer doors of the prison were burst open, and a crowd of citizens, rushing in, seized Whitaker and Mackenzie, and carried them out, in spite of all resistance. At the same time, the bell of the Monumental Engine Company began ringing, and the people, who guessed or suspected the nature of the signal, rushed in the direction of the rooms of the Vigilance Committee. In a few minutes a carriage drawn by two gray horses dashed impetuously into the midst of them, and in it sat the pale and terrified prisoners, with pistols at their heads. They were quickly carried into the Committee chambers, (the first story of a large store,) and the enormous crowd waited in a state of agitated suspense for the result. In twelve minutes, the wooden doors of the store windows were thrown open, and several of the Committee appeared leading out the condemned men. Two ropes were "reeved" to a pair of blocks above the opening, and the ends of these being put round the necks of Whitaker and Mackenzie, the miserable men were pushed out and suspended in the air, in sight of the agitated multitude. After they had hung till life was extinct, the coroner was admitted to hold his inquest. In Sacramento, also, a body of the citizens took the law into their own hands, and hanged a man whom the Governor had reprieved. At Monterey, William Otis Hall, convicted of grand larceny, was murdered in his cell, after the marshal of the prison had been gagged by five or six men in disguise. The latest accounts say that these executions have ceased, and that crime has materially diminished. The Illinois steamer lately brought two millions in gold. The auriferous harvest continues undiminished. The quartz veins continue to be worked with great success. A disease had broken out among the Chinese resembling the cholera. Dr. Wozencraft, United States' Indian Agent, has been busy making treaties with the Indians of the middle counties of the State, and nearly one hundred clans or tribes have agreed to be peaceably disposed towards the whites. The searchers are every where turning the rivers out of their beds, damming the streams and blasting the quartz rocks in all directions. The prophecies of those who said the gold of California would be quickly exhausted seem to be very far removed from their fulfilment.

A great robbery took place on the Isthmus lately. The specie train of the Pacific Company was set upon by robbers seven miles from Panama; three of the guards were shot down, two mortally, and the thieves carried off the box of gold, which they expected to contain two millions of dollars. Just then Capt. Garrison and some others came up and pursued them. The box delayed them, whereupon they left it and fled. Several were taken, and it was thought others would be caught. Two colored men, Summers and Cromwell, of New-York, were among those captured; two others were Dr. Berry, of New-Orleans, and Laban Manning, of Illinois. These and others are in prison.

The Panama Railroad was progressing favorably. The engineers expected to run a locomotive to Gatoon by the 12th ult.

A Woman's Rights Convention took place at Worcester, Mass., in the middle of last month. Several ladies and gentlemen contended that women did not occupy their proper position in society; that custom and education conspired to keep their natural powers in a state of non-development. In the course of the proceedings, a letter was read from the "mannish Mœvia," Miss Martineau, the meaning of which was that the women, instead of theorizing too much, should choose certain avocations and lines of thought and life, and follow them out. "The success of women in this way," she said, "would determine the question of their fitness for those strenuous professions which now belong to men." Miss Martineau thinks that a short ante-marital application to any higher order of business will not have any worthy result; the calling or course of life should be followed on to the end. She seems to put aside the marriage instincts very unceremoniously. But, indeed, unless women agree to do so, they can hardly choose for themselves any better avocations and duties than those that now belong to them. The rearing of a young family is one of the noblest and most sacred callings that a woman or an angel could be engaged in. Nothing so dignified as bringing up the young immortals. Calculating eclipses, haranguing from stumps or platforms, or bleeding patients in a hospital, are certainly not comparable to it. But if women generally abjure that bringing up of the little immortalities, of course they may turn their hands to any thing they please, though then the question intrudes itself, "How is the world to get along?" "What about our posterity?" The female Convention should think of this. We hope they are not going to abolish *maternity*.

An immense coal-field has been surveyed in Iowa. Dr. Owen, the geologist, says that between Johnson and Iowa counties an uplift of carboniferous sandstone is encountered. The entire area of this new coal-field is not less than 20,000 square miles, an extent nearly as large as the State of Indiana. He estimates the beds of coal to be 100 feet in thickness, and lying near the surface. The beautiful river Des Moines runs through this large coal-field. Seeing that we are not to have in any very great hurry the cheap fire which Mr. Paine and others have promised to obtain from hydrogen gas, this coal discovery will have a highly beneficial effect upon the machinery and manufactures of the West; though it is not improbable that, in time, coal will be entirely superseded as a means of combustion and heat.

Attempts have been recently made to remove the seat of government from Boston, and leave the beautiful State-House in the Common to be appropriated to some other purpose of general utility. Last February it was ordered, in the House of Representatives, that a joint special committee be raised to consider the matter. The Senate agreed; and the report was in favor of removal. A series of amendments and discussions followed, which resulted in the failure of the resolve to obtain the assent of the Legislature. The discussion will be brought on again, and it is not improbable that the seat of government will be shortly found somewhere in the neighborhood of Worcester.

Rejoicings have been lately made for the opening of the Hudson River Railroad to Albany, which brings that city and New-York within three hours and a half of each other.

Preparations are made to receive Kossuth with an enthusiasm second only to that which greeted Lafayette in 1823. A subscription to raise $100,000 wherewith to present him has been spoken of, but as yet it proceeds rather slowly among the general population. The Germans will doubtless contribute *con amore*, but the only liberality of the rest of the community has been, as yet, exhibited by two traders, who naturally desire to make their very large and handsome gifts serve as a means of advertisement. Mr. Genin, the famous hatter, publicly offers $1,000, and Anderson, the Wizard, offers the produce of one of his necromantic *noctes*. These are excellent and praiseworthy offers; but they prove how intimately the spirit of trade and commerce interpenetrates the mass of our wealthy community. It is a good sign when motives of trade lead men to the performance of good and generous actions.

Father Mathew has lately been in New-York for a few weeks, preparatory to his setting out for Europe. This distinguished philanthropist has administered the pledge to a vast number of his countrymen in these States, and thereby conferred a large benefit not alone upon the recipients but upon society at large. The Hon. Henry Clay has suggested that a subscription be made to compensate the Rev. gentleman in some way for his great services, and commenced it himself. Father Mathew is a very poor man and a very good man; but we are of opinion that if, instead of the virtue of an apostle, he had but a larynx capable of running up a couple of octaves or more, he would have a better chance of putting a small modicum of *dust* into his friar's wallet.

A telegraph line is at present in operation connecting Boston with Montreal and Quebec. A message can be transmitted from the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi in a couple of hours!

The remains of a mastodon were lately discovered in Sussex county, N. J. They comprised a tusk ten feet long, teeth ten inches long and weighing seven pounds each, and a fore-leg measuring three feet six inches from the fetlock to the knee. Indian traditions say that the Delaware was formerly haunted by these lacustrine enormities, and that, after a time, they went westward. Their bones are often found in Ohio. The old stories of dragons, hydras, unicorns, and so forth, may, after all, have had their foundation in the traditionary facts of remote generations.

The Council of New-Orleans lately petitioned to have a navy-yard erected at that port; but the Secretary of the Navy says he thinks the service does not require any additional yards just now.

Major Tochman, the Polish patriot, has communicated to the press at Washington the address of Louis Kossuth to the United States of America. This address was written at Broussa, in Asia Minor, in March, 1850, and was in the hands of Major Tochman since February of this year. It was withheld, very naturally, till the liberation of Kossuth had been determined on. It is an eloquent spirit-stirring affair—full of all the most noble and elevating sentiments of liberty. In it he appeals to Americans as judges in the high court of Human Freedom—the highest court of appeal in the world; and sets forth all his aspirations and policy in the attempt to liberate Hungary. He says Hungary is not yet conquered; that he is still Governor of that nation; and, in a strain of fervent prophecy, he looks forward to a rising of the Hungarians and other nations, which will yet break the power of the despots in pieces. The style of Kossuth is highly impassioned and poetical, such as best appeals to men engaged in lofty and desperate courses; but it is clear and vigorous, and overruled by a sound and steady judgment. Kossuth intends to leave his wife and children in England. This shows that his heart is in Europe, and that he will not stay long in America. His heart is in Hungary; and it is not improbable that he will soon take up his abode in London, and thence watch and excite as much as possible the chances of revolution on the continent of Europe. Freedom's struggles are not yet over there. Indeed, it is probable that the bloodiest are about to begin. Several French families have gone across to the English island of Jersey, fearing some outbreak in France.

NOTE TO PORTRAIT OF GENERAL COOMBS.

We hoped to have been able to give, with the portrait of General Leslie Coombs, a biographical sketch; but we have been disappointed, not receiving it in time for the present number. It will be an exceedingly interesting narrative, and we hope to give it in the next issue.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac and the War of the North American Tribes against the English Colonies, after the Conquest of Canada. By Francis Parkman, Jr. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. London: Richard Bentley.

This is a truly valuable contribution to our historical literature. It is a work of great original research into a "strange eventful history," prosecuted with unwearied industry among the buried archives of governments, and through obscure private records of adventure; and when we add to this, that the author, in order that nothing might be wanting to a conscientious performance of his task, spent much time by the camp fires and in the canoes of the people who are the principal subjects of his work, that their character and habits might be more effectually studied, we have indicated a book which should at least attract the attention of all intelligent readers. It will be found worthy of a place by the side of the famous histories of Mr. Prescott. Admirable in manner, and profoundly interesting in the matter of it, no library should be without it.

The Captains of the Old World, as compared with the great Modern Strategists; their Campaigns, Characters, and Conduct; from the Persian to the Punic Wars. By Henry William Herbert. New-York: Charles Scribner.

Although this is a work intended for popular circulation, it is a laborious and a learned one. The subject will necessarily commend it to the general attention of the public; and when it is observed that the author has gone to the original sources for the information necessary to his design, it will be considered a work of excellent authority on the subjects of which it treats. We hope that the success of the present volume will encourage Mr. Herbert to carry out his intention of giving us others on "the Captains of Rome, the Captains of the Eastern Empire, the Captains of the Barbarians, the Captains of the Middle Ages, and the Statesmen and Orators of each of these periods in succession." Such a series of works would be a most interesting and valuable addition to our literature, executed by a gentleman of such learning and taste. The volume before us is very elegantly gotten up by the enterprising publisher, and is illustrated by designs of the author's own drawing. The "Onset of Numidian Horse" is exceedingly spirited.

Memoirs of the Queens of France, including a Memoir of her Majesty the late Queen of the French, Marie Amelia. By Mrs. Forbes Bush. From the second London edition. Philadelphia: A. Hart, late Carey & Hart. Two volumes.

These are very graceful and interesting sketches of the Queens of France from the earliest records of the nation down to the present time. The authoress, with great tact and admirable clearness of style, presents in a succinct form the principal facts in the lives of these personages, illustrating their character and actions without tediousness or circumlocution. She has made a book both interesting and instructive.

Naval Life; or, Observations both Afloat and on Shore. By W. F. Lynch, U. S. N. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1851.

Sketches of the lives and adventures of sailors are probably, as a class, the most readable of all books. This one is exceedingly so, and will well repay perusal. Lieutenant Lynch is well known to the reading public by his narrative of the exploration of the Dead Sea.

The Ladies of the Covenant: Memoirs of Distinguished Female Characters, embracing the period of the Covenant and the Persecution. By Rev. James Anderson. New-York: J. S. Redfield.

If the times, in Scotland, of which this volume treats were literally those which tried *men's* souls, these most interesting and instructive memoirs will show that for heroism, fortitude, and self-sacrificing devotion to their faith and their duty, the gentler sex were no less worthy of the crown of glory than their illustrious fathers, brothers and husbands.

Watching Spirits. By Mrs. Ellet. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1851.

Mrs. Ellet, in this elegant little work, has entered a new field. Her graceful pen could have found no more fitting one. She has divided her subject in the following manner: "Watching Spirits;" "The Ministry of Angels;" "The Lessoning of Angels;" "Elect Angels, or Angelic Relations to the Work of Christ;" "Departed Spirits;" "Apostate Spirits." The book is elegantly printed, and illustrated by fine engravings from pictures by the old masters.

Margaret; a Tale of the Real and the Ideal, &c. By the Author of "Philo" and "Richard Edney and the Governor's Family." Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

A revised edition of this remarkable book. Those who have not read it will be surprised at the remarkable genius displayed by the author. Primitive New-England scenes and characters drawn with singular vividness and individuality; at least, if not in accordance with our preconceived ideas of them, are formed by the author into the most matter-of-fact background of a canvas whereon are displayed the loveliest ideals of his fancy, and through which he causes to gleam fitfully, and sometimes with an uncertain radiance, flashes of poetry, moral teachings, and religious thoughts wonderful for their boldness and power.

Episodes of Insect Life. By Acheta Domestica. Third Series. New-York: J. S. Redfield. 1851.

This volume completes the series of this beautiful, instructive and entertaining work. Having already expressed our opinion of its merits, we need only say that it is carried through by the author with the same spirit and vivacity, and that Mr. Redfield has accomplished his idea to make it one of the most elegant series of volumes that has ever been issued from the American press.

Moral Reflections, Sentences and Maxims of Francis, Duc de la Rochefoucauld. Newly Translated from the French, with an Introduction and Notes; to which are added Moral Sentences and Maxims of Stanislaus, King of Poland. New-York: William Gowans.

These world-famous maxims, so often quoted and referred to, could not have fallen into better hands for a new edition of them than Mr. Gowans'. The maxims of Rochefoucauld for shrewdness, worldly wisdom, and point of expression, are unsurpassed; not wholesome, however, in themselves, but requiring just such illustrations and modifications from other writers as the publisher has introduced. A very complete catalogue of books of maxims is introduced at the end of the volume, which adds to its value. The work is *gotten up* in very admirable style.

The Fall of Poland: containing an Analytical and a Philosophical Account of the Causes which Conspired in the Ruin of that Nation, together with a History of the Country from its Origin. By L. C. Saxton. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1851.

This is certainly a work executed with great labor. There seems to be no subject that could by any possibility be supposed to be connected with the history of this unfortunate nation but what is elaborately discussed by the author; morality, literature, political theories and religion, every thing, is brought in. We trust the zeal and industry of the author will be rewarded by communicating to a large and appreciative audience the stores of knowledge he has so laboriously wrought up for their benefit, that he may be rewarded for his good intentions.

Gulliver Joi: his Three Voyages. The Young Emigrant; The Boy and the Book; Madeline Tube and Crystal Palace. Uncle Frank's Home Stories. Three new volumes. New-York: Charles Scribner.

These fine little volumes we can highly commend, both for their attractive form and beautiful illustrations, as well as for the admirable manner in which are blended interest and instruction for the juveniles, in their pages. The first named is full of that kind of imagination and ingenuity which so attracts boys in the original Gulliver.

A Class Book of Chemistry, in which the Principles of the Science are familiarly explained and applied to the Arts, Agriculture, Physiology, Dietetics, Ventilation, and the most important Phenomena of Nature. For Schools and Popular Reading. By Edward L. Youmans. New-York: D. Appleton & Co., 200 Broadway.

In our opinion this is the best, most practical and useful manual of chemistry that has been published. Most clear and concise in its arrangement, there are none who will not find it a most valuable addition to their *useful books.*

Posthumous Poems of William Motherwell Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

This selection, edited by William Kennedy, the friend and coadjutor of Motherwell, will be welcome to the many admirers of this Scottish bard. It is issued uniform with his other works by the publishers.

The Indications of the Creator; or, the Natural Evidences of Final Cause. By George Taylor. New-York: Charles Scribner.

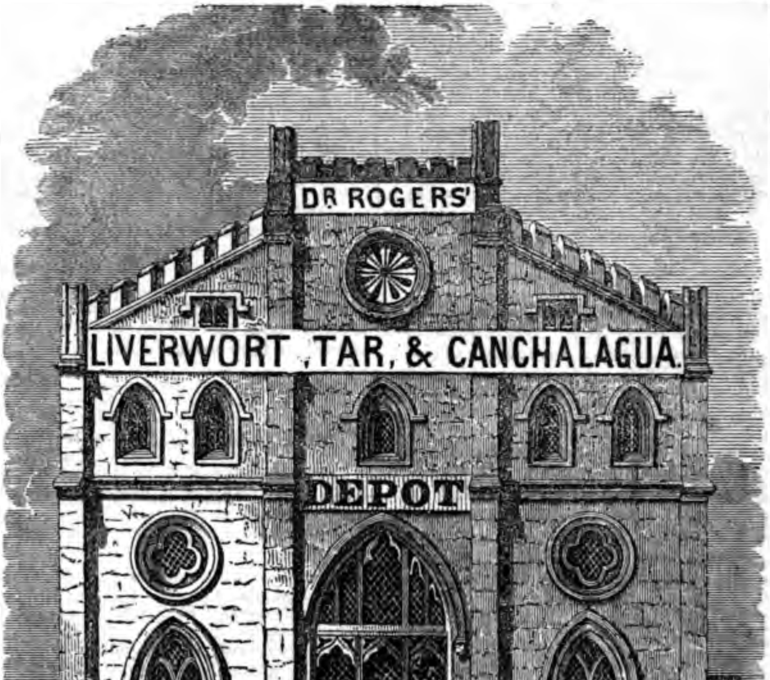
A very well-written and sometimes eloquent work. The author has grouped together very admirably the great facts and principles of the sciences of Astronomy, Geology, Comparative Physiology, and Physical Geography; and, in a manner deserving of great praise, deduced from them the doctrines they teach respecting their great Creator and Sustainer.

Sunbeams and Shadows, and Buds and Blossoms. By Georgie A. Hulse. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

This book, we should think, would be a great favorite with all lady readers. It is gay and yet pathetic, lightsome and yet sad. The authoress wields a graceful pen, and paints characters with no little skill. There is a fine undertone of religious sentiment and earnest feeling pervading the whole, and elevating it above the ordinary novel.

A Budget of Willow Lane Stories. By Uncle Frank. New-York: Charles Scribner.
A Peep at our Neighbors. The Sequel to the Willow Lane Budget. Same Publisher.

These are admirable little children's stories, and beautifully illustrated. They are gotten up in just the style such things should be. The stories are admirably adapted to their purpose of instruction and amusement; and the embellishments, while they give delight to the eye of the child, will cultivate it staste.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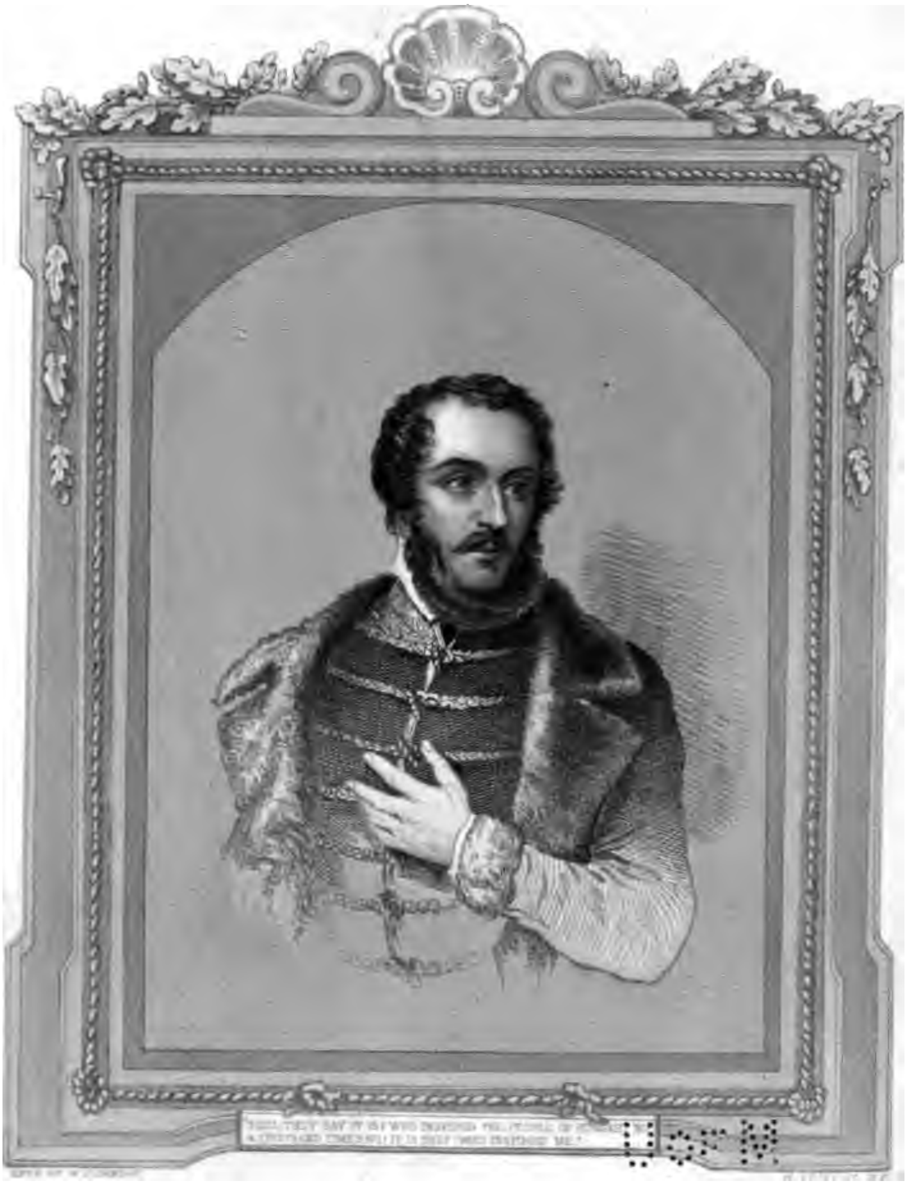

LOUIS KOSSUTH.

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in search of health than disposed to labor, I should be tempted to note, from Congressional and Executive records, some of the errors apparently run into, both of reasoning and of policy, under the seductive influence of round language. No stronger illustrations could be given of Mirabeau's assertion that 'words are things,' (ay, and fatally serious things, too,) than the extent to which, with such aids, the meaning of our Constitution, if not the nature of our government, has been affected. I am not so unjust as to question the motives of those who have thus deviated; they must rather be regarded as misled by a sort of ambitious patriotism, so intently aiming to augment the greatness, wealth and power of their country, as unguardedly to overlook the peculiar complications and nice adjustment of its political system.

"As a people, we are generally calm and conservative—perhaps more tamely so than is congenial with the spirit and anticipations of the Constitution. There is one provision of that instrument, which more strongly than any other marks its practical wisdom, and yet it is curious to see with what almost superstitious dread we shrink from bringing it into action. I refer to the power and process of amendment. Our organic law was put in writing, its delegations and restrictions of jurisdiction were given express and visible certainty; but as all human fabrics are confessedly imperfect, and should ever be adaptable to the times, the mode of peaceful change, correction or addition, was prescribed with equal exactness. Why is it that we endure years of dangerous agitation, unsettling our sentiments as fellow-citizens, and winding gradually up to a social convulsion, rather than frankly resort to this proffered expedient? Certainly, the Constitution cannot be touched with too much reverence; certainly, what is usually stigmatized as 'tinkering' at it should be resolutely avoided; but when it is plain that the proper occasion has arisen, that nothing less solemn can be efficacious, and that the very Union it creates and conservates is at risk, why are we to recoil from the provided sanctuary? One of the authorized forms of amending is unaccompanied by hazard of any kind—that of Congressional recommendation, to be followed by the approval of three fourths of the local Legislatures. Such a process seems just now to be unpromising, but it may, after candid and diffuse discussion, turn out otherwise. Surely the Union is valued sufficiently to rally for its risk and renovation twenty-four of the thirty-one States; or are we already prepared to admit that the American people have become incapable of self-government, incapable of appreciating the true sources of their wonderful progress, and incapable of discarding the blind though boisterous guides, ready to lead them, through disunion, into mutual and rancorous jealousies, into dependence on foreign guardianship, into civil and servile wars, and into the poor feuds of village trades and tariffs. I think it always a mistake to falter in reliance upon the shrewd and sober judgment of the great body of our fellow-citizens. They were wise enough to discern the untried excellence of the Constitution; they were wise enough to amend, ay, and most admirably, the work as it came from the hands of Washington, Madison, Franklin and Hamilton. Are they not wise enough, then, to apply a single and simple cure for a disease which, after many years of latent torpor, has suddenly alarmingly developed? With me there is no doubt that if my countrymen be given the legitimate opportunity, they will expressly and unqualifiedly prohibit, sooner or later, what I have heretofore humbly believed they had by the strongest implication already prohibited. They will prohibit from being forced by the sophistries of zealots to enact the part of consolidation; they will place the constitutional canon too palpably for misconstruction against the self-slaughter of intermeddling with institutions and rights exclusively of State creation, State responsibility, and State control; they will render it impossible, by any process short of treason or revolution, to convert the confederacy into the means of destroying the equality of its own members, or to direct its energies to fulfil the behests of some higher law starting up from the ever-ranging and incalculable phantasies of the inner man.

"I have dispassionately, but anxiously watched the manifest of political sentiment in the North and East, since the adjournment of Congress, and shall be most happy to find my impression dispelled in the future. At first the movements of the masses were independent of leadership, and gave a noble earnestness to indicate their good faith, and to maintain the institutions and harmony of the Union; but—and I say it with reluctance—the horizon was not long permitted to remain so flattering. The abolitionists beat again their barbaric gong; the love of representative assemblages, regular or casual, was again taunting and vindictive; paltry and personal ambition renewed the agitation by which alone its hopes are fed; Vermont, Massachusetts, Ohio, New-York, and even Pennsylvania, exhibited in succession sad proof that their respective portions of the great Whig party were unwilling to forego the customary rallying outcry against the South. They affected not to know, to disbelieve as fanciful, or to despise, if real, the dangers of their course; the bold bully of Anti-slavery defied to his face the eloquent apostle of Union, and defied him with impunity. The newspaper editorials, with exceptions few and far between, merged in the common current; at last it has become quite manifest (has it not? and why repress our convictions?) that the expectation fondly indulged of tranquilizing the country by the legislative measures, is delusive. The act for the extradition of fugitives is the pretext for protracted and persevering war upon the guaranties of the Constitution; and if we are to raise the siege to which that instrument is still subjected, can we do better than reinforce it from the arsenal, and with the orders of the people? I desire nothing so much as the safety of the Union. Place it beyond the striking distance of cunning, as well as mad fanaticism. Do this, if you can, without resorting to the final remedy; but if you cannot, then give to the Constitution an express, positive, prohibitory amendment, which shall for ever end the entanglements and pretexts of interpretation.

"But what, you may ask, if this doubtful and dilatory course should prove abortive? Much time and opportunity will have been afforded.

> Congress, the Executive, and the people will have perceived that the resources of the Constitution for the defense of the State rights were patiently exhausted, and may become sensible that a single further step of invasion will, like the last feather on the camel's back, break down the confederacy. At all events, the responsibility of pertinaciously perverting, after reiterated warning, the functions of the Union, will, even more strongly than now, rest with those who dare gravely claim to domineer the condition and consciences of others. Instead of forbearing remonstrance, of reasoning, and of appeals to the bulwark of the fundamental compact, the quick instinct of self-preservation will alone be left. Even at that crisis, when disunion, partial or temporary, shall seem the alternative on which to shun consolidation, I shall not cease to hope that faction may yet be stunned into sobriety, and that the confronting presence of liberty and usurpation may, in this western world of ours, terrify the latter into retreat.
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> "I do not think that I misjudge my countrymen in saying, that the party in the wrong must ultimately yield; but it is well to remember, that in order to retain the position of right, extreme forbearance is necessary, and that perhaps gross oppression may for a season be most honorably borne. In contests of speculative politics, a salutary something can always be anticipated from the soothing and truth-disclosing influence of time. To fling the gauntlet while yet the civil controversy is undecided; to mutiny from, and quit a garrison within which you may really have more friends than foes, is chivalry of the kind painted by Cervantes. Napoleon, the restive and intractable, owned and inculcated, as to all projects, the wisdom of waiting 'till the pear is ripe,' and not imitate the savage who cuts down the tree to reach the fruit. Southern men whose faith wavers in the meaning and purpose of the Constitution, as to State equality and non-intervention, are naturally made testy and choleric by their own misgivings; but it is the province of conscious justice and perfection to be patient, and to abide the inevitable triumph of truth. Nor ought it to be forgotten, that however convenient and admissible in ordinary parlance the language is, there are, under the Constitution, no such separate realities as 'Southern rights;' that an outrage upon reserved sovereignty, on any subject, is just as much an infringement of my right in Pennsylvania as of yours in Texas, and that a large proportion of the people on this side of Mason and Dixon's line have been taught by experience and reflection to know that their dangers, in peace or in war, have their sources in the North. A citizen who truly estimates and loves the Union, who is capable of comprehending that to the domestic tranquillity and enduring freedom of the American people it is a political necessity, feels as sensitively a blow inflicted upon one great interest or region as upon another—upon the fisheries, the navigation of the Mississippi, the liberty of the seas, the freedom of the press, or the local sovereignty over soil and slavery. The right to fish is no more Northern than Southern; the right which was in momentary jeopardy at Ghent, of exclusive use of the waters of the Mississippi, is no more Western than Eastern; and the right not to be impressed by British naval audacity was cherished alike in the fields of Kentucky and on the Atlantic coast; and so I tell you that the right of each State to be accounted an equal of every other State, and to secure, if she so pleases, to her inhabitants the enjoyment of as ample and unrestricted a scope for the exercise of their minds and means as can be secured elsewhere, is not a sectional, not a Southern, but a common Union or constitutional right. Such, I am sure, was the design of all those who, as master workmen, built on the basis of the confederation the United States; such I believe to have been the sense of those who, after the most widely popular form of consultation, adopted the structure, and entered upon its occupancy; and such must be—for the truth is mighty and will prevail—the ultimate judgment even of those who, with the bigoted frenzy of crusaders, would attain what their delirium deceives them by depicting as 'the will of God.'" * * * *

Such are the opinions of a sometime Vice President upon the great topics that have agitated the Union. We propose briefly to review the opinions here presented, not as possessing any intrinsic merit, nor as likely to exercise any important influence upon thought or action in reference to any great interests, nor yet as emanating from a source likely to give weight to any opinion by the prestige of an established political leadership; but simply because the transparent Machiavelism of the distinguished writer has displayed, what his more adroit competitors for the Presidency would fain conceal, the aims and thoughts of the leaders of the Democratic party.

Mr. Dallas, in company with a few of the same sort, distinguished for the intensity of their partisan antipathies, regards consolidation as the especial evil genius of this Republic. The federal bond he regards as too strong, and likely to merge the separate sovereignties of the States into one vast, overshadowing empire. And while professing admiration and devoted attachment for the Union, he proposes to weaken its bond for the sake of enhancing the dignity of the State sovereignties. An occasion more opportune than the present might have been selected for the promulgation of such denationalizing opinions; for if the destiny of the Union is likely to be affected in any way by the discussion of the great question of the day, it will inevitably arise from the preponderance of the centrifugal over the centralizing force. While the harmony of the States is disturbed by the conflict of a diversity of policy and interest, there is little to fear from consolidation. At such times our study should be to discover how we may cement most firmly the Union, while the discussion of such dangerous abstractions should be deferred to times when more is to be feared from apathy than from agitation. That there exists no pressing and immediate necessity for the discussion of this topic, is strikingly evinced by the fact that such acute politicians as Mr. Dallas discover so strong an opposite tendency, that they are willing to hazard their expectations and reputations, if they have any, upon an effort to ride into place and power upon the current of State-right opinions.

If there ever arrives a time when the well-balanced structure of our Union will be in danger from consolidation, it will happen when some grand scheme of conquest, like that conceived for the administration of which Mr. Dallas was a member, shall absorb the thought and feeling of the nation. Such unholy bandings to pillage and annex territory exert the very influence which Mr. Dallas dreads. The strongest governments are those which exist among plundering hordes; while the peaceful pursuits of industry, intellectual and moral culture, the legitimate pursuits of civilized societies, have a tendency to distribute and equalize political powers. In ages widely separated by time, and under dissimilar conditions of social existence, the republics of Rome and France sank under the weight of an imperial ambition.

The sentiments of Mr. Dallas call to mind the days of the Titans, when similar doctrines were propounded by a Calhoun. Mr. Calhoun impressed his age with a conviction of his earnestness. Those who differed from him saw more reason to regret the overwrought sensibility of his temperament than to censure his motives or doubt his power. He was Southern in heart and impulse, and actuated by a generous warmth, that ennobled the man, notwithstanding his errors of judgment. The prophetic warnings of such a mind challenge the attention, however they may fail to convince the reason, and become the rallying-cry of devoted partisans.

The history of the severest struggle through which our Union has yet been called to pass, leaves little to fear from the same weapon in hands such as those of Mr. Dallas. It is the club of Hercules in the hands of Paris.

The author of the Schooley's Mountain letter has displayed presumption if not praiseworthy ambition in attempting to mount the rostrum so recently left by the great master-spirit of discontent. He draws about his meagre limbs the robe of his master, with less dignity than self-satisfaction, and glances with complacency at his admired proportions, as he counterfeits the tone and manner of his ideal. We will listen to the voice of the oracle.

The great error of the day, reasons this first-born of wisdom's children, consists in a misapplication of the term "*nation*," an "*import from old consolidated empires*," unsuited to "*the new American condition of mere federal union*." We have been taught by the poets that there is but little in a name; but we venture to assert that a *nation* has not half the fragrance that invests a *mere federal union* for the delicate sense of the philosophic Pickwickian. It is left in uncertainty whether Mr. Dallas aims his critical thrust against those devoted self-laudators who delight to distinguish ourselves and our country as "a great nation," or whether the objects that excite his indignation are those inoffensive beings, the makers of dictionaries, whose single and humane effort is to rescue good English from the hands of murderers; but it is evident that Mr. Dallas is deeply concerned for the safety of our country, while there are those who are silly enough or wicked enough to call it a nation. If the stability of our institutions is endangered by it, however much we may regret the loss of a euphonious word from our language, interwoven as it is with not a few pleasant associations, we solemnly declare, and write it with a firm pen, that dangerous word, that emissary from old consolidated empires, must be forthwith banished from the dictionaries.

We cannot restrain an emotion of pity for one who sees air-drawn daggers in such minute and inoffensive objects; but as such hallucinations are confirmed by opposition, we will pass without disputing the reality of the phantom to graver topics suggested by this subject.

It would have been gratifying to have learned from Mr. Dallas the precise causes which in his judgment are productive of danger to the existence of the State sovereignties, and it would hardly be deemed unreasonable to have required him to establish his premises before proceeding to discuss the consequences flowing from them. But this he has carefully avoided, as much out of regard for the danger as for the difficulty of such an attempt.

Without consulting either the prudence or the apprehensions of Mr. Dallas, we will venture to present a few thoughts upon that part of the subject under consideration which he has so signally neglected. It requires a mind of somewhat enlarged capacity to comprehend the division of powers established by the Constitution between the General Government and those of the States. The Federal Government is supreme and sovereign, though constitutionally restricted to certain powers affecting equally all the members of the Union. It possesses all the attributes of sovereignty: it can legislate and enforce its legislation; it is self-sustained; possesses powers adequate to its own protection, and for the defense of every member of the confederacy. It establishes its own tribunals, not only authorized to adjudicate all questions arising under the laws and treaties of the United States, but with power to determine controversies between the citizens of different States, and between States themselves. And still higher in importance, its tribunals are clothed with authority to determine all questions arising from a collision of the constitutions and laws of the States with those of the United States. With foreign nations it treats on the footing of a sovereign power, and its compacts and guaranties depend for their efficacy on no higher authority than that reposed in it by the Constitution.

Such are the admitted powers of the Federal Government; and whether we choose to apply to such a political system the name of a "nation" or a "mere federal union," cannot add to or abate from its essential characteristics, or from the powers rightfully exercised under it. For ourselves, designing to dictate definitions to no one, we deem the word "nation" more expressive of the dignified character of the United States than any less significant term.

To a certain extent the term "nation" implies consolidation. As applied to our Constitution, it implies the consolidation of the federal powers in an organic, objective government.

But the term consolidation, when applied by the declaimers as a bug-bear, has a far different signification, and points to an aggressive spirit supposed to lurk in the framework of the Federal Constitution, struggling by insidious encroachments to overwhelm the State sovereignties.

The nationality of the United States is in no respect inconsistent with the independent sovereignty of the States. The States are not subordinate, but, like the United States, limited sovereignties, each supreme, independent and self-sustaining within its proper sphere; that is to say, where the exclusive powers of the General Government are not encroached upon.

Every citizen resident within the States is at once a member of the general and the local community—a citizen of the United States and of his own State. From him all loyalty and sincere attachment is due to both. The immediate and intimate bearing which the institutions of his State have upon his social and material interests will assure at least as firm an attachment to them as to a system more remote from his observation, and whose operations affect his interests in a manner more remote and more difficult to understand. Under such circumstances, for a citizen of the United States to become an instrument of erecting a consolidated empire upon the ruin of the State sovereignties, implies treason to an authority which affection, duty and interest conspire to preserve in its integrity.

Who, then, are the conspirators whose machinations excite so lively an apprehension in the brain of our philosopher? Whoever they may be, the first act of encroachment upon the State sovereignties, the first breathings of such treason, are not recorded in the history of our political existence. Are not the Northern States struggling to enforce the constitutional guaranty of a purely local State right, under circumstances evincing the strength of their attachment for the Union? Are not sacrifices of honestly entertained opinions and prejudices daily made, to maintain the supremacy of law? The warmth of the discussion, the fermentations and disturbances occasionally arising in some of the Northern States, and gradually yielding to the peaceful sway of law, furnish the strongest argument in behalf of the loyalty of the North to the Constitution. These indications are rightly interpreted by generous minds in every section of the Union, and give strength to the conviction that there yet exists among us enough of forbearance with the opinions of others, and of fraternal sympathy, to transmit our noble Constitution—the gift of a generation that is past—in all its purity to the generation which shall succeed to us.

To minds constituted like that of Mr. Dallas, these considerations are inappreciable. But fortunately, if they do not possess the power of appreciating that which is noble and dignified, they are themselves the more easily appreciated in their length and breadth, compass and volume.

Mr. Dallas has mistaken the indications of the political horoscope. From the lofty elevations of Schooley's Mountain he may have observed all the stars in the firmament in their courses, but he has failed to discover their conjunctions; his astrology is as much at fault as his philosophy. The most sensitive and jealous among the sisterhood of States have no need nor desire for his sympathy, and can gain as little from his championship as the Union can lose by the worst act of treason of which his genius is capable.

Mr. Dallas thinks that we are, as a people, rather too conservative and calm; too much so for our good; too much so to fulfil the destiny marked out for us by our Constitution. It may be so; but it seems strange that so apathetic a race "*should endure years of dangerous agitation, unsettling our sentiments as fellow-citizens, and winding gradually up to a social convulsion.*" That must be a strange conservatism that can agitate to the verge of a social crisis, but cannot remove the cause of agitation without belying its own principles; that a most desirable calmness that can maintain itself throughout such fermentations.

But it matters little whether we be conservative or radical, calm or impetuous, if the fact be that we are winding up to a social convulsion. Let us stand upon this firm ground—not so elevated as the summit of Schooley's Mountain—and look about us for the portents of the coming storm. Is it in the honor recently achieved by our commercial marine? Is it in the widely-expanding wings of our commerce? Are railroads, telegraph lines and canals, stretching into and subduing forests, the emissaries of the infernal power, forging chains for freedom in the dark caverns of the earth? All these agents are about us, coiling their folds tighter and tighter, and straining their activities to achieve some strange destiny for us. Does the secret lie in prosperity at home and honor abroad—in industry, abundance and contentment? It may perhaps be portended in the silence that pervades and surrounds certain closed and deserted buildings, not long since noisy with the clangor of wheel and anvil. Then again may it not lurk in the necessity for electing a Democratic successor to Fillmore?

It would seem highly probable that this last is the true origin of Mr. Dallas's apprehensions for the future; for throughout his patriotic letter he nowhere loses sight of this means of accomplishing that beneficent consummation.

We will venture, then, to assume that the impending ruin can only be averted by the election of a Democratic President at the approaching presidential election; and thus having placed ourselves in sympathy of purpose and feeling with Mr. Dallas, we will examine in order to admire the adroitness with which he applies the means requisite to that end, or to wonder at the presumption involved in the attempt, as the result may warrant.

Two notable champions of Democracy are at this moment watching each other over the wide regions that separate the peninsula of the North from the farthest South, ready to meet in terrible encounter some day:

> "Two planets rushing with aspect malign
> Of fiercest opposition in mid sky."

But for a certain "noise and confusion," one would long since have spoken to some purpose; while the other prudently keeps silence, lest a worse noise and confusion should ensue.

At this juncture, a feeble trumpet-note is heard in an unexpected quarter. A former politician, supposed long since to have been dead and buried and embalmed, is lustily piping away like a very Anthony Van Corlaer, till the little valleys of the Schooley ring again with the clangor, though the sound is scarcely audible so far off as the Atlantic.

With a composure worthy of the highest conscious rectitude, the discontented are invited to unite in an agitation for an amendment of the Constitution designed to guarantee more effectually and for ever to secure the rights of the States from federal encroachments. There is—what a politician stands most in need of, next to a God and a party—an issue, a something to attach adherents, to inflame zeal, to turn the breath of patriotic enthusiasm full into the sail of the fortunate craft that has been lucky enough to *trim* for a breeze from the right quarter. The time was, when personal superiority attracted the admiration and determined the choice of the millions; when heroic fortitude and self-devotion were idealized and worshipped. In those days heroes were magnified to demi-gods, and men were but slaves; but now-a-days ideas are the heroes, and those who ride them in the race for glory are their squires and lackeys. The time may yet come when a joint consulship of ideas and ideal men will control the destiny of mankind. That will be a happy day for the world, but a sad one for such politicians as Mr. Dallas.

Will not our calm and conservative people seize upon this real and tangible proposition, for lack of something better to contend and wrangle about? Shall not mass meetings be assembled, and sharp quills be dipped in gall for such an occasion? We think not; though the voice that has spoken from Schooley's Mountain should be uttered from every peak of the Alleghanies, though Mr. Dallas should prove a false prophet and a worse politician.

But we are told that we ought not to falter in our reliance on the *shrewd and sober judgment* of our fellow-citizens, and we are assured that they will rally in their might to prop up the tottering fragments of the Union. A more cunning demagogue would have professed to trust that sober judgment to work a happy issue out of that impending crisis, without the aid of paper barriers to keep apart the warlike spirits of the States. It would be a notable example of forbearance, worthy of beginning a new chapter in the history of human actions, should an infuriated people, rushing headlong to the accomplishment of a result dictated by passion, stop in their career to erect bulwarks strong enough to resist their impetuosity. In that day madmen will erect cells and forge chains to curb their own fury.

But Mr. Dallas is not much out of his reckoning, for all this inconsistency. His dramatic talent has been overtasked in sketching the characters of his *dramatis personæ*, and in contriving his plot; but in the catastrophe he displays his highest tragic mood.

"What," he inquires, "*if this doubtful and dilatory course should prove abortive?*" A world of despair for the experiment of free government and for the shrewdness and sobriety of the popular judgment is implied in those portentous words *doubtful* and *dilatory*. When this crisis arrives, we are assured that the *quick instinct of self-preservation* will grasp at disunion as the only alternative left. So Mr. Dallas can look through the present and calmly contemplate disunion as a possible, nay, a probable resolution of impending difficulties. Much allowance ought at all times to be made for differences of judgment and feeling; but it is safe to say of any citizen of the United States, with the opportunities that Mr. Dallas has wasted to understand the purest system of political freedom the world has yet produced, and to become imbued with a generous attachment to its principles, and who yet can calmly look disunion in the face, and calculate its present and future advantages, that the air he breathes and the food he consumes were better bestowed upon the humblest drudge that has a warm and honest heart. Fratricide may, under possible circumstances, be justified by the quick instinct of self-preservation; but the man who suffers his mind to become familiar with such a thought, under any degree of provocation however great, is guilty of the crime without the justification. To such a mind the principle of union is expediency, and that which to other minds is sacred and reverend is valued by it from the dollar-and-cent standard.

It is time that we should all, North and South, East and West, come to an understanding about this much talked-of disunion. And we might as well know it first as last, that the thing is impossible. Union is indelibly stamped upon the geographic features of our continent; it is a part of our political and social being; it is determined for us, whether we will or no, by our physical and moral constitutions; and, to express the whole in a phrase vastly popular at this day with those of Mr. Dallas's way of thinking, it is our manifest destiny.

The indissoluble character of the marriage bond is by all civilized societies acknowledged to be the strongest means of repressing domestic discords and dissensions; and if we would be good citizens, we must train our minds to regard the Union as equally indissoluble, and our charities to fit us to live harmoniously together under it. So long as threats of disunion are tolerated, and disunion is regarded as an alternative for any, even the worst of conditions, there will be no end to the haughty demands fostered by local and sectional interests and peculiarities, whether at the North or South, East or West, and backed by threats of secession which must inevitably spring from the misconducted warmth of an active, enthusiastic and ambitious people.

We repeat what under other words we have already said, there is no peaceful and legal means by which this Union can be dissolved. Revolution may overwhelm it, anarchy may paralyze it, but no method exists by which it can be torn asunder short of violence. No tribunal exists, or can exist, possessing authority adequate to pronounce a decree of divorce that shall remit the States to a condition of absolute independence. That which destroys the Constitution must be superior to it. Where shall such transcendent authority be found? Not in Congress, for that is the creature of the Constitution; the national legislature derives its authority from no inherent right in the people's representatives to govern, nor from any gift of power independent of the Constitution, but from the Constitution itself. The right to impair or annul the guaranties of the Constitution has not been conferred upon Congress, and therefore cannot be exercised by it. The framers of the Constitution wisely provided a means of future amendment; but like Cortez, when once they were united under a common standard upon the firm soil of a new world, they destroyed the ships in which they had been tossed upon a tempestuous sea, and trusted their all to a common destiny. While any number of the States remain loyal to the Union, there is but one power that can adjudge its overthrow, and those who deem themselves equal to the undertaking must, with arms in their hands, appeal to the God of war.

We are not among those who believe in passive submission under all circumstances to constituted authority. The right of revolution — a right absolutely inalienable among mankind—sets the limit of obedience to constituted authority; but that right is the last and most solemn appeal from oppression, and he who resorts to it is execrated as a traitor or revered as a hero, according to the justice and necessity of resistance, and the moderation with which it is conducted.

A proper regard for the consequences which must ensue from a determined denial of the rights of any member of the confederacy cannot fail to inspire due respect for the guaranties of the Constitution; and while on the one hand it will deter aggressors, on the other it teaches those who take fire at any fancied interference with their rights the folly and imprudence of their reiterated threats of disunion. Were these consequences less terrible, a necessary check upon passion would be lost, and there would remain less hope for the experiment of free government than the history of our country has hitherto justified.

Reflecting minds in every section of the Union are deeply weighing those considerations vividly presented by the recent agitations. A generous and enduring attachment for the Union is every where gaining strength, and the clamor of demagogues finds fewer listeners at the present day than at any previous time.

There are a few turbulent spirits left who with Mr. Dallas fan the flame of discord for their personal advantage, and who, under the pretense of an ardent desire to preserve the State sovereignties, hope to ingratiate themselves with the discontented; who raise the cry against consolidation as a mere stepping-stone to an ambition that would erect itself over the fragments of the Union rather than submit to occupy the position for which nature, in the unequal distribution of her gifts, designed them. But Mr. Dallas is as yet the only public man who has ventured, while asserting that there are elements of agitation at work threatening social convulsion and the forcible dissolution of the nation, to propose a course which, if adopted under such circumstances, would blow the embers into a flame of resistless fury.

In striking contrast to the extravagances of Mr. Dallas, let us turn to the masterly discriminations of these subjects — secession, nullification and revolution—presented in a recent letter from the Hon. Henry Clay. This most gifted of living statesmen, who has carried an intellect of unsurpassed comprehensiveness, a judgment remarkable not less for its solidity and sobriety than for its rich stores of well-considered experience, and a sway over the minds and hearts of his countrymen seldom possessed by more than one man in a century, far beyond the period when grosser natures succumb to the conflict of their own discordant elements, still thinks and feels in unison with the brightest intellects and the warmest hearts that enrich our country and our age. The letter to which we have alluded is one of the noblest emanations of his pen, and should be seriously considered for its intrinsic merit and wise teachings. Mr. Clay presents in the following paragraphs a vivid idea of the identity of secession and nullification in reference to the false principle from which they have their origin:—

> "Nullification and secession have sprung from the same metaphysical school; and the latter is the ally, if not the offspring of the former. They both agree that a single State is invested with power to nullify the laws of all the other States, passed by Congress; but nullification claims a right to accomplish that object, and to remain at the same time in the Union; whilst secession asserts a right to attain it by withdrawing from the Union, and absolving the State from all obligation to the Constitution and laws of the United States. They both maintain that a resort to either process is peaceful and legitimate. Nullification derived an ambiguous but contested support from the memorable resolutions of the States of Virginia and Kentucky, adopted in 1798-9; but these resolutions afford no color or countenance to the pretensions of secession.
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> "The doctrine of secession assumes, that any one of the thirty-one States composing the Union, wherever or however situated, whether in the interior or on the frontier, has a right, upon its own separate will, and according to the dictates of its exclusive judgment, to withdraw from the Union whenever it pleases; that this act of secession is peaceful, and not to be controverted or obstructed by the rest of the States, or by the application of any force, within the limits of the seceding State, to execute the laws of the United States; and that thereupon, the State and its citizens are absolved from all obligations and duties to the United States, and become a power as independent and sovereign as any of the nations of the earth. The doctrine maintains that this right of secession may be exercised whenever the State deems it has sufficient cause; at all times—in a state of profound peace and prosperity, or in the midst of a furious war raging in all our borders; and that, in the latter case, transforming itself into a distinct and independent nation, it may escape the calamities of war, make a separate treaty of peace with the common enemy, become neutral, or even ally itself with that enemy, and take up arms against the United States. It asserts this right, although it may lead, in process of time, to the promiscuous dotting over, upon the surface of the territory of the United States, of petty independent nations, establishing for themselves any form of government, free or despotic, known to mankind, and interrupting the intercourse and violating or menacing the execution of the laws of the dismembered confederacy. It contends for this right as well for Louisiana as for South Carolina, although the province of Louisiana cost us so much money, and was nigh involving us in a foreign war; for Texas, although it occasioned us a war with Mexico, the payment of ten millions of dollars to arrange its boundaries and to acquire it, many were willing to risk a war with England; and for distant California, although that was acquired by the double title of conquest and the payment of an ample pecuniary consideration.
>
> "The alleged right of secession is, I apprehend, sometimes confounded with a right of revolution; but its partisans mean a totally different thing. They contend that it is a peaceful, lawful, and, if not constitutional remedy, that it is not forbidden by the Constitution. They insist that it is a State right, to be recognized and respected; and that, whenever exercised by a State, far from being censured or condemned, the State, if necessary, is entitled to the co-operation of other States. The prudent valor of these partisans, in imitation of the previous example of the friends of nullification, disclaims the purpose of using themselves, and protests against the application to them of any physical force.
>
> "The right of revolution is that right which an unjustly oppressed people, threatened with, or borne down by, intolerable and insupportable tyranny and injustice, have, of resorting to forcible resistance to prevent or redress the wrongs with which they are menaced, or under which they are suffering. It may aim simply at a removal of grievances, or it may seek totally to change the existing government, or to establish within its limits a new government. It is a right not confined by the boundaries of States, (although, being organized political bodies, they may be capable of giving greater effect to revolutionary efforts,) but it belongs to oppressed man, whatever may be his condition. In all revolutions, however, there are two parties—those who revolt, and the government which they forcibly resist. There are generally two opposite opinions, also, entertained of the cause of resistance—that of those who rise in rebellion, believing themselves to be wronged, and that of the existing government, which denies having inflicted any oppression or injustice. It is incumbent upon wise and considerate men, before they hastily engage in a revolution, deliberately to consider the motives and causes of revolt, and carefully to calculate the probable consequences of forcible resistance. If unsuccessful, they know that they will be guilty of treason, and incur the penalty inflicted upon traitors."

It is proper that those who profess doctrines which, in any country where the freedom of speech is less absolute than in our own, would be deemed to have a tincture of treasonable license in them, should understand distinctly what it is they profess; so that those who have been misled, through want of reflection, may return to allegiance to the Constitution; and that those who persist in propagating destructive heresies, may be marked for such distinctions as sometimes confer notoriety with very little honor.

It is gratifying to reflect that the hearts of the people are essentially true to the Constitution; that while a few discordant spirits, like restless breakers, tumble to their own destruction upon the firm bulwarks that gird the domain of an overwhelming power, the great heart of the nation heaves placidly beneath a propitious sky, fulfilling the grand purpose of its existence.

So long as the hearts of the people are right, there is little to fear from their tongues. There never was, and probably there never will be, an age free from a certain degree of tendency to gasconade. It is vain to attempt its annihilation. There is too much sensitiveness now-a-days in regard to it. We have it among us under various titles, in considerable quantities. Here it flourishes under the euphonious title of fillibustering, there as quattlebumming, and under many other names and types; but withal it is no very terrible matter. But though innocent enough when let free into the atmosphere, it may, like most other gases, become a formidable power if unduly confined. Those who unwisely suffer themselves to become irritated by bluster and braggadocio, should reflect upon the innocence of the thing if left to itself, as well as to the effects of forcible repression applied even to so vapory a substance.

Exciting political discussions produce a vast deal of this commodity, and with it what is often mistaken for it—an over-ardent expression of honestly entertained opinions, feelings or prejudices. If repression of the former should be possible, there is danger that it may act with more or less injustice upon the latter. Of this let us beware; for although no empire has ever been overthrown by the abuse of freedom of speech, there have been notable instances of dynasties crushed for the love man bears it. It is a cardinal article of our republican faith, and we must hold to it under all circumstances, though at times we may be irritated by its undue license.

We must strive to cultivate a temper incapable of being disturbed by the sallies of intemperate zeal, and content ourselves with enjoying so much of tranquillity as the existing condition of human society permits, without fretting after dreams of utopian bliss. A want of this philosophic temper lies at the bottom of much of the discontent that furnishes occasion for such letters as that of Mr. Dallas, and presents to the monarchies of Europe a spectacle encouraging to the longings of absolutism.

Some consider the Union in danger of nothing so much as gasconade. They have accordingly combined in an effort for its repression, and, with more heroism than prudence, have attempted to seat themselves upon the safety-valve, thinking that by repressing the blustering element they effectually extinguish it. Fortunately, there are not enough of them to close all the orifices by which their volatile enemy finds way into the atmosphere, and we may hope that, notwithstanding their well-intended labors, we shall not all come to be by the ears from an explosion. Such volcanic agencies had better be left alone. We have just experienced a slight "trembler," and must not be alarmed if the Ætnas are somewhat active. These worthy gentlemen would do well to experiment with the King of Naples upon the possibility of extinguishing Vesuvius, before they venture to subject our happy nation to such convulsions as they may not dream of.

There is a view of this subject fraught with the most serious considerations, which may well be approached with an earnest, thoughtful spirit. Motives for such reflection may be found in what has been said of the combined effects of the intense sensitiveness of some and the imprudent zeal of others. We must not enter the sanctuary of the heart, and dictate emotions to it; but we may raise a warning cry against interference with such things as we have been taught to call sacred, and leave it to the circumstances of each to suggest the moral.

There is a method of not only preserving the Union, but of rendering it a beneficent boon to oppressed humanity; if the knowledge of that concealed treasure is sought for, let the earnest searcher apply his energies to establish the policy, internal and external, which the Whig party has committed itself to maintain; and after the field has been well ploughed, the treasure will be found. As for such issues as the fecundity of political ingenuity yearly hatches for ends of personal and party aggrandizement, they are a mere delusion, more ephemeral than the reputation of their authors. Those who turn aside from the grand current of events to undertake the salvation or the destruction of the country by the propagation of startling issues, will continue to be cast up, from time to time, high and dry upon the beach, to learn at their leisure, that those who would lead public opinion must be content to go with it until they are not only assured of the superior wisdom of their own foresight, but that they have force enough to divert it into a new channel.

The surest method of promoting union is to fix the attention upon some prospective good, and to labor to reach it. It has been wisely said, that the principle of friendly co-operation lies in a common interest in the pursuit of a common good. It is well enough to probe a wound to ascertain its nature and extent, but the probing is no part of the cure, and if unskilfully attempted, may serve to make the bad still worse.

We have as a nation a work to accomplish, to which if we bend all our energies, there need be no fear of discord among us. Unity of heart and mind is requisite to the accomplishment of the task, which is no less than the renovation of the condition of human society.

Europe is in a sad state. Absolutism is more terrible to-day than ever before; while, on the other hand, liberty is more indispensable for man. The ambition of crowned heads is less carefully disguised by the vacant-featured mask of diplomacy, and looks directly to its mark. A czar or an emperor may well burn with ambitious desire to add to his dominions such slaves as the men who wield the intellectual and moral power of the age. The pride of a Corsican soldier took fire at such a thought, and well nigh accomplished its most ambitious aspirations.

It was vastly easier, centuries ago, to wrest power from the hands of kings, than at the present day. Until royalty learned what a Cromwell could do, it treated popular tumult with contempt, though with severity. But that notable example, followed by still more instructive lessons, has taught absolutism that there is no sympathy between it and the ideas of popular liberty. The artful disguise which for a time served to conceal its hostility to popular liberty, by representing the design of European politics to be the preservation of an equipoise of power, is now thrown off, and open and avowed war is waged upon all constitutional limitations of royal power. Poland is absorbed; Hungary is stripped of its constitution; Prussia has the alternative of revolution or despotism; Germany is kept in a state of fermentation, as ignorant as the rest of the world of what are her constitutional rights, and who are her real masters. Even Turkey—alas for Europe!—has too much humanity for the oppressed, for the security of the European powers. Italy—softly Italy has departed; resurrection, not revolution, is the only hope for her. What shall be said of France? She presents the paradox of elective absolutism arm in arm with rampant democracy. Some dreary night, one or the other will be found strangled. When that day comes, the guillotine or the bayonet will have prevailed.

There remains one other European power, seated upon what must one day have been the easternmost projection of the American continent, but, by some hankering after the society of royalty, betrayed into bad company, which entertains manly ideas of popular liberty. That great power has until just now been altogether taken up with the exhibition of a gigantic Punch, and with the practical philosophy of the Hong merchants. But there is hope that her mighty arm will be lifted over the lofty crests of the oppressors, for her true-hearted people have received with sympathy and fellowship a noble exile.

That exile will soon be in our midst, and will be received as an ambassador, not from the oppressed of Hungary alone, but of all Europe. What may be the issue of the future is with Heaven alone to know; but the aspects of the present forebode the advent of events that will demand of us perfect and indissoluble unity, nerve and patriotism. For the rest, with the power and security which these will bring us, we may rest hopeful and assured of the triumph of right in whatever struggle gathers in the eventful future.

MODERN ENGLISH POETS.*

Mr. and Mrs. Browning are psychological curiosities. Independently of the singular fact of two of the greatest poetical minds of the day being "united in the holy bonds of matrimony," there are many peculiar traits connected with their history which render them possibly the most interesting married couple on record. Both shrouded as it were from the world, and dedicated to the service of Apollo almost from their very cradle, they, like young Hannibal, have given themselves up to that worship which, though requiring a native genius, is yet more generally determined by some particular accident. In order to render their idiosyncrasy the more intelligible, we shall briefly allude to their personal history, and as a matter of course commence with the lady.

Miss Elizabeth Barrett Barrett is the daughter of a gentleman of moderate fortune, and was born in London in 1812. Being of fragile health and slender frame, she was unable to partake of those amusements to which young ladies of her class in life are predisposed. While her friends sought the ball and the concert-room, the youthful poetess retired to her chamber, and studied Greek, Latin, and other Lady Jane Grey accomplishments. As early as her tenth year, she had written some verses of singular merit, even at that age displaying that peculiar style of thought and expression which have made her the most original poetess in the English language. Her first attempts at verse were given to the *Athenæum* without any signature, or indeed even initial, and excited great curiosity from their remarkable phraseology. We question if any poet of so youthful an age ever so completely exhibited the complete *Minervaism* as the youthful Elizabeth. A few years afterwards appeared her translation of Eschylus's "Prometheus Vinctus," which may challenge comparison with any translation of the day: indeed it may be pronounced *unique*, not only on account of its fidelity, but also by reason of its force and point. We merely give one specimen to prove our assertion:

> "Behold with throe on throe,
> How wasted, by this woe,
> I wrestle down the myriad years of Time!
> Behold how fast around me
> The New King of the happy ones sublime
> Has flung the chain he forged, has shamed and bound me!
> Woe, woe, to-day's woe, and the coming morrow's,
> I cover with one groan. And where is found me
> A limit to these sorrows!
> And yet what word do I say? I have foreknown
> Clearly all things that should be; nothing done
> Comes sudden to my soul; and I must bear
> What is ordained with patience, being aware
> *Necessity doth front the universe*
> *With an invincible gesture.*"

The two last lines are certainly of an order for which we must, with Mr. Willis's permission, invent a word, and call *Browningesque;* for we question if, till Miss Barrett wrote, so singular a position were ever put, like a straight waistcoat, upon the universe.

We will quote only one more verse of this really marvellous translation:

> "I know that Zeus is stern;
> I know he metes his justice by his will;
> And yet I also know his soul shall learn
> More softness when once broken by this ill!
> That, curbing his unconquerable wrath,
> He shall rush on in fear, to meet with me,
> Who rush to meet with him in agony,
> To issues of harmonious covenant."

We have in this the germ of much of Mrs. Browning's poetry; for, without harping too much upon one string—for her lyre is fully strung—we may yet observe that very much of her music is set in one key, which at times gives a monotony to her verse which really belongs more to its *sound* than its *sense*. In the latter point of view, she is undoubtedly the most peculiar of all the female poets of England. But her mannerism is in word, not thought. There is also a provoking fact about her, which lends her the less excuse for the *tortuous* style of her expression, viz., that she can, if she pleases, clothe her meaning in the very simplest Saxon.

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* Sordello, Bells and Pomegranates, &c. By Robert Browning.
Casa Guidi's Windows. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

To this translation succeeded a volume entitled "The Seraphim and other Poems," which, although not exhibiting the lofty flights she has since reached, was yet ample to convince the world that a spirit of wonderful intellect was speaking.

After this she collected her translations and poems in two volumes, prefixing thereto her "Drama of Exile," in which she turned Adam and Eve into a pair of the most extraordinary mystics ever created. There is this one fatal defect in this otherwise grand song, that beings constituted as Mrs. Browning makes our first parents never could have fallen from the Paradise of the Bible. Notwithstanding this want of dramatic *vraisemblance*, there is no drama ever written by a woman that can stand a minute's comparison with it. It is in the *ideal*, what Joanna Baillie's tragic plays are in the *romantic*. These volumes contain, among many other new poems, "A Vision of Poets," which is composed in the triplet. Here she runs riot, and indulges in almost every freak of accentuation. Her last production is the volume at the head of this article, and displays more maturity and power, with less of the elements of popularity, than any of her other productions.

We shall now turn to the prominent fact of her life, her marriage, in November, 1846, with Robert Browning, author of "Sordello," "Bells and Pomegranates," &c. Their courtship was singular—indeed almost as unintelligible as some of their verses. In 1845, Mr. Browning sent to Miss Barrett one of his plays, which the fair recipient acknowledged in a Greek letter. This brought a reply from the dramatist in the same language, and, as the poet says,

> "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of
> love,"

a lengthy correspondence in the language of Homer followed, till it led to an interview, which ended in marriage. Miss Barrett had been so long secluded from the world, in consequence of her delicate state of health, that her union was considered, when first announced by their friends, as a mere rumor, partaking very much of the hoax; but the tangible witnesses of wedding cards and cake carried conviction to the minds of the skeptics. After a short time the happy couple started for Florence, where they have resided ever since. Their sentiments are thoroughly Italian and republican, and the fondest wish of both their hearts is "to live and die in sunny Italy." To those who are conversant with Browning's poems, this will be readily believed; but we confess this Italianism surprised us in his wife's, as she is more of an intellectual Englishwoman than any we have read—her conversation even more so than her writings. Since their marriage they have had two children, one of whom died ere it had reached its second year. Her lament is perhaps one of the most singular dirges ever written by a woman's hand, more especially a mother's. As it is too long to quote entire, we must content ourselves with a few verses:—

> "Of English blood, of Tuscan birth,
> What country shall we give her?
> Instead of any on the earth,
> The *civic heavens* receive her."

We think our readers will allow that heaven never had such an adjective before—"the *civic* heavens!"

> "And here among the English tombs,
> In Tuscan grounds we lay her;
> While the blue Tuscan sky endomes
> Our English words of prayer.
>
> "A little child! how long she lived
> By months, not years, is reckoned:
> Born in one July, she survived
> Alone to see a second.

* * * * *

> "So, Lily, from those July hours,
> No wonder we should call her;
> She looked such kinship to the flowers—
> *Was but a little taller.*
>
> "A Tuscan lily—only white,
> As Dante, in abhorrence
> Of red corruption, wished aright
> The lilies of his Florence."

The next verse contains one of those tender felicities of thought and expression, which is worthy of the daughter of Shakspeare:—

> "We could not wish her whiter—her
> Who perfumed with pure blossom
> The house—a lovely thing to wear
> Upon a mother's bosom.
>
> "This July creature thought perhaps
> Our speech not worth assuming;
> She sate upon her parents' laps,
> And mimicked the gnat's humming.

"Said 'Father'—'Mother'—then left off,
For tongues celestial fitter;
Her hair had grown just long enough
To catch heaven's jasper glitter."

As a specimen of the license Mrs. Browning takes in her versification, we quote a single verse:—

"But God gives patience, Love learns strength,
And Faith remembers *promise*,
And Hope itself can smile at length
On other hopes gone *from us*."

Even in this short specimen our readers can discern the singularly shaping power of Mrs. Browning's imagination. Not a thought or image is rendered as another woman would; and we really question if ever before those feelings were so presented to a female mind.

But we will give our poetess in another aspect, for the edification of our lady readers. It purports to be translated from the Portuguese, but the fair translator's own nature is unmistakably revealed:—

"First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write,
And ever since it grew more clear and white.
Slow to world-greetings, quick with its 'Oh list!'
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here plainer to my sight
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead; and half missed,
Half falling on the hair. O beyond meed!
That was the chrysm of love, which love's own crown,
With sanctifying sweetness did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect purple state! since when, indeed,
I have been proud, and said, 'My love, my own!'"

Since Bowles made Madeira tremble, when the first kiss echoed through its forests, we question if a more singular-phrased account of a kiss has been given to the world.

We can trace, since her marriage with the author of "Sordello," a decided imitation of her husband's style; or perhaps we ought to say, their poetical nature has assimilated. This is of course natural; for if it be true that the faces of persons who dwell together become more and more alike every day, the more ductile composition of the mind is apparent. In her "Casa Guidi Windows," this is remarkably visible, and we shall quote an instance so true to the point, that we feel inclined to believe Robert Browning, and not his wife, was the author. The verses are upon the World's Fair:

"Just now the world is busy; it has grown
A Fair-going world. Imperial England draws
The flowing ends of the earth from Fez, Canton,
Delhi and Stockholm, Athens and Madrid,
The Russias, and the vast Americas,
As a Queen gathers in her robes amid
Her golden cincture. Isles, peninsulas,
Capes, continents, far inland countries hid
By jasper sands, and hills of chrysopras—
All trailing in their splendors through the door
Of the new Crystal Palace. Every nation
To every other nation, strange of yore,
Shall face to face give civic salutation,
And hold up in a proud right hand before
That Congress the best work which she could fashion,
By her best means. 'These corals *will you please*
To match against your oaks? They grew as fast
Within my wilderness of purple seas.'
This diamond stared upon me as I passed
(As a live god's eye from a marble frieze)
Along a dash of diamonds. Is it classed?
I wove these stuffs so subtly that the gold
Swims to the surface of the silk, like cream,
And curdles to fair patterns. Ye behold,
These dedicated muslins rather seem
Than be. You shrink!—nay, touch them and be bold,
Though such veiled Chakli's face in Hafiz' dream.
These carpets! you walk slow on them, like kings,
Inaudible, like spirits; while your foot
Dips deep in velvet roses and such things.
E'en Apollonius might commend this flute;
The music, winding through the stops, upsprings,
To make the player very rich. Compute.
Here's goblet glass, to take in with your wine
The very sun its grapes were ripened under;
Drink light and juice together, and each fire.
This model of a steam-ship moves your wonder?
You should behold it crushing down the brine,
Like a blind Jove, who feels his way with thunder.
Here's sculpture. Ah, we live too—why not throw
Our life into our marbles? Art has place
For other artists after Angelo.
I tried to paint out here a natural face;
For Nature includes Raphael, as we know,
Not Raphael Nature. Will it help my case?
Methinks you will not match this steel of ours,
Nor you this porcelain. One might think the clay
Retained in it the larvæ of the flowers,
They bud so round the cup the old spring way,
Nor you these Carren words where birds in bowers
With twisting snakes and climbing Cupids play."

The readers of "Sordello" and "Paracelsus" cannot fail being struck at the similarity between this extract and those wonderful poems.

In her verses entitled "A Sabbath Morning at Sea," our fair Sappho says:

"The ship went on with *solemn* face;
To meet the darkness of the deep,
The *solemn* ship went onward.
I bowed down weary in the place;
For parting tears and present sleep
Had weighed mine eyelids downward."

This is one of her attempts to engraft the style of Coleridge upon her own; but she misses that etherealizing, and yet supernatural power, which gave to his *adjectives* their power. And in another poem she calls in the aid of the Herbert school :

"O heart! O Love! I fear
That love may be kept too near.
Hast heard, O heart! that tale
How love may be false and frail
To a heart once holden dear?
But this true love of mine
Clings fast to the clinging vine,
And mingles pure as the grapes in wine.
Heart, wilt thou go?
No, no!
Full hearts beat higher so."

Surely our fair friend has allowed the jingle of the bells to drown the folly of the thoughts!

In another poem called "Human Life's Misery," she reminds us of Tennyson. Indeed, one might almost think she had taken up his harp by mistake :

"Things nameless, which in passing so,
Do strike us with a subtle grace.
We say, 'Who passes?' they are dumb;
We cannot see them go or come;
Their touches fall soft, cold, as snow
Upon a blind man's face!"

We will give another instance of the sound rendering her indifferent to the sense. The readers of Shakspeare will see how dangerous it is for even a woman of Mrs. Browning's genius to imitate him:

"Grief sat upon a rock and sighed one day,
(Sighing is all her rest:)
'Well-a-day, well-a-day, ah, well-a-day!'
As Ocean beat the shore did she her breast;
'Ah, well-a-day! ah, me! alas! ah, me!'
Such sighing uttered she."

From these *concetti*, let us turn to the following :

"How do I love thee? Let me count the ways:
I do love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise;
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith;
I loved thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! and if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death!"

We may mention, as a proof of Mrs. Browning's love of the abstract, her verses upon Hector in the garden. Some of them cannot fail to amuse the Grecian ghosts of those who fell at Troy. She thus commences :

"Nine years old! the first of any
Seem the happiest years that come;
Yet when I was nine, I said
No such word. I thought, instead,
That the Greeks had used as many
In besieging Ilium!"

There is little real Greek in the following. We are, however, glad to know that the Trojans had window-panes :

"If the rain fell, there was sorrow;
Little head leant on the pane,
Little finger drawing down it
The long, trailing drops upon it;
And the 'Rain, rain, come to-morrow,'
Said for charm against the rain."

We will not undertake to assert that little Hectors did not say,

"Rain, rain, go away;
Come again another day;"

but we have a strong recollection we have heard the little Yankees indulge in the words. It turns out then to be a quotation, and not an original remark. For the sake of our infantile national literature, we are sorry for it.

But the next verse is perfectly ludicrous :

"Eyes of gentianella's azure,
Staring, winking at the skies;
Nose of gilliflowers and box;
Scented grasses put for locks,
Which a little breeze at pleasure
Set a waving round his eyes.

"Brazen helm of daffodillies,
With a glitter toward the light;
Purple violets for the mouth,
Breathing perfumes west and south;
And a sword of flashing lilies
Holden ready for the fight.

"And a breastplate made of daisies,
Closely fitting leaf by leaf;
Periwinkles interlaced,
Drawn for belt about the waist;
While the brown bees, humming praises,
Shot their arrows round the chief."

The conclusion is very Barrettish :

"That no dreamer, no neglector
Of the present works unsped,
I may wake up and be doing,
Life's heroic deeds pursuing,
Though my past is dead as Hector,
And though Hector is twice dead."

There are many things, however, in Mrs. Browning's life, to explain her recondite habit of feeling, and its expression. Her fragility of constitution, which rendered her almost hermetically sealed to the world, we have already alluded to. There is another fact in her life which demands a notice. She had the harrowing trial of beholding a beloved brother drowned in her very sight, while bathing at Torbay, in Devonshire. It is another proof of her mental singularity, that whilst she has recorded the death of her first-born child in fantastic verses, she has never even alluded to the other affliction in the most distant manner.

Mrs. Browning is an ardent admirer of Mazzini and rational liberty, and has sung in her last poem the hopes and fears of a lover of true Italian freedom. We may remark, *en passant*, as a proof of "the silence of fame," that in a conversation with Miss Catherine Hayes, the celebrated vocalist, the other day, she told us that although she had been in Florence last year for some time, she was unaware of these two great poets residing in that birth-place of Dante.

In person Mrs. Browning is petite, fragile and slender; her hair and eyes dark, her ringlets long, her features intellectual and delicately chiselled; her manners pleasant and unaffected, forming a strange contrast to the half pedantic tone of her muse; her voice so soft and low as to be almost inaudible across the room. She is of all the English writers of any fame the least personally known, her acquaintance being entirely confined to her own family and a small circle of friends. Her disposition is most amiable, and her piety unquestionable. Her marriage with Browning was, as Shakspeare truly says, "a marriage of true minds." We shall now devote a few words to her husband.

Browning has enjoyed for some two or three years an American fame, his poems having been reprinted here. That he will ever be popular is doubtful, as it requires a study to master his symbols. In the words of Heraud, Browning is a poet who, tired with the old symbols of poetry, cast them aside and invented new. To instance a case: he would not write "red as a rose;" that, he would say, is commonplace—every poetling has said that. No; Browning would select the name of something which nobody had ever heard of. What renders this the more curious, is the fact of his conversation being eminently intelligible. There is, however, something very foreign, indeed half Jewish, about the expression of his countenance; or perhaps it would be nearer the exact fact to say, half Italian, half Judaical. Of a small person, very active and slender, his whole manner is full of a marked courtesy, which conveys the idea of insincerity, although nothing can be farther from his real nature. That he is most admirably mated, no doubt can exist, for we have never met one who had less sensuality than the author of "Sordello."

In politics he is sternly but quietly republican, seldom entering into political discussions: indeed, we have heard him repeatedly declare that he considered it *infra dig.* for a poet to argue—on subjects of government more especially—with the masses; and he carried this pride to such an extent as to seem rather to concur with the mass than to combat the popular opinion. We remember very well, one evening at a friend's house, that he refused to come to the rescue of one of his own favorite opinions; and when reproached by his friend afterwards for his apparent want of sincerity, he rebuked the other for condescending to argue with a mixed company, which he declared was really "throwing pearls before swine."

There is, however, much in the personal history of Robert Browning, to account for this apparent pride and shyness. His family are of the middle class of gentry, his father being engaged in commercial pursuits. His mother is half a Creole: he thus has some fiery blood in his veins. His parents being *partially* independent, and detecting in their son, even as early as his fourth year, singular traces of poetical genius, resolved to give him a careful educatian, and, in a word, to devote him to the God of Song. After acquiring the rudiments of education in Camberwell, he was sent to the London University, where he rapidly rose to the head of his class.

As an instance of his singular precocity, we have seen translations he made from Horace and Propertius even so early as in his eighth year. What is still more remarkable, they exhibit the same peculiarities which distinguish his more mature productions.

His chief productions are "Pauline," (his earliest,) published in 1833; "Paracelsus," (1836;) "Sordello," (1841.) His best works are a series of dramas, entitled "Bells and Pomegranates," comprising under this fantastical name some of the most remarkable productions of the age. He is about forty years of age.

SANTA-ROSA.

[CONCLUDED.]

In this manner passed the year 1823. The year 1824 found him in this condition, sometimes of discouragement, sometimes of exaltation, which by turns filled him with energy of soul and the misery of his position. In the first months of 1824, his letters became successively rarer, shorter, and more sad; he was struggling against a poverty continually increasing, reproaching himself for asking aid of his embarrassed family, vainly seeking to satisfy his wants by the labors of a journalist, for which occupation he was not at all adapted. His situation became such that it was necessary for him to take a decisive resolution. He determined to quit London and retire to Nottingham, where under another name he earned his livelihood by giving French and Italian lessons. Adieu to his projects of great works, his dreams of honor and of happiness! The unfortunate man at the age of forty years found that his life was wasting away in an occupation, honorable doubtless, but without end and without aim. He was so much discouraged as to doubt of the future and of himself. For some time he wrote no more to me. I was obliged to inquire of others what had become of him. But soon I was hurried away myself into adventures the most unexpected and most extraordinary. Circumstances having rendered it impossible for the Duchess of Montebello to accompany her eldest son into Germany, she besought me to take her place. The noble widow of Marshal Lannes could not address herself in vain to my friendship, and in the month of September I set out with M. de Montebello for Carlsbad. What happened is well known. Arrested at Dresden, delivered up by Saxony to Prussia, cast into prison at Berlin, my refusal to reply to any question coming from a foreign Government, before the French Government had interfered, prolonged my captivity, and I did not return to Paris until the first of May, 1825. The following are two letters which I found on my arrival:—

"NOTTINGHAM, August 26, 1824.

"If I have not written to you until this moment, you know the reason. I dared not appear before you. You are a sort of conscience to me; perhaps—I tremble in writing it to you, but I must tell the truth—perhaps I never would have written to you again, and would have renounced the friendship of the man whom I love most on earth, and of whom I think every hour of my life, if I had not been relieved from the sad condition in which I have lived since my arrival in England. I have not been relieved by a resolution, but by an act, the consequence of which does not depend upon myself. But although it should result in nothing, my heart will be discharged of a great burthen, and I shall find the moral energy which I have lost. As soon as I shall ascertain the result of my proceeding, I will write to you. Every thing condemns me, I know, but if I perish, O my friend! it will not be of light wounds. My heart had been cruelly torn before the period of our revolution. I do not know what would have become of me if the Italian fever had not seized me. I will do myself the justice to say that I have not for a single moment been influenced by interest, fear, or any degrading passion. I have been the creature of circumstances. In proportion as time removes these events from me, memory presents my faults with greater vivacity to my imagination. It is always with trembling that I recall that unfortunate affair of Novarre, when the constitutional army was so suddenly routed. That, O my friend! was the second wound; it will always bleed; I am languishing miserably on account of it. I know what replies you will make to these self-reproaches. I have said to myself, I say every day, that great and glorious duties remain for me to perform; but if the strength to fulfil them fails me, if the will, which is the whole man, vacillates continually, what can I do? If my soul is diseased, can its acts be expected to be those of a being full of vigor? I have tried the last remedy. If success attends my undertaking, I shall become myself again, I shall have a return of youth; if otherwise, reinstated in my own eyes, I shall at least lift up my head, I shall recover consciousness of myself.

"What must have been your thoughts when you learned that I had become a teacher of languages at Nottingham? What would you have wished me to do! I found myself nearly destitute of money. Feeling that my expenses even for a week in London were imposing sacrifices for whole months upon my family, ashamed to ask new sums of money, having an insurmountable repugnance to writing for the journals, I determined to have bread which should cost me neither shame nor distasteful labor. What a wretched business it is to write articles for the public journals! I have had experience in it. Mr. Bowring asked me to furnish an article for his *Westminster Review*. I wrote it. 'Good, very good,' said he, 'but too long.' I cut it down. 'Now it will answer.' Then, at the end of a month: 'The editor finds it written in a spirit which does not suit him; it must be remodelled.' I request that it may be returned to me. The demand is pleasantly denied. I leave it, then, to be treated as he pleases. Not long after I receive the proof-sheets; I find in them misconstructions, ridiculous omissions; I correct and arrange every thing, and return the packet to London. Months pass without hearing any thing of it. How fatiguing are all these vicissitudes! Away with articles! I feel the strength to write something else. As soon as I shall receive an answer from London, I will arrange my mode of life. I will go and shut myself up in a garret in London, near a public library; I shall have about forty-five louis d'or, and I shall labor with assiduity.

"I seldom write to Piedmont. The news which I receive from there are excellent in regard to the health of my wife and children, and of the affection preserved for me by all my friends. As to fortune, my wife had almost prevailed upon Government to restore to her my effects; every thing indeed was concluded; the signature of the King was alone wanting: he has refused it. There is still hope, notwithstanding this first refusal. I suffer things to take their own course, believing that I ought neither to encourage nor hinder these proceedings. I fear, however, that if the King restores my property to my wife and children, he may wish to take charge of the education of my offspring, and I shudder at the idea of my sons being brought up by Jesuits. See, my friend, how many subjects of pain for my heart!

"I learn with fear that you have from time to time returns of your old disorder of the chest. O my friend! I conjure you to live long enough to give me the sweetest recompense for my sacrifices, your esteem, your approbation, a word of eulogium. If you die before I take the first step in my noble career, I shall stop; I shall no longer have the strength to advance; I shall allow myself to fall. Live, I implore you. You are responsible for us both, for if I suffer the fire which is still in my bosom to be extinguished, shall I live? Is it living, to rise each morning only to fly from ourselves until evening? Adieu! I embrace you with a heart full of hope. I am sure that you will pardon me my long silence. God is my witness that I think of you every day. I write to you in my head, I see you, I am listening to you. What would I not give for two weeks in your society! With what pleasure I call to mind our walks about Alençon, and that adieu of ten minutes at Paris. Adieu once more. Love me always, for I am always the same."

"LONDON, October 31, 1824.

"To-morrow, my friend, I set out for Greece with Collegno. If you have received the letter which I wrote to you about two weeks since, and which Count Prosasco was to have delivered to you on his arrival at Paris, you will not be astonished at my resolution. Extraordinary means alone could bring me out of my torpor. My disinclination to labor arose from the consciousness which I possessed of having a duty still to perform in active life. I do not know whether I shall be useful. I am prepared for every kind of difficulty, resigned to every thing that is disagreeable. It must be so. Bowring has told me that the English Committee, or at least several of their number, disapproved of my journey. I wish to believe that their motives are right. I do not know as to this, but, in any case, could I, should I retract my word? The Greek deputies alone had the right to retain me, to whom I had offered my services without any condition. They have not done so, and I am about to set out.

"My friend, I had no sympathy with Spain, and I did not go there, since by so doing I should have been good for nothing. On the contrary, I feel for Greece a love which has something solemn in it; the country of Socrates, do you understand? The Greek people are brave, they are good, and many centuries of slavery have not been able to destroy their fine character. I regard them, too, as brethren. In every age the destinies of Italy and Greece have been mingled, and not being able to do any thing for my own country, I consider it almost as a duty to devote to Greece the few years of strength that still remain to me. I repeat to you that it is very possible that my hope of doing some good may not be realized. But even supposing this to be the case, why should I not live in some corner of Greece, and there labor for myself? The thought of making a new sacrifice to the object of my worship, of that worship which alone is worthy of Divinity, will have restored to me that moral energy without which life is but an insipid dream.

"You have not answered the letter of which I spoke. God forbid that you should have wished to punish my silence by imitating it. Write to me now, I conjure you. Send your letter to Napoli de Romanie, the seat of the Greek Government in the Peloponnesus. Lose no time in doing this.

"I carry your Plato with me. I shall write my first letter at Athens. Give me your commands for the native land of your masters and mine.

"Speak to me particularly of your health; tell me that you continue to love me, that you recognize your friend in the feeling which inspires this journey. Adieu, adieu! No one under heaven loves you more than I do."

When I received these two letters on my return from Berlin, and on learning at the same time that Santa-Rosa had accomplished his resolution, that the Egyptian army had landed in the Morea, and that Santa-Rosa was before it, I said simply these words to the friend who placed the letters in my hand: "He will kill himself; God grant that at this moment he may still be living!" And at the same instant I did every thing in my power to save him. I wrote immediately to M. Orlando, the Greek envoy at London, who was charged by his Government with the business of sending European officers to Greece, and besought him to dispatch a letter from me to Santa-Rosa wherever he might be found. In this letter I spoke to Santa-Rosa with the authority of a tried friend, and I gave him a formal order not to expose himself uselessly, to do his duty and nothing more. I am certain that if this letter had reached him in time, it would have calmed the exaltation of his feelings and his courage. I sent duplicates of this letter by eight or ten different opportunities. I am conscious of having neglected no means of saving him, but I had returned too late.

Soon the saddest news reached us from the Peloponnesus. The advantages of the Egyptian army were certain, the resistance of the Greeks badly concerted. All the journals agreed in applauding the efforts of Santa-Rosa; one of them announced his death. This news, for some time disbelieved, was confirmed little by little, and by the end of July I acquired the certainy that Santa-Rosa was no more. *The Friend of Law*, a journal of Napoli de Romanie, after giving an account of the battle which had taken place before ancient Navarino, thus speaks of the death of Santa-Rosa: "The zealous friend of the Greeks, Count Santa-Rosa, fell bravely in this battle. Greece loses in him a sincere friend of its independence and an experienced officer, whose knowledge and activity would have been of great service in the present struggle." I received almost at the same time from M. Orlando, a letter of the 21st July, 1825, which confirmed this sad intelligence.

Thus all doubt was impossible; I was no more to see Santa-Rosa, and the romance of his life and of our friendship was for ever at an end. When the first transports of grief were over, I occupied myself in searching out with care all the details of his conduct and of his death. I could do no better than address myself to M. de Collegno, his compatriot and his friend, who had accompanied him into Greece. From him I obtained the following account, the scrupulous exactness of which cannot be contested by any one who has the least knowledge of the character and mind of M. de Collegno.

Santa-Rosa left London the 1st of November, 1824, and the coast of England the 5th. The principal reason for his leaving Nottingham appeared to have been the forced state of nullity to which he saw himself reduced. Santa-Rosa wrote at this time to one of his friends: "Quando si ha un animo forte, conviene operare, scrivere, o morire."

He had offered to the deputies of the Greek Government at London to go to Greece as a military man. He asked the command of a battalion. He was told in reply that the Greek Government would be happy to employ him in a more important position. It was suggested that the administration of war or the administration of finances should be intrusted to him. Santa-Rosa set out, bearing open French and Italian letters, full of the most flattering expressions, besides sealed letters in Greek. Of the three Greek deputies who were at London, two only favored the voyage of Santa-Rosa. The third, brother-in-law of the President Conduriotti, had always appeared opposed to it. However it may be, Santa-Rosa was received coldly by the executive body on his arrival at Napoli de Romanie, the 10th of December. At the end of two weeks he presented himself anew to the Secretary-General of the Government, Rodhios, to ascertain whether, taking into consideration the letters of the Greek deputies at London, they wished to employ him in any manner whatever. They replied to him that *they would see.*

The 2d of January, 1825, he left Napoli de Romanie, notifying the Government that he would await their orders at Athens. He visited Epidaurus, the island of Egina, and the temple of the Panhellenic Jupiter, landed on the evening of the 5th at Piræus, and arrived at Athens the 6th. He devoted a few days to visiting the monuments of this city. Having found, on one of the columns of the temple of Theseus, the name of the Count of Vidua, he wrote his own by the side of his friend's, who had visited Athens some years before. The 14th of January, he undertook an excursion into Attica, to visit Marathon and Cape Sunium. On one column of the temple of Minerva he wrote his name and that of his two friends Provano and Ornato, of Turin, as a monument of their triple friendship. On his return to

Athens, he had an attack of fever which weakened him very much, and determined him to fix his abode at Athens rather than to return to Napoli de Romanie, whose unhealthy atmosphere would have aggravated or at least prolonged his malady.

Odysseus, who seemed to have an understanding with the Turks, having threatened to take possession of Athens, Santa-Rosa engaged in organizing its defense. The Ephemerides of Athens spoke of his enthusiasm and of his activity; but his importance ceased with the threatenings of Odysseus, and Santa-Rosa left Athens to rejoin his friends at Napoli de Romanie.

At this period, preparations were made for the siege of Patras. Santa-Rosa, never having had any reply from the executive body to his first offers of service, insisted again on taking part in this expedition. He was told in reply that his name, too well known, would compromise the Greek Government with the Holy Alliance, and that if he wished to remain in Greece, it would be desirable that he should take some other name than his own; otherwise he could receive no employment either civil or military. It was in vain that his friends tried to represent to him that he had more than fulfilled all his obligations to the deputies of the Greek Government at London, to his friends, and to himself; that he owed nothing and could owe nothing to a nation that dared not openly avow his services. Santa-Rosa set out from Napoli the 10th of April, dressed and armed as a Greek soldier, and under the name of De Rossi. He joined the head-quarters at Tripolitza, and the army destined to besiege Patras having been carried to the support of Navarino, he followed the President to Leondari. Then, the Prince Maurocordato having been sent in advance to reconnoitre the position of the armies and the state of Navarino, Santa-Rosa asked to follow him. He took part in the engagement of the 19th of April against the troops of Ibrahim Pacha, and entered Navarino the 21st.

He carried constantly with him the portrait of his children. Having perceived on the 20th that some drops of water had found way under the glass of the miniature, he opened it, and in wiping it partly effaced the figure of Theodore. This accident afflicted him bitterly. He confessed to Collegno that he could not but consider it as an evil omen; and on the 21st he wrote to a friend at London: "*Tu me riderai, ma sento dopo di cio ch'io non devo piu rivedere i miei figli.*" Remaining in Navarino, where the weakness of the garrison forbade an offensive part, he passed two weeks in reading, thinking, and awaiting the decision of events. The last works that engaged his attention were those of Shakspeare, Davanzati, and the songs of Tyrtæus and of his friend Provano.

In the mean time the Greek army destined to raise the siege had disbanded; the Greek fleet had not been able to prevent the Turkish fleet from landing at Modon. The siege, which seemed to relax during the first days of April, was renewed with greater ardor; the breach was open and practicable; the enemy lodged at a hundred paces from the walls. The two fleets were fighting every day before the port, which was still occupied by a Greek squadron. On the evening of the 7th, the wind having driven the Greeks to the north, it was feared that the Turks might endeavor to take possession of the island of Sphacteria, which covers the port. It was occupied by a thousand men, and armed with fifteen cannon. A hundred men were sent to reënforce it. Santa-Rosa went with them. On the 8th, at nine o'clock in the morning, he wrote to Collegno: "*Uno sbarco non mi pare impraticabile sul punto alle difesa del quale io mi trovo.*" At eleven o'clock, the island was attacked, and at midday the Turks were in peaceable possession of it. Of the eleven or twelve hundred men who were in the island, some saved themselves by gaining the squadron which was at anchor in the port, and which, cutting the cables at the moment of attack, passed through the Turkish fleet. Two swam from the island to the fortress. They said that the greater part had crossed a ford north of the island, and had cast themselves into Paleo-Castro. This heap of ruins was taken by the Turks on the 10th. The fate of the Greeks who remained in the place was unknown.

At this time Navarino was nearly destitute of water. For some time each man had been on an allowance of two glasses a day. The munitions of war were exhausted. Ibrahim proposed a capitulation, and demanded that ambassadors should be sent to him. Collegno left the place with them on the 16th of May to try to discover the fate of his friend, which he but too well foresaw. Soliman-Bey was pointed out to him as having commanded the attack of the island. He found him in the tent of the Lieutenant of Ibrahim, under the walls of Modon. Soliman assured him that he had examined all the prisoners, and that he had found but one European, a German, who had been immediately set at liberty, and was then on board an Austrian vessel. Moreover, Soliman sent for his Lieutenant-Colonel, gave him in Arabic the description of Santa-Rosa, which Collegno dictated to him in French, and ordered him to give him next day the most exact information in regard to the fate of the man of whom they were in search. The name of Santa-Rosa was not unknown to the Turks. Their countenances seemed sad when it was known that there were fears that he had been killed. They regarded with sorrow the friend who came to claim him. On the 18th, Soliman-Bey sent for Collegno, and said to him that *a soldier of his regiment had seen among the dead the man whom he had described.*

On the 24th the garrison of Navarino landed at Calamata, where it was transported on neutral vessels after the capitulation. It is known that the greatest part of the Greeks who were on the island of Sphacteria on the 8th, retired to Paleo-Castro; that they capitulated on the 10th, and went away without arms, but free. Santa-Rosa was not with them. Neither did he escape on board the Greek vessels that were in the port. Collegno saw at Smyrna the German who had been taken at Sphacteria, and of whom Soliman-Bey had spoken to him; he had not seen Santa-Rosa among the prisoners.

At a later period, having asked M. de Collegno whether he could not bring to mind any exact and certain details to add to the preceding note, he sent me the following:—

"The 4th of December, 1824, we discovered the mountains of Peloponnesus. Of the six passengers who were on board of the *Little Sally*, five experienced the joy natural to every man who approaches the close of a long sea voyage; three, especially, were impatient to touch the sacred soil. Santa-Rosa alone, leaning upon a cannon, sadly gazed upon the country which presented itself more and more distinctly to our view. In the evening he said to Collegno: 'I cannot tell why I regret that the voyage is already ended. Greece will not answer the idea which I had formed of it. Who knows how we shall be received? Who knows what destiny awaits us?'

"The 31st of December Santa-Rosa arrived at the house of the Minister of Justice, Count Theotoki. Some remarks were made in regard to the coldness with which the Government had received the foreigners sent by the Greek deputies at London, and who simply demanded employment. Count Theotoki said: 'What do you wish? It is not men, nor arms, nor munition that we need: *it is money.*' Next day, the 1st of January, Mr. Mason, a Scotchman, who was in the friendship of Santa-Rosa, said to him that a Greek friend of Count Theotoki had counselled him, Mason, *not to associate with Santa-Rosa, nor with Collegno, as they were suspected by the Government.* Santa-Rosa left Napoli on the morrow.

"On leaving Epidaurus in the evening of the 3d of January, a priest of venerable aspect, but covered with rags, asked a passage to Egina in the bark which we had hired. Being interrogated by our interpreter, he replied that he had left Thessaly, his native land, in order to escape the persecution of the Turks. His wife and five children took refuge in one of the islands of the Archipelago. They had no other means of subsistence than the alms which the father procured in his walks, in showing relics to the faithful. The similarity of position, the wife and five children reduced to misery, moved Santa-Rosa. He gave to the priest all the money he had about him. Two days after, as we were setting out for Athens, the priest came down from the city, as the priests of Neptune formerly did, and from the spot where the temple of this god once stood, he blessed our bark.

"At the beginning of March, Santa-Rosa appeared to have renounced all thought of establishing himself with his family in Greece. At the same time he did not wish to leave it without *at least seeing* the enemy. About this time, an envoy from the Philhellenic Committee of London (Mr. Whitcombe) arrived at Napoli de Romanie, the bearer of the complaints of this Committee against the deputies Luriotti and Orlando, who, they said, were compromising the destiny of Greece, by sending men there known for their constant opposition to the Holy Alliance. It was perhaps owing to the arrival of Mr. Whitcombe that Santa-Rosa was reduced to the necessity of making the campaign as a simple soldier.

"On the 16th of May, when Collegno said in the tent of the Lieutenant of Ibrahim Pacha, at Modon, that Santa-Rosa was in the island of Sphacteria when the Egyptians attacked it, at the moment when Soliman-Bey replied to him that Santa-Rosa was not among the prisoners, an old Turk with a long silvery beard approached Collegno and said to him in French: 'How, was Santa-Rosa in the island of Sphacteria, and did I not know it, that I might save his life a second time!' This was Schultz, a Pole, colonel in the French army at Naples, afterwards in Piedmont in March, 1821, then in Spain under the Cortes, then in Egypt. He arrived at Savone at the moment when the royal carabineers arrested Santa-Rosa. At the head of thirty armed students, he delivered him from his prison, that is, from the scaffold, and four years afterwards directed in part the attack in which Santa-Rosa died."

What a tragedy is here related! What

a contrast is Santa-Rosa, dying faithful to one and the same cause, to this adventurer wandering from one country to another, here saving Santa-Rosa, there perhaps slaying him; changing his standard as well as his religion, and in this absence of true morality, still preserving a sort of natural generosity and soldier-like respect for unfortunate courage.

A Frenchman, M. Edouard Grasset, an attaché to the Prince Maurocordato, and who had come with him for the purpose of observing the condition of the island of Sphacteria, which was then about to be attacked by the Arabs, met Santa-Rosa in the island at about half an hour past nine o'clock in the morning of the 8th of May, and had with him a last interview, which he related to me in the following manner:—

Santa-Rosa.—"All our friends of the fort are well; I came here with Captain Simo, because it is necessary to defend this island, upon which the safety of the place depends. I repent of having undertaken this kind of life: I thought that I knew something about the Greek, and I find that I do not understand a word, the language of the common people being entirely different from that of the educated. Besides, the disorder which reigns in the Greek army is frightful, and forbids all hope." M. Edouard Grasset said to him, "Come to the battery with us." Santa-Rosa replied, "No, I will remain here; I wish to get a nearer view of the Turks." At these words they separated.

I have not met a single Greek who took part in the campaign of 1825, that did not speak to me with admiration of Santa-Rosa. I did not hesitate, then, to write to the Greek Government, in the person of Prince Maurocordato, asking that the name of Santa-Rosa might be given to that part of the island of Sphacteria where he was slain. I asked besides that a modest tomb might be erected in the same place, and that the Government would permit me to raise it at my own expense, in order that I might have the consolation of having rendered this last duty to the man whom, of my own times, I had most respected and cherished. I have never received any answer to this request; but at the same time that I addressed myself to the Greek Government, I had the good sense to write to Colonel Fabvier to commend to him the memory of our friend. He indeed was made to comprehend me. As soon, therefore, as the French army, commanded by Marshal Maison, had delivered the Peloponnesus and the island of Sphacteria from the Egyptian invasion, Colonel Fabvier hastened to acquit our common debt by rearing to Santa-Rosa, on the spot where he is said to have been killed, at the entrance of a cave situated in the island, a monument with this inscription: "Au Comte Sanctorre de Santa-Rosa, tué le 9 Mai, 1825." The Greek Government took no part in it; but the people, and especially the French soldiers, eagerly seconded the worthy Colonel in his homage rendered to the memory of a man of heart.

And I also, jealous of paying my debt to a revered memory, having no other monument to raise to him, I have wished to attach his name to the least perishable of my works, in dedicating to him one of the volumes of my translation of Plato. Allow me here to reproduce this dedication:—

"TO THE MEMORY
OF COUNT
SANCTORRE DE SANTA-ROSA.
Born at Savigliano, the 18th of September, 1783;
A soldier at the age of twelve years;
By turns a superior officer and administrator,
civil and military;
Minister of War during the events of 1821;
Author of the work entitled, "The Piedmontese
Revolution;"
Died on the Field of Honor,
The 9th of May, 1825,
In the island of Sphacteria, near Navarino,
In fighting for the Independence of Greece.

"Unfortunate, he was frustrated in his most noble designs. An iron frame, an upright mind, a most sensible heart; an inexhaustible energy; superiority of strength with the charms of goodness; the purest enthusiasm of virtue, which inspired him by turns with an audacity or a moderation which was proof to every thing; the disdain of fortune or of vulgar enjoyments; the loyalty of the chevalier even in the appearance of the rebel; the talents of the administrator with the intrepidity of the soldier; qualities the most opposite and the most rare, were given to him in vain. For want of a suitable theatre, for want also of a knowledge of his times and of the men of these times, he passed away as a romantic personage, when in him was a warrior and a statesman.

"But no; he has not wasted his time upon chimeras. He may have been deceived as to the times and the means, but all that he wished will be accomplished. No: the house of Savoy will not be unfaithful to his history, and Greece will not fall under the Mussulman yoke.

"Others have had more influence over my mind and my ideas. He showed to me a heroic soul; it is to him that I am most largely indebted. I saw him assailed by every sorrow which can enter into the heart of man; exiled from his country, proscribed, despoiled, condemned to death by those whom he wished to serve; for a season disowned and calumniated by his own; separated for ever from his wife and children; bearing the weight of afflictions the most noble and the most sad; without a future, without an asylum, and almost without bread; finding persecution where he came to find a shelter; arrested, cast into chains, uncertain whether he would not be delivered up to his own Government, that is, to the scaffold. I saw him not only immovable, but calm, just, indulgent; striving to comprehend his enemies instead of hating them; excusing error, pardoning weakness, forgetting himself, thinking only of others, commanding the respect of his judges, inspiring devotion in his jailors; and when he suffered most, convinced that a strong soul creates its own destiny, and that there is no true misfortune but in vice and in feebleness; always ready for death, but cherishing life from respect to God and virtue; wishing happiness, and almost attaining it by the power of his will, the vivacity and quickness of his imagination, and the great sympathy of his heart. Such was Santa-Rosa.

"*August* 15*th*, 1827."

I lay down my pen, dear friend. I have done nothing more, as you see, than bring together some correspondence, collect some worthy tokens of faith, sketch a few facts, and express some feelings which fifteen years have not weakened, and which are still in my soul, as lively, as profound as they have ever been. But I have not the ability to produce in my words the energy of my sentiments. This long narration has not the interest which I could have wished to give it. My exhausted spirit no longer serves my heart nor my thought. My pen is as feeble as my hand; it has traced painfully each of these lines; there is not one of them that has not torn my heart, and I would not have suffered more if I had with my own hands dug the grave of Santa-Rosa. And is it not, in fact, this sad duty which I have just accomplished? Is not my heart his veritable tomb? A few days more, perhaps, and the voice, the only voice which has uttered his name among men and saved him from oblivion, will be mute, and Santa-Rosa will die a second time and for ever. But of what consequence is the glory and miserable noise of this world, if any thing remains of him in a better world, if the soul which we have loved is still animated by feelings, sublime thoughts, in the presence of Him who created it? Of what consequence to me is my present grief, if soon I may see him again, never more to be separated from him? O divine hope, that makes my heart beat in the midst of the uncertainty of the understanding! O fearful problem, that we have so often agitated together! O abyss covered with so many clouds and so little light! After all, my dear friend, there is a truth more brilliant in my eyes than all light, more certain than mathematics: this is the existence of Divine Providence. Yes, there is a God; a God who is a true intelligence; who, consequently, has consciousness of himself; who has made and ordered all things with weight and measure; whose works are excellent, whose ends are adorable, even when violated in our blinded eyes. This world has a perfect Author, perfectly wise and good. Man is not an orphan: he has a Father in heaven. What will this Father do to the child who shall return to Him? Nothing except what is good. Whatever may happen, all will be for the best. All that He has done is well done; all that He will do I accept even before it is done; I bless it. Yes, such is my immovable faith, and this faith is my support, my asylum, my consolation, my pleasure, in this fearful moment.

Adieu, my dear friend. Preserve this sketch as a memento of me and of him. You knew him, you loved him; speak often of him among the small number of friends who still survive. Remember that it is to him we owe our mutual acquaintance. I still remember that day, near the close of 1825, when you and Lesio came to me to seek for yourselves, his companions in misfortune and exile, somewhat of the feeling which I entertained of him. Ah, well! it is I now, who, about to retire from the world, come to ask you for a place near him in your memory. Guard faithfully his name, dear friends; surround with respect his wife and his children; conduct them in the way of duty and of honor; teach them who their father was. Make them read this sketch: it is exact and faithful; there is not a word that is not strictly true; not a word but that is borrowed from the letters of their father. His defects are more prominent by the side of his great qualities. Energy borders upon exaltation, and exaltation is almost a sublime folly. There is romance in every true hero, and our greatest qualities have their price in their excess. Doubtless Santa-Rosa was an imperfect man, but Santa-Rosa had at the same time a great and a tender soul: you owe him a separate place in your admiration and in your regrets. Adieu.

November 1*st*, 1838.

THE TRENCHARD PROPERTY.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAPTER VI.

STEPHEN RANDOLPH, as we have mentioned, kept house; yet, as his means became slender, he was compelled to enjoy company in the dwellings of others oftener than in his own. Some visitors, however, he still had; and, though substantial refreshment might be scanty, was always ready to place before them a decanter of peach brandy or of twenty-year whiskey. There were a very few for whose gratification he would draw upon his last box of champagne, and thus honored was an individual who called on him about eight o'clock in the evening of the day whose events we have last been chronicling. A jolly time they had. Sandy Leach, though an innate vulgarity prevented him from being successful in more ambitious conversational efforts, had really a gift for coarse humor, and, to any one who could enjoy it, was a not unentertaining companion; and Randolph, whose versatility enabled him to appear equally at home in either low or refined society, had lately, from his unfortunate habits, learned to partake of the former with most relish. The bottle travelled briskly backward and forward over the table, and their mirth grew fast and furious in proportion.

"Here's to the health of that sweet youth Francis," cried Leach, holding up his glass; "may the soreness of his back speedily give way to good treatment!"

"But what can heal his wounded honor?"

"Oh, let him plaster that with texts of Scripture! Charming Miss Lucy can assist him to find them." As Leach said this, he watched the expression of his companion's face with peculiar earnestness.

"Hang them both!" ejaculated Stephen. Leach appeared gratified, and answered, interrogatively:

"Well, I suppose we must set down this Montgomery girl, if things take their *natural* course, as Trenchard's heiress?"

"It is quite possible."

"Yet it is probable, I suppose, there will be some *interference* with the natural order?"

"Ay, like enough," replied Randolph composedly; "since you will have eight or ten thousand dollars to lose in that event, I should not wonder if you were to kick against it vigorously."

"Haven't *you* also some interest in the matter?"

"Not much, so long as I have good friends to lend me all I want and take my note for payment. Still I must say I think these broad pedestals of mine would fill my uncle's shoes rather better than Lucy Montgomery's little feet."

"Now I believe," said Leach, sinking his voice, "I believe it will be quite easy to make her quit the mansion, and at the same time to excite against her Trenchard's dislike, besides preventing any possible connection with either Middleton or Herbert."

"Oh, a fig for the *lovers!*" returned Randolph, "if the old man is but put straight; though how are you to bring about that happy state of things?"

"Why, I am confident I can let loose some rumors from the boarding school where she stayed before her father's death that will accomplish all I have said."

"And these reports will have relation to her good name?" said the other.

"That they will; nothing short would serve the purpose."

"So, Sandy, these reports have no real foundation?"

"I don't see where you get your '*So!*' But I needn't say yes or no about this. If our object is gained, what more should we care for?"

"Look here, Leach!" said Randolph, with indignant earnestness, "this is a rascally, villainous scheme. You shall not—you shall not——"

"Heigho, who would have thought it?" exclaimed the other, holding up his fat hands. "Why, to my certain knowledge, you quarrelled bitterly with the hussy this very morning; and insulted her, too, in such a way as to leave no chance of reconciliation."

"Ha!" cried the rejected suitor, "how came you to know that? Surely you have not dared trust your ears inside of Stephen Trenchard's door-sill."

"Never mind; I hear most that goes on, I can tell you. But haven't you really quarrelled with her for good?"

"For *bad*, it may well be," said Randolph, with a little sadness in his tone; "yet, bad or good, I shall never be her husband. But then, confound it, I am not going to let a parcel of hellish slanders be raised about an innocent girl, I can tell you."

"But what odds?" persisted the tempter. "You don't want Herbert or Middleton to marry her, I suppose?"

"I'll wring their necks first!" cried the young man fiercely.

"You don't mean to take her yourself?"

"I've already told you, No!"

"And you don't want her to get your uncle's property? Well, why not adopt a plan that will accomplish every thing at once?"

"I will not *think* of it, so utter not another word."

"Why, Steve, you must have been jilted badly;" and the crafty old man looked at him with well-feigned astonishment. "So you still love her?"

"I do *not!*" replied Randolph with evident vexation. "I hate her; or rather, I am perfectly indifferent; and I will show my indifference by insisting, as a mere affair of justice, that no such scandalous plot as you hint at be carried into execution. Sandy Leach, it *shall* not; I have given my answer, so be satisfied."

"But suppose I go on my own hook and set the tongues of the school girls loose, what can *you* do?"

"Do!" echoed the young giant, in a tone like the reverberations from a mountain side. "Do!" he added, knitting his brows and striking the table till the glasses danced. "Try it, and, by Heaven, you shall find out what I will do!"

Leach allowed him to become calm, and continued in a quiet manner:

"What say you, then, to the scheme I mentioned to you day before yesterday?"

"I'll none of it. Goodness! to think what you have led me to before!" The young man shuddered.

"Shaking, as I live—Steve Randolph trembling!"

"Trembling? Pshaw! Here! let's have a drink, and we'll see whose hand is the steadiest." Randolph filled the two glasses full to the brim, and then lifted his own to his mouth without losing a drop, but Leach spilled some of the wine from his.

The spendthrift expressed his exultation loudly, and the conversation for a while wandered from the subjects in debate. At length Randolph, pushing away his glass, leaned back in his chair for some moments, and then said:

"Sandy, if I believed it possible for the spirit of darkness to animate a human form, I should say there's one now in your big carcass."

"You compliment me; but why?"

"Well, you must own that the serpent and the foul fiend are nearly related. Now, if your temper towards my uncle is not *snakish*, I don't know a word fit to describe it."

"And hasn't Trenchard ever *treated* me *like a reptile?*"

Such a concentrated malice glistened in the small deep-set eye of Leach, that Randolph could not help averting his glance with a sensation akin to horror. The shopkeeper noticed the effect he had unwittingly produced, and, relaxing his countenance to its customary smile, added:

"You, Steve, cannot at any rate reproach yourself for any lack of meekness and long-suffering: witness your patient endurance of Dr. Middleton."

"What has he done?"

"Why, you *know* what he has done in tracking up those confounded boots."

"Oh, is that all? I thought you had something new."

"Really," returned Leach, "I never knew

you so backward to give a man a thrashing before."

"Plague take you, Sandy! you are ever at your vocation. But I'm getting sick of this rowdyism, man. I have more than half a notion even to apologize to that poor boy Herbert for the hasty blows I gave him."

"That will be a great relief indeed to him, and he'll come off with flying colors. For *his* sake be quick, and give him time to withdraw his challenge before it reaches you."

"Pooh! a challenge from *him!* What a ridiculous idea! A challenge to fight with pop-guns, I suppose?"

Leach noticed the favorable turn in his subject, and skilfully availed himself of it.

"Now don't kill the little man by laughing at him, Steve. How funny he looked on the tavern pavement! What a desperate energy painted on his pretty face when he held out his shooting fix! One could observe the actual process of screwing up his courage. In general it lies so low that I doubt whether he himself suspected he had any. With the first cut of the cow-hide it moved; the second and third stirred it more; but at the fourth, which I suppose approached nearer the seat of honor, it gave a tremendous bounce, and at the same instant up went the gun. The little chap wriggled his lips and screwed so vigorously that his courage reached another notch. He worked and strained—higher he could not get it. I was certain then he'd never make it stick; and sure enough, all at once down it came with a flop. Old Stephen Trenchard's lecture, too, must have been rich—I mean the scolding he gave him in place of dessert after dinner. Sal, the house girl, told me all about it this evening, and I made her a present of a handkerchief for the story. He scolded Frank beautifully for bringing home the white feather, and said his only chance was to *challenge* you, as your spunk was too good ever to let you take back any thing you'd done. Frank blubbered out that he had had the best of the business already, as he had scared you."

"How! he scared *me?* But go on."

"Well, he had punished you enough, he thought; and if, as it seemed, it was not sufficient, his religion would not let him send a challenge."

"He meant, as you say, Sandy, that his courage had slipped out of reach."

"Very likely," continued the narrator; "but the funniest part is to come. Trenchard asked why, in the mischief, he didn't shoot you when he had a chance. He answered that his gun *wasn't loaded*, and that he did great things when he frightened Steve Randolph with an empty barrel; and with that, Sal says, he fairly grinned through his tears."

"Confound the brat!" exclaimed Randolph; "the next time I catch him I'll pound him to a jelly."

"Don't, for his dear sweetheart's sake, Steve. But listen! Frank added that, even if his gun had been loaded, he could not have had the heart to hurt such a poor, dissipated young man."

"The dev——"

"Don't swear, Steve; he aint worth it. But, to conclude, the smart youth wound up by saying that, if no other consideration had interfered, nothing could have induced him to wound so near a relative of his revered guardian."

"Fishing for a legacy, as I live!" cried Stephen.

"You may well say it. I reckon he lays that hit at a round ten thousand at least."

Leach having, as he thought, thoroughly effaced, by this admirable perversion of facts, every thing like compunction from the mind of his listener, continued: "Do you want to hear any more of the scraps I have picked up from the servants?"

"You may tell them, if you choose; of course they are half lies."

"Oh, I won't vouch as to that! but, indeed, I don't know that the darkies have any object, and I compare their accounts, so as to catch them when they trip. You must know they come to my store by stealth, as the Colonel would beat them like fury if he knew of it. Well, there's one of them had a talk with me some days ago,—an old, gossipping crone that calls herself 'body sarvant to Miss Lucy.'"

"Rachel, I should judge," observed Randolph.

"That's the one; but mind and don't say any thing about it, or they will be punished, and my mail cut off. Rachel said, in her way, that her young mistress happened to be talking one night about her three beaux, —it's no matter what she said about you?"

"Yes, tell me."

"She said Mr. Randolph was too big and passionate, and too extravagant."

"Ah, did she? Extravagant,—eh? I wonder what mighty fortune she has to make her so careful?"

"You forget," replied Leach, "that she is to inherit the Trenchard estate."

"Ay, sure enough," said the other, with a bitter scowl. "But what of the rest?"

"Mr. Herbert," said she, "is too little and bashful and soft-hearted."

"She's hard to please. And the doctor?"

"Rachel says she blushed when she came to *his* name, and said 'Dr. Middleton is as quiet and gentle as Frank Herbert, and braver than Mr. Randolph.'"

"Braver than I? That shall be tried!"

Sandy Leach smiled; that is, there was a broad smile on his heart, but the visible emotion became weaker in its passage along the nerves, till it died away in sundry convulsions of the maxillar muscles, which seemed significant rather of lugubriousness than of complacent mirth. He was much pleased, and indeed had reason to be, on account of his successful management of the wild passions of his companion. But he had not attained his whole end; and feeling inclined to pursue it still further, with that view made an interlude of a drinking bout. Perhaps the exhilarating effect of the wine he himself had already taken had something to do with this measure; however that may be, it was not adopted with his usual prudence. Although Mr. Leach was a match for any one with the bottle, so far as mere keeping his legs was concerned, and no one had ever seen him drunk, yet he over-estimated his powers of this kind when he set them against Stephen Randolph's; for that young man could bear as much "soaking" as he, with this difference, that all that he took after a certain quantity had rather the effect of quenching the natural fire of his temperament, than of kindling it higher. The justice of these observations will perhaps be seen before we get to the close of this midnight conversation, though they may be in this place somewhat premature.

"I confess freely, Steve, that I shall not be sorry to see Middleton thrashed; for he is so plaguy sly."

"You hit the nail now, Sandy. If the fellow would come right out before my face, I should not care; but this behind-your-back conduct I abominate. I'll make him come out, though; he must either show himself a man, or else, what I verily believe him, a sneaking coward. Deliver me from these quiet, composed sort of people; they can't help but be rascals, in order to make themselves of some account in the world. I don't believe there ever was a man of this nature, but had something wrong about him. It may be different off among the Yankees; but here in Virginia, the fellow that is so still and steady and on his guard as never to afford opportunity for a tussle, must either be a coward or nearly as bad."

"You except the present company, of course," interposed Leach, laughing, "for you know I am particular to keep out of mischief."

"You differ from most of this class, Sandy. You joke and laugh, and are pleasant over a bottle; but after all, you are *dangerous;* you know it."

"But then, Steve, you must admit that there are some roystering, heavy-handed chaps, who are fit to give more general fear than I; lawyer Blapp, for instance."

"Tut, tut, man! he is not a touch to you! Wat Blapp is a right cute fellow, to be sure, though he is not half so cute as he thinks he is, and does a deal of mischief in the way of setting folks together by the ears; but compared with *you*, he is no more than a 'prentice imp alongside of Beelzebub. Still, Sandy, it is well enough to be careful of Wat. Don't talk too freely to him. He's in reality, I believe, friendly disposed to me, and would stick at little to serve me—that is, of course, provided I could thereby be put in a condition to do him some good in return; but it is by no means advisable to let a man know more than exactly fits him for the work you mean him to perform. So, Sandy, if it should become necessary to have recourse to any of your wild and desperate schemes, be particular as to Wat."

"Ay, ay! trust me for that! I am glad to see you quitting your whimsical notions, and turning once more to regard matters like a man of the world; and one of my plans will be necessary, as you foresee. Depend upon it, I have as little inclination as you to commit more sins than circumstances compel. I have thought over the whole business, and have thus made up my mind to the only course that offers a fair chance of success. You may not yet have come to the same conclusion, but you will. Let us talk about it rationally. You seem to have a great repugnance to the first scheme."

"I have, indeed; so say no more about it."

"Stephen, can you think of any other substitute but that which I have suggested? I perceive by your blank look that you cannot. Now, the inheritance of this estate is your right by the laws of nature."

"Certainly; am I not the Colonel's nearest relative?"

"Well, even the rankest Methodism does not require a man to injure himself to benefit another. Why, then, should you ward off a transient injury from this artful girl, to your own hurt?"

"But, Sandy, you forget; this is a positive injury."

"No, it isn't, on *your* part. I am content to take upon myself all the responsibility of the act. Besides, the advantage to you is a lasting one; the injury to her need not be permanent—you understand?"

"Yes, I understand. A lying report can be overthrown by knocking away its false foundations. Still, slander will stick."

"I won't deceive you, Stephen. There may be truth, at least some truth, in the reports I have spoken about; but I am certain that if you wish it, I can arrange the affair so that her fame, whether the stains cast upon it are just or not, will appear spotless in the end."

"Yet," replied Randolph, "a considerable period may elapse before old Trench kicks the bucket. I can't be certain of the property till then, and it would be a long while for the poor girl to remain with a dishonored name. Goodness knows she has given me plaguy little reason to be anxious about her settlement in marriage; but for all, I am loath to be the cause of her pining away in solitude and poverty, shunned by every honest man and woman as a creature of shame."

"Oh, I dare say she'll get a respectable husband without much trouble. She is really quite pretty, and is accomplished enough to keep any man's parlor stylish."

"That is very true, but such a foul report will conceal it all."

"No, no! don't you fear! I'll warrant her a decent husband, *if I have to be the man myself.*"

Leach was sensible that he might have committed an indiscretion in this remark, and shot a furtive glance across the table to observe its effect, resolved within himself to treat it as a jest if ill received; but Randolph only answered:

"Why, you have never heard her open her lips even."

"But I have, though. Don't you know she visits frequently at Mrs. Good's house? I am a particular friend of the old widow, and have seen Lucy there more than once."

"The difficulty of the introduction may be over, Sandy, but there is another—she'd never *have* you. I am not vain, but I think I am at least as captivating as you. To be sure, I never cared for her the breaking of a straw, except to make certain of my uncle's negroes and land; still I *asked* her."

"True enough, Stephen, I am not a handsome fellow like you; but you may depend her proud feelings will break mightily when she finds herself all at once deserted and scorned. She and her mother will be poor, too, and distressed; then will I commence to lay my train. First I'll contrive to drop in one acceptable present after another at whatever hut they may take up with, remaining myself all the time incog, as they say. Perhaps I may put on a broad-brim hat, and otherwise dress as a respectable Quaker gentleman, carefully keeping my face from observation. At the first call I'll leave a basket of oranges for the old lady, as she is weakly and complaining; and at the last one, when they may be threatened with distress for rent or the like, I'll just step to the door, signify that I am leaving the country, throw in my purse with a 'God bless you,' and step away without waiting for thanks. Next, Mrs. Good shall insist upon their staying a while at her house; there I will meet Lucy apparently by accident, and show surprise and discomposure. Then, by degrees, I must become more sociable, sympathize with her sorrows, and all that. Depend upon it, my boy, she'll be Mrs. Leach yet!"

"She *your* wife!" exclaimed Stephen, with intense disdain; "Lucy Montgomery marry *you!*—a pursy, bloated, vulgar shopkeeper like you! Ha! ha!"

Sandy Leach was disconcerted, and half inclined to manifest anger, for Randolph's laugh had by no means the clear ring of good-humored raillery. The young man continued: "This, then, is the object of all the nice work you have been chalking out for me. I am honored, truly!—the faithful bully to drub Mr. Leach's rivals for him! I see now the cause of such bitter spite against Middleton and Herbert. Perhaps you have been using some cursed practices to injure *me* in her opinion. Give me but reason to think so, and as sure as I am a living man I'll beat out your brains against that wall!" He started up, and his clenched hand told that little was needed to induce him to execute his threat.

Leach felt himself sobered with a vengeance, and trembled, for he knew his danger. His self-possession, however, did not desert him.

"How can you dream of such a thing, Stephen? Confound the girl! I wish she was your wife to-morrow, or any body else's, so that would satisfy you. What I want is, to see you master of those thousands of acres. How every thing beside turns out will affect me not a whit."

"Here, Sandy!" exclaimed the other, "look me in the eye, and solemnly swear that you have done nothing, and caused nothing to be done, to prejudice my suit with Miss Montgomery. Be careful, now! If you perjure yourself I'll read it on your forehead, and it were far better for you to make a clean breast at once than have me wring the villainy out by tearing you in pieces!"

"*I swear it! I swear it!*" cried Leach with energy; and well it was for him that in this he spoke truth.

Randolph sat down again, and fresh corks were drawn. His crafty companion found all his work thrown back in confusion upon his hands. Warily did he renew his task, and indefatigably was it prosecuted. He had determined that *his* competitor, Middleton, should be humbled, and, by skilful insinuations that the hesitation of Randolph might be suspected by some to proceed from fear, as he had been prompt enough to punish a feeble enemy in Francis Herbert, he brought the young Titan again to the determination to insult the "sly doctor." Towards the breaking up of the conversation, Leach ventured to introduce a hint at the scheme concerning Miss Montgomery, but a rising scowl upon the brow of his companion admonished him in time to give the sentence an inoffensive termination.

CHAPTER VII.

The third day subsequent was that appointed in Virginia for holding an important election. Dr. Charles Middleton, whose rides for the past week had taken him in a different direction, went, this morning, around by Delviton, and having given his vote, called for a few moments to inquire after the health of the family at the mansion.

Colonel Trenchard was not at the house, but he saw the two young persons and Mrs. Montgomery. He grasped Herbert's hand heartily, and said to him in a tone of sincerity:

"You have behaved nobly, Frank, nobly!"

The youth blushed with gratification, and answered:

"It was hard, and I expect to suffer in consequence; but if the scene were acted again, I would not do otherwise."

"You need not, indeed, my dear fellow," responded the doctor; "very few could exhibit such heroism. But where is the Colonel? I suppose he is going to the election, yet I did not see him at the village."

"No, he can't be there yet; he rode round by the lower meadow. Surely, doctor, you are not off already."

"I would be glad to stay, Frank; but I have a patient six miles off, to be visited at eleven. Good bye, Mrs. Montgomery; good bye, Miss Lucy; I will see you all to-morrow, I trust, and the Colonel too."

After he had ridden away, the trio remained on the portico.

"I am sorry," observed Herbert, "that the doctor was in such haste. I wanted to inquire how the election was going. I must get there myself before dinner, since I have sufficient land to give me a vote, if not to provide me a new broadcloth coat."

"Had you not better wait a little later? It will then be——"

"It will be what, Lucy?"

"I was going to say that it will then be more quiet at the village than just now."

"Why, Lucy, I am ashamed of you! Is this the way you would nerve my fortitude? No, no; I prefer to go when the greatest number shall be present—Randolph among them."

"You will not take any thing with you, Frank?"

"Yes, indeed, I will, unless you would

have me leave my pocket-hankerchief and pencil behind."

"Oh, you know what I mean—your gun, and those—those——"

"The pistols, eh? Don't doubt my firmness so easily; I mean to carry no weapon whatever, not even a walking-stick. An umbrella, however, I must take, for it looks something like rain. But here is Ichabod, returning from the village; the old man can tell us how matters are going. Here, Uncle Ich! we want to see you."

"Sarvant, young Marser," said the negro, removing his hat.

"Well, Uncle, tell us how things are going at the town; who's to be elected?"

"I can't say for sartain, Marser Frank; some talks up stiff for one man, and some for another; it's hard prodicting who's gwine to have most. 'Sides to speak resactly I haven't interceded much into dis matter, I was so taken up with watchin' the doctor through his scrape; but I reckon he's told you all 'bout *that*."

"No, he hasn't," said the young lady; "do *you* tell us, Uncle Ich."

"I s'pose he seemed sort o' sperrited an' 'wildered?"

"Not at all," answered Herbert; "he was just as composed and quiet as ever. But what has been the matter?"

"You know, I judge, 'bout Marser Stephen's comin' up to him lookin' so fierce, de doctor was in mighty bad fix?"

"But, Ichabod," interposed Mrs. Montgomery, "we don't know any thing about it. Mr. Randolph been assaulting Dr. Middleton? Come, give us the whole story from the beginning; don't tantalize us—if you know what that means."

"I understand 'sizely: all one as crackin' the whip afore the horses is hitched, or settin' the wedge at the butt-eend. No, Missus; I'll take the log right, and begin at the beginnin'. The doctor come ridin' along down to the front of the tavern—you know the electioning goes on in the tavern; when he gets right close to the step, he casts his eye round, a-kinder lookin' for a place to hitch his horse, and he looked plump against Marser Stephen, who was standin' alongside of Misser Leach just outside the door. Marser Steve looked very savage indeed, an' de doctor wheeled away his horse, and I thought he was afeard; but as it turned out, he only went to fasten the critter to the fence on the other side, 'case all the posts was full. He come back then, walkin' very slow and liberal; and as soon as he got to the broad sideway, Marser Steve steps right up to meet him, his forehead all drawed up in a pucker, and the corners of his mouth all drawed down, and his eyes in a glitter, and his left fist doubled, and dat arm half crooked, and a switch in his right hand. He's so tall an' big, he seemed real grand and fearsome." Ichabod here made a pause for effect, and rolled his white orbs around his small but attentive group of listeners. "What tink were next? De doctor seed he were meetin' a hurricane, and come slow, but on he did dome. He's pretty much of a man, you know; though he aint high, he's made broad and put close together, so he couldn't back out by sayin' he wan't no match. Still all his uttermost could do in a riglar scrimmage with such an unmarciful strong giant of a gentleman as Marser Steve, would be to make him enough wuss to tear him to flinders. An' de doctor knew dat too, and were sartain and sure that if de other should once get fairly 'zaggerated, he mought as well give hisself up for gone, without fendin' a lick. I've seed many a fight of white folks too, and it's a right nice sight, and some people looks all the better for having their noses smashed, and their eyes knocked up; but de doctor is such a quiet, civil sort of a gentleman, I'd been sorry to a seen him in such a fix."

"Come, old man," cried Herbert impatiently, "stick to the point, and tell us what happened. Did Middleton give ground?"

"Not a bit, Marser; he walked slowly on, and looked de other right in the eye. It was a queer kind of a look too, and I must say I decline very much to the opinion that there's somethin' more nor natural 'bout de young doctor. You ricollec', Miss Lucy, how he cured Delilah's child so suddint when three other doctors give it up; and even old Aunty Pilzy, who come from Affriky, and was as old when I was a boy—dat's sixty years ago—as she are now; even Aunt Pilzy said it were written in de moon dat it must die; but Dr. Middleton told her, short like, 'Hold your tongue!' an' Pilzy's sperrit wan't strong 'nough to stand his sperrit, an' de child *lived*."

"But about the meeting at the tavern, Uncle Ichabod?"

"Sure 'nuff, but I'll be on a trot now.

Well, afore de doctor got within two or three yards or so of the door, Marser Steve made a quick step forward with a hard grip on the switch, as if his fingers itched to use it. Sandy Leach kept close along, but a little behint. Marser Steve raised de whip half up, and said, 'I b'lieve you's been makin' slan'rous 'proaches against me; come, out with your 'pology; I'm waitin'.' De doctor kept his eye right agin his all de time, and spoke in de same soft sort o' way as ever; and dat dem words of his'n should have effeck is admonishin', and make me think still more there mus' be somethin' sperritual and witch-like 'bout him. Gracious, *I* wouldn't unplease him for the airth!"

"But what *did* he say?"

"Only four or half-a-dozen words, and they had no consarn whatsomever wid the matter. He said, 'Can you tell me, sir, whether a black man walks like an Injun?' Now wasn't dat funny? Any body 'd have thought it more like crazy people's talk; but it had de charm in it, and Marser Steve drop his switch as if it war red-hot iron, though he looked as fierce as ever. Misser Leach touch him on the arm and whisper in his ear, and den stepped between 'em and made out as though he war partin' on 'em; but I could see it war all 'possum, for neder him nor Marser Steve could a ris an arm so long as de charm was on dat de doctor laid dar."

As the old black concluded his narrative, his three listeners exchanged glances.

"A negro almost invariably turns out his toes in walking," observed Francis Herbert, in a low tone, "whilst the Indian keeps them straight forward; and no Indian ever had a straighter tread than *Randolph*."

"And how were *those* tracks?" inquired one of the ladies.

"I do not know; but the *doctor* must."

Old Ichabod observed them closely, but only comprehended enough that was said to puzzle him, without his gaining a clue to the mystery.

"I must go to Delviton right away," said Herbert.

"Not to do any thing about this we are guessing at?" suggested Lucy.

"Of course not; but I have my vote to give."

He proceeded straightway to the village, drinking in fresh vigor at every step from the atmosphere, at once balmy and bracing, which is peculiar to that fifth season unknown to Hesiod, the Indian Summer, which springs like a new Amphitrite from the beach of one ocean, gives a fresh charm to the bright sisterhood as they trip across our western continent, and deserts them in the first rippling wave of the other. He swung his arms in the exhilaration of his spirit, and his breast swelled with high thoughts. Then he felt that he could do all things, and harder yet, *endure* all things. He thought not of his being an almost penniless, dependent upon the bounty of another, nor that he was master of no profession, and at that time unqualified for any one of the countless pursuits which human ingenuity or necessity has devised; nor further, that he bore a brand of dishonor which would probably adhere during life. Nothing of all this passed through his mind, but he blessed the beneficent Creator for a glorious autumn day, and in the enjoyment of the gift was happy.

In this buoyant mood he soon threaded the woods, and crossed the rivulet which divided to him nature from the world, quiet from distraction, the green and golden hills of the plantation from the brick and whitewash of Delviton. The tavern grounds extended in the rear to the skirt of the wood through which he had passed, and indeed cut off a few of its trees. About half way from this back fence to the dwelling and offices was a nine-pin alley, and so far the throng of tavern visitors frequently wandered. But Herbert was startled by hearing loud and angry voices issuing from the very extremity of the yard, and underneath the group of trees. Instead, therefore, of keeping around the grounds to the front, he leaped the fence, and ran across the hillock which concealed the cause of the sound from his view.

But to render our narrative intelligible, we must go back a little in time, and follow some of the movements of Mr. Trenchard. The old gentleman had, as Herbert informed the doctor, made a circuit of an additional mile before entering the village; and when he did reach it, he rode immediately into the yard to the stable, for the purpose of having his horse kept securely during his stay. After he had dismounted, and just as he was about to proceed to the tavern, he observed a man coming in the direction of the stable. Sandy Leach, for it was he, changed color when he perceived whom he was so near meeting, and turned off into the little grove in the rear. Trenchard followed after very quickly, and had nearly overtaken him, when the object of his pursuit turned suddenly around and said:

"Sir, what have you to do with me?"

Trenchard replied in a low, deep tone, "Suppose I sought to do murder, how could *you* complain?"

"Man! ruffian!" exclaimed the other with agitation; "keep off; I am armed."

"What the deuce do I care for your arms, you paltry coward! When did a Trenchard ever fear any thing? Do you remember New-Orleans? Don't you gasp for breath at the recollection?"

Leach's face did indeed assume a livid hue, but Trenchard continued:

"Do you remember the famine at Havana, when you brought a ship thither with a cargo of grain, for which you had paid a double price, and by the sale of which you expected to make a quadruple profit? Do you remember how three large ship loads came in the day after, and how much you lost in consequence?"

"It reduced me for the time to beggary!" cried Leach. "But for that cursed mischance I should now have been worth three hundred thousand dollars. Yet *you* surely had no hand in that?"

"There you are mistaken, sir; nobody else would have been willing to lose money to ruin you. I *was;* and I did *not* lose by that transaction, for I gained revenge—*some* revenge; but there's more to be gained yet, man!"

"Mr. Trenchard," rejoined Sandy, in honeyed accents, "we are both advanced in years; neither of us can expect to live a great while longer. You have done me a great deal of hurt. I myself, I confess it, have wronged you. Let us hold the score balanced; let us seek the pardon of Heaven, by pardoning each other; let us forget and forgive."

"Forget and forgive!" echoed Trenchard; "you do well to couple the terms. Sandy, Sandy, I could forgive were it possible to *forget;* but, treacherous villain! I have a MEMORY! I will follow you up to the last; no peace nor pardon shall you have! My revenge would be incomplete were you to die calmly. Scoundrel, hypocrite, perjured liar, viper, adder, most loathsome of reptiles, for ever I will hate you!"

"And d'ye think," said the other, speaking through his teeth, "that I cannot hate also? You have enjoyed your revenge; you shall taste mine. See who's the best at the game."

"Blood-sucking Leach! low-born and lower-lived rascal, I scorn and defy you!"

"Ha, ha! defy me, do you?"

"Yes, I do defy you. You have twice tried to kill me, once when I was sick, and last at night; but you can't succeed! How you chuckled when you were on the roof; your joy sounded in your voice. But, Alexander Leach, *I live!* Stingless scorpion, I live to trample you under my heel!"

"*You heard my voice, do you say?*" Leach cast a searching glance around to ascertain that no listeners were nigh. "You heard my voice. Now, what words did that voice say? What person was addressed? Was it a black man's name that was called? tell me that! Was it Jim's? Was it not that of some one nearer to you? was it not——"

"Hold!" cried Trenchard, in a voice of thunder; then he added, almost whispering, "I heard indeed too much. I mean, I *dreamed* I heard it; for never could he who bears *that* name have joined in a vile, cowardly assassination. Impossible! it cannot be."

"You heard——"

"Alexander, hush! Say not that it was he, or I'll grind you to ashes!"

"Stephen Trenchard, you say I wronged you, and heap bitter names on me. You have an excellent memory for all this. Your wife, so beautiful, so beloved, died the first year of her marriage, killed by your cruelty—killed by her husband. Ha, ha, ha! And you say I was at the bottom of all this! a ridiculous notion, truly. Ha, ha! Well, you don't remember, I suppose, how you had treated *me* before that? You had a sister. Alexander Leach, a poor man, of a poor family, wasn't good enough for her. No! So you married her to Brewster Randolph; and what a fine youth has sprung from that happy marriage! A nice young man, in truth, who hangs up his own dear uncle, his namesake too! Stephen chokes Stephen! Ha, ha!"

Colonel Trenchard, violently enraged drew a knife and sprang, with almost the vigor of youth, at the breast of his enemy; but Leach, too wary not to foresee such a consequence, stepped suddenly back, drew a pistol, and fired. Trenchard tottered forward, made a second vehement plunge with his weapon, but not reaching his mark, fell at full length, whilst the knife was buried to the handle in the hard clay.

Leach leaned over the wounded man, and said in a soft, hypocritical tone, "You are studying forgiveness now, I hope, sir. Don't scorn me, Mr. Trenchard, don't scorn me *now*; pray don't!"

"Villain!" exclaimed Trenchard, raising himself on one arm; "Villain! I abominate you—yes, I loathe, I scorn you still! I believe you have killed me, Leach." Here his eyes rolled in their sockets so dreadfully that even the hardened wretch before him was struck with affright. "I believe you have killed me. Hear my last words: I die; but if ever the dead revisit the earth, your bed, Alexander Leach, shall be sleepless." As the last word left his lips, he sank back; but he soon revived, and his countenance wore a less death-like expression.

Sandy Leach, who was stricken with horror so long as he believed he had expired, also recovered his faculties. "Yes, Trenchard," he hissed, "no son of mine should call you uncle, and now you have a nephew of other begetting, though of my *training*, to be sure; a handsome, gallant fellow, strong as Goliath too! Do you recollect how easily he doubled you up in that rope? Don't grumble and grieve now, my dear fellow; it was not Sandy Leach, but Stephen Randolph, that tried to murder you the night of the 15th of September."

"Traitor! scoundrel! what have you told? Would you betray me?" The speaker was Randolph, who, in seeking his boon companion, had stumbled on this scene and overheard Leach's last declaration. "I have told you," he added vehemently, "what to expect; take that!" He raised his arm in anger, and as Leach held up the pistol to ward off the blow, wrenched it from him, presented it, drew the trigger, and, the second barrel having been cocked in the struggle, discharged it into the owner's side. Leach fell to the earth with a groan. "Heaven save me!" exclaimed Randolph, shuddering; "I believe I am doubly a murderer."

A great throng of men now rushed in, drawn by some vague rumor of a fight, as well as by the pistol shots.

"There he is—Stephen Randolph—seize him!" cried Leach, with labored and broken utterance. "Seize him! he has slain—me—me—and—*Trenchard*."

Randolph's despairing words had been heard and partly misinterpreted, and the declaration of Alexander Leach, a person of popular character and well esteemed, appeared to fix the deepest guilt upon the unfortunate young man. It deserves to be remarked, too, that his conduct at the meeting with Middleton in the morning had excited much doubt, if not suspicion.

Jack Chapman, who happened to be foremost of the crowd, addressing his companions, said gruffly, "That business of the *boots* was never cleared up, was it? And to my certain knowledge, it was a lying charge that black *Jim* had any hand in the hanging——"

"Mind your own business, sir!" cried Randolph, striking him. But young Chapman, a stout, able-bodied man, was as hot-tempered as Randolph himself, and raising a cudgel, struck his powerful antagonist to the ground with a blow. Not content with this, when Randolph had got upon one knee, and in the struggle to rise had thrown over one of the most burly of his assailants, he rushed forward, knocked him a second time prostrate, and manifested his purpose to proceed to measures still more extreme. The mob around, excited to a pitch of fury, seconded him heartily, with violent gestures and imprecations against the "murderer."

It was at this moment that Francis Herbert entered. In the confusion, he noticed not the bloody forms of Leach and his guardian, but saw before him, stretched out and senseless, Stephen Randolph, about to be trampled upon, and perhaps slain. He rushed forward and placed his own person between the angry multitude and their proposed victim.

"Stand out of the way!" shouted Jack Chapman.

"I will not, to see a defenseless person murdered."

"Mr. Herbert, you endanger yourself to no purpose. Move away, sir," reiterated the other.

"Kick him out of the road! knock him down!" roared the crowd behind.

"Why are you standing for such as him, Jack?" said David Chapman, the father, endeavoring to push the new-comer aside; but the thrust was so vigorously returned, that the old man went down upon hands and knees.

At this the younger Chapman swung his

club high above his shoulder, as if to decide the matter at once. To ward off a blow like that which had felled the Herculean Randolph, Herbert had only his umbrella. The crowd instantly ceased their various noise, and even Dave Chapman, who was again on his feet, held his breath to watch the descent of that fearful hickory staff. Jack himself caught the infectious pause, and said:

"Frank Herbert! I would not hurt you if I could help it; but do not stop the path any longer. That man is a murderer—the murderer of your guardian!"

"Of Mr. Trenchard? Good heavens! Where is he? But," added Herbert, firmly, "if Randolph were ten times a murderer, you have the law."

"Don't talk of law!" interrupted one in the centre of the crowd. "If we let him up now, he'll get off, and every body will be afraid to say any thing. He deserves it all; why shouldn't he have it? So hurrah, boys, let's clear the track! There, he's moving now; he'll be up; let's into him!"

The mob, excited afresh, pressed close together, and bore Chapman forward against the slight but undaunted champion of mercy.

"My friends!" said Herbert, in a firm, deep tone, "hear me one instant. You say this man has committed murder?"

"He has," answered many voices.

"Well, now, suppose that one of you had committed such a crime—and if you scout at the supposition, just consider how near you all are to it at this very moment! Suppose that this man, Randolph, who is now prostrate here, should be stricken with a mortal hurt, and that you, John Chapman, should be charged with murder for having slain him; what would you claim as your right? What, but a fair trial by an impanelled jury? My friends—gentlemen—I tell you, and your own hearts tell you, if you are only calm enough to listen, that he who takes away that breath which God alone can bestow, sins to the peril of his own soul, unless the Almighty himself gives the authority; and to none does God give it, but to those that execute the law. Let him be tried; and who, in that case, would constitute the jury? Some of yourselves; and are you afraid of your own quiet judgment? Or if not of yourselves, of other true Virginians, surely, who hate murder as much as you. He has killed Mr. Trenchard—did any body see him do it?" Herbert paused, but no reply broke the profound stillness. "*Is* Mr. Trenchard killed?"

"Ay," said the elder Chapman; "yonder he lies under that tree, shot bad enough to die, and Steve had the pistol in his hand when we came."

"Did no one, then, see Colonel Trenchard shot?"

"Yes, sir, I seed it from the stable window."

There was a simultaneous turning of heads in the direction of the speaker, who was no other than the black hostler of the tavern.

"I seed it all. Colonel Trenchard and Misser Leach fou't; and Marster Sandy shot the Colonel, and Marster Stephen shot Marster Sandy."

"Don't you lie, you black rascal!"

"It's no lie at all, Marster Jack, but fac' an' truth. I seed just what I tell, and nothin' more and nothin' shorter."

This account at once put a new face upon the matter; and though Randolph had recovered from the stun and regained his feet, no one felt inclined to molest him. The younger Chapman stepped up, extending his hand, and said in a frank tone, "Don't bear a grudge, Steve; you oughtn't to have struck me, you know."

But Randolph, without listening to the apology or taking note of any one, with a haughty air, turned his back upon the scene.

Trenchard and Leach were severally removed to their homes; the former receiving the sedulous attentions of his ward.

CHAPTER VIII.

Dr. Middleton could not be found, but several other physicians who were called into the mansion declared themselves unable to ascertain the precise situation of the ball. There was much reason to fear that it was lodged in the neighborhood of the lungs, in which case it could scarcely be hoped that Colonel Trenchard would survive twenty-four hours; yet at evening he seemed to suffer little pain, and was in the possession of his faculties. After remaining with him till a late hour and perceiving no change in his condition, the medical gentlemen administered an opiate and withdrew. Herbert and a friendly neighbor undertook to attend upon him till morning, arranging together that the latter should recline upon a pallet in an adjoining room, ready to give his assistance when called upon by the other.

Herbert sat by the bedside whilst his guardian slumbered uneasily for some hours. About two or three o'clock in the morning, the wounded man awoke and asked for water. When he had emptied the tumbler which Frank brought him, he again lay in silence and without motion for a considerable space of time, but not, as before, asleep.

"Frank," he said at length, "read me some chapters from the Bible."

The young man read several passages from the epistles, the account of our Saviour's crucifixion, and two or three Psalms.

Trenchard listened with profound attention, and when he paused, said: "Read me that chapter which tells how we ought to treat our enemies."

Herbert accordingly read the sermon on the mount, and some other passages in the gospels inculcating forgiveness of injuries.

"Frank," said Trenchard, when he had ended, "you have studied a good deal; tell me, do you think the spirit ever visits the earth after death?"

"I know not, sir. I have not, myself, ever seen sufficient reason to believe that it is so; yet without the declaration of Deity, no man may presume positively to deny it."

"Francis, I told Alexander Leach yesterday that when I died I meant to haunt his couch and break his slumbers. In my heart I felt determined, if it were possible, to dog his footsteps even by day, so that in the thickest crowds a ghostly form should ever be at his elbow. I purposed that every night, though he might fence himself in the innermost room of his house, and doubly bolt the door,—I purposed that though every other creature were asleep unmolested, he should awake in horror and feel the clutch of skeleton fingers upon his guilty throat! Was not that a wicked thought to think, and a wicked word to say? I may die to-night, and I would not have a heathen's death. Yet, Frank, though I know I have been a bitter foe to those who have done me wrong, have I ever forsaken a friend? Surely, villains like Leach are not to be loved?"

"But, sir," replied the young watcher, "do you not remember a sentence that I read just now: 'If ye love them that love you, what thank have ye?'"

"Yes, Frank, those very words have been ringing in my ears ever since you read them."

"And then, Mr. Trenchard, our Saviour, notwithstanding the infinite blessing of redemption he has purchased for us, gives us no warrant so much as to *pray* for the forgiveness of God in any higher degree than we ourselves forgive those who have trespassed against us."

"Am I, then," said Trenchard with a suppressed groan, "certainly a reprobate and castaway, unless I pardon Leach?"

"Oh, sir, what am I that you ask me such questions? The Bible is a common guide for us all."

"Frank—Frank—but—it hurts me to talk."

"And you know, sir, the doctor forbade your speaking."

"My head feels dull too, and my eyelids heavy."

"This is probably the effect of the opiate, sir."

"Well, Francis, listen to me; I want to speak it out before I die. I forgive—yes, I forgive him without reserve—from my heart—Alexander Leach; and so may God in his mercy forgive me!"

His head sank back upon the pillow from which he had raised it to assist his labored enunciation, and such a solemn stillness at once pervaded the apartment, that Herbert thought the spirit must have left its tenement; yet when the young man bent over him in deep anxiety, to catch, if possible, the sound of breathing, Trenchard opened his eyes for an instant, and said:

"I am not dead, Frank; not—yet."

Afterwards he dropped into a deep slumber, which was not broken when the morning rays fell upon his bed. Mr. Mercer and a number of other friends stood or sat in different parts of the chamber. The physicians were expected, but had not arrived. His pulse was very full, and his respiration difficult and attended with noise.

At length he awoke, coughing violently. Suddenly there was a gush of blood from his mouth, which streamed over his breast. All were struck with consternation. One of the physicians, who entered at the instant, declared, as well by his countenance as by words, that there was no hope, and that his very moments were numbered.

Trenchard spoke with a countenance indeed ghastly and appalling, for an attendant, in endeavoring to wipe away the blood from his lips and chin, had besmeared his whole face; he said, "I want somebody quickly to write my will."

"Lawyer Blapp passed along the road an instant ago," said Skinner, the overseer; "shall I send to overtake him?"

"Is there nobody else? I don't like Walter Blapp. Where is Selden?"

"He started over the mountain yesterday morning, sir."

"Well, time is precious; let me have Blapp: time is very precious—be quick!"

But a few moments elapsed before the lawyer entered the apartment, yet in that space Trenchard's strength had perceptibly diminished. He made a prodigious effort, however, after Blapp saluted him, and his utterance became much more distinct than it had been.

"Mr. Blapp, I see pen and paper have been set before you. I want you now to write my last will and testament: use as few words as will satisfy legal requirements. And look you, Walter Blapp! I charge you, as you would shun a dying man's curse, to put down my wishes as I tell them to you, and not to use hereafter any of the devilish craft of your profession to overthrow or misinterpret them. And you, gentlemen—my friends in the room here, Mercer and the rest of you—I beg all, as you ever felt regard for me, to mark every word I shall speak, and to testify to the same, if need be, in a court of justice, to the shame and confusion of the attorney who shall dare to betray the trust of the dead."

Another burst of blood followed this exertion, and he sank back exhausted. In a little while he again raised his head and supported himself on his right elbow.

It was a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Through the gore which disfigured every feature of his countenance, his eyes gleamed with a more than natural brightness, and Blapp shrank within himself at a look so steadfast and unearthly.

"I bequeath to my ward, Francis Herbert, the farm which I own on the Rappahannock, together with all the stock now upon it, and five thousand dollars in money."

There was a pause, while the lawyer's pen flew rapidly over the paper; but as he wrote, the soul-piercing glance of Trenchard was not for an instant removed.

"Next, I wish my servant Ichabod to have his liberty, and to be comfortably maintained so long as he shall live. All the residue of my property of every description, landed and personal, and by whatsoever other terms any part of it may in law be known and distinguished, the whole of it, after the payment of my just debts, I give and bequeath, without qualification or reserve, to *Doctor Charles Middleton*; feeling assured that in this way I am taking the best means to provide for Lucy Montgomery and her mother, the only child and the widow of my departed friend Frederick Montgomery."

"But, sir," suggested the lawyer, "will you altogether exclude your nephew?"

"Not one cent do I leave to Stephen Randolph. I freely forgive all the offenses he has committed against me, but not one cent shall he have from me. Write just as I have told you."

Blapp was a considerable time in writing, and had finished nearly a page, when he made a gesture of impatience; and saying, "Pshaw! I have committed an error," commenced on a new sheet.

At length, when he had finished the document, which was after a lapse of time that denoted either a want of professional readiness or something worse, he, as well as the rest of the group, turned to the bedside and found Mr. Trenchard lying on his back, while the rigidity of his whole person seemed to show that the debt of nature had been paid.

The physician felt his wrist and found the pulse very unequal, now sinking so low as to be scarcely perceptible, and again throbbing vehemently. He remarked in a whisper to the company, "He has not yet expired."

"Oh, he must surely be dead," said the lawyer; "at any rate, it is useless to disturb him while in this state;" and he began hastily to fold up the document he had been engaged upon.

Trenchard, however, spoke in a slow, hollow tone, but distinctly: "I am—not—dead. Mercer, read me what he has written."

Mercer took the paper from the abashed lawyer, and upon reading it, found it to express correctly, though in rather more words than were necessary, what had been dictated. Trenchard seemed to listen, and said at the close, "I wish it to be added, that I desire John Mercer and Charles Middleton to act as my executors."

The attorney did as was requested, and the will was then laid upon the bed for the signature. Trenchard, after vainly endeavoring to clasp the pen in his hand as he reclined, motioned to Herbert, for he was now speechless, to support his back; then, clenching the pen with his whole hand, he signed his name in large upright characters. At the very time that he was writing, the bystanders heard a gurgling sound in his throat, and the instant that Herbert's arm was relaxed, he sank back on the pillow.

About a week after Colonel Trenchard's funeral, Dr. Middleton seized an opportunity when Mrs. Montgomery left the parlor, during a call which he was making at the mansion, to exchange a few words in private with Lucy. He commenced abruptly:

"My dear Miss Montgomery, it is now, as you will remember, nearly a month since I first openly avowed to you my affection. You replied to me with great and most considerate kindness, yet in such a way as to show clearly that you were not then prepared to reciprocate my attachment. Will you pardon me for asking whether the time which has since elapsed has made any change favorable to my happiness?" His voice, very firm and distinct at the outset, faltered a little at the close.

Lucy was embarrassed, and seemed to hesitate for want of words, but her head made the sign of negation.

"Can you then give me reason to hope that a longer time may advantage my suit?"

"It grieves me indeed to utter what may give you pain; but truth compels me to say, that as time is not able to increase the high esteem I have for you, sir, time cannot create a deeper feeling."

This answer, though it evidently affected him profoundly, did not seem to be unexpected, and he said: "I thank you, Lucy,—permit me to call you so now; and I would not that, feeling as you do, your answer should be otherwise. And am I not right in supposing that Francis Herbert has won that place in your heart which is closed to me?"

Lucy blushed, and he hastened to add: "Pardon me, and believe that I do not ask out of the enviousness of disappointment, or from an impertinent curiosity still more unbecoming. I hold Mr. Trenchard's property, as I understand his will, under a trust, for your benefit. It was you whom he designed to inherit his estate. He left it to my charge, thinking thus to secure it most certainly to you. Probably he supposed, erroneously, that we would some time have a common name and a common fortune; but this is no matter. Francis Herbert I believe worthy of you. He has fine talents, and what is more valuable, principle, and has lately shown himself to possess that which alone seemed wanting to complete an admirable and noble character—firmness and self-reliance. In view of all this, I should be recreant to honor and duty were I to hesitate to make over this property, for which I am trustee, to you its rightful owner."

"Dr. Middleton, I entreat you to entertain no such thought. You yourself, did not your lofty generosity blind you, would be the first to see through the unsubstantial reasons you assign."

"No, Miss Montgomery, I am satisfied, and have never doubted as to the course I ought to pursue. I foresaw but too plainly, previous to this interview, what must prove its result, and have already taken the preliminary steps in the performance of that which the merest principles of justice imperatively demand. In a few weeks Mr. Selden and I will have wound up the settlement of the estate, and then the whole shall be made over to you."

Nothing that could be urged by Lucy or her mother, or by Herbert, could move his determination, nor induce him to retain any portion of the property to which he had unexpectedly fallen heir.

Dr. Middleton has ever since been a frequent visitor and intimate friend of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Herbert, and many persons, from this fact and some others, have inferred that he was never very deeply in love; yet it is certain that to this day he remains unmarried. During his long and successful practice, he has accumulated a handsome fortune, with which it is not improbable that he means to provide for some member of the numerous family which must eventually break the Trenchard estate, great as it is, into comparatively small fragments.

Alexander Leach expired at the very moment that the hearse which bore the body of Mr. Trenchard to the burial passed his door.

Stephen Randolph left the neighborhood immediately, and has never since been heard from, though it is probable, from his reckless and unfortunate habits, that his career has long since been teminated.

ALBAN.*

There are few of our readers who cannot recollect "Lady Alice," Mr. Huntington's first-born, and the precursor of "Alban." Lady Alice came to us very well introduced. Mr. Huntington, with a sagacity that does infinite credit to his observation, published his novel in London, and our brother critics across the water reviewed it as a production of their own soil. American readers were therefore favorably inclined to the fair *débutante*, and behaved toward her in a manner every way most flattering to herself. In other words, supposing "Lady Alice" to be English, we were disposed to read it, and finding it superior to the general run of novels in point of style and interest, we commented upon its excellences with a good deal of enthusiasm. Nor, when we discovered that we met its author every day in Broadway, did we retract any of our eulogiums. Lady Alice was really a very readable book, and uncommonly good for a first effort. Its occasional inflations of sentiment and fripperies of language were easily accounted for and excused. Its plot was not more improbable than that of very many a novel which the common voice of critics has made classic. Bulwer's first novels were much worse than Lady Alice, and Mr. James has written nothing so good in a dozen years. We were not of the number of those who apprehended danger from the theological or political opinions which Mr. Huntington advanced in his very fascinating book. And we think we had good reasons for our apathy. Novels have never yet revolutionized churches or governments, and whatever is advanced in them must be addressed rather to the sentiment than the reason; must influence but temporarily if it influence at all. Our satisfaction with Mr. Huntington was only lessened by a distrust in the purity of his motives. We saw no reason for many sentences and pages which we read in Lady Alice. They seemed not only uncalled for, but obtrusive. It appeared to us that Mr. Huntington had determined to make war on our notions of morality. In his descriptions of statues and paintings, and in his criticisms on art, he seemed to linger with an unnecessary fondness on every point calculated to inflame a voluptuous imagination; and to think no sarcasm sufficiently severe for such as were of the opinion that modesty, in art, might not always be synonymous with primitive nakedness. No one so generous of luxurious bed-chambers; of couches diaphonously shrouded; of female toilets, to which, indeed, from first to last we were admitted; of fleshly and prurient stories to which we were assured we might listen without harm, since "to the pure all things are pure." And a more profuse and dangerous generosity is manifested in Alban. Indeed, Mr. Huntington, in this his second work, displays a license which no respectable auditory would allow him to assume in conversation, and for which a precedent can only be found in the very worst of foreign fictions. To his characters nothing seems unfit for free and general remark. Upon the particulars of revelations made by them we dare not enlarge. They are too unnatural and too revolting to be made subjects for our contemplation.

And it renders such narrations the more monstrous that they are written, not by George Sand or De Kock, but by a professed moral teacher: one who was not long since a clergyman, and was only debarred from the Romish priesthood by his domestic relations. Mr. Huntington gives us to understand that he is the sworn foe of all impurity, and that he writes with a view of bettering the morals of the community. Therefore, to make his readers better, he gives them every facility for becoming more corrupt. To inculcate purity, he removes all bounds to license. For the purpose of showing us what it is to possess a clean heart and an unsullied imagination, he discourses to us of matters about which the worst of men talk only in whispers. This may be Mr. Huntington's method of indoctrinating us into perfect virtue, but our common sense declares it a very dangerous and unsuccessful method. And in pursuing it, he reminds us of nothing so much as of an adventurous and reckless guide, who should attempt to lead us to a distant point through wildernesses choked with briers, and through crooked defiles thickly set with pitfalls and snares, when a straight and shorter road lay equally open to his choice.

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* Alban: A Tale of the New World. New-York: G. P. Putnam. 1851.

To the unsophisticated sentiments of this country, both in and out of the Church whose cause he advocates, instead of bettering, this will appear to them as though Mr. Huntington thought it necessary to corrupt the morals of the community in order to change their faith! We think they can have no confidence in the religious principles of one from whom proceed such fruits. To many this feature of the work will confirm the charge against the sect he advocates, that the laxity of morals of countries in which it has sway is to be attributed to the form of religion professed. And he will, therefore, no less appear to have insulted the sincere of the one class than have given fresh cause of hostility to the other.

But, leaving this most unpleasant part of the subject, we proceed to our discussion of the literary and artistic merits of the work.

In one respect, Alban is a decided improvement on Lady Alice. The scene of the latter novel was laid abroad, in countries necessarily unfamiliar to most American readers, and amid associations in which we could only feel a comparatively trifling interest. Its characters were chiefly high-born and noble;—towering and brilliant peers of England, magnificent grandees of the south, aristocratic and gifted women,—the younger sons and minor personages nothing less than Nevilles and Cliffords. Before such an array of circumstance and condition our republican simplicity may well be pardoned for having been abashed. We were not to blame for not feeling at our ease in the society of titled patricians and coroneted premiers. It was a slight mistake to introduce us into such august company. And Mr. Huntington has done wisely in shifting his scenes and bringing his *dramatis personæ* from the clouds to the earth. As American readers, our veneration has been sufficiently taxed, and our patience amply exercised, by a distant and frigid acquaintance with the wearers of a foreign and aristocratic nomenclature—the Stanleys and Belmonts and De Courcys of every fashionable tale since a time beyond which no man's memory extends. We have become tired of people who are much too grand to be cordial, and whose conversation possesses scarcely sufficient value to compensate for the strain it imposes on our attention and obsequiousness. Most of us are satisfied that characters drawn from society about us are much more real and interesting than the representatives of a foreign and exclusive society of which we know very little, and whose concerns are in no way connected with our own. It requires much fine writing and lavish coloring to make such company agreeable; and even if the result is attained, and we confess ourselves interested in spite of our prejudices, it may be doubted after all if labor has not been uselessly expended. To use a homely phrase, "the game has not been worth the candle."

Alban, then, has the merit of being an American book. The hero is a descendant of an ancient and honorable New-England family, and the rest of the principal personages are either of a kindred stock, or of that race about whose patronymic appellations—De Groot, Brevoort, Stuyvesant—there exist so many associations of sturdy patriotism and genial citizenship. The scene of the story is divided about equally between New-York and New-Haven, and its interest is evolved from such unpretending materials as may be furnished by student life, theological discussion, and the every-day occurrences of American society.

Mr. Huntington's religious opinions constitute the prominent feature of his book. In fact, Alban may be regarded as the exposition of that change in his belief whose initiatory steps were plainly visible in the rhapsodies of Lady Alice. Alban Atherton, a young man of family and talent, enters Yale University a Protestant and Presbyterian. As his faculties become matured by education and years, he first inclines to doubt; then to negation; then to an acceptance of those ecclesiastical claims that fix the mind of the believer in unwavering confidence, while they remove from sight the primary occasions of religious distrust. In his successive transitions he is met by the rebukes and solicitations of parties from whom such friendly offices would naturally proceed; he is expostulated with by family and college authorities; he is encouraged in his progress toward the Romish Church by ecclesiastics and devotees. The various arguments employed by these rival claimants for the guardianship of Alban's faith occupy no inconsiderable number of pages, are introduced into every variety of conversation, and are perhaps displayed in as fair a manner as the author's violent religious prejudices will allow. Mr. Huntington has not intended to be impartial in his summary of contending reasons and irreconcilable claims, and if he had meant ever so well, the colloquial form of argument is the worst he could have chosen. And the reader cannot help noticing how, throughout this book, the opponents of the author's religious creed are made to utter not only sentiments open to attack, but sentiments which no one possessing common sense can for a moment tolerate. On one side piles of false logic are heaped up for the express purpose of being battered down by the artillery of the other. And the points assailed are so weak, that in their easy overthrow we are tempted to overlook or over-estimate the quality of the ammunition by which they are destroyed. Controversalists have a vast advantage over militants in a more sanguinary warfare, in the power they possess of locating their opponents. Many a pusillanimous and unskilful captain would make short work with braver men, if he had the privilege of bringing them before his muskets in such quantities and with such a disposition of their ranks as were most satisfactory to himself. It is easy to destroy either an army of men or an array of opinions which you have set point-blank to your fire, and have incapacitated for resistance. "You see," said the painter to his shaggy guest, "that in this picture of the man bestriding the lion, I have represented the supremacy of our species over your own." "True," was the reply; "but give me the brush, and I will paint you the lion bestriding the man!"

Mr. Huntington's hero is converted by tedious and circuitous processes, and his final deliverance from error is attended with a good deal of restless and worldly ambition. But in his heroine he has given us his ideal of a beautiful and perfect change from Protestant error to the blissful and unmarred serenity enjoyed by the faithful of the Romish Church. In defiance of parental authority and adverse circumstances, Mary De Groot determines to become a Roman Catholic; at untimely hours and at inclement seasons, attended at one time by her servant, at another by a group of domestics met by chance in the street, without counsel at home and unacquainted with influential members of the Church, visits mass and waits with all humility and zeal upon the ministrations of an obscure missionary priest, in whose teachings she has discovered a spirit and a reality which she has never before witnessed. Her mental exercises are described with great minuteness. That part which consists of feeling and emotion is natural and not without attractiveness; that which is made up of reasoning and internal argument is not only unsatisfactory to us in accounting for her change of belief, but is so weak that we wonder how it could have seemed convincing to herself. From first to last, during her transition struggles, the externals of religion share her attention equally with its inward truth. The comparative baldness, the scanty vestments of one religion repel her, and she turns to another in which, besides all that the first possesses, she finds the invigorating aids of unusual and sacred raiments, august and mysterious ceremony, and a well-fortified claim to the most hidden secrets of all its devotees.

Such is the character of this book. It is a narrative of a peculiar religious experience, which may or may not have been originally passed through by the author, but which is evidently proposed to the admiration and the imitation of those who read it. The synonym attached to the title, "Alban," might have been "The Difficulties of Protestantism," or the book might have been entitled "Romanism made Easy;" and if a few pages of irrelevant matter had been omitted, and dialogue been substituted for narration, it might have appeared as a polemical pamphlet. And as a direct controversial treatise, we think it would have had much more influence. Its sentiments might have been more masculine, its attacks upon opponents more open and pointed; and above all, its opinions would have been invested with a sincerity and an authority which in their present dress, however much they may deserve, they cannot obtain.

At the risk of uttering a truism, we will say that fiction is not a legitimate means by which to argue or enforce doctrines. Fiction may very properly be used to inculcate sentiment, or to revive old and universally admitted truth, but it manifestly parts with its dignity and loses its power when it attempts to lord it over disputed propositions, and to turn men's opinions by what is at best individual opinion speaking through suppositions prepared *ex parte*, and with direct reference to a pre-determined conclusion. No one doubts the validity of conclusions which sound and open logic evolves from facts; but if I make my facts to suit my preëstablished opinions, my opponent very wisely doubts the correctness of whatever I may in this manner offer for his acceptance. With equal right I may demur at a proposition which has its base in my adversary's imagination. What security can there be for logic, or even for fair discussion, where either party in the argument enjoys an unlimited range among wild suppositions and imaginary precedents, where the stature of fact may be magnified or dwarfed at pleasure, and where the only security against a perversion of such unwarranted privileges is to be found in the candor of heated and eager disputants? What reason is there to believe that as one or the other party shall hold the brush, the canvas shall not alternately display the most hideous monstrosities — pictures more unnatural than the wildest fancy, unaided by the stimulus of passion, has ever been able to produce?

Mr. Cooper, it was universally acknowledged, committed a great error in arguing upon the Anti-Rent question in his latest and by no means his best novel, the "Ways of the Hour." And yet Mr. Cooper had a much better plea than Mr. Huntington's most ardent admirer can interpose for the author of Alban. The Anti-Rent question is a local question, and comparatively unimportant. It is a question about which the majority of readers care just enough to view its discussion with impartial interest. Out of its own limited region, it has created neither parties nor animosities. Many of the associations connected with it are romantic and impressive; and in a few years Anti-Rentism will become historical, and no longer unfit to become a medium of fiction. But the great moot between Protestantism and the Roman Church is neither local nor temporary. It cannot be argued hastily or superficially. Whenever agitated, it deserves candid and elaborate investigation. It is to be remembered that the issue between these religious institutions arrays one large portion of the civilized world against the other, and that the most ungovernable of all passions, and the deadliest of all animosities, have proceeded from the rashness or the dishonesty of religious partisans. Setting aside, therefore, the violence done to the laws of fiction by making the novel subservient to the ends of controversy, it is nothing short of absolute recklessness to tamper with this great dispute by means of the one-sided and hypothetical representations of fiction. If Mr. Huntington had written a novel to prove belief in the Divine Presence to be idolatry, or everlasting perdition a certain consequence of attending Mass, our judgment would have rendered the same verdict upon his efforts. We condemn the plan and purpose of Alban, not as a Protestant or a Catholic, but as a respecter of fair play, and as an admirer of none but legitimate fiction. It is not our duty to determine the comparative value of Mr. Huntington's anti-Protestant arguments. We do not intend to imitate the author of Alban in mingling religious controversy with pure literature. And when we have occasion to enter the field of theological polemics, we should wish for more tangible opposition than is to be found in the unwarranted propositions and slenderly drawn conclusions which seem to form the basis of Mr. Huntington's model creed.

The latter part of Alban is taken up by an episode quite in keeping with the discursive character of the work, in which the "Rapping Spirits" are brought very prominently before the reader, and made to give their unwilling testimony to the power of the Holy Church. Alban goes up from college to spend a few weeks in a lonely village in the north-eastern part of Connecticut, at the desire of the Faculty, who are somewhat disgusted with his abandonment of Protestantism. His temporary home is at Dr. Cone's, a worthy Congregational clergyman, and his acquaintance with the spirits begins immediately after his arrival.

> "After tea, family prayers were attended in the same apartment. Alban, unwilling any longer to join, even in appearance, in Protestant worship, took the opportunity of the noise this general change of position occasioned, to escape into the room which the young girl had quitted. Seating himself by the parlor fire, he could listen to Dr. Cone's prayer.
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> "Suddenly, in the midst of it, while the good minister was praying, as our hero thought, with unusual earnestness for protection during the

night, particularly from the malice of demons and the assaults of evil spirits, there was a scream in the kitchen, followed by a crash of porcelain and a heavy fall. Alban sprang to the open door; the tea things were half off the table; some broken cups and plates strewed the floor, and Mrs. Cone was endeavoring to save others which were just on the point of falling. Dr. Cone concluded his prayer rather abruptly, and the family sprang to their feet with a variety of exclamations.

"'I told you that you had come to a strange house, Mr. Atherton,' said Dr. Cone, passing his hand over his forehead, and drawing a deep sigh.

"'Oh, look what they have done in the parlor!' cried little Rosamond Fay; and Alban, turning, beheld, to his astonishment, all the heavy chairs in the room behind him piled one on another, nearly to the ceiling, the stool of the piano being perched on top of all.

"'Who are they?' Alban innocently demanded of the child.

"'The Spirits!'

"'My daughter!' said Mrs. Fay, reprovingly; for the little witch clapped her hands with glee.

"It seemed indeed that the devil was really in the house. The tea table was again lifted up at one end, sending some half-dozen more cups and plates upon the floor with a crash; the pretty Harriet, while picking them up, screamed, and cried out that some one pinched her; Bridget fell upon her knees, and began to call upon the Virgin and saints for help; and in the midst of all, a noise like some heavy body rolling down stairs was heard in the front entry or hall, the door leading from which into the parlor was suddenly burst open with violence, and Alban's trunk hurled into the room as if from a battering-ram. The hasp of the lock snapped with the violence of the concussion, the lid flew open, and with another turn the entire contents of the trunk, consisting of books and clothes, were scattered over the carpet. Alban flew out of the room, and up the stairs, but in a few minutes returned with an aspect of blank astonishment. He had found the outer door of the hall bolted on the inside, and every thing in the story above quiet and orderly as a sepulchre.

"The loud and deafening raps now recommenced below, and from several quarters at once, on the table, on the floor, the walls, the doors. Some were feebler than others, and they were repeated at longer or shorter intervals, and the family listened in silence. Dr. Cone and the females were pale, and even the children began to look frightened. The youngest boy sobbed, and having seized Alban's hand, held it with a convulsive force. Little Rosamond alone, although excited to the last degree, and clinging to her mother for protection, showed more curiosity than fear; and all at once she approached Alban and the little boy, who still grasped his hand, and whom our hero had taken upon his knee.

"'What is the matter with your clothes, Eddy?' she said. She touched the little fellow, but instantly drew back screaming, and ran away, covering her eyes with both hands.

"The boy's garments were cut in strips from head to foot." (Pp. 427–429.)

This reminds us of what is reputed to have occurred in the Phelps family at Stratford. But this is only a beginning. The spirits wax more violent day by day, and make the house of poor Dr. Cone an object of most unenviable notoriety. An Episcopal clergyman, Mr. Soapstone, is invited to disperse the unwelcome visitors by an exorcism more solemn and unfamiliar than simple prayers for deliverance. But the spirits show no veneration for Episcopacy. The table on which Mr. Soapstone has deposited his service is upset in the midst of his exercises, and his surplice catching fire from an overturned candle, he is nearly burned alive. The defeat of the minister is signalized by an uproar which surpasses all previous efforts of the mischievous spirits. In the midst of the confusion, the family are startled by the arrival of a Catholic priest, whose carriage has just broken down before the door. The stranger is informed of the cause of the disturbance which meets his eyes, and smiles at Mr. Soapstone's vain attempts to quell it. A conversation ensues, in which the disrespect of the spirits for the attempted exorcism is thus explained:—

"'My greatest difficulty in ascribing these things to diabolical agency,' said Mr. Soapstone, 'is the absence of apparent motive. Satan, why should *he* play such tricks? They are unworthy the prince of darkness.'

"'Well, I think there are several clear marks of his presence,' returned the clear-headed student: 'a power above human; malice in its use; a restraint upon its exercise; and a general tendency of the whole in the long run to glorify the Eternal Ruler by whom it is permitted.'

"'Yet seems it not strange even to you, Atherton, that these infernal powers are permitted to defy and insult our religion in any form, to mock it by sacrilegious representations?'

"'Not stranger than that heretics are permitted to travesty the priesthood, the sacrifice, and the Sacrament of the Lord's Body, in their profane and perverted rites. Is it not enough,' said Alban, warmly, 'that you impose your trumpery notions upon men, but you expect the very devils to revere the cheat! Earth, no doubt, has some respect for solemn shams; Hell has none!'" (Pp. 468, 469.)

Mr. Soapstone having left the field, the priest commences his exorcism, having first confessed Alban and given him the absolution of the Church. As might have been expected from Mr. Huntington's power to invest any one of his characters with as great influence over evil spirits as he sees fit, the disturbances are at once quelled, and the house is declared free from demoniac persecution henceforth and for ever. Such is the method taken to prove the superior efficacy of a favorite religious creed. The painter holds the brush, and we are allowed to look on. Our assent is demanded to the truth of what is held up to our eyes, when it would have been a very easy thing to paint precisely the reverse. A Catholic priest is represented as driving away a horde of evil spirits from a persecuted mansion, where Protestant ministers have by the same mischievous agents been treated with the most unheard-of indignities. Very well, says some stout opponent of the Church, I will write a novel in which a body of Catholic priests shall be shamefully abused by a set of demons, who shall instantly vanish away at the approach of a Protestant clergyman. It is difficult to believe that the author of "Alban" intended this legend of the "rapping spirits" for any thing else than a joke. As an argument for his creed it is beneath notice, and as a joke it labors under the difficulty of being obscure. We are surely not expected to believe it to be a fact. We are very dubious as to the actual appearance of these spirits any where, and we have never before heard of any recipe for driving them away. We must, therefore, until better informed, hold Mr. Huntington guilty either of a very unreasonable argument or a very dull joke.

But we have delayed sufficiently long on those features of "Alban" which present themselves in the most prominent and the most unsatisfactory light to the reader. We should not have done our duty in quitting the book without remarking that it has many positive and distinguishing excellences, among which may be noticed a graceful style, a happy facility of description, and a healthy nationality of sentiment. Mr. Huntington allows himself to regard certain things without foreclosed judgment, and in an unhackneyed vein of feeling. Many of his pictures of American in-door life are charming and true, and they are none the less charming because very few of our writers have ventured to think an American fireside worthy of being faithfully studied and honestly described. Among his young lady characters are genuine American girls, such as most of us know and like. We do not turn from them, somehow, as we have been accustomed to turn from the general run of young ladies in novels. They act and talk naturally, except when they are discussing theology. And we can forgive the author of a novel who is unable to make the conversation of his female characters sustain the unaccustomed weight of theological disquisition. The vehicle is unequal to the load. To make the vehicle stronger is to transform it into that for which it was never intended; to lighten the load is to divest it of all that is valuable. It were best for any writer to avoid placing himself in such a dilemma.

The profession of literature has been touched upon in most of our recent fictions of note. What Mr. Huntington says about authorship in Alban may have been said before; but his remarks are well put, and we make no apology for quoting them:—

"'Letters,' resumed Mr. De Groot, after a long glance around his endless book-shelves, 'are a pursuit that surpasses every other in enjoyment, and nearly every other in dignity. We must have our own literary men. We can't afford to let other nations write our books for us. That were worse than the policy which would hire them to fight our battles. There is a thought and there is a sentiment which belongs to *us*, and which we are in a manner bound to elicit. But—I am sorry to interpose so many *buts*, young sir—you are to consider that you must live. You cannot live by literature. It is difficult any where, but in this country it is impossible. As pride distinguishes the Spaniard, revenge the Italian, lust the Saxon, and sanguinary violence (they say) the Celt, so pecuniary injustice is our national trait. We steal the author's right in every book we publish, native or foreign. Now, Atherton, you can't live by a craft where people hold themselves at liberty to *steal* what you have produced.'

"'You are very kind, sir, to give me all this advice,' said Atherton.

"'We are a rich people,' pursued Mr. De Groot. 'A virgin soil, the untouched mould of centuries, yields us—fortunate proprietors—its overflowing returns, and yet we are mean enough to be willing to enjoy the fruit of others' labor without paying for it. And who are those others? Our brethren, whom nature, distributing the faculties and inspiring the tendencies of men according to a law not to be violated with impunity, has compelled to construct out of meditation and passion, through the divine art of language, our mental habitations, and whom we are not ashamed to compel to find straw as well as brick, and to rob of their just wages. It is a thief's mistake to suppose that we derive any benefit, except of the most temporary and illusive kind, from the cheapness of our pirated literature. No doubt we have a selfish pleasure in getting something for nothing, but it is a pleasure which pollutes and degrades. We are such a reading people, forsooth! Yes, it is one of our vices; for the endless reading of cheap books is a vice. I am an old Knickerbocker, a plain Dutchman—not sharp, perhaps, but honest; and I detest excuse me, Atherton) these Yankee notions of property. I thank Heaven I am pure in this matter. I can look round these walls without a reproving conscience. There is not an American reprint in my whole library. No poor devil of an author, starving in a garret while I weep over his pathos or smile at his wit, curses me over my shoulder with his spectre face.'" (Pp. 214, 215.)

When Mr. Huntington shall have completed the sequel to Alban, and packed it away on the shelf with Lady Alice, labelled "Youthful Follies, No. II.," we hope that he will sit down in earnest to write a fiction on correct principles, and with a design of making his reputation something more than an ephemeral notoriety. We can conceive of no reason why he should continue longer to devote, or rather to misapply, his talents to the absurd project of making proselytes to a religious creed by writing theological novels. We regret to see any man committing injuries where he might confer benefits. It pains us almost as much to see a man injuring himself, when, by a different course of action, and with no more labor, he might command respect and honor. It is no light praise to Mr. Huntington to say that his works are readable in spite of their crying faults. But this should not satisfy a man of wholesome ambition, and we trust it will not satisfy Mr. Huntington. If he wilfully throws away his chance of becoming eminent, we shall none the less believe that he might have risen if he would. If he shall hereafter write novels inferior to Alban, his ill success will only proceed from following his own unhappy precedents.

SOME SHAKSPEARIAN AND SPENSERIAN MSS.

[We have had placed in our hands the manuscripts of an eminent antiquary and scholar, from which the papers which will follow under this head have been selected. They will be found extremely interesting and able. The first of these, on Shakspeare, we offer no apology for, as the theme seems almost as inexhaustible as that of nature itself; and therefore every discussion of it from a profound or original mind is eagerly welcomed by all readers who

"Speak the tongue that Shakspeare spake."

An entirely new fact, we think, will be found to have been brought to light in the personal and mental history of the great bard, by the research of our author; and that much has been contributed towards an understanding of the *acquirements* and *training* of that great intelligence.]

It may have been said before—but, if not, we do not scruple to say it now—that of all classes of books professing to deal with truth, the biographical is least trustworthy. The generality are written with a bias. If hostile, we need not anticipate the result: there is little too bad to be set down of the victim; if friendly, nothing too good to be reported of the hero: his virtues are paraded and magnified, and his infirmities (for absolute vices he has none) become at the worst splendid errors—the mere exuberance of genius—the evidence of that moral *myth* which teaches that

"The light which leads astray
Is light from heaven."

If there be not many exceptions to this—and we are not aware of many—there is at least a single and almost unaccountable one, which sets all reason at defiance and stands out in relief, *unum instar omnium*. No contemporary wrote the life of William Shakspeare. About a century after his death, "a poor player,"* enthusiastically admiring his genius, collected all the surviving traditions of the poet he could find at the place of his birth and burial; and these were with little examination or care compiled by the earliest of his modern editors,† into "Some Account of the Life and Writings of Mr. William Shakspeare." That essay, brief, unpretending and uncertain as it is, recorded no traits of singular moral virtue, but it left no impression of signal moral failures in the life of its subject. The character of the poet thus came down to times comparatively recent in a state of such indifferency as to stand, in the absence of other evidence, fair with the world; and as men usually form their ideas of an author from the general tone and tendency of his works, the public estimate of Shakspeare's life and morals was on the whole very favorable. In this state it reached the hands of Malone. He saw that the facts collected by Betterton and recorded by Rowe were few, trivial, and of no very certain authority; and with laudable industry, he set himself to the discovery of documentary evidence, (in which he was not unsuccessful,) and to the compilation of a more extended memoir, in which it were hard to say whether he was more unjust to his subject, or his subject more unfortunate in a biographer. The misfortune is not a little aggravated by the tendency of most successive biographers to tread implicitly in the tracks of their predecessors. Like a flock of sheep, their manner is to follow the leading bell-wether, and through whatever gap, over whatever precipice he may choose to lead them, it is prodigious with what unquestioning confidence they commit themselves to his guidance. It saves trouble, it saves research; and thus it comes that the errors of the first commission pass current to a second hand, and that the evidence in their favor accumulates with the frequency of repetition, until they acquire the air of admitted and indisputable truths. Even new documents, as they occasionally turn up, are made to take their complexion from the pervading hue imposed on those which preceded them, however falsely colored, and the keeping of the whole is preserved.

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* Betterton. † Rowe.

It is not our design to write a formal biography of Shakspeare. We mean only to touch here and there upon the striking errors into which biographers, commentators, and critics have more or less fallen respecting his life and character. But upon this course we cannot enter without making an exception to the sweeping censure in which we have included the writers on the subject in general, from Malone downwards. They have all, we are free to admit, done justice, according to their ability, to his surpassing genius. Mr. Charles Knight alone has thought his moral character worthy of vindication, and on several points upon which he found it impeached, he has labored affectionately and successfully to set it right with the world. His "William Shakspeare; A Biography," though somewhat profuse and desultory, is composed in a right and truthful spirit, and, as illustrative of the building-up of such a mind as Shakspeare's, in a truly philosophical vein. In Mr. Knight's hands, therefore, we shall leave the main structure of the poet's life and history, and only notice such errors in the works of his predecessors and contemporaries, as he does not appear either to have detected or cleared away so fully as they might have been from existing evidence.

CHAPTER I.

SHAKSPEARE'S PARENTAGE.

Upon this topic we need not dwell long. Rowe's account of the family seems, in the main, true. "They were," he says, "of good figure and fashion in the town of Stratford-upon-Avon, and are mentioned in the Register and public writings relating to that town as gentlemen." Our poet's father is described by Rowe as "a considerable dealer in wool"—a wool-stapler; by Aubrey, as a butcher; and by Malone as a glover. Mr. Knight has, in our judgment, more truly described his calling as that of a small proprietor of land, such as in our days would be called a country gentleman, farming his own land, living on its produce, killing his own beef and mutton, and, according to the still subsisting practice, either selling to or exchanging with his neighbors such portions as exceeded his immediate use, and sending to market his wool, corn, and other produce reared for profit. It is generally admitted that he was the first of his family who had a residence in Stratford; and although none of the numerous biographers who have discussed the subject have determined satisfactorily whence he came, we shall probably find reason, in the course of these chapters, to select the manor of Rowington, in the parish of Stratford, and about five miles distant from the town, as the primitive *nidus* of this branch of the numerous tribe of Shakspeares settled in the neighborhood. The mother of our poet was Mary Arden, daughter and co-heiress of Robert Arden of Wilncote, situate about half-way between Rowington and Stratford, who is described by the heralds* as "a gentleman of worship." But we cannot sum up this part of our subject more briefly than in the words of a recent essayist, who observes:—

> "Shakspeare was of gentle birth on both sides of the house. His father, though engaged in trade, had hereditary claims to the rank of a gentleman and to coat-armor; at least from the reign of Henry VII., by whom, 'in reward of faithful and approved service,' there were conferred on his ancestor 'lands and tenements in those parts of Warwickshire, where they have continued by some descents in good reputation and credit.' He had himself filled the office of high bailiff—equivalent to that of mayor or sovereign—in the corporation of Stratford, was a justice of the peace, and at that time in prosperous circumstances. On the other, and (as some physiologists maintain) the better side, the birth of our poet was distinguished. His mother was the heiress of Robert Arden of Wilnecote, a branch of one of the most ancient and most illustrious of the Warwickshire aristocracy. The head of the elder branch of this family, at the time when Leicester was at his pitch of pride and glory, looked down upon the Dudleys as 'upstarts,' and 'disdained to wear the Earl's livery, which many in that county of his rank thought in those days no small honor to them.' That the family of Shakspeare (himself inclusive) were not indifferent to the distinction of rank, is evident from their having thrice taken out their patent of arms at the College of Heralds; and on the last occasion, particularly, having the arms of Arden impaled with those of Shakspeare."
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> "I cannot imagine," adds the author in a note, "why Malone should gratuitously labor to depreciate the Shakspeares, and transfer to the Ardens the foregoing [heraldic] description of their original settlement in Warwickshire. The words 'some descents' imply *a few*, and are quite consistent with a line of ancestry which claimed an origin no more remote than the reign of Henry VII.; but surely they are not the terms in which heralds would speak of a family deriving its origin from *Turchill de Arden*, in the reign of William the Conqueror, and which could at that time show an unbroken descent of *eighteen* generations, holding extensive property in the woodlands of Warwickshire, from whence they derived their name, and maintaining the family dignity by intermarriages with the best blood in that and the neighboring counties."

To the moralist it may be a matter of indifference from what family a man may be sprung: high birth cannot add to his merits, nor low detract from his greatness. But to those who would trace the development of such a mind as Shakspeare's,—who would account, without a miracle, for the dignity and propriety of thought and language which pervade his works, the discrimination of manners and sentiments which marks all the gradations of life in his characters, from the prince to the tinker, from the drab to the princess,—it is a matter of much importance to know whether he had in early life the opportunity of habitual observation and study in the manners and principles of well-bred and well-educated society; or whether, in the subsequent course of his life,—and such a life, be it remembered, as that of a "poor player,"—he had to pick up casually the dignified manners, the courtly language, and the refined sentiments of classes of men with whom in the early and pliant season of acquiring knowledge he had not and could not, from the meanness of his station, have had the slightest familiar intercourse. His kings and queens and nobles, his gentlemen and (particularly) his ladies, are models of the manners appropriate to their conditions, dignified in their behavior, refined and elegant in their modes of expression, and—according to the politeness of the age in which he lived—polite and accomplished. Nor does there appear to be any labor or art in the production of those effects. They seem to flow from his pen spontaneously, with all the familiarity of habit, and all the unconscious ease of natural and inherent right. Such a style of thought and expression was not the result of vulgar training; could not be acquired among low-bred, ignorant, or common-place people, the tutors of his infancy and the associates of his youth; not in the stores of the wool-stapler, the slaughter house of the butcher, the shop of the glover, at the desk of the scrivener, or on the stand of the horse-boy. We are therefore compelled to look for their origin and growth in the station and circumstances in which they are generated; and finding that Shakspeare had to his father a gentleman in easy though not affluent circumstances, and to his mother a lady of high and ancient family, we gladly resort to his breeding under such parents to account for his manners as displayed in his works, rather than solve the difficulty which would otherwise remain by having recourse to a miracle. He who put into the mouth of the fallen statesman the dignified rebuke of, "I blush to see a nobleman lack manners," was doubtless himself a gentleman in thought, language, and habits. How Shakspeare became possessed of such qualities is traceable to his birth and family connections, and it is satisfactory that we are able to find in the circumstances of his parentage a natural and a rational account of his acquisition of them.

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* Patent of arms impaling those of Arden and Shakspeare together.

CHAPTER II.

HIS SCHOOL-BOY DAYS AND EDUCATION.

OF the education of our poet, the low condition assigned to his parents, and the poverty into which they are gratuitously supposed to have fallen,* have confirmed the prejudices raised by Rowe's account of it, and not corrected by the research of any subsequent biographer. "His father," says Rowe, "had so large a family, that, though he (William) was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, it is true, for some time at a free school, where, it is probable, he received what Latin he was master of; but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, prevented his further proficiency in that language." From this statement we find little or no dissent among the biographers; and coupled with Ben Jonson's sneer at his friend's "little Latin and less Greek," it has led to the twofold conclusion that our young poet's elementary education was unusually brief and imperfect, and that he was withdrawn from school to follow some mercantile or mechanic pursuit: Rowe says, that of a wool-stapler; Aubrey, that of a butcher; and Malone believed that on leaving school he was placed in the office of some country attorney, or seneschal of some manor court, whence he emerged to the dignity of schoolmaster to a class of scriveners' clerks.

These derogatory conclusions are founded on nothing more reasonable than the argument drawn from a present state of things to a past condition, and the assumption that all the circumstances and consequences are, or ought to be, the same. His father, forsooth, could do no better for him than send him to *a free school!* Why, what better could he do for him? That school was doubtless the grammar-school of Stratford, founded in the reign of Edward IV., and again chartered and endowed by Edward VI. Like other schools of its class, the express object of this grammar-school was the instruction in Latin and Greek of the youth entitled to frequent it; and it was endowed by the original founder, on the express condition that "the master, aldermen and proctors of the said guild (Stratford) should find a priest, fit and able in knowledge, to teach grammar freely to all scholars coming to the school in the said town to him, taking nothing of the scholars for their teaching."* Those schools were then, as they are now, the nurseries to the Universities, and in them the youth of England intended for any of the learned professions received their rudimental education. What better, then, could his father do for him than send him to such a school?

"Oh! but then his father was obliged, 'by the narrowness of his circumstances and the want of his assistance,' to remove the boy prematurely—before he had made a proficiency in the learned languages!" Narrowness of his circumstances! Why, the boy's education could cost him nothing. The master of the school was bound to "take nothing of the scholars for their teaching." Want of assistance in the way of trade! What conceivable use, we would ask, could a boy under thirteen or fourteen years old be, in the way of business, to his father or any body else? We cannot, therefore, suppose that, until he had attained such an age, he was for such a reason withdrawn from school. But by that time he would have reached the age at which boys then usually repaired to the University, and might have acquired all the knowledge of Latin and Greek necessary to qualify him for matriculation. That the masters of the grammar-school of Stratford were men of competent learning, that a boy of his surpassing genius was capable of such acquirement, there cannot be a doubt; and there is nothing in Rowe's account of the reason for his removal to lead us to suppose that he had not the requisite time for the achievement of a task so ordinary. We therefore conclude that ere he was withdrawn from school our young poet had acquired as much Latin and Greek at least as would have enabled him or any other boy of his time to repair to either of the Universities, with the usual amount of preparation for his future studies with reference to any of the learned professions.

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* For ample confutation of which, see Knight's Biography of Shakspeare.

* Knight's William Shakspeare, a Biography p. 45.

Whether young Shakspeare did so or not, and to what profession he most probably devoted himself, or was devoted by his parents, shall be the subject of the following chapter.

CHAPTER III.

HIS YOUTH AND PROFESSIONAL EDUCATION—THE UNIVERSITIES—THE INNS OF COURT.

Dividing the life of Shakspeare into three periods, his boyhood, his youthhood, and his manhood, we have of the first and the last sufficient general information. His boyhood was shared between the nursery and the grammar-school, his manhood employed in his dramatic pursuits, &c.; but his youth—the period intervening between his withdrawal from school and his connection with the stage—forms an interval of which we know nothing but his marriage, and which is otherwise filled up with nothing (if we except his *escapades* in Sir Thomas Lucy's deer-park) beyond the most unsatisfactory and burlesque conjectures. And yet this is the period—ranging from his fourteenth to his one-and-twentieth year—to which we are to look for the laying down of that vast foundation of learning and knowledge and wisdom on which his boundless and imperishable fame is built. Filled up it is indeed, but with nothing except rubbish, not one particle of which could ever nourish his intellectual growth, or tend to the formation of a great poet. Rowe is, on this occasion, the biographical bell-wether, and he is followed implicitly by the whole flock. His traditions (in many instances now well known to be false) told him that Master John Shakspeare could give his eldest son no better education than his own employment, and our embryo poet thenceforth becomes, in the hands of his biographers, by turns a wool-stapler, a butcher's boy, a glover's 'prentice, a scrivener's clerk, a teacher of young scriveners; and, the series being diversified by the episodes of an improvident marriage and an unlucky adventure in poaching, the young candidate for poetical immortality is finally qualified for his vocation by graduating as a master horse-boy at the doors of a theatre! For our own poor parts, we could not conceive that such an amount of general knowledge and learning as his works exhibit—and to an extent which no poet, no man, whose knowledge and learning are embodied in books, ever transcended—was the result of intuition, or even of casual, interrupted, and immethodical reading. Neither can we be persuaded that a taste so correct, a judgment so perfectly judicious, and a skill so profoundly artistic, grew up of themselves, without the guidance and modification which (what is called) a regular education affords. We therefore cannot help thinking that Shakspeare had the advantage of a regular education; and that in one or other of the great seats of learning—or perhaps in more than one—he devoted himself to study, and laid down the foundation at least of his subsequent acquisitions, and learned the methods of using them and his wondrous intellectual faculties to his immediate profit and his permanent glory. Nor do we rely for this conclusion on the arguments *à priori*, or *ab interno;* nor do we write upon unsupported conjecture. We have before us evidence which, hitherto, through the prepossessions and inadvertence of the biographers, misunderstood or overlooked, is quite sufficient to establish the opinion; and upon its testimony we are bold to assert that, at one or other (or perhaps more than one) of the great seats of learning, as they were then esteemed, viz., Oxford, Cambridge and the Inns of Court,[*] William Shakspeare was for some time a student; and that *that* time was the interval between his removal from the grammar-school and his final devotion to the stage.

In 1595 was published, by an anonymous hand, a tract entitled *Polimanteia.*[†] "Some researches," says the British Bibliographer, "have been made to ascertain the author's name, but without success. He was evidently a man of learning, and well acquainted with the works of contemporary writers, both foreign and domestic."* This little work is frequently quoted by Oldys in his MS. notes on Langbaine; a copy of it was possessed by Dr. Farmer; and since 1810, when the essential portion of it was reprinted in the British Bibliographer, might have been in the hands even of Malone and all the more recent biographers: but the only use hitherto made of it is to ascertain that, two years earlier than the publication of Meres's *Palladis Tamia*, the name of Shakspeare is recorded in print as a distinguished poet. It is divided into three parts; the first treating on the subtilties and unlawfulness of Divination; the second being an address from England to her three daughters, [the Universities, to wit, of] *Cambridge, Oxford and the Inns of Court;* and the third, another address of England to all her inhabitants generally.

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[*] The Inns of Court in our author's time bore (and we believe deservedly) a much higher rank as seats of learning than at present, and were accounted as the several colleges of a Law University. "All these Inns of Court and Chancery," says Sir Edward Coke, "do make the most famous university for the profession of law only, or of any one human science, that is in the world, and advanceth itself above all others, quantum inter viburna cupressus."—*Coke, Pref. to* 3 *Report.*

[†] *Polimanteia*, or the Meanes, lawful and unlawful, to iudge of the Fall of a Common Wealth, against the friuolous and foolish coniectures of this age. Whereunto is added, A Letter from England to her three Daughters, Cambridge, Oxford, Innes of Court, and to all the rest of her Inhabitants, &c., &c. Printed by John Legate, Printer to the Vniversitie of Cambridge, 1595.

It is with the second part alone that we have to do; and as it is printed at large in the British Bibliographer, the evidence on which we rely is accessible to every reader. It is, in fact, the self-gratulation of England on the glory she derives from her three great seats of learning; and a compliment to them, in turn, on the honor reflected upon them from the renown of their respective *alumni.* "For if I, (iustly fortunate,)" quoth she, "haue high cause to commend you, and Europe, for your sake, hath greater cause to commend mee; then may not I lawfully, with a mother's loue, shew the affection of a grandmother, to commend *your children?*" From the phraseology of this passage it is evident that the author's intention, in this part of his essay, was to restrict his eulogy to the students of those respective seats of learning, and that whosoever he commends in the sequel is to be understood as having received his education at one or more of them. In the body of the text, accordingly, but much more frequently in the margin, he enumerates a considerable number of the most popular contemporary writers, not assigning them always to their respective schools, but sharing their honors for the most part amongst them. In this remarkable catalogue are enrolled, either in the text or the margin indifferently, the names of Sidney, Spenser, Rainoldes, Harvey, Nashe, Campion, Fraunce, Britton, Percy, Willobie, Lodge, Drayton, Plat, Kid, Daniel, Watson, Alabaster Davis, of L. I., (Sir John Davis, of Lincoln's Inn,) Sir Christopher Hatton, Robert, Earl of Essex, Ferdinando, Earl of Derbie, &c., all of them poets contemporary with the author, and whom we know from other sources to have been students of one or other of the celebrated seats of learning. Amongst this brilliant inventory of England's learned jewels, with a reference also to the *poetical* (as distinguished from the *dramatic*) works for which he was then famous, is to be found in the margin, inserted opposite to those of Spenser and Daniel, the name of William Shakspeare, in the following manner:—

TEXT.	MARGIN.
. . . "let other countries (sweet *Cambridge*) enuie (yet admire) my *Virgil*, thy Petrarch, deuine *Spenser*. And vnlesse I erre, (a thing easie in such simplicitie,) deluded by dearlie beloved Delia and fortunatelie fortunate *Cleopatra; Oxford*, thou maist extoll thy courte-deare verse-happie *Daniell*, whose sweet refined muse, in contracted shape," &c., &c.	"All praise worthie *Lucretia*, sweet Shakspeare, eloquent Gaueston, wanton Adonis."

It would be singular indeed if, of all the living and recently deceased poets thus specified as of the Universities or Inns of Court, Shakspeare's name were to occur, and to be the only exception from the qualification of a regular education which the author is commending. We therefore conclude, on the authority of this record, that of one or other (or perhaps more) of those celebrated seats of learning William Shakspeare had been a student.

It may, perhaps, be objected that our poet found his way into the catalogue as coming under the address, (loosely given on the title-page, and even at the head of part the second,) "and to all the rest of her (England's) inhabitants." But there is nothing in the objection. The second part of the *Polimanteia* is addressed exclusively to the Universities and the Inns of Court; and the third, which is kept by the author quite distinct, "to the rest of her inhabitants" in general. If then we confound the enumeration of particulars with the general title, we confound matters which, having no relation to each other, the author studiously keeps apart and repeatedly distinguishes. In a passage already quoted, England informs her *three*

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* Brit. Bibl., ii. 274.

daughters that, in her address to them, she will merely "show the affection of a grandmother in commending *their* children." Here is a complete limitation fixed, and it is further confirmed by the contempt with which he treats all pretensions to literary renown outside the pale of the three great schools. All poets but theirs are, in her estimate, "bald balladers," whom she calls upon those seats of the muses to aid her in denouncing. "Take their course," quoth she, "to canonize *your own* writers, that not euery bald ballader, to the preiudice of arte, may passe currant with a poet's name; but that *they onlie* may bee reputed honourable by that tearme, that shall liue priuiledged under your pennes;" dissuading them, at the same time, from "the fault of the common people, the cruel mislike of their owne, and the intolerable flatterie of straungers' wits." Those externs of the courts of learning (if we may call them so) are, in the author's estimation, "base grocers," whom he "charges upon pain of learninge's curse, not to handle a leafe of his." They are the *profanum vulgus*, whom he dismisses with a contumelious "Procul hinc, procul ite, profani;" and having once more called on the favored seminaries to "canonize their own children in learninge's catalogue," he abruptly concludes the second part with saying, "But heere (children) I must ende with *you*, and speake to the *rest of my wise inhabitants;*" after which he proceeds with part the third.

From all this it is impossible to imagine that Shakspeare's name could have crept into this catalogue of learning's worthies, had he not been known to the zealous and fastidious author as a student at one of the seats of the arts and sciences. Indeed, the idea that he might be included as one of the *other* inhabitants of England is, against such testimony, absurd and untenable.

It thus appears as certain as the evidence of a learned contemporary, writing expressly on the subject, can make it, that at one of the Universities or at one of the Inns of Court William Shakspeare was for some time a student; and the question, At which of them? irresistibly suggests itself. Beyond the general fact, however, we have, in our present state of information, no positive or written testimony; and whatever further conclusions we may arrive at must rest upon conjecture and inference. But these are no illegitimate instruments of discovery, so long as the inference flows naturally from the known facts it connects itself with, and the conjecture is restrained within the limits of the nearest probability. The conviction they bring to the mind, according to their value, may be compared to that of circumstantial evidence in a court of justice; which, if well and clearly connected with the case at issue, is frequently as conclusive on the minds of judge and jury as evidence the most direct and positive. The question before us is interesting enough to justify an attempt to approach the more speculative truth; and if, guiding our course by the lights, however faint, which still flicker in the distance, and steering by the land-marks which, however dilapidated, are still to be found, we arrive at a high degree of probability, we shall have done some service to the world of letters, and perhaps succeed in establishing some rational account of the progress through which the intellect of the great poet was gradually developed, strengthened and matured for its glorious career.

Combining then the general fact of his academic or legal education above established with the internal evidence of his professional vocation, furnished profusely throughout all his works, we do not scruple to avow our entire persuasion that, with a view to qualify himself for the practice of the law, William Shakspeare was, for some time at least, a student at one of the Inns of Court. It was Malone, we believe, who first noticed the profusion and technical accuracy of legal phraseolgy which pervades all the works—poems as well as plays—of our great dramatist. He produced a considerable muster of such passages, (a muster which might be easily swelled to any amount of cumulative evidence necessary to produce conviction;) and coupling this with the fact that, so early as 1589, the authorship of Hamlet had been assigned by Thomas Nash to a person who dealt in "the trade of *Noverint*," he very judiciously concluded that, in some way or other, the youth of our poet had been spent, in part at least, in the study of the law. Had he not been misled by his prepossessions respecting the poverty of the poet's family, he would not have fixed his interpretation of the by-name *Noverint* on the lowest branch of the legal profession to which it was applicable—that of a scrivener; for he hardly could have been ignorant that, in the slang dialect of the time, usurers, attorneys, lawyers, and, in fact, every person connected with the legal transfer of money, on bonds or deeds beginning with the technical form of "*Noverint* universi per has presentes," were so designated; and perhaps he would have found in Shakspeare's application of law language something above the mere mechanical skill of an attorney's clerk. Again, had he been acquainted with and understood the true import of the passage in the *Polimanteia* on which we rely, he would, if actuated by the entire candor which becomes a biographer, have coupled Shakspeare, the young *Noverint* of Nash's essay, with Shakspeare, the (probable) law student of the *Polimanteia;* and knowing that in those days neither scriveners nor attorneys studied their professions in the Inns of Court, he would have concluded, in harmony with our view, that both the *sobriquet* of the satirist and the technical language of the poet himself indicated his vocation to be that of a barrister.

Another and an analogous series of internal evidence in the works of our poet leads to the same conclusion that his professional studies were legal. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* remarks upon the works of Sir Walter Scott, how strongly that eminent genius was determined in the choice and structure of his fables, &c., by his professional pursuits; and he illustrates his opinion by numerous instances in which the development of the tale depends on the construction of a legal document. We know not that the observation has occurred to others; but to us it has always appeared that, amongst the many points of similarity between these distinguished poets, a coincidence in this respect is one of the most signal. Shakspeare seems to have delighted in the exercise or exhibition of his legal acquirements, his acuteness, his skill, his forensic eloquence as a pleader. He has, in truth, brought the practice of the superior courts of law, and the usages of the minor departments in the administration of justice, more frequently and fully upon the stage than any dramatic poet, or even any writer of fiction, with whose works we are at all acquainted; and if he has not always assigned those scenes to the formal tribunals and places with which they are now associated in the dispatch of public business, he has given them the nearest resemblance of which the dramatic form is capable, and only set such limits to their full development as the necessity of the drama requires. In many instances, however, he has given us the scene and court of justice with all its formalities. Thus, in the Merchant of Venice, we have the trial of Antonio conducted in open court, under the presidency of the Duke; in Henry VIII. the trial of the validity of Henry's marriage with Queen Catharine, held in the Consistory Court, before the cardinal-judges. In the Winter's Tale, Hermione is tried on a charge of adultery at a solemn "session" of a court of justice. In Measure for Measure, we have a formal trial for seduction before the Lord Deputy, in which himself is judge and criminal, held at the city gates. In the Comedy of Errors, the trial of Ægeon for a breach of maritime law is held, and proceeds to the verge of execution, before the Duke in the public forum. In Richard II., we have the trial and pardon of Aumerle for high treason, and a formal trial in the lists by single combat; with another example of which (for the common people) we are favored in the Second Part of Henry VI. In this play also will be found a hall of justice, in which judicial sentence is passed on the Duchess of Gloucester and her accomplices, for the crime of witchcraft. In Henry VIII., (besides Queen Catharine's trial,) we have the legal arrest of Buckingham on a charge of high treason; the preliminary examination of witnesses; a report of his trial, and all the formal preparations for his execution, together with his dying declaration. In Henry V., the trial before the Privy Council of the Lords Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, for high treason, with their confession and sentence. In Coriolanus, we have the public trial of the haughty patrician before the tribunes of the people. In All's Well that Ends Well, a mock court-martial and the adjudication of an appeal to the King upon the marital rights of Helena. In the Midsummer Night's Dream, an appeal to the Duke, with his decision, on the parental right in the marriage of children. In Othello, the same before the Duke in Senate on the clandestine marriage of Desdemona. In King John, an appeal to the King, promoted by the high sheriff, on the rights of primogeniture and inheritance; the law of legitimate succession is also discussed in the case of Prince Arthur. In

Henry V., we find a most learned discussion on the same subject as emanating from the salique law. Need we add the minor and satirical and humorous cases of a threatened appeal to the star-chamber, (the proper tribunal,) on a case of poaching, settled by arbitration; and the prevention of a duel by the magistrate, in the Merry Wives of Windsor; the law of city watch and ward, together with the ludicrous investigations before the watch and the magistrate, in Measure for Measure, and Much Ado about Nothing; the quasi case *de lunatico inquirendo*, in Twelfth Night; the "crowner's quest" law as laid down by the grave-diggers and mitigated by the priest in Hamlet; the two more serious instances of it in Romeo and Juliet, on the death of Mercutio and the lover; the arrest and trial of high way robbers; arrest for debt, and imprisonment of riotous livers in the two parts of Henry IV.? We shall only observe in closing this catalogue that, in the non-fulfilment of the will of Sir Rowland de Bois, originates the adventure on which the fable rolls; and that the whole story of Measure for Measure is founded on a revival of obsolete statutes. The discussion on the validity of oaths and vows also in Love's Labor's Lost, has a striking analogy with the *mootings* of technical difficulties which formed the exercise and the amusement of the students of law in the various Inns of Court, or still more resembling a playful but perfect specimen of the art of special pleading at the bar.

What then is the legitimate conclusion from the premises before us? Let us sum up the process.

1. The author of the *Polimanteia* gives us reason to be assured that the author of Venus and Adonis, and the Rape of Lucrece, was a student of either of the Universities, or of one of the Inns of Court.

2. Thomas Nash, in the address prefixed to Robert Greene's Arcadia, (and the statement has thus the sanction of both,) informs us that the author of Hamlet was a person who had been engaged in "the trade of *Noverint*," that is to say, of a lawyer.

3. It is a mere gratuitous assumption of modern critics and commentators to say that there ever existed, previously to that of Shakspeare, a play of Hamlet.

4. Shakspeare is the person expressly recorded in the *Polimanteia* as the author of the two poems there referred to, and as a student of the Universities or the Inns of Court; and Shakspeare is also the person figured by Nash as the author of Hamlet, and as a law student, if not actually a lawyer.

5. But besides the two poems referred to in the *Polimanteia*, and a volume of sonnets and some miscellaneous pieces, Shakspeare was the author of several dramatic works, as well as the Hamlet alluded to by Nash; and all his poetical as well as his dramatic works abound in the technical language of the law, and in the forms and proceedings of the superior and minor courts of justice, to a very surprising extent; and this language and those forms are all used with such a familiarity of tone, applied with such an unerring correctness of meaning, and managed with such consummate skill, that it is quite inconceivable how the author of them could have attained such a perfection of knowledge in their peculiar phraseology, or such a decided bias towards such a line of *argument*, (we use the word in its critical sense,) whether in the main subject of his fictions, or in the episodes by which he conducts and enlivens their progress, had he not made himself acquainted with the language by study, and been (unconsciously perhaps) led by professional bias in the selection of his materials.

If then the premises be true, if they be admissible, we can come to no other just conclusion on them than that, amongst the great schools of learning, the gates of which have been opened for his admission by the tract before us, a school of law is one of which Shakspeare was undoubtedly a student.

But this is not the whole of what may be fairly deduced from the statement of the *Polimanteia*. Shakspeare may, according to the text, have frequented more than one of those schools of learning. He may have been a member of one or both of the Universities, consistently with the letter and spirit of the tract, and with the usual habits of the age. The Universities were then, even more than now, the preparatory schools of law and medicine; and with special application to the Inns of Court, the author makes England address the Universities in the following terms: "And howsoeuer I haue heard complaints that she [the law school] hath received some of your children, and cherished them so much that she hath made them wanton," &c. It will be hardly necessary to illustrate this position by quoting the names of the illustrious men whom we know to have proceeded from the Universities, either with or without a degree, to the Inns of Court; we shall content ourselves with the fact that so regular and habitual was the practice, that Shakspeare himself appears to have considered it a matter of course. Thus:

> "*Shallow.*—I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar. He is at Oxford still, is he not?
>
> "*Silence.*—Indeed, sir, to my cost.
>
> "*Shallow.*—He must then to the Inns of Court, shortly."—2 *Hen. IV.*, *iii.*

Assuming our poet's enrollment as a law student to be sufficiently established, it is not to be supposed that he passed at once from his grammar-school to his Inn of Court. There is an interval of at least seven years to be filled up with studies preparatory and professional ere his fixed connection with the stage; and that we must dispose of in the way most concording with the habits and discipline of his times. We conclude, then, that though he may not have *graduated* at either of the Universities, (and we admit that he did not,) he spent some time at one of them; and for "this faith which fire cannot burn out of us," we proceed to give our reasons.

In the absence of all positive evidence on either side of the question, we are of course driven to rely once more upon such *internal evidence* as his works afford. We do not mean to include under this term the evidence of his general learning and scholar-like attainments in the studies which colleges and universities profess to cultivate, such as the learned languages, logic, mathematics, ethics, divinity, &c., but the evidence of his familiar and habitual acquaintance with the technical language and forms in which the economical and formal business of a university is carried on, and which could not be learned, much less applied with unerring propriety, except from habitual use within the university walls. We allude to the terms in which the table arrangements of the inmates and the graduation of the students are technically spoken of; things conventional in university life, and varying in the several Universities, and unpractised elsewhere. In this language Shakspeare was thoroughly conversant, and speaks of "sizings" and "commencements" and "acts," with an accuracy which has struck many of the critics with surprise, though they do not appear to have sought for an explanation in the only channel where it could be found, namely, in the habits of a university student. Thus, Mr. Tyrwhitte, commenting upon a passage in one of Falstaff's soliloquies,* is of opinion, that "Shakspeare, in the first part of this speech, probably alludes to the *Cambridge commencement* and the *Oxford act;* for (as he archly observes) by these different names our two Universities have long distinguished the season at which each of them gives to her respective students a complete authority to *use* those *hoards of learning* which have entitled them to their several degrees in arts, law, physic and divinity."

Mr. Whyter,† in his ingenious essay on the doctrine of association as influencing the language of our poet, does not believe that "a direct allusion was intended," but confirms our hypothesis in a very forcible manner by solving the allusion into an unconscious and incidental association of ideas with which the poet was perfectly familiar. "The poet," says he, "was well acquainted with the names of those eras of learning in our two Universities, and though he was unconscious in the present instance of their peculiar application, they were undoubtedly impressed on his recollection by the subject which occupied his attention. For we may observe, that the speech of Falstaff has not only relation to the subject of *learning* and the *culture* of youth, but it seems likewise to abound with *academical* terms and discussions." Indeed, if the critic's attention had been more closely turned to the subject, he would have found in this speech an exquisite parody on some of those pedantic disputations and conclusions which, under the name of public exercises, must at that time have often provoked the wits of the academics to a smile at the expense of the University authorities. The value of the argument drawn from the use of technical language will be fully apreciated, if we compare Falconer's Shipwreck, in this respect, with a volume of Dibdin's sea-songs. They both profess to treat of maritime matters in the language of mariners; but the unerring correctness of the one, and the numberless misapplications of nautical terms in the other, will at once convince the mind of any reader competent to make the distinction, that Falconer was bred up in the sea-service, and that Dibdin had only picked up as much of the peculiar phraseology as might give his compositions a nautical cast. Our poet also has given us an opportunity of comparing himself with himself in this respect. His use of nautical terms in the opening scene (or induction, as it may be called) of the Tempest, exhibits, as Doctor Johnson was "informed by a skilful navigator, some inaccuracies and contradictory orders;" but the exactest criticism may, we believe, be safely challenged to produce an error in his application of the technical language of those schools of learning, respectively, in which we conclude him to have been a student.

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* See note on Falstaff's soliloquy, 2 Hen. IV., Act iv. Sc. 3, Variorum Edition.

† "A Specimen of a Commentary on Shakspeare, containing, I. Notes on *As You Like It;* and II. An Attempt to explain and illustrate various passages on a new principle of criticism derived from Mr. Locke's doctrine of the Association of Ideas." Lond., 1796, p. 98.

But we shall be told that the whole current of tradition, borne out by his presumed ignorance of the dramatic unities, proclaims Shakspeare to have been no scholar, and therefore not likely to have received an academic education; we shall be told that Nash describes the author of Hamlet as one of those that could "*scarcely* latinize their neck verse in time of need;" that Ben Jonson says he had but "small Latin and less Greek;" that Hales, extolling his original genius, admitted his want of learning; that Milton found nothing in his works but "wood notes wild;" that Rowe laments the check which his studies received from the reduced circumstances of his father; that Farmer proves him to have been utterly ignorant of any language but the English; and that Malone, Steevens, and the subsequent flock of biographers, have acquiesced in the decision. It may be both immodest and dangerous to confront such a host of authorities; but with such a sword and buckler in our hands as the great volume of the works of William Shakspeare, we would not, if we had sufficient power and skill to wield them aright, fear the encounter. That service, however, which we can render to the cause of good letters in the unequal contest, we are willing to offer; and we feel that we cannot so thoroughly fail in the enterprise, as not to re-open the question, and bring into the field champions of greater ability and more leisure than our own to strike for the right.

The adverse opinions of Nash and Jonson are to be taken with a large allowance for the personal enmity and literary envy which influenced those contemporary rivals. Nash was one of the co-conspirators of Robert Greene in the attempt of that worthy to run down the rising reputation of our young bard, by a charge of plagiary; and Jonson was a universal detractor of all contemporary merit, especially if it interfered with his own pretensions. Their evidence, however, taken at the worst, is but the *exaggeration* in which pretenders to great learning would speak of the less extensive acquirements of another. "Scarcely Latinize," and "small Latin," are terms which admit of the existence of some knowledge of that language; and though it may not have been as great as the one affected and the other really possessed, it might still amount to as much as one third, if not one half of the students of the Universities usually carry away with them. What Shakspeare's proportion was is a question which must remain for further examination.

[From the perusal of the paper which shall follow this, our readers, we think, will be convinced that the existing popular impressions upon this subject are decidedly erroneous.]

JOURNALISM;

THE LONDON PRESS.

In our last number we briefly glanced at the New-York Press: we now propose to give a short account of London Journalism, that most powerful but most ephemeral of all literature—indeed, scarcely deserving to come under the definition, notwithstanding its permanent results. Coleridge defined journalism as "the universal Parliament; a written Babel of thought; a confusion of tongues; the cauldron of discussion, whence come the armed heads of popular will; the extempore eloquence of the world; the daily pulpit of practical religion."

Its influence on the world is too obvious to need any thing beyond the mere fact that wherever the Press is free, the march of Progress is certain. Great men, such as Milton, Cromwell, or Alfred, may accomplish much; but the moment of their death may be the downfall of their system, and a second restoration obliterate for a time their improvements. Not so when there is a press to become the disciples, continuing the doctrines, which become the more potential through the very departure of the great teacher. This is natural. A Cromwell and a Hampden are isolated efforts, while a free and well regulated press is the powerful wedge which widens every hour till the last abuse falls before its *momentum*.

Journalism thus being the popular voice, of course partakes of the national characteristics: that of England being sententious, dignified and profound; of France, vivacious, witty and stylish; of Germany, philosophical, dreamy and abstract; while our own surpasses all for its vigor, personality, and extemporaneous force.

It has been questioned by some, whether the press is the pioneer or the encourager; whether it leads or follows. Is it a sound or an echo? Does it initiate or receive? There are of course exceptions, but we believe it will be found not an *originative* power. Such men as Barnes, who for thirty years was the editor of the Times, and Mr. Greeley of the Tribune, are mere exponents of certain parties, formed long before they lived, or indeed the press were in existence. What eloquence was to Greece and Rome, folios and pamphlets to Milton, Salmasius, and St. Thomas Aquinas, the press is to modern times. Demosthenes, Ecchines, Pericles, indeed every great orator and preacher, have been editors and contributors of the spoken press of their country. That a powerful press can operate upon the masses and overthrow a minister, is undoubted; for what is said and resaid every day, like water constantly dripping upon stone, wears away the firmest faith. Reiteration thus becomes in time the creator of truth; habit turns into nature. This is not only true of so fleeting a thing as public opinion, but holds good of morals too; for, as Pope says,

> "Vice is a monster of so vile a mien,
> That to be hated, needs but to be seen;
> But when at last accustomed to her face,
> We first endure, then welcome, then embrace."

This, however, presupposes that the press is all on one side, a case which never can happen, except when humanity itself is wounded, as in the atrocities of the King of Naples and Haynau; although even here the rule was proved by the London Times extenuating the tyrants.

It would perhaps be nearer the fact to consider journalism as the argumentative conversation of civilized nations, the most influential paper being that which has the tact to speak most in accordance with the wishes of the million. Feeling, and not reason, is the great power to move: a man is seldom *urged* out of any opinion, however absurd. Butler was right when he said,

> "A man convinced against his will,
> Is of the same opinion still."

That a publication like the Tribune, and Times has immense power, is undoubted; but it must after all advocate some leading principle, on which a great party is founded. When it has become identified with such a party, it then has power to run a man or a ministry down; but it will seldom or never be found attacking the *party*.

This is conclusive that its influence is based upon making the bulk of its readers believe it is advocating *their* cause.

We shall now give a brief account of the London press. The morning papers are the Times, Chronicle, Herald, Daily News, Public Ledger, Advertiser, and Post; the evening, the Courier, Standard, Globe, St. James's Chronicle, and Sun. There is also a religious paper published every Thursday evening, called the Record.

The principal weekly papers are the Despatch, Examiner, Spectator, Atlas, Era, Times, Lloyd's, The Age, Illustrated News, Jerrold's, the Leader, Observer, Britannia, Bell's Messenger, one or two sporting papers, and some cheap Sunday prints, which, although their circulation is large, are not recognized as organs of public opinion—though very probably their influence upon the lower orders is greater than all the rest combined.

The Times enjoys the *prestige* (somewhat fabulous, we believe) of being considered the leading journal of the world. That it is the wealthiest and most quoted, is undoubted. The former enables it to secure priority of news, and has gathered around it the ablest writers of the day. In addition to this, the business tact of Mr. Walter, its chief proprietor, gave it a commercial position which has secured its success in every department. It had also the good fortune, forty years ago, to secure for editor Thomas Barnes, at once a scholar, a wit, and (rare combination) a man of great common sense. He had in perfection that Midas-like faculty of converting a heavy article, by a few touches of his felicitous pen, into a leader of considerable force. No man knew better than he did how to place an argument in the best possible light. It was this power of rapid revision, this facility of pruning a writer's verbiage without hurting the trunk of his argument, which made the leading articles of the Times for so many years seem written by one man without being monotonous or repetitive.

Its popularity is chiefly owing to the wonderful agility with which it has danced the tight-rope of public opinion: in this respect it is a perfect Leon Javelli. The sagacity of the conductors of this journal in discovering the signs of the times is very remarkable: if it were worth the space, it would be very easy to show that the "leading paper of Europe" has advocated and opposed, in turn, every prominent measure of the last forty years. De Lane, the late editor, used to justify this apparent tergiversation by quoting the trite saying, that all truth is comparative, and that circumstances alter facts. There is considerable truth in Sheridan's joke, when he argued a friend out of breaking up a party at three o'clock in the morning, by declaring no faith could be put in the watchman's bawling out the time, since he changed his note every hour of the night. A pretty authority, quoth the wit, to go by!

This applies to all statesmen, but more especially to Peel. He was pertinaciously abused for changing his opinion on several important political measures; but we feel sure a calm survey of the circumstances surrounding him would narrow the question to the simple point, whether he ought not to have allowed Lord John Russell to carry Catholic Emancipation and the repeal of the Corn Laws. This may be answered by quoting Gladstone's opinion, "that no man except Sir Robert Peel could have passed either."

Writers on this side the Atlantic are too prone to consider the Times as the Government organ, and frequently assume a leading article as the sentiments of the Cabinet. We are aware that the better informed of our citizens, more especially those who have been abroad, do not share this error; but still, as many pin their faith to its columns, a few words will not be out of place. To those who believe it, we have merely to call their attention to the frequent and persevering attacks made by this journal upon Lord Palmerston, the most important of the English Ministers, more especially so far as our own country is concerned. If this be not conclusive, it will be necessary to refer to the parliamentary career of Mr. Walter, member for Berkshire, the principal proprietor of the Times. It will be found that his voice and vote have been almost invariably given against the Ministerial measures. All conversant with the mechanism of the paper will know that the will of Mr. Walter is as despotic in Printing-house Square as that of Nicholas is in Petersburg.

In the good old days of borough-mongering the Government organ was the Courier, which was as regularly turned over from one Ministry to another, as though it were a piece of official furniture.

The fact is, the Times being the richest journal in Christendom, and possessing a greater *prestige*, necessarily gathers round it a superior class of writers, whose position enables them to approach nearer the Ministerial focus than the *employés* of other papers. This enables them to learn more of the Government intentions and opinions, which occasionally become reflected in the articles they write. Thus it frequently occurs that measures are discussed in the columns of the Times before they are brought into the House of Commons, and thus what is the mere accident of position is by some considered as the result of either sympathy or coöperation. Ministers have been known to take advantage of these premature discussions, and make a cat's-paw of the Times to feel the pulse of the public, before they introduce their intended measure.

Since the death of the old proprietor, this journal has become far more conservative, politically speaking; but the secret lies, not in Russian or Austrian influence, but in free trade, which is considered by the Times as the true commercial creed. If revolutions were calculated to benefit trade, the conductors of this paper would, as a matter of course, be their advocate; but statistics prove that all violent transition periods are fatal to mercantile prosperity, and although transition is the inevitable pace of the world, yet they wish to keep it as slow as possible, lest it interfere with the worship of Mammon. This is the undoubted cause of its recent attacks upon Kossuth, Mazzini, and in short upon every political malcontent. Here this paper is unwaveringly consistent, never diverging from its path. Self-interest rules here, as it does elsewhere; for whatever disturbs trade attacks the treasury of the Times. Thus its conservatism, like that of others, is founded upon finance. A revolution is looked upon as a bad debt, and consequently most zealously denounced. In point of morals, it is the most ungrateful paper on record, worshipping prosperity like a thorough parvenu. Hudson is a recent case. When this celebrated man was railway monarch, Alsager, De Lane and Walter were themselves large speculators. Then every morning's issue teemed with eulogies to the genius of the York linen-draper, which had fostered so many gigantic enterprises; but the sagacity of the trio observing a pause in the tide, they wisely sold out before it began to turn. A large profit was the result of their forethought. No sooner were they themselves clear than the oracle predicted woe, and the panic began. It was charged against them at the time that *private wrong*, and not *public good*, dictated this crusade, occasioned chiefly by a *pique* against Hudson himself, and from a desire to ruin Bradbury & Evans, who were then organizing the Daily News, and whose capital was much locked up in railroad shares. Whatever the cause, the result was most disastrous to thousands, as the sudden onslaught of so powerful an enemy materially increased the horrors of the rout that ensued. In this respect the Times is the most unscrupulous publication in England. Its ruling passion is love of power—that first; then gain. As the former invariably secures the other, this will account for an occasional apparent deviation from the *premium mobile.*

We ought to name that its hostility to Palmerston springs from the general impression in England that he is too fond of meddling with other governments, which of course increases the chance of war while he is Foreign Secretary. This opinion is not confined to the conservative press, but is also shared by the Whig portion, more especially of its leading organ the Examiner; for, in a recent article, Fonblanque, its witty proprietor, likened Lord Palmerston to a venturesome driver, who delighted in driving his chariot within a hair's breadth of a precipice, just to show the dexterity with which he could turn a corner; thus suffering his vanity to jeopardize his passengers.

The circulation of the Times is about 20,000 daily. It is about three times the size of the Tribune, and contains, with its supplement, every morning, including the advertisements, about an octavo volume of *three hundred and sixty* pages of reading matter. The supplement generally accompanies it four times a week. The lowest charge for advertising is about three dollars a square; even a line announcing a marriage, birth, or death, costs seven shillings English (nearly two dollars). It is published every morning about seven o'clock.

The establishment in Printing-house Square is quite a little city in itself, being admirably arranged. So carefully is every sheet corrected, that a misprint rarely occurs, even in an advertisement. The strictest *incognito* is preserved as to the writers of the articles, and it requires considerable influence to get an interview with the editor, every transaction being managed through the under-officials. Suits for libel are conducted against Mr. Lawson, the printer; the editors and proprietors, though known to a select few, being of the Junius family. *Stat nominis umbra.*

The Morning Chronicle is generally considered the leading opponent of the leviathan of Printing-house Square; but generally speaking, the journals of London seldom notice each other, thus imitating Shakspeare, whose plays contain but two personal allusions to a contemporary: one to Marlowe in the couplet:

> " *Dead shepherd*, now I *see* thy *saw* of might,
> 'He never loved who loved not at first sight;' "

the last line being a quotation from a poem of "Old Kit" (just dead) called "Hero and Leander," afterwards finished by Chapman. The other allusion is even more obscure, and consists merely in making Malvolio quote the commencement of one of Lord Bacon's essays: "Some men are born great, others achieve greatness, and some men have greatness thrust upon them." By the way, while it is upon the tip of the pen, we may as well state that Coleridge was of opinion that Malvolio was meant as a sarcastic picture of the great Chancellor, and that the Lady Olivia was intended for Queen Elizabeth. That Shakspeare could have no respect or affection for Bacon is undoubted, on account of his ungrateful conduct to Essex, the bard's great friend and patron.

We must, however, return to the Morning Chronicle.

Some years ago, this paper had a large circulation and a great reputation; but it has lost both since the Times became a reforming organ. In its best days, when it was edited by Dr. Black and Fox, its articles were distinguished for a more brilliant style of writing than its great rival, and materially helped along the great machine of social progress. It passed from their hands to Charles Mackay and other writers, who were too much of mere *littérateurs* to conduct a paper of the high pretensions which once belonged to the Chronicle. It consequently declined till its circulation barely reached 3,000 copies, when it was purchased by Sir John Easthope, a member of the Commons and the Stock Exchange. It has generally been on the side of the people.

Next to the Times in circulation is the Herald, owned by Mr. Baldwin, who is also the proprietor of the Standard. In consequence of these two papers quoting and praising each other, the "Thunderer" of Printing-house Square affixed the *sobriquet* of Betsey Prig and Sairey Gamp to the two publications, which annoyed the editors to such an extent that they forgot the usual dignity of English journalism, and commenced a war of the vernacular very unbecoming. In 1846, when Sir R. Peel had determined to repeal the Corn Laws, the Times astonished the good citizens of London one morning by announcing *on authority* the important fact. The same evening the Standard denied the report most unequivocally, likewise *by authority.* The next morning the Times returned to the charge, reiterating their previous announcement, while the same day's Herald confirmed the Standard's contradiction, and adding that they were authorized to do so by one of the Ministers themselves. This caused considerable interest, as the Times has never been known to make a blunder in these matters, while the positive announcement that a Cabinet Minister had requested the Herald to deny it made the matter very perplexing. When the truth came out, each paper had been requested by a member of the Cabinet to break the fact to the world. Peel had communicated his intention to Gladstone before naming it to the rest of his colleagues, who communicated it to the Times; while the Duke of Richmond requested Mr. Baldwin to deny what he considered the absurd report. These instances, however, of *direct* communication with the Government are very rare.

In one respect the Herald deserves great praise. It has ever been the advocate of moderate reform; the abolition of capital punishment it has steadily and ably argued; and it is the decided opponent to all taxes that more immediately press on the poor. Since Mr. Baldwin became its proprietor, it has become Protectionist, but it is liberal in all its other views. It contains much useful and amusing reading, and is very popular in the households both of London and the country. Its circulation has been estimated at 12,000 to 14,000. Its advertising patronage is very valuable, being next to that of the Times.

The Morning Post is the fashionable paper of the modern Babylon, being termed the West End organ. It is the register and announcer of balls, fashionable arrivals and departures, aristocratical marriages, divorces, births and deaths. It is the daily history of *haut ton*. Lord A can hardly look at Lady B, but they will find it chronicled in the next morning's Post. A flirtation is certain of a column, and a fashionable ball, funeral or wedding is a banquet. Fifty years since, when Stuart and Coleridge were its editors, it had a political importance; but of late years it has been merely the High Tory organ, and of little influence in the city. It has, however, still able writers, and its dramatic and musical *critiques* have been generally well and fairly done. Mr. Rosenberg, now a resident here, was for some years its chief writer on music, drama, fine arts and French politics. He is, perhaps, better known to our readers on account of his long war with the redoubtable Punch; of itself a compliment, as he would not be likely to select any but a man of mark for an antagonist. Morris Barnett, the author of the Serious Family, fills the position Mr. Rosenberg so long and ably held. Michele is the chief proprietor and editor.

The Morning Advertiser has a large circulation, and is the organ of the publicans and brewers. It is violently democratic, written with more force than elegance, and is a great authority with "pot-house politicians." It has no influence out of the barroom.

The Public Ledger is the Nestor of the English press, and in our great-grandfathers' times was held in high repute. It is now engrossed with commerce, and only occasionally comments on politics. Kings are expelled, thrones overthrown, emperors abdicated, popes disappear, and presidents are made, without moving one muscle of the Ledger's countenance; but a fall in hides, tallow, sugar, cotton or grain, brings tears from its venerable eyes. The only military operations it recognizes are blockades, for that affects trade and arouses its ancient wrath. As for a musical or dramatic critic, they would as soon think of keeping an alligator. Now and then some forlorn notice of a concert, or new tragedy, appears in their grim columns, having possibly lost its way from some other paper; but the editor generally apologizes for the inadvertence, should he ever discover it. It is the smallest paper printed in London, being a single sheet about the size of the New-Yorker. We should say its editor must be a model Tim Linkinwater.

The youngest paper is the Daily News, which was started some five years ago on the joint-stock plan, the chief proprietors being Dwarganauth Tagore, Bradbury & Evans, Samuel Rogers, and a few merchants. The editing was intrusted to Charles Dickens, under the mistaken notion that his name would give it a *prestige* equal to that of the Times, which paper it was intended to rival. Now as no paper, more especially in London, can exist without a large advertising connection, and as these invariably come from the mercantile classes, it is important to select a man of undoubted experience and business habits, one who is conversant with markets and funds. Now, the brilliant author of Pickwick was just the man whose opinions on tallow, stocks, the lumber trade, foreign exchanges and cotton, would be sure to be considered wrong by the dealers in those unpoetical articles. They no doubt knew that Dickens was so depraved as to joke, although the markets were falling and cotton a drug. Possibly he did not know Muscovadoes from Mauritius sugar. Even before the first number appeared the paper was doomed. He was not even fit to keep a curiosity *shop!* The eventful morning, January 26, 1846, came. The first number was born. All conspired against it: it was badly printed; it abounded in typographical errors; but the climax of blunder occurred in the city article, where one of the stocks was, owing to a misprint, *frightfully wrong;* as Horne said, "ludicrously wrong." This horrified the merchants generally, more especially those who dealt in the article thus irreverently treated. What confidence could be placed in a journal who was careless in three per cent. consols, East India bonds, or exchequer bills? As Shakspeare says, or ought to have said:

"Oh, the offense was rank and smelt to London."

This amputated the mercantile leg, and the next number took off its remaining *moral* leg.

All who know the English people are aware of the external respect they pay to the Sabbath. Now, in commencing his pleasant travelling letters, (afterwards published under the title of Pictures from Italy,) the vivacious editor, with more candor than prudence, not only somewhat ostentatiously announced that he had commenced his journey on the Sunday, but humorously (as he innocently thought) defended it upon the old adage, "The better the day the better the deed." This left the paper legless; so that, between the merchants and the churchmen a newspaper which was expected to supersede the Chronicle entirely, and prove a formidable rival to the Times, was crippled at once, and placed almost *hors de combat*. After these *escapades*, the plodding Londoners came to the conclusion, that so long as Dickens edited the paper, the Daily News might be considered as a sort of supplement to the Pickwick Papers. Dickens himself grew tired of it directly he found that it had *not* made the hit he expected, and resigned the editorship, which was bestowed upon John Forster; a better choice than the other certainly, but still not the *man* wanted. Of all the men we have ever met, Charles Dickens is the one least able to sustain an adverse cause. He is the child of sunshine, and loses all his energy when it ceases.

After four months' hard struggle, Forster resigned his post to Dilke, the proprietor and editor of the Athenæum, who proposed to the managers, Bradbury & Evans, to try the experiment of a cheap paper. It consequently appeared as a three-penny paper on the 1st of June. Owing to its admirable management, it steadily increased its circulation, but it never reached over 15,000, which, although large for an English paper, was insufficient to pay a profit. It has since been put at its old price of five pence English, nearly ten cents of our money.

There never was a journal projected, which had so brilliant a staff of writers. Among them we can number Dickens, Jerrold, Mackay, Horne, Dudley, Costello, Landor, Angus Beach, Thackeray, Leigh Hunt, and the Punch contributors. So confident did the conductors feel of success, that they actually entered into engagements for three years with several of their *employés*. Horne, the author of Orion, was dispatched to Ireland as their commissioner, and his letters are perhaps the most reliable accounts we have had of that unhappy island; for with a rare freedom from all party bias, the poet-commissioner spoke the truth, and did justice to both sides of the question.

We have not space to give the details of the evening papers, the principal of which are the Standard, Globe and Sun. The former is a mere echo of the Herald, belonging to the same proprietor, while the Globe is a moderate Whig paper. The Sun is, like its New-York namesake, very radical. The evening papers, like those here, have little circulation or influence.

The Shipping and Mercantile Gazette is an evening paper, entirely devoted to the shipping interest; it has a large circulation among ship-owners and the maritime profession. Here the sailings and arrivals of every ship may be seen at a glance. The proprietors have agents in every known port in the world, and considering its multifarious correspondence, its accuracy is truly wonderful.

It has sometimes struck us as a neglect in our commercial system, that we have no institution like the Lloyds of London. What the British consular power is to politics, this is to commerce. There is scarcely a nook in the ocean shores of the globe, where vessels are likely to touch, but this singular maritime inquisition have an agent, specially appointed, armed with powers confirmed by Parliament, and authorized to draw upon the committee in London. Next to the East India Company, this is the most curious display of English perseverance and method existing. In one respect, its omnipresence, it is far more surpassing than even the empire of the Leadenhall-street traders, who really deserve a title of Merchant Princes.

After the morning, the weekly papers have the greater weight; indeed, in a mere intellectual point of view, they are superior to the former. They are all carefully written, and systematically prepared; their course is uniform, and each bears visibly stamped upon it the impress of some particular man. There is an individuality about the very paper. The first in political importance is also the most intellectual—the Examiner, partly owned by Albany Fonblanque, its political editor. The dramatic and literary portions are under the control of John Forster, the ablest general writer connected with the press. Devoid of all pretensions to genius, few men write more pleasantly, clearly and plausibly. His Life of Goldsmith, to which Mr. W. Irving was so largely indebted, is a model of style at once simple and elegant. We question if a man of genius ever had a finer monument reared to his memory since burying began. Forster's criticisms in the Examiner are equally appropriate; and with the exception of a few pet affections and antipathies, he is as honest a *general* critic as can be found. But let no one expect to hear the truth if he has either Macready, Dickens, or Tennyson under review. Here he has a special lunacy, and in London these special *critiques* count for nothing. Savage Landor now and then contributes to this paper, and Leigh Hunt's graceful and *piquant* pen is occasionally visible. It originally belonged to him and his brother John, but the prosecution for libel brought against them by the Prince Regent, resulting in fine and imprisonment, killed it so far as they were concerned. There are many pleasant associations connected with it belonging to its youth. In its columns Keats first tried his pen. Shelley wrote for it; Byron corrected some of its proofs; Lamb contributed some of his genial fancies; and Hazlitt wrote fiercely on politics, and wisely and philosophically on the drama and fine arts. As a little landmark to show how freedom of the press has progressed, we may name that the offense for which the brothers Hunt suffered was a sarcastic article upon some address which had been presented to the Regent, in which he had been called an Adonis and the first gentleman in Europe. L. Hunt, in commenting upon this remarkable piece of absurdity, says: "This Adonis happens to be a fat man of fifty, and this first gentleman of Europe is notorious for his infamous conduct to his wife." For this he was imprisoned and fined. Upon his restoration to freedom, he congratulated the public in the Examiner upon the improvements he observed around him; he himself was a wiser and more tolerant man. He was happy to find that his incarceration had been attended with the happiest result to the Prince Regent himself; for two years ago he was fat, fifty, and a bad husband, while now he was young, thin, and lived with his wife. Upon receiving notice of another prosecution for this atrocious joking upon one of the Lord's anointed, in a humorous, half-complaining article, he declared his inability to know how to please the Prince; concluding his Jeremiad by declaring that he was punished for calling the Prince fat and old, and when he said he was young and thin, they were also threatening him. The matter here dropped, but L. Hunt was a ruined man. Since then his life has been a series of struggles ending in defeat.

After the Examiner, the Spectator is the best written paper, and for methodical arrangement it is even superior. It has a place for every thing, and every thing can be found in its place. It has the reputation of being the most cold-blooded journal in existence. It has no more geniality than Babbage's calculating machine. A constant perusal of it for many years justifies us in the assertion, that we have never met with an elevated or noble thought in its cold-water columns. The presiding spirit of this frigidity of literature is Mr. Rintoul, a cannie Scot of the worst description, being heartless, selfish, mean, grasping and bigoted; he is consequently a first-rate man of business, and has secured the fortunes of his paper. In the earlier numbers, when Egerton Webbe and Augustine Wade wrote for him, there was a slight approach to human feeling, but the supervision of the northern proprietor reduced it to near freezing point. Since their death it has been below zero! Thornton, Leigh Hunt's eldest son, was for some years the sub-editor, and his industry, taste and correct style lent it reputation; but the inadvertent admission of some generous sentiment roused the spleen of Rintoul, (or Squint-owl, as he is called by the Punch people,) and a quarrel ensued which ended in his expulsion. Lewis, the novelist and infidel, is one of the literary critics now engaged upon it, and his flippant *persiflage* can be readily traced. Rintoul is now and then made the victim of jokes which he never forgives. We remember Horne, to whom he had a mortal aversion, sending him the copy of Chaucer Modernized, (a work he edited,) and a box of anti-bilious pills. On the medicine was written, "To be taken before writing." On the book, "To be reviewed one hour after the pills." Strange enough, a tolerably fair notice was given of the volume. Of late years a great change has come over the Spectator. At its birth, (some time about 1835 or 1836,) it was a vehement denouncer of Peel. Since 1841 it has been one of his most zealous supporters. Its politics are Tory radical, utilitarian,—a lover of order, and a decided free-trader. It is the highest priced of all the papers, costing nine pence English each number. It is published every Saturday afternoon, and its circulation is about 5,000. It is also the neatest of the public press.

The Atlas is one of the most respectable and moderate of its class, but has of late years been declining. It is now, we believe, edited by Robert Bell, the author of the "Ladder of Gold," one of those peculiar men whose very good sense has "tilted" out of genius. He is one of the few Irishmen who have no enthusiasm, being entirely deficient of a gift that has made the first men of that nation so renowned. As we write "currente calamo," brilliant examples drop from our pen in corroboration of our opinion. Wellington in war; Palmerston in diplomacy; Moore in lyrical power; Faraday in chemistry; Burke in oratory and philosophical statesmanship, (a rare instance;) Sheridan in wit, eloquence and comedy; Goldsmith in general literature; Bell himself in biography; Curran in pleading: in a word, wherever the brilliant and the fanciful are concerned, the Irish race is unapproached; while in the "higher law" of mind—in the purer intellect, the Anglo-Norman reigns supreme under the triumvirate of Shakspeare, Bacon and Bentham; saying nothing of such small men as Samuel Johnson, Locke, Milton, Hobbes, Fielding, Chatterton, Ben Jonson, *cum multis aliis*, whose inspirations have made the Shakspearian tongue the destined language of the great globe itself.

It is no less true that in a calm collation of facts, and in clear deduction from them, the Scotch are unrivalled, as evidenced by Hume, Smollett, Robertson and Blair. Gibbon is possibly an exception to this rule, but we consider him rather an accident than a design. Although somewhat discursive, we cannot help glancing at the no less singular peculiarity of the French intellect. Bayle (for after all, his *nature* was thoroughly French) and Voltaire have done more than any two writers to clear the world of *cant*. What Johnson said to the young theologian ought to be said to all: "Clear your head of cant, young man." Cant is the Barnum of the age. It is the dramatic aside of the human race, of which the true William the Conqueror wrote:

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

Cant is the insincerity of the heart; what it has been taught, parrot-like, but which it does not believe. It is the understood decency, or rather disguise, of the age; the masquerade which Truth wears to avoid recognition and mobbing. It is the nightmare of the world; the first sin which makes Adam afraid to meet his God; the great lie which paralyzes Cain when he is asked the *one* question, "Where is thy brother?" "I am not my brother's keeper," is the cant which the wealthy now utter when God's voice, Conscience, demands an account of his brother man; and a quibbling lie, the worst of false-, hoods, is all modern philosophy can outstammer.

But we must return to our subject. The Weekly Despatch has the *best* circulation with the *worst* reputation of all the high-priced press. It is stated they sell ninety thousand copies, which equals the rest of the Sunday papers put together. Alderman Harmer is the proprietor. Miss Eliza Cook is a frequent contributor. Its principles are decidedly republican. Although ably written, it is of no authority with the middle and upper classes, on account of its incessant and virulent attacks upon the Throne and the Church. The previous life of the proprietor is also very much against its good standing in literary society.

The Era is a theatrical and sporting paper, and the most respectable of its class. Its politics are liberal, and for general news it is one of the best published.

The Britannia is a High Tory paper, and devotes more space and attention to literature than any of its contemporaries. It is a staunch defender of Church and State.

Jerrold's Weekly Review promised at its commencement in July, 1846, to be the *people's* paper; but the characteristic intemperance of the editor's pen, in less than three months, reduced its circulation from 18,000 copies to 7,000. The greatest cause of offense he gave was a fierce attack upon the Queeen, who is a "pet" with *all* parties in England. Finding the paper declining, Jerrold grew disgusted with it, and sold his interest to F. G. Tomlins, who had been the dramatic critic from its commencement, and he now conducts it with moderate success. He is one of those men, very unusual in the English press, who have little or no education. Brought up as a stone-mason, with an itch for writing, he soared to the sublime heights of a clerk in the St. Catharine Docks. Becoming tired of that employ, so uncongenial to a man strongly inclined to "penny-a-lining," he entered the service of Whittakers of Paternoster Row, the well-known publishers. Becoming connected with the press, he engaged as dramatic critic to a Sunday paper, where his natural shrewdness and independence of opinion found fitting employ. He then purchased the old Monthly Magazine, which expired in his editorial hands after an existence of nearly a century. We may mention, as a proof of his defective education, that when he published his play Garcia, he put every line upon the Procrustean bed of ten syllables, and printed it with a stoical indifference to the sufferings of metre and sense. The consequent result was, that many a line commenced with the concluding word of the previous sentence. Jerrold likened it to a disciplinarian who cuts all his regiment to the same stature; taking the tall man's head off to place upon the short man's shoulders; presenting the strange appearance of, here a leg cut off at the ankle, and so on, thrown in like odds and ends to make up so many distinct homogeneities.

The failure of Jerrold and Dickens, two men of such undoubted talent, to make even decent editors, is by no means surprising. An editor's life is one of sustained effort; there are no fits and starts in his *duties.* Now, men of quick and lively parts are the slaves of their inclinations; all routine is distasteful; and when the first excitement of a novel position has died away, apathy soon ripens into disgust, and the public are amazed to find that the most brilliant contributors are the worst possible conductors of a journal or review. It may be taken as a settled fact, that a man of genius is precluded by nature from being an efficient editor. The same applies to all superintending positions, such as managers, and may possibly account for Brougham's comparative failure at the Lyceum.

Jerrold has originated some score of periodicals. They have begun brilliantly, and died miserably. The Illuminated Magazine, the Shilling Magazine, and the paper above named, are the last three instances of his inability to lead such undertakings to a successful issue. It seems that men of genius are admirable horses when properly harnessed, but they are incapable of driving the coach. The high mettle of Pegasus requires an Apollo, and not a Phæton.

Bell's Life in London is a sporting paper, and has no political or literary influence.

Bell's Weekly Messenger is a favorite with the old-fashioned, half-educated Whigs, and is a good family paper. It is twaddling in its opinions, and may be called a slow-paced, half-asleep chronicle. We are not aware that any man of intellectual mark is or has been connected with it. It has a large circulation among the pudding-headed country squires and farmers.

During the last two years a new paper called the Leader has appeared, under the editorial care of Thornton Hunt. This is understood to be the organ of the Unitarians and liberals, and if continued with the same tact, energy and ability that have characterized its present management, cannot fail to supersede the Examiner. Southwood Smith, Fox, Horne, Leigh Hunt, and several of that "school," are its chief contributors. We observe that it is frequently quoted by our own publications, more especially by Griswold in that judicious *melange* of literature, the International.

The best of the cheap papers is the Weekly Times, the cost of which is three pence English. This is really a very well conducted publication, containing all the news, chit-chat, and a few tolerably well written editorials. It is printed, however, on an inferior paper, and is only circulated among the poorer classes.

Although the Illustrated London News was first commenced merely to puff a quack medicine, it has grown up to a circulation and reputation which confer considerable influence upon it. Its principal editors are Charles Mackay and R. H. Horne. It is so well known on this side the Atlantic, that it is needless to call attention to the excellence of its pictorial embellishments. The only approach to it here is the New-York Illustrated News, published by Strong. Still this is very inferior to its London and Paris prototypes.

The Ladies' Paper is also another London pictorial periodical, deserving of high praise for the spirit and finish of its designs. The Pictorial Times, commenced by Spottiswood, the great printer, as a rival to the London Illustrated News, some ten years since, is now incorporated with it. Spottiswood sunk the enormous sum of sixty thousand pounds before he abandoned the Pictorial Times.

We shall not recapitulate the cheaper Sunday publications, as they belong to a vicious school, both of politics and morals. They are rather the mental and moral filth of English literature than wholesome food—the offal of the public mind. They are unfortunately very numerous, and have a wide circulation. After the Sunday Times possibly Lloyd's is the best; but they are all bad, and are sad evidences of the depraved taste of the inferior classes of the British people.

A calm review of the London Press leads us to this conclusion: that although not so immediately and locally influential as either of those of New-York or Paris, it is practically freer than either. It is true, that many obstacles to the establishment of a newspaper exist there, which do not here; but this may be an advantage.

Another marked difference between our press and that of France and England, is the emolument. The editor of the Times has from $6,000 to $8,000 per annum. Lockhart of the Quarterly has $8,000,—nearly $2,000 for each number of the Review he issues. Contrast these emoluments with the miserable stipend paid to our editors and contributors, (the result of the want of an international copyright law,) and you have at once the secret of our inferiority.

The wonder is that we do so well, when we are obliged to compete with the *pirated* editions of these costly journals.

An article in one of the leading papers of London, being well paid for, is elaborately written. Every available authority is considered; and at all events, whatever may be the party bias of the writer, the *data* are correct. The proprietors and editors watch very jealously any personal influence an actor, manager, singer or author may wish to exert upon their columns. A solitary instance may now and then occur, as in that of the Examiner, where Forster's intimacy with Dickens and Macready renders his *critiques* upon either of those mere laudations; but even here it is cautiously done, and is partly owing to the proprietor Fonblanque himself being also a friend to those "favored ones." Generally speaking, intriguing with the press in London is playing with edge tools, the chances being more than equal that you will cut your own fingers in the experiment.

In some cases the intimacy of an author with a critic is positively injurious. We know of several instances in which Oxenford, the dramatic critic of the Times, was compelled (owing to the jealous supervision of De Lane, the editor) to be more severe than he was really justified in, owing to his intimacy with Marston and Traughton, whose plays had been recently produced.

Another point of contrast is in the care with which the Reviews preserve the *incognito* of their contributors. Mr. Herand lost his engagement on the Quarterly Review entirely on account of informing some friends in a party that he had written an article in the forthcoming number.

We must not omit to notice another difference in the press of London and New-York: it is in libel. Nothing is more difficult in London than to get an attack upon personal character inserted in any paper; even the most abandoned, such as the Age and Satirist, require strong proof and heavy bribing. Few things surprise foreigners more than the facility afforded here for the attack on private character. This eagerness for scandal is attended with the bad effect of an indifference to public opinion; thus curing one evil by establishing a greater. The punishment in England for libel is very severe, and almost immediate. No legal subterfuges can defer the evil day if the offense is proved. It matters not how unpopular the abused man may be, the judge invariably charges without fear or favor. There was a case of this some years ago in the matter of the Duke of Brunswick *versus* Gregory. The former, although almost an outlaw, got heavy damages, which consigned his libeller to Newgate.

In presenting this brief sketch of English Journalism to our readers, it is not our intention to compare it with our own. One or two strong contrasts have been noticed; but they were so self-evident as to suggest themselves to all. It would be unjust to expect from our young press the refinement, depth, finish and scholarship of a nation whose literature is the greatest existing; whose dramatists surpass Æschylus, Sophocles, Aristophanes and Euripides; whose philosophers throw Aristotle, Plato and Xenophon in the shade; whose poets equal Homer; and whose historians surpass Herodotus and Thucydides. This is a task we prefer leaving to our journalists themselves, that they may see where they fall short, and supply the deficiency.

Journalism is well worthy of being made as perfect as possible. Its importance is becoming more apparent every day. It is not too much to assert, that the welfare of mankind materially rests in its hands. We all know the important results of one earnest preacher; empires have been shaken, creeds destroyed, and crusades undertaken. It took years, *then*, to accomplish these great ends, because the preachers were few; still the objects, however great, were achieved. *Now*, instead of one man, the laborers are legion. The newspaper alone dispatches an army of preachers every morning, and public opinion, the great motor of the age, is thus more powerfully affected in one day than in a generation of the olden times. When it is borne in mind, that on an average five persons read each paper it is not stating too much, that nearly a quarter of a million of people are canvassed every day on this or that side of the great questions that agitate the public mind. We all know the influence of a personal canvass, that in short it determines the success of an election. Now, the mind is so constituted as to give greater credence to the silent, unimpassioned advocacy of a well-written article, than to the obsequious or pompous argument of a man who may say that *one word* too much, which destroys all that has gone before; that overproving so fatal to conviction. It also avoids those chances of personal antipathies which belong by nature to all of us. A newspaper has a still more powerful advantage over a personal advocate, in its facility of reiteration, till the man is convinced by insensible degrees, and his old prejudices worn away. If a verbal applicant fails in the first instance, common courtesy precludes a repetition, while a newspaper returns every morning to the charge, and wearies a man into the surrender of his opinion. What is true of one, affects all; and thus, by almost imperceptible proselytism, political questions are carried, frequently by the very men who had till then followed an adverse creed.

The press has this great virtue: its tendency is *progress;* its watchword, like Napoleon's, is ever "forward;" it cannot retrace its steps. A man, however great his devotion to liberty, may turn traitor; he may outgrow his youthful and glorious aspirations, or possess passions stronger than truth, avarice, pleasure or fear; but what is true of *one* man being true of *all*, does not apply to men except in questions of progress. There is no modern Joshua to bid the sun of knowledge stand still; for one single day, even the apparent rest of the giant is merely to gird his loins for a nobler fight; a pause for a bolder spring. Nature has implanted in all of us a love of novelty. Hope is the pillar of fire by night, the cloud by day. However happy we may have been with the flesh-pots of Egypt, the promised land, with all the uncertainties of the mysterious future, leads us on. This demand for a greater sphere is most intense in the class now called upon to govern. Every year we behold younger and fresher men guiding public affairs. The age of precedents, anti-impulse, selfishness and Machiavellism is rapidly passing away; the sceptre is taken already from palsy and father confessors, and grasped by the vigorous hands of men whose beards are *not* gray with the cold-blooded iniquities of an official routine, which has long annihilated every generous feeling. We have an evidence in the progress of the age of what journalism has done in the recent reception of Kossuth in England. We say nothing of his release from captivity, chiefly through the means of Lord Palmerston, a man whose "poetical feelings" have long been destroyed by thirty-five years of political service. This, however, only makes our case the stronger, for the public voice compelled him to be the zealous instrument of its will. In saying this, we do not mean to detract from the merit justly due to that distinguished statesman, but merely quote it as an instance of popular progress. An additional sign of the times is found in Gladstone's *exposé* of Neapolitan villainies; in Palmerston's giving his official sanction to the exposure, and his manly rebuke to Prince Castelcicala's jesuitical vindication of his royal master. We do not think our press has given this spirited letter the credit it deserves. It strikes us as being the boldest *manifesto* ever issued in Europe, coming, as it does, from the minister of one sovereign to another with whom there is no previous quarrel.

We repeat, all this has been done by the press. The press released Kossuth, sustained Turkey, and will, in time, abolish every abuse. With this glorious mission before it, how lamentable is it to see the miserable personal animosities existing among so many of the leading journalists. Surely the very prominence of their position ought to counsel forbearance. They should remember they squabble on the *house-tops.* These exhibitons are, however, becoming less frequent, and will, as a matter of course, gradually soon be altogether extinct. It will be seen that we have merely considered journalism as a political power. This, although the most prominent, and eventually the most important, as producing the most massive, visible results, does not so immediately come home to the million as its function of universal informer and confidential adviser.

The dweller in the nineteenth century, in a free country, with a free press, has much to be thankful for—to be proud of; and much, too, to be ashamed of. These all imply responsibilities; much is required of those to whom much is given. Every man is the journalist of his own houshold; there he is bound, as much as any other editor, to take care that nothing offensive to morals, freedom, religion or taste, finds entrance. We will not go so far as a celebrated English poet, that every man is a prophet; but we will adopt his other doctrine, that he has a mission to perform, the complete fulfilment of which will constitute the perfect happiness of mankind. How greatly the press of the world can further this "consummation most devoutly to be wished," is apparent, and needs no argument on our part. We have the most unquestionable evidence of the rapid improvement of this Fourth Estate, and every day increases its utility and power.

In our next we shall treat of the Parisian press, now or *lately* one of the most *immediate* political agents in the world.

THEORIES OF EVIL,

FROM THE POETS "FESTUS"—"FAUST"—"MANFRED"—"PARADISE LOST"—BOOK OF JOB.

The impenetrable mystery involved in the question of the origin of evil seems in all ages to have been a fruitful cause of that excitation of the imaginative faculty from which has flowed the profoundest poetical thoughts which, upon the pages of literature, stir the souls of men.

"Festus," the last of the productions of genius having this origin, has been condemned by an able writer in our pages for its false theology, its evil tendency, and its want of artistic merit.

It has, however, merits which cannot be denied. Some of these have suggested the present paper; and, although we give the work a prominent position for our present purpose, we will not be considered as allowing it a precedence of, or equality with, those immortal works with which we bring it into comparison.

The origin of evil was and is the great difficulty and stumbling-block of all theologies. We cannot discuss the subject here, and are not qualified ("Open confession is good for the soul," says the adage) to discuss it anywhere. But if the origin of evil is a mystery, its continued existence is equally so. It causes the first step—which "counts" more than all after—in the genuine thought of every lifetime; it is the initiative of doubt—the Shadow on the Threshold of manhood. It is symbolized in every creed and mythology. Jupiter, Pluto — Oromaedes, Arimines—God, Lucifer; good and evil were always divinities and demons for humanity. Man finds himself to be a composite creature. His nature is dual. Conscience and the flesh are in eternal antagonism, and he has invested the opposing principles with form and power, and given them supermundane attributes. But, withal, he never ceases to inquire whence it is that, in a creation of good, he is made half evil; why the light has a companion shadow; why he is not able to reach the ideal perfection which exists in every mind, as a pure statue in a dark niche; why he is

> "A love in desolation masqued; a power
> Girt round with weakness:"

and his inquiries conclude as they commenced, in doubt and vexation of spirit. Every mind which *can* think, thinks over this question. It analyzes until analysis has reached nothings. It faces the sun until blindness comes, and it is compelled at last to fall back upon faith, as a certain reserve behind which it can entrench itself. When it is beaten back and planted in its old position, the necessary ordeal is passed; it has gone through the furnace, like Abed-nego, and happiness becomes possible.

The greatest minds of all time have grappled with this difficulty. They have always retreated upon humility, and a belief in a Mediator, a Saviour, a Messiah. All creeds have the Redeemer. Prometheus was the Christ of the Greeks; and invariably the synonyme of the Redeemer is—Love. All philosophy leads us to this. Man must love, or he cannot be redeemed. Man, without love, is lost; the curse is upon him; he belongs to Hell, and not Heaven. We find this moral in "Faust," in "Paradise Lost," in "Sartor Resartus," in "Festus." We discover that this is the ultimate conclusion of all great thinkers. Earth is God's or the Devil's. Man is a fiend or an angel; there is the fearful alternative; and it is consoling to the rear and main array of mankind, that the *avante garde* has hope, and marches on the road of time with an assured and trusting spirit.

But our greatest men have been occupied not only with the existence and origin of evil, but also with its nature and development. They have always personified it, and we can read their beliefs in the personifications. The Lucifer of Milton is not the Lucifer of Göethe. Evil, as personified by Mrs. Browning, is very different from that of "Festus." It is, therefore, worth while to glance at their several creations. It is wholly impossible, though, to give the characteristics of each in a brief notice, for each would require an exclusive essay; and we can merely note down our impressions, without proof or comment.

The evil of our universe, according to John Milton, is pride. Lucifer is to him the proudest of the proud. He invests the fallen spirit with fierce strength, fierce beauty, pride above all mortal pride, and its necessary consequence—hate. We shudder while we admire his creation. We have an involuntary respect for the Defeated One, who retains, amid the tumult and ruin of retreat, the bold will and ready expedients of a great captain. We gaze upon him as upon a defeated enemy; but there is a terrible fascination even in his misery. We see him first in the fiery pit, surrounded by his unfortunate brethren, immediately after the great final battle in which he was overthrown.

> "Round he throws his baleful eyes,
> That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
> Mixed with obdurate pride and stedfast hate;"

and when our minds are filled by the fearful picture, which is dashed by huge shadows, like one of Martin's engravings, the "dungeon horrible," the flames which give no light, "but rather darkness visible," the

> "Sights of woe,
> Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
> And rest can never dwell;"

the fiery deluge,

> "Fed
> With ever burning sulphur unconsumed,"

through the ghastly midnight around, we hear that muttered half-soliloquy which is intended for the ear of Beëlzebub, but which will outlast all time. Satan compares his present with his past. He indulges in a brief reminiscence of Heaven, but soon turns to the affairs of the moment, and endeavors to revive the sinking energies of his followers. He knows not repentance—he will not condescend to lamentation. He leaves tears, vain regrets, and useless gnashing of teeth, to inferior natures, and for him

> "All is not lost; th' unconquerable will
> And study of revenge, immortal hate,
> And courage never to submit or yield,
> And what is else, not to be overcome."

He does not supplicate or threaten. He has no weakness. His pride is Titanic as his form, which lies floating many a rood upon the burning lake. Though "racked by deep despair," he shuts his hopelessness in his heart, and rises to renew the battle. His future is pain; but he resolves that it shall be defiant pain. He can endure an eternity of torment better than a moment of submission. He can retain his predominance over his lost compeers only by a superiority in endurance; and in lofty words of scorn and strength he rouses the seared hearts around him, and endeavors to make them partakers of his desperate pride. They start into renewed existence when he apostrophizes the midnight of their fate:

"Hail, horrors; hail,
Infernal world; and thou, profoundest Hell,
Receive thy new possessor; one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
The mind is its own palace, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be—all but less than He
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here, at least,
We shall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for His envy—will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure; and in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, even in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven."

This is the ultimatum of Pride. We find the same motive principle in the subsequent history of Satan. That which is his own strength he makes the weakness of man; he tempts through pride, and our great progenitor falls. It is evident, then, that Milton believed pride to be the root of all evil; and the moral of his grand epic is plain, viz., that as we lost Heaven by pride, we can regain it only by humility. Such is the purpose of his immortal labor.

Very differently from him does Göethe reason on the nature of evil. The poet is influenced by the spirit of his time, and fashions his faith by the thoughts of the day. The great Teuton lived in an age of organized skepticism, when faith was banished from the souls of men. The Encyclopædists had commenced the revolution, and issued their declaration of rights. France was skeptical, and France was then the pioneer of Europe. The spirit of Voltaire was the spirit of his time, and the poet was resolved to grapple with its creed, and throw it. Faust, therefore, represents the intellect of civilized man, beset and haunted by skepticism or evil, which is called Mephistopheles. The poem, which has often been condemned as irreligious by ignorant canters, is either the most fearful sarcasm on all human creeds, or it is the grandest argument for faith and against the skepticism of the last century ever known to the world. To us, it means the latter. We know not whether our opinion is shared by the critics generally, and, sooth to say, we care not; but we can spell out of the Mephistopheles of Göethe nothing but the belief that infidelity is the real evil of the world. What is Mephistopheles but a Voltaire supernaturally gifted with power? Is he not an accomplished skeptic? And what a theologian! Of a verity, this Devil can talk Scripture. His daring is equal to his bitterness. We see him first at the threshold of Heaven, parleying with the Divinity; nay, sneering at the Heaven which he had lost for ever. And did not the genius of France actually climb the skies, and enter with uncovered head into the presence of the One? And, on its lip, was there not a smile of sarcasm, and a blasphemy in its heart? Faust opens with a grand chant, like the music of the spheres, in which the angels and archangels take part. The rhythm is suddenly jarred by the voice of Mephistopheles, who addresses the Lord:—

"As thou, O Lord! once more art kind enough
To interest thyself in our affairs,
And ask, How goes it with you there below?
And as indulgently at other times
Thou tookest not my visits in ill part,
Thou seest me here once more among thy household,
Though I should scandalize this company.
You will excuse me if I do not talk
In the high style which we call fashionable;
My pathos would certainly make you laugh, too,
Had you not long since given over laughing.
Nothing know I to say of suns and worlds;
I observe only how men plague themselves.
The little god o' th' world keeps the same stamp
As wonderful as on creation's day.
A little better would he live, hadst thou
Not given him a glimpse of Heaven's light,
Which he calls reason, and employs it only
To live more beastily than any beast.
With reverence to your Lordship be it spoken,
He's like one of those long-legged grasshoppers,
Who flits and jumps about, and sings for ever
The same old song i' th' grass. There let him lie,
Burying his nose in every heap of dung." *

A truly flippant and impertinent Devil this; one to tremble before and hate. The Satan of Milton is a saint compared to him. If Burns had read the sayings and doings of Mephistopheles, he would never have said, in his "Address to the Deil"—

"Old Nickie ben,
Ye still may ha'e a chance;"

for Mephistopheles is damned to the lowest

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* We quote from Shelley's translation of the first scene of "Faust." Pity that he did not finish the work! He was the man of his day best qualified for the task. There have been many *attempts* at translation of the great drama. Hayward's, Blackie's, Sir Egerton Brydges', for instance; there is only *one*, however, which deserves the name—the translation by John Anster, LL.D., published some twenty years ago, which, if not literal, is at all events poetical, an assertion which cannot be made of any other version we are acquainted with.

pit, because he is a sneerer. Milton's Devil is too proud to be flippant. Napoleon rarely indulged in mere verbiage, like Voltaire. Great ambition, which cannot exist without great pride, is always self-concentrated, collected, above mere smartness; terrible in its silence. But Göethe has represented evil by making its personification an Encyclopædist.

Byron too has grappled with the nature of evil. A Lucifer, in his hands, means intellect. His Devil is not the demon of pride, like Milton's, nor the demon of skepticism, like Goëthe's; but, if we may be permitted the phrase, the demon of metaphysical analysis. He is a logician, a reasoner, a bold theorizer. He represents pure reason, unsupported by faith. We do not assert that the poet intended that it should be so; but as Cain, in the drama, personifies a metaphysical and analytic intellect, Lucifer very evidently is its attendant shadow, which we may call daring Doubt. Byron does not make the primal murderer a commonplace villain; he is none of his capricious Corsairs or lack-a-daisical Laras; but a strong, gloomy man, of the John Forster school, pursued by his own thoughts to destruction, like Actæon by his hounds. Evil, according to Byron's creed, is not in the universe, but in ourselves. It follows us as closely and naturally as our shadow. It is not mean pride or mockery; it means an impossibility of faith. And what Hell so fitting a residence for a fallen, seared spirit, as a mind which sees a skeleton beneath every form—which says, with Tennyson's "lean and gay-toothed man,"

"Every face, however full,
Padded round with flesh and fat,
Is but modelled on a skull?"

This is the worst Hell of all. Though we cannot assert, with Pierre Leroux and his brother *philosophers*, that Hell and Heaven exist only in the human heart—for we leave such questions to the constituted authorities —we may be allowed to remark, that a mind self-tortured by religious doubts is the type of the utterest misery known to us. Poe has given us involuntarily a terrible picture of such a mind in one of his tales—"The Premature Burial"—which will confirm our assertion: — "My fancy grew charnal. I talked of worms, of tombs, of epitaphs. I was lost in reveries of death, and the idea of premature burial held continual possession of my brain. The ghastly danger to which I was subjected haunted me day and night. In the former, the torture of meditation was excessive; in the latter, supreme. When the grim darkness overspread the earth, then, with the very horror of thought, I shook—shook as the quivering plumes upon the hearse. When nature could endure wakefulness no longer, it was with a struggle that I consented to sleep; for I shuddered to reflect that, upon awaking, I might find myself the tenant of a grave. And when, finally, I sank into slumber, it was only to rush at once into the world of phantasms, above which, with vast, sable, overshadowing wings, hovered predominant the one sepulchral idea."* This is an accurate picture of a strong intellect, harassed by doubt.

Mrs. Browning is the author of a noble poem, called "The Drama of Exile." While writing it, the lady sat beneath the shadow of Milton's soul. She is, all through the poem, like her own Corneille, "an orator of rhyme." The subject is the exile of our first parents from Eden. The story commences where Paradise Lost terminated—with the banishment. The latter concludes, like a sad and lofty dirge, when the afflicted two disappear through the cherubim-guarded gate,

"With solemn steps and slow."

And the poetess continues the strain, as if a mourner with a softer voice caught up the dying note, and prolonged it. Of course, Evil or Lucifer plays a part in the drama. But he is sadly altered since we saw him last, holding high court in Pandemonium, surrounded by his grim and ghastly brethren. He has become quite human; a polished and insidious gentleman; in fact, quite a lady's ideal of a Devil. He is very eloquent, and bad enough—a supernatural Danton. He is more of a rhetorician than Satan, and less of a demon than Mephistopheles. Occasionally, even through his modern phrases and arguments, we recognize the proud spirit which

"Clashed on the sounding shield the din of war"

against the Highest. He is a composite demon; and his eighteenth century sarcasm cannot altogether conceal the old audacity and pride. For has Milton ever coined more ringing sentences than the following?

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* *Vide* Collected Edition of the Works of Edgar Allan Poe, published by Redfield, vol. 1, p. 388.

“Here's a brave earth to sin and suffer on!
It holds fast still—it cracks not under curse;
It holds, like mine, immortal. Presently
We'll sow it thick enough with graves as green,
Or greener, certes, than its knowledge-tree!
We'll have the cypress for the tree of life,
More eminent for shadow;—for the rest,
We'll build it dark with towns and pyramids,
And temples, if it please you. We'll have feasts
And funerals also—merry-makes and wars,
Till blood and wine shall mix and run along,
Right on the edges! And, good Gabriel,—
(Ye like that word in Heaven!)—*I* too have strength—
Strength to behold Him, and not worship Him;
Strength to fall from Him, and not cry on Him;
Strength to be in the universe; and yet
Neither God, nor his servant. The red sign,
Burnt on my forehead, which you taunt me with,
Is God's sign that it bows not unto God;
The potter's mark upon his work, to show
It rings well to the striker. I and the earth
Can bear more curse.

“GABRIEL. O miserable earth!
O ruined angel!

“LUCIFER. Well! and if it be,
I CHOSE this ruin,—I elected it
Of my will, not of my service. What I do,
I do volitient, not obedient,
And overtop thy crown with my despair.
My sorrow crowns me. Get thee back to Heaven,
And leave me to the earth, which is mine own,
In virtue of her misery,—as I hers,
In virtue of my ruin! Turn from both
That bright, impassive, passive angelhood,
And spare to read us backward any more
Of your spent hallelujahs!”

So spake the arch-fiend. The words are worthy of him—proud, bold, defiant, “sad as fate and salt of life.”

And now we come to the Lucifer of Festus—a strange creation, powerful, original, unique. The author believes that Evil is a phantasm, not a reality; or we may say with more accuracy, he believes that, if it does exist, it is but the mask which conceals the features of Good. He regards it as a necessary shadow of the highest throne, darkening the world momentarily, but not disfiguring it. It is a necessity, like the mountains or the atmosphere; it is the complement of Good. As salt must have a sweet—as sun implies shade, or night day—Good, in his opinion, necessitates that shadow which is called Evil. We do not commit ourselves to the views and speculations of our author, because we endeavor to analyze them, and come at their real meaning. The present writer might be permitted to quote, without being accused of presumption, a few lines from an unpublished poem, in which he has thrown his weak arms round this subject, and striven to clasp it. If they have no other effect, they will show, at all events, that he is able to appreciate the genius of a poet, without being committed to his creed. Dealing with this very question of Evil, he says:

“The good preponderates;
For good and God are synonyms. Strong Faith,
Which breaks the shell of life, and spreads its wings
In the broad sunshine of Jehovah's throne,—
Which walks with up-turned face, and even bears
A halo round its head,—the reflex of the light
Which glances from the features of the One;—
And Love, that knits two separate hearts together,
Until they branch and grow like twining trees,
Fed by one sunshine, nourished by one moisture,
Of different kindred, and yet twins in life;
And Hope, that holds the sufferer's head above
The rising waves, and points unto the shore,
Whispering of home, until he strikes forth boldly;
And Knowledge, which is master of the elements,
Calling the lightning of God's truth to earth,
As with a Franklin wand,—all, all are good!
‘The universe is but a thought of God,’ *
And God can think no evil!”

Bailey holds different opinions, and would be likely to indulge in a hearty laugh at the weak optimism, and, mayhap, rhetorical gammon, which is our best attempt at poetical composition; (we speak on the principle that a modest word turns away wrath;) and we cannot do better than allow him to explain his own views in his own words. After the popularity of Festus had become a fixed fact, many severe attacks on its theological opinions appeared in the leading journals of England, which necessitated a reply. Accordingly, in the second edition of the work, a proem was published, which was intended to be, at the same time, an explanation and a vindication. Many persons consider that this proem is the most objectionable portion of the volume; that the work has been injured, not improved, by it; in a word, that “explanation has spoiled it.” Be this true or not, the proem is somewhat more than an explanatory preface; it is a recapitulation in brief of the leading thoughts of the writer

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* This noble line is a literal translation from the prose of Schiller. The original may be found in a juvenile work of his, called (we quote from memory) “The Letters of Raphael.”

—his final summing up. As a poem, it is in nowise inferior to the drama which follows it; nay, it stands alone in literature as a treatise on dogmatic theology which is closely scientific and logical, without ceasing to be poetical. It is solemn and grand as a death-sermon from Bossuet. We may differ from the preacher; but while his warm words and passionate thoughts dig up the tears from our hearts, and shake us as with a storm of grief, we cannot help loving him. Thus nobly his vindication commences—a proud plea for his race and his art:

"Without all fear, without presumption, he
Who wrote this book would speak respecting it
A few brief words, and face his friend, the world;
Revising, not reversing, what hath been.
Poetry is itself a thing of God:
He made his prophets poets; and the more
We feel of poesie, do we become
Like God in love and power; under-makers.
All great lays, equals to the mind of man,
Deal more or less with the divine, and have
For end some good of mind or soul of man.
The mind is this world's, but the soul is God's;
The wise man joins them here all in his power.
The high and holy works, amid lesser lays,
Stand up like churches among village cots;
And it is joy to think that in every age,
However much the world was wrong therein,
The greatest works of mind or hand have been
Done unto God. So may they ever be!
It shows the strength of wish we have to be great,
And the sublime humility of might."

These lines are sufficient to show that our poet understands his mission. In no light or frivolous spirit does he enter upon his lofty theme, not influenced by schoolboy ambition, or weak desire to be the object of pointed fingers and muttered "There he is;" not from mere *cacoethes scribendi*, (the scribbler's itch,) a worse disease than Scotland has begotten; but from a pure and holy impulse, from a belief in his own inspiration, and a determination to sing a strain which shall sink into the world's heart; because, as his own fine words express it, it is "done unto God." But we said we would let him speak on the question which we have been prosing about, in his own words. Here they are. The reader will observe that evil is regarded as a necessity, but a necessity which developes good:

"Necessity, like electricity,
Is in ourselves and all things, and no more
Without us than within us; and we live,
We of this mortal mixture, in the same law
As the pure, colorless intelligence,
Which dwells in Heaven and the dead Hadëan
shades.
We will, and act, and talk of liberty;
And all our wills, and all our doings both,
Are limited within this little life.
Free will is but necessity in play.
The clattering of the golden reins which guide
The thunder-footed coursers of the sun;
The ship which goes to sea informed with fire,
Obeying only its own iron force,
Reckless of adverse tide, breeze dead, or weak
As infant's parting breath, too faint to stir
The feather held before it, is as much
The appointed thrall of all the elements
As the white-bosomed bark which woos the
wind,
And when it dies, desists. And thus with man:
However contrary he set his heart
To God, he is but working out His will;
And, at an infinite angle, more or less
Obeying his own soul's necessity.
He only hath free will, whose will is fate.
Evil and good are God's right hand and left.
By ministry of evil, good is clear;
And by temptation, virtue;—as of yore,
Out of the grave rose God. Let this be deemed
Enough to justify the portion weighed
To the great spirit, Evil, named herein.
If evil seemed the most, yet good most is;
As water may be deep and pure below,
Although the face be filmy for a time."

But the proem, though beautiful in itself, was scarcely necessary to the intelligibility of the character of Lucifer in this play. The character explains itself; it needs no key. The Lucifer which tempts Festus is not a mental attribute, as in Milton's Satan; he is not pride, nor skepticism, nor metaphysical analysis; he represents sensuality. Through the gratification of his senses; not through a proud search for wisdom, a wild aspiration after the fruit of knowledge; not through intellectual subtility, or light laughter at things which are sacred; not by fierce wrestling with the mysteries of this breathing world, desperate attempts to read the riddle of the Sphinx, (which is nature,) vain and reckless as the efforts of that

"First poet upon Tiber side,
Who dropped his plummet down the broad,
Great universe, and said, 'No God,'
Finding no bottom!"

not through such errors falls Festus. His Devil is the flesh; his own nature is his weakness. Lucifer means nothing more than the physical beauty and carnal fascinations which distract the mind of aspiring youth, and sway it from lofty themes to the pursuit of mundane pleasure. Youth is always more or less sensual. Its passage from boyhood to manhood is "over the bridge of sighs;" and during that passage, it has to fight its most terrible battle; to fight against indolence and voluptuousness; to untie the cestus of Venus and the vine clusters of Bacchus from its limbs, that it may tread the road of its future pure and strong. Festus, the tempted, represents youth in this stage of its pilgrimage. Great thoughts are familiar to him, "as blood to his heart;" faint outlines of a glorious mission hover before his eye; but athwart them flit the forms of light-robed women, with glowing bosoms and glancing eyes; while merry shouts, as from a joyous banquet-hall, where boon companions are shedding the heart's blood

"Of the vine divine,
Which flames so warm in Lansovine,"

fall cheerily upon his ear, and invite him to pleasure and reckless enjoyment. In this moment, Lucifer, the tempter, comes, and speaks to the soul of Festus.

"Lucifer. Peace! peace!
All nature knows that I am with thee here,
And that thou need'st no minor minister.
To thee I personate the world—its powers,
Beliefs, and doubts, and practices.
"Festus. Are all
My invocations useless, then?
"Lucifer. They are.
Let us enjoy the world.

Let us enjoy the world! Ay, there speaks the worst demon of all. His creed, or the creed which he would teach to tempt, can be written in a sentence—*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.* Aspiration is useless. Brave deeds are unrewarded. Noble thoughts are the parents of sorrow. Knowledge is as Dead Sea fruit, ashes to the taste. Truth is sweet to the eye, and salt to the tongue. Love of the soul is torture—love of the body is pleasure. Liberty is a fable, save when it exists as the liberty of the wine-cup. The real hero is the voluptuary, and the poet is he who *acts* the drama of Anacreon. As to glory, the laurel-wreath, unselfish achievements, self-sacrifice for humanity—ha! *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.* Study the lives of patriots and philanthropists, and find self the basis of their characters, and the inspiration of their actions. Curtius, leaping into the gulf, is a vain fool, immolating himself for the applause of the greasy mob; the honesty of Fabricius is only another means to the universal end, popular praise. Howard, in the most loathsome prisons, is thinking, not of the sufferings of his fellow-men, but of the verdict which "the world" will pass on his labors. Wilberforce is a gentle hypocrite, who makes capital in the shape of reputation by pretended sympathy with the oppressed. As to ambition, think of Chatterton and his fate. Homer, ages ago, begged his bread. Ovid won a prison, not a crown; so did Tasso. Dante became immortal as the author of the Inferno, and realized a hell upon earth for his pains. Otway was called a poet, and starved. Napoleon conquered the world, and died chained to a rock. Byron "awoke one morning, and found himself famous," and miserable also. Pshaw! recline on your ottoman; let the dancing-girls of Bethlehem be summoned; sip your *lacrymæ Christi*, and say with me, *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.* So the demon speaks; and youth must be strong and sinewy to burst through the cunning bonds which he flings around it, and face once more towards the sun.

Festus, like Faust, opens in Heaven. The book, the author says, "has a plan, no plot." The plan is simply to trace the history of temptation in the case of a young, bold poet-mind, of great passions, underneath the waves of which rich mines of thought are lying; and having brought it through the furnace, to lead it back to God, that all men may read the moral which teaches us that there is sufficient good in all created things to counterbalance the evil, and work out ultimate salvation. We know one other book—a plan without a plot also—which is very similar to this, and deserves to rank beside it, if not above it. That book is "Sartor Resartus." That master-work of a master-mind is intended as a record of the life-deeds and life-thoughts of the author, Thomas Carlyle. It, too, has its Mephistopheles; for the grim sarcasms of the writer play over its deepest meditations, like blue lightning over precipices. We follow the hero from childhood to manhood with admiration and love, mingled with a half-disgust, a shuddering fear, caused by the mocking Devil in his glance. We find him in love with the fair Blumine, the goddess of flowers, and envy him his Idyllic happiness and "æsthetic tears;" soon to weep for him when we see him deserted by his lady, alone in the universe—alone with the stars.

We tremble when we see him cast into the dreary prison of the "Everlasting No," when faith has fled from his soul, like the maiden from his side, and all the world is a horrible blank, on which the name of God is written nowhere, and even the serenity of nature is a torture and a curse. And we rejoice, even to tears, when the happy change comes; when a ray of human affection lights his eye once more, as he gazes on man his brother, and the lost soul is recalled and pointed again to the skies, made perfect by suffering, and redeemed by love. 'Tis the old, true story. There is a great similarity in the history of intelligent nations, and greater in the life-process of thinking men. Festus and Sartor are of one race. Their blood is the same; they are both poets; they have both reached the height of manhood;

> "The degree
> They took was high; it was wise wretchedness;"

they are both thunder-scarred; and even after their redemption, bear marks of the fire upon them.

In the first scene of Bailey's drama, Lucifer asks the permission of God to tempt Festus, as does Mephistopheles in "Faust." We learn from this that the sufferings of the man are permitted and preordained: but we also hear God's words, "He is chosen," and know the moral—that evil only works out the primal design of the universe, and works unto good. This thought was almost expressed by John Sterling, when he said, "Lies are the masks of truths." Under the appearance, evil is the substantial good, and the existence of the one is as necessary to that of the other as bone to flesh. It was indispensable, however, to the elucidation of this idea, that the temptation of the man should be consented to by the Divinity; on which account we have Evil, or Lucifer, demanding the Divine permission to tempt him. Lucifer can no more avoid tempting Festus, than the latter can escape being tempted. The demon is a part of the machine, and as necessary to its continuance as the man; like an unsightly crank in the steam-engine, the blotch is indispensable to the beauty. It fulfils its mission. It mars the appearance to the casual eye; but, in reality, it secures the stability and symmetry of the whole. So we understand Bailey's theory; and again we must remark, that we are endeavoring only to analyze it, not to justify it, or convince ourselves or our readers of its truth. The dramatic artifice of introducing the personification of Evil into the presence of the Divinity, in order to account for the temptation of the man, is as old as the Book of Job. Göethe and Bailey have both copied *that;* and, in doing so, they have selected a glorious model. Job was a good man, who lived in the fear of the Lord, and daily testified to His greatness, by sacrifices and prayers. And Jehovah smiled kindly on him, and "blessed the work of his hands." But, as no man can enjoy his Heaven upon earth, he is compelled to endure anguish and sore suffering, for

> "On a certain day, when the sons of God came to stand before the Lord, Satan also was present among them.
>
> "And the Lord said to him, Whence comest thou? And he answered and said, I have gone round about the earth, and walked through it.
>
> "And the Lord said to him, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a simple and upright man, one that feareth God, and avoideth evil?
>
> "And Satan, answering, said, Doth Job fear God in vain?
>
> "Hast thou not made a fence for him and his house and all his substance, and blessed the work of his hands, and his possession hath increased on the earth?
>
> "But stretch forth thy hand a little, and touch all that he hath, and see if he blesseth thee to thy face.
>
> "Then the Lord said to Satan, Behold! all that he hath is in thy hands; only put not forth thy hand upon his person. And Satan went forth from the presence of the Lord."

Here, too, temptation is permitted; evil is a necessity. The prosperous man is tested by suffering, and redeemed by love. Many writers assert that the grand poem, called the Book of Job, was written as an argument for universal salvation; but, be this as it may, Bailey has borrowed his plan from it, and told the old story in modern verse. Festus yields to temptation; becomes the slave of the senses; loves, and sins; wanders over the earth without a purpose or aim, blindly groping for light, "as the Cyclops in his cave;" drinks deep of pleasure, which is the herald of death; and finally returns, in humility and love, to the Author and Origin of all Good. But there is one characteristic of Bailey's Lucifer which we should not forget to mention—a characteristic not belonging to any other creation of the kind. He is a sorrowful devil; he laments, and almost repents; he indulges in supernatura sorrow, like unto no other sorrow, and knows not how to shut his misery in his heart. He speaks like a being who foresees a worse fate even than an eternity of misery; as one who expects an eternity of annihilation. He appears to feel that, some day or other, his existence will cease to be necessary to the existence of the world-machine, and shudders as he faces nonentity. Better to be in torture than not to be at all. He can endure any thing but death. And from those complaints and shudderings we conclude that Bailey wished to teach the utter destruction of the evil principle finally, and the return of all created things to Good, or God. Indeed, when we reach the conclusion of the book, we are scarcely astonished to find mercy meted out even to Lucifer; to find him not only destroyed as an evil principle, but restored to Heaven and happiness. We close our imperfect analysis with the final words of God:

"Rise, spirit! all created things unmade;
It suits not the eternal laws of good
That evil be immortal. In all space
Is joy and glory; and the gladdened stars,
Exultant in the sacrifice of sin,
And of all human matter in themselves,
Leap forth as though to welcome earth to heaven—
Leap forth and die. All nature disappears;
Shadows are passed away. Through all is light.
Man is as high above temptation now,
And where by grace he always shall remain,
As ever sun o'er sea; and sin is burned
In hell to ashes, with the dust of death.
The worlds themselves are but as dreams within
Their souls who lived in them; and thou art null,
And thy vocation useless, gone with them.
Therefore shall Heaven rejoice in thee again,
And the lost tribes of angels, who with thee
Wedded themselves to woe; and all who dwell
Around the dizzy centres of all worlds
Again be blessed with the blessedest.
So, ye are all restored, rebought—rebrought
To Heaven, by Him who cast ye forth, your God.
Receive ye tenfold of all gifts and powers.
And thou who cam'st to heaven to claim one soul,
Remain possessed by all. The sons of bliss
Shall welcome thee again, and all thy hosts—
Whereof thou first in glory as in woe—
In brightness as in darkness erst shall shine.
Take, Lucifer, thy place. This day art thou
Redeemed to archangelic state. Bright child
Of morning, once again thou shinest fair
O'er all the starry ornaments of light."

So mote it be.

Of the style of "Festus" we will not trust ourselves to speak. Great thoughts look forth from every line, like calm, deep eyes. Every page is starred by them. The writer "spake inspired." A late essayist, in a feeble and diffuse paper on the subject, said one truth—"Bailey hath a demon." * He speaks like one possessed. He was only twenty-three when he published "Festus," and it will stand as a grand monument of inspired youth.

Here let us pause. We have seen that all men are agreed as to the existence of evil, but at variance as to its nature and origin. Each personality fashions it according to its own views. But it is universal, and, in the opinion of most men, immortal. The existence of conscience implies the existence of evil, against which it battles. Furthermore, conscience is not only an inspirer of our good actions, but an historian of our crimes. In the morning, the noonday, and the night, it teaches us that evil is not only a terrible existence, but that it coëxists with us, is with us, now and for ever, *in secula seculorum.*

What shall we say? Nothing. But let us think that we are the subjects of a mystery, and obey. J. B.

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* Gilfillan, in his "Literature and Literary Men." By the way, is not the popularity of this declamatory, bombastic writer amongst us a clear proof of a highly vitiated literary taste?

A VOICE FROM THE SEA.

[THE rapid extension of our commercial marine; its recent peaceful and gratifying triumphs, both in steam navigation and in rapidity of sailing; the new class of clipper-ships, with their magnificent proportions and scientific construction, almost rivaling steam in their speed, have awakened public attention to this branch of our national success in no ordinary degree. But whilst having our attention directed to these brilliant *external* results, it is to be feared that we are overlooking other improvements more essential to our *true* greatness and real success. With the view of awakening the attention of the country to those moral considerations which should go hand in hand with all physical improvements, we give place to the following communication. It is, what it purports to be, from one who "knows the ropes;" and although possibly too sweeping in its condemnation of our sea-captains, there are more than enough who deserve what is said, as the following case will show some evidence of:—

"A case in Admiralty came off on Saturday, P. M., before B. F. Hallet, U. S. Commissioner, which, from its peculiar and astounding atrocity, ought to find a place in every largely circulated journal in the country; and the monster, guilty of the charges preferred against him, let loose, while every honest hand *manned* a whip to lash the petrified scoundrel *sans culottes* through the world! One Captain Teale, master of a vessel bound from New-Orleans to this port, 'shipped' a lad as cook, &c, in the latter city; but when some five days out, the lad grew sick, kept his bunk, was hauled out by the mate, and kicked, says the evidence, until the boots of the mate were worn through at the toes! Recuperating, next day the captain took the boy in hand, triced him up to the rigging, and gave him twenty-five lashes; threw him down into the scuppers after the operation, and washed the poor lad's wounds with brine! For the next twelve days the boy was whipped aloft and alow, finally shut up under the *booby hatch* on top of a load of cotton, denied light, air, and food: the result was death, the most horrible! Is this case not damnable! Yet the Commissioner allowed the atrocious monster to get off on $1,000 bail, which he will forfeit, to meet death, doubtless, at some other time, at the hands of some outraged seamen, who will be charged with mutiny, &c., and be hanged. The murdered lad's name is unknown; he shipped as *Bryson*, but he, it is supposed, was the son of parents in good standing, from whom he had become estranged. The mate, in evidence before the Court, said, *the feller died to escape work!*"—*New-York Times of Nov. 1st.*

The practical suggestions of our friend at the conclusion of his communication are eminently worthy of serious consideration.

On Shipboard, ———, 1851.

THE passengers of a packet-ship are usually so absorbed in their own sufferings, or in securing their share of the luxuries provided for them, that the condition of the crew entirely escapes their observation; and except as they sometimes watch them, admiring the dexterity and courage with which they move through the dizzy maze of swaying sails, and spars, and cordage aloft, with much the same sort of interest, if not with less, than that with which they regard the frolics of the porpoises and gulls, they would never see that she was not made victorious over the winds and waves by the simple magnetism of the great mind of her captain.

If the habitual brutality with which, in most ships, the seamen are treated, is forced upon their notice, and they presume to audibly question the necessity of it, they will find they have deeply pricked their usually thick-skinned host and courteous commander, and will be advised, in reply, without much polite circumlocution, to mind their own business, something, perhaps, in this way:

"I don't think you were cut out to command a ship, sir. Before a man can command, he must learn to obey. I came in at the hawse-holes, and worked through the forecastle myself to what I am; and I don't need men of your kidney to tell me what sailors want. If I had crawled in at the cabin windows, you might make me believe I ought to feed them up nicely, and bed them down soft, and coax and curry them as you do your horses ashore; but I didn't weather through with the rascals for nothing, sir, and I know better."

Supposing friend Greenhorn is thus silenced, I would take up his cause; for though I am now "only a passenger," I also once fought for my life in the forecastle, and have been worked harder and bedded more gloomily than the horse in the coal mine, and had given me for food such matter as no decent Christian on shore would throw to a dog. Yet I disagree with the captain, and confidently assert that he is not a bit the better, but a good deal the worse fitted to command, for all that initiatory experience on which he so much prides himself.

For how is it, think you, that some of these brave captains, generous, whole-hearted fellows as they commonly appear to their passengers, as they are known on shore—these gentle and attentive ladies' favorites in the cabin; these dignified, polite, and entertaining companions on the quarter-deck, who compel plate, and cards, and testimonials from every grateful and admiring company that they conduct to safety and comfort through the dangers and distresses of the sea; so kind, and brave, and generous—how is it, I ask, that some of these very men are looked upon by those in their forecastle as mean, inhuman tyrants? How is it, when at their homes on shore they are all manliness, refinement and affection; when in the cabin they can only exercise goodness, and kindness and care—how is it they can be so indifferent to the life, health, comfort and well-being of those "placed temporarily in their guardianship," only the other side of the foremast?

"Ah! their goodness is all stuff," Jack would mutter; "they give it out only where it's paid for." But, friend Greeny, *we* should know better than that. We have seen too much of it, seen it too steadily, to believe it altogether insincere; seen it living, and carrying him nobly ahead of us, where cargoes of money, mailsful of newspaper glory, would have been worth less than a spoonful of fresh water.

But what, then, can it be, so far from all true dignity, refinement and kind-heartedness, that makes them only mean, vulgar, passionate, heartless, when they turn from one end of the ship to the other? Is it credible? Is it possible? Can it be accounted for—this Janus-faced character? It can.

It is the direct, irresistible, unconquerable effect of CUSTOM, to which, in that educating forecastle, they were obliged to surrender all manly trust in the reward of honest purpose; all hopes of avoiding cruelty by simple performance of duty; all hopes of kindness, or even justice, from those having power to those who make themselves subject to it. There and then was formed that habit of mind that makes it impossible for them to expect a sailor will obey from any but a sordid or despicable motive, or that he can respond with any confidence to a kind, and just, and reasonable authority. So they were trained to believe that a sailor, for ten or fifteen dollars a month, barters all right and claim to be dealt with as a man; to consider that he rents for this pitiful pittance his body and mind as well as his labor. Thus they have been made to forget that the duties of Charity and Mercy can never be intermitted or bargained away, or the claims of brotherhood bought off. So, and only so, can it be explained, that our brave, generous, courteous, and affectionate packet captains should be indifferent, reckless savages to their crews, their comrades, their own equally true, and noble, and tender-hearted brothers of the sea; for degraded and brutal as a sailor may generally appear, ofttimes he also will show the port and carriage of a feeling, God-like man. —— (Yes, old Dan, shipmate; sainted, holy-born was the spirit that lived through all in thy rude habit. Great was the heart in the iron chest that could moisten thy cold gray eye, and soften thy horny hand, and melt thy hoarse utterance, and hush the tale of thy heavy step. Would that thy unconscious faith were but as manifest in my works as when in those days of fever's anarchy thou wouldst become sister, mother, angel to me!)

But sailors are seldom saints, it must be confessed. Suspicious, distrustful, often dishonest and hard-hearted themselves, the captain is partly right in thinking they would not understand, could not trust, and might fail to reward a worthy, generous and manly command. Trained like brutes, they must be driven yet like brutes. The old wrong has produced the evil, and the evil excuses the present wrong; and thus here, as often elsewhere, both are perpetuated. Such are always the hardest cases for the philanthropist, where heedless, fanatical, impracticable reformers are for ever making mischief.

Worse than all else is it when those professing honest intentions, perhaps even arrogating in their promises the spirit of Christ, prove unreliable, cowardly, inconsistent and contradictory, whether from weakness in the faith, want of self-control, stupidity, or knavery.

None do so much to aggravate the degradation and unworthiness of the sailor as those who, instead of good fare, give him good words; who, instead of hot coffee, when he comes down half frozen from reefing the icy topsails, press him to swallow temperance tales; who invite him to prayer-meetings in their rose-wood cabins, instead of allowing him watch-and-watch, needed rest, and regular sleep, in his own dingy forecastle. I have known a man who would turn the watch below out of their bunks to attend prayers in the cabin, then be so overcome by religious emotion (or what I have little doubt he thought was such) that he could not speak for sobbing, and shortly after come on deck and kick a man for passing him on the weather side of the quarter-deck, (equivalent to the inside of the walk in olden etiquette,) at the same time calling him by an obscene and contemptuous epithet, loudly enough to be heard from stem to stern. One voyage with such a man, whether sincere or hypocritical, will do more than any thing else to confirm a sailor's contempt for or indifference to religion.

I have myself experienced and seen much, and I have heard more of infamous cruelty practised on seamen. I have heard the yells, and seen the blood-marks of horrid corporeal punishment upon delicately nurtured boys. I have known old men to be knocked down like bullocks; yet, I assure you, that atrocities like these are not the worst. It is the lingering, deliberate, studiously contrived torture, inflicted in what is called *working up.* Often I have heard a second mate boast that he could work up a man, so he would wish he was in hell. The miserable deprivation of the cheapest necessities of life; (I have myself suffered with the scurvy, because, when victualing in a tropical port, a lot of mouldy bread could be bought at less cost than a sufficient store of yams, though the latter were in great abundance;) the contemptuous disregard of the common needs of mankind, (instances of which I know, too foul to be related;) the mockery of a man's most sacred feelings; aggravation of the horrors of death; total neglect and repudiation of all fellow-feeling;* it is this spirit that is most ruinous to all that have to bear it. Ask any sailor, and he will tell you that he cares little for violent temper, hard swearing, and ready blows, if he can have wholesome food, just time for rest and sleep, sailors' work, and plain, straight-forward dealing. It is not less true than strange that this should be denied him by men sailing under the Christian pennant, who never express a doubt of their own consistency, and probably never have any.

I am glad to believe that my experience in this respect was peculiarly unfortunate. But of the general question, if it is one. I have never found a sailor, when at sea, whose opinion of the folly, meanness, and outrageous petty tyranny of the generality of shipmasters, whether of pious or impious pretensions, was not stronger than mine; and I have seldom seen an officer who did not consider such treatment always quite excusable and often necessary towards free men of the United States at sea, as would be hardly allowed for any purpose towards the meanest and most untamable animals in a high-toned community on shore. In every crew, you will be told, there are some men of desperate character; and to retain command of a vessel, and conduct in safety the treasure with which it is laden to its destination, you must keep a tight hand on them. "Discipline and subordination are the life of a ship."

True enough. But can discipline be enforced only by an irritable and violent temper? Is subordination the result only of fear? Is not a manly acknowledgment of a real "ordainment of good sense" to the management of a ship, the best subordination? Is not a sensible respect for a judgment that always shows itself calm, sufficient and decisive, or an energy that can be patient, and an activity that can be silent and self-possessed, the best discipline? Is it not more reliable in extremity than cringing submission to the despicable power of a bullying braggart, like most of our mates, whom no man, dog, or sailor, however they may skulk out of reach, can ever see stamping, braying and kicking about decks in his lion's skin, without hearty disgust and contempt? Do our officers really doubt if freely combined action is more effective than forced labor? or that it is so only by regard to duty and by republican submission to law, as the crank of the shaft by which all associated labor must be brought to operate usefully?

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* One of us, when nearly the whole crew were sick below with the jungle fever, was shrieking so heart-rendingly that I held my ears. An officer called loudly through the scuttle, "Will you stop that infernal noise?" "O God! O God!" exclaimed the sufferer. "God! God! What good is there in yelling to God? Do you think He'll help you?" "Oh, let me die, sir; let me die!" "Well, if it will stop your jaw, die, and be damned!" And this in a ship that was selected, on account of the religious character of the owners and master, to carry missionaries to the heathen. I had been assured that it would be a *privilege* to sail with this very officer, so highly was he esteemed for his virtues and moral character on shore.

"Ha! ha! Mr. Spooney," our friend at the head of the cabin table would say, "you'd better not try your moral suasion ideas on a gang of old sea-dogs. Depend upon it, sir, if the lazy rascals were not afraid of being worked up for *sodgering*, or strung up for mutiny, you wouldn't get to Liverpool till they were tired of being at sea. They'd have 'associated action' with a vengeance—all their own way."

May be so, sir, may be so; but it was not the way of fear or slavery that men have had of going down together in a foundering ship, without a whine, while the women and children are borne away in the boats. I tell you again, sir, it is the control of law voluntarily submitted to, not the habit of slavish relation to power; respect to duty, not fear of punishment, that is to be relied upon at such a time. It was none of your *hazing* discipline that led one of the crew of the foundered Somers, when he found that the spar to which he clung with his officer could not support them both, to ask if he had a wife, and, when he learned that he had, and children as well, to calmly let go his hold and sink.

I can tell another sort of story too, that perhaps will not be new to the captain, but will help patient friend Greeny and my kind readers to keep their trust in justice and humanity, even with common sailors and on salt water.

Some years ago, I read an account of a remarkable shipwreck. As soon as the vessel struck, it was said, the officers lost all control of the seamen, who, disregarding threats and entreaties, took the only remaining boat, and, rejecting the captain and mate, saved the rest of the ship's company, including the passengers. By no inducements could any of them be prevailed to stand by the ship, or, after they had left it, to assist in rescuing the officers. When she broke up, they were drowned.

This account in the newspapers was followed by eulogistic remarks on the ill-fated shipmaster, and expressions of amazement and horror at the selfish and cowardly conduct of the men, so uncharacteristic of true sailors. I thought, then, I could guess an explanation of their faithlessness.

Now, in this voyage to Liverpool, I find among the crew a man who was saved from this wreck, and from him I learn that her captain was, as I supposed, notoriously cruel, reckless, and inhumane to his hands. Many a sailor, he tells me, has he knocked down with a handspike, and many a poor fellow, maimed, frost-bitten or fevered, through his heedlessness, has been sent to die in the hospital.

But you will ask if civil government is of no advantage to the sailor; if the law offers him no protection against ill treatment. Yes; forgotten, neglected, and derided, as it often is, on blue water, the law is invaluable to the sailor. He himself generally reverences the law, and is grateful to it; and you would be surprised to know how well its provisions, in his regard, are generally understood in the forecastle. A trust in the law of the land has restrained many a ship's company from mutiny at sea.

I was once with a crew, watching, from our forecastle-deck, the captain holding and kicking a boy, while the mate, with all his strength, was flogging him, on a suspicion of a trifling misdemeanor, of which he bravely and truly, as we knew, refused to acknowledge himself guilty.

"How long are we to let that go on?" asked one, while another counted aloud the lashes—"Twenty-three, twenty-four"—"We are no men if we stand it longer." With this, he sprang forward, and nearly every man snatched a handspike or drew his sheath-knife. I fully expected to see the officers thrown overboard, when in a moment, almost before a step was made, our oldest and best man exclaimed, "Avast! avast! Come back, you fool; put down your knife; what do you want to run your head into a halter for? Can't you wait till we get home and let the law serve them out?" This interruption led to more deliberation, and finally a single man went aft, unarmed, with a remonstrance, which fortunately was heeded. In about three weeks we reached New-York; and so anxious was this good citizen that his word for the law should be vindicated, that he requested one of us to take him to the Sailors' Home and have him locked up till it could be brought to trial, so that we might be sure that he would not be too drunk to give his evidence. This was actually done, and the captain was made to atone for this and other cruelties by a payment to the boy of one thousand dollars. But what can atone for, what can retain, what can restore the manliness degraded to brutality under the lash of a despised tyrant? And is such subjection, such discipline and education, necessary to qualify a man to command others? Is it not the worst possible preparation of his nature for such responsibility?

Suggestions for improving the laws I would make with diffidence, knowing the great difficulty that is always found, even by statesmen and professional lawyers, in attempts to add to the statute book.

The laws at present provide, that every vessel shall have stowed *under deck*, when she goes to sea, certain quantities of specified provisions and water. The ship in which I was, when she sailed, had apparently complied with these regulations. Three days out, all her stores were hoisted on deck; and an equal bulk of her freightage, which had been stowed temporarily in the cabin, was removed and put in their place under hatches. The same day we were put on small allowance of water, and barrel after barrel of beef was opened and thrown overboard. There was hardly a barrel on board fit for human food, except some of extra quality in half barrels, which was reserved for the cabin. The bread was full of worms; the meal was sour. The only stores we had in good condition were pork and rice. The vegetables lasted only a fortnight on a passage of between three and four months.

Now, would it not be better that every seaman should be always entitled to regular and fixed *daily* allowances of certain specified suitable provisions, (as I believe he is in the Navy;) and when, from carelessness or stinginess, he does not get these, that he should have a legal claim upon his employers for considerably more than their shore value? A similar regulation would be but merciful with regard to water. The least quantity which shall be on board when a ship sails is now fixed; but a man should be entitled to his average of this *every day*. No one can appreciate the torment which the want of this inflicts, who has not, when living on salt junk and biscuit, several years baked, being obliged, without a drop of water for twelve hours, to overhaul chains in the smothering hold, or furl sails on the blistering yards, under the sun of the equator.

I have seen it so, while the captain, under an awning on the poop, would be constantly drinking acid preparations, often saying that he thought it dangerous to drink clear water in such very hot weather.

Again. We were ninety days upon a passage, during half of which time we were on short allowance of water, and when we arrived, had enough in our tanks to last ninety days more at the same rate, and from which we were actually served again, after six months' time. This was because the captain wished to avoid the possibility—which had been suggested to his far-reaching intelligence—of being obliged, on account of any accident that might prolong our passage, to put in at some expense to an intermediate port to replenish his casks.

It seems to me that a law concerning the time, or amount of labor to be exacted of seamen, would be desirable. The cruelty that I have suffered, from being unnecessarily deprived of sleep, has been terrible. I have sometimes, when in active bodily exercise on deck or aloft, fallen asleep, and been prevented falling overboard by the merest accident. Twice I was withheld from death in this way only by catching a rope. For two weeks, in mid-ocean, in the finest weather, our crew had less than seven hours on an average in the twenty-four allowed them for sleep, washing, dressing, eating their meals, cleaning their dishes and their abode, mending and taking care of their clothes, &c. In the English merchant service generally, and in most of our packets, the custom is, "four hours on and four hours off" duty, giving twelve hours *below* in twenty-four, on an average. This is not too much. Where sleep is so broken up, there needs, according to my experience, to be more of it. If there is hard labor and poor fare in the working hours, this necessity is increased. The master must be allowed to judge of the necessity of keeping his men up; but might not this discretionary power be guarded by provision that some payment, additional to the ordinary wages, should be made, when extraordinary labor on watch is required?

The law, however, can at the best only be hoped to prevent plain knavery and atrocious wrong to the seaman; it cannot command real respect and consideration for his comfort and well-being; it can do but little to improve his moral position. Having thus seen his dark and almost hopeless position while at sea, let us now look at the counteracting influences for good which are offered him on shore; see if any thing is wanting to make these efficient; and consider, if so, how the want may be best supplied.

And here you will look for a brighter prospect. You know that there are great national societies especially devoted to this purpose; that in thousands of churches every year at least one sermon is preached on their behalf; you are often called to contribute to their funds. In all the large towns there are auxiliary societies, and in the small towns ladies' sewing societies, who not only sew, but have very agreeable fairs and festivals, and picnics and tea-parties, and concerts and *weddings*, (for aught I know,) all for the sake of poor Jack. You have heard or read of the consequent grateful speeches of real sailors at the anniversaries; you take, I hope, the *Sailors' Magazine*, and read of the generous munificence of the New-York merchants in establishing a decent boarding-house for the humble agents of their traffic on the sea,* and you see encouraging reports from hosts of good men who are devoting themselves to the work of saving the souls of sailors ashore.

Though I shall try to show that something is needed that is not contemplated, or at most but very slightly, in the usual operations of these good friends, I do not wish by any means to run athwart, but would wish, if I could, to make more forcible their appeals to you to pray and pay for the preaching of the gospel to sailors. Pray and pay, for in these days prayer without money is dead. So pray for them, and fail not also to give to them a fair share of your surplus means of comfort and moral safety; and in considering what may be a fair share for them, do not forget that, in language that all men and women can understand and speak fluently, our seamen are constantly preaching *something* in every heathen port, and that our seamen are to our missionaries as a thousand to one. Of those who live inland, this is all that can at present be asked. Let these societies that act as the representatives of your interest in seamen, and the factors of your labors on the seashore, be then well sustained.

The Seamen's Friend Society, with its various agencies of good, I really believe to be the most intelligently conducted and well managed of any of the great public religious establishments of our country. The American Tract Society has a stupendous power for good, and is not altogether forgetful of seamen; yet I must say of the immense number of its publications that I have seen prodigally scattered in the forecastle, nearly all have seemed to me wholly unadapted to the character of sailors, and are feeble means of grace enough to warrant you in the most profound humility in so much of your duty to them as is thus disposed of. Bethel chaplains, port pastors, and colporteurs are laboring diligently, and much good must they be doing; but it is almost altogether, as far as I have observed, among canal boatmen, dock loafers, and such mongrel, 'long-shore kind of sailors. They cannot often get within range of those that come and go upon long voyages; these, when ashore, being almost always in too jolly and excited, or too miserable and stupid a state of mind to listen to them with any sense of what they hear.

Our commercial cities are now generally well provided with churches contrived especially for the attendance of seamen. It is a matter of civic pride with most New-Yorkers that that great port is so well furnished in this respect. They delight to show strangers how they have even set carpenters' Gothic afloat, improving on the drifting meeting-house described by Brainard:

> "Cat-head or beam or davit had it none;
> Starboard or larboard, gunwale, stem or stern;"

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* It probably cost the whole of them as much as the profits of some one single shipment; hardly warranting all the praise before men they sometimes get for it, I think; but it certainly is an excellent, admirably conducted, and most useful establishment.

and they enjoy thinking, doubtless, how the sainted old mediæval stone-workers, whom they follow in their whittlings, would be astounded to see, some day after a heavy gale, a full-rigged church, with nave and choir and chancel, buttress, spire and—flag-staff, hauled out on the floating-dock to have a new corner-stone spiked into her, her foundations recoppered, and her under-pinning caulked and pitched.

But now, with all these churches and chapels, and chaplains and other laborers, what proportion of real sailors do you suppose ever hear a good word for religion, or morality, or humanity, or decency, when ashore? I will answer for you: not one in a hundred. And if there were ten times as many churches, and they were ten times as curious, but very few sailors would be attracted across their gang-planks, and little good would they do the most of those who were. I have known a crew to be persuaded on their arrival from sea to go to church on Sunday morning, and have public thanks offered for their safe return to the land, who would spend the same afternoon in a grog-shop, and the night in a dance-cellar and brothel.*

Do you wonder at this?

Would you be surprised that a starving man should be indifferent to the charms of ever so beautiful a landscape? or that he should not thank you for opening your house to him, if there were no meat in it, though the walls were hung with exquisite paintings, and he could hear within the most delicious music or the most powerful lecture on the dangers of gluttony? Would he wait, think you, for you to convince him that music and the fine arts and eloquence are more noble, more worthy a man's highest aspirations than cookery?

When a sailor bounds on shore, suddenly released from the unnatural privations and cruel contractions of his floating prison, exciting recreation is his natural aliment. He pursues it as a famishing man does food, and should be met in seeking it only with tender sympathy and hearty good-fellowship by those wishing his good. It is often as much spiritual longing as animal passion that he attempts to satisfy, when he is seduced and absorbed by such miserable means as are, almost alone, now offered in our great cities to answer the wants of his natural functions and tastes.

Let me tell you the shore history of a young Irishman that landed with me in New-York about his twentieth birth-day, after an absence from Christian lands of more than five years. He was now on shore less than a month, in circumstances and with desires more than usually favorable to the resuscitation of the moral life that so long a residence in the gloom of a forecastle might well be supposed to have stifled.

Having a large sum of money coming to him, and forewarned of the danger he would be in, he had promised to keep clear of bad company, and, as soon as he could, to return home to visit and relieve his widowed mother, whom he had left in poverty near Belfast. Within twenty-four hours after we reached New-York, I heard that he was tipsy. I knew that he was not fond of liquor, and that he would have yielded to no slight temptation. The next day I went to him, and fortunately finding him alone, and knowing not what to do with himself, I took him to see a part of the city that sailors seldom are to be found in. He admired the fine ladies, laughed at the fine gentlemen, wondered at the splendor of the shops and the stateliness of the public buildings; he stood with awe under the dome of the Exchange, and watched with delight the sparkling flow of the fountain. We took passage on the forecastle of an omnibus, and were rattled up to Union square, and then rumbled back in the cabin of a railroad car. At the gate of the Park, he made a famous bargain with an apple-woman, and almost directly after slid all the change she left him of a dollar into the box of the blind sailor. We sat down, and then threw ourselves flat upon the close green turf, and laughed as we reminded each other of having been so stretched out together six months before on the thin limpsey weeds of an island of orange trees and bananas in the Pacific. We snatched handfuls of grass and threw it in each other's faces, and rolled over and over on it like a couple of children. Then we lay silent, each perhaps looking beyond the trees above us, until we were suddenly roused by an ugly man with a rattan switch, who threatened to show us the inside of the Tombs if he caught us on the city grass again.

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* For the twenty thousand mariners who are constantly drifting about our streets and along our wharves on Sunday, Christian benevolence has provided six places of worship in this city. These, when crowded to their utmost capacity, will perhaps accommodate some four thousand hearers, leaving sixteen thousand unprovided with places of worship. . . . .

It is not my design, however, to advocate the present necessity of erecting more Bethels for seamen in this city. Truth requires me to say that those already erected are not well attended, and some of them are neither well attended nor well supported. From the best information I can obtain, there is not at the Bethels now established an average attendance on the Sabbath of more than fifty seamen. The oldest seamen's preacher in the city confirms this estimate. The simple truth, therefore, is, that of twenty thousand sailors, not more than three hundred attend the means of grace at the different Bethels in this city. The announcement of this fact is startling, and ought to alarm the churches.

I have hitherto spoken generally; suffer me now to confine my remarks to my own particular field of labor. I am, as you are aware, the pastor of a Methodist Episcopal Church, situated in Cherry, near the corner of Clinton street. Our church edifice was erected some six years since, and from the day of its dedication, the Bethel flag has been displayed above it every Sunday, and the gospel faithfully preached from its pulpit. Much good, we think, has been done here, and hundreds of sailors have here professed to be converted from the error of their ways. Yet we must admit that our success has not equalled our wishes or expectations. We have, perhaps, in all respects, the best mariners' church edifice in the world, with every facility for benefiting seamen and their families.

What is done for these men should be done quickly, for they live not out half their days. I weep as I think how many of them move among us unregarded, and die, no man seeming to care for their souls.—*From a letter of the Rev. James H. Perry.*

A glass of iced and richly-flavored soda-water at Rushton's made him declare that he would never want to taste grog again. Then we went into the Museum, where he had his fortune told, being promised a dark-eyed maiden and a cow and a cottage, which made him wince and blush, and for some time sober and abstracted; laughing, nevertheless, and assuring me that he was not superstitious.

After eating a supper of to him strange Yankee dishes, and bowling a string of ten-pins at a "temperance alley," I furnished him with some "real Spanish cigars," and moored him in the smoking-room of the Sailors' Home. A whimpering widow-woman, who was here "waitin' for some washin' from the sailor gentlemen," and who "never smoked, or chawed, or snuffed, or drinked, thank the Lord," though she certainly enjoyed the atmosphere, spun him a tedious yarn about the loss of her husband, "which mysteriously disappeared two years ago last first o' May, and hadn't been heard on since, never." He at length stopped her off by launching some money into her lap, and telling her to *belay that*, and then went out on to the balcony to see a monkey and listen to a hand-organ, and soon after to a wooden-legged man-o'-war's-man singing doleful ballads. When I left him, he declared it had been a "jolly day."

The next day he deposited his money with Captain Richardson, the steward, joined a temperance club, and, for about a fortnight after I left town, remained at the Home, generally, I believe, continuing sober, respectable, and regular in his attendance on the religious exercises of the house. But then, failing to get a berth, as he wished, in a ship for Belfast, he got *blue*, and resorted, as he had always been accustomed, to the amusement of dancing and music. Jovial cheer and lewd caresses, which in New-York are inseparable, to sailors, from music and dancing, soon betrayed his better impulses, and swamped his conscience. Mirth was stimulated, love brutalized, generosity made reckless. Resisting remonstrances and exhortations, he withdrew his five years' earnings, and exchanged the restraints and comforts of the Home for the mad freedom and boisterous conviviality of a villanous boarding-house. As a rich morsel, he was sucked through the fangs of the Five Points, to be cast out again after a time, fired with filthy disease, crazed with drunkenness—a miserable, desperate beggar.

Once more his obliging landlord helps him to forget his misery; and when again he awakes from the long *horrors* of *delirium tremens*, it is to find that the black hole, which he has thought to be the home of demons, is the only less fearful forecastle, dark, damp, and noisome, of a rotten old brig in which the land-shark has shipped him, and from which he is now roused out with kicks and curses, to man the pump-brake, and be worked up into a good enough sailor again by a new set of tyrants.

The sequel of such a history can be learned in a common newspaper paragraph, in small type, such as the following, which, a few months after, I found in the *Journal of Commerce:*—

> "Brig Harbinger, Fitzgivet, which sailed from this port May 19th, for Turk's Island, has never been heard from, and is given up as lost. No insurance. Capt. F. leaves a wife and five children."

Such, my pitying reader, is the life of our sailors; such, unnamed and forgotten, their death.

As a body of the world's most important laborers, as the instruments of bringing together in brotherly interest, preparatory to the great union in one kingdom—the kingdom of peace, the kingdom of Christ—of all the nations, judge you if society is doing all that it ought for their improvement, even for its own sake. Ask yourself, Christian brother, with what effect a Mussulman dervish would preach, in our ports, the devotion and morality of the Koran—truth, cleanliness, hospitality, abstinence, and resignation to the will of Allah—if he had been brought to us by a crew of Mussulmans, who were constantly, openly in our streets, grossly, boastfully violating half our natural instinctive laws of decency, honor, and humanity? With what propriety or prospect of success would he leave his ship to try to make men better on shore? Judge you, then, simply, if it is economical for those who send missionaries to the heathen to do no more for seamen. Judge you if it is good husbandry for us to do nothing for this home-lot of ours but sow seed. Why, in God's name, should we not grub up the stumps, and cast off the stones, and burn the bushes, as well as be for ever sending sowers, and wasting good seed?

I have already intimated what some of the rocks and thorns are that landsmen are accountable for, and shown what instruments can sometimes break through the miserable deposit of vice, and bring up the virgin soil. With the improvement of our cities; with the formation of free public parks and gardens, and rational and healthy places of exercise and amusement; with the cleansing of such sinks as the Points and the Hook in New-York, and Ann street in Boston; with the establishment of liberal, honest, pleasant, and suitable habitations for them, like the Sailors' Home; with reputable employment and a comfortable living for honest labor,* plainly opened and assured to the poor, ignorant, homeless, abandoned, and, by all but sailors, scorned and unfriended girls of our streets, the grasp of vice and recklessness may be slackened on them while they are on shore. But then there is left the fierce influence of that brutalizing tyranny which they must be subject to at sea. Remember how defensible I have shown this to be; how little hope, while our officers grow up in it, and our seamen continue to expect it, and so make it almost necessary, there is that it will be greatly mitigated.

Is there not some way by which new elements of confidence, good temper, and sobriety of feeling may be introduced at the same time among both officers and men?

I shall offer suggestively, and with unassumed deference to the practical wisdom of those whose business it is to regard me, that there might be prepared some such infusion by the establishment of mercantile naval training schools, and a system for educating a body of seafaring young men, so that they would escape a part at least of the bad influences from which the service now suffers.

Without going into details, let me sketch in outline what this might be, and glance at its probable operation. Small, and hardly perceptible, could we expect to find its immediate results, yet they might open a channel through which, eventually, should set an immeasurable tide of good.

Suppose then, first, you start a school in which a boy may be instructed not only in common school studies, but in knotting, splicing, laying aloft, reeving studding-sail gear, making sinnett, sewing, rigging, boxing the compass, and a great deal of light seamanship, which may be taught him (as I have evidence) almost as well on shore as at sea; and all this, with the habits of order and disciplined action, in combination with others, which distinguishes the good seaman, he would obtain without being subject to degradation and brutality. He would then be well started to go afloat, able and ambitious to make his knowledge and dexterity practically useful, and to rapidly add to his acquirements and skill. Tastes and habits of judicious and intelligent recreation might also have been cultivated in him, that would go far, for a whole life, to weaken the temptations of low and baneful amusements.

Boys so prepared would be worth much more than ordinary green hands; and for this, when they were sent to sea, some unusual regard for their comfort and care to instruct them might be justly demanded of their masters. Whether they should be actually apprenticed with such stipulations in their indentures, may be questionable. I am myself inclined to think that the British usage only needs some modifications to be desirably introduced into our service. But, at any rate, some sort of effective claim upon the master should be had for as much kindness and care for them as would exempt a man from prosecution for ill treatment of a horse by the Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals on shore. I would not attempt to interfere with hard work, hard fare, and hard knocks, where they were not most obviously outrageous and criminal; but I would have it seen to, that they were not allowed to die from neglect, or to have their spirits broken or demonized by tyranny or scornful disregard, without satisfaction to public justice. I would insist, too, that at sea they should have leisure for other duties than merely working, eating, and sleeping.

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* The object of the Employment Society, the Shirt Sewers' Union, Sailors' Wives Association, &c.

The captain has listened to me while I opened this plan in silence, puffing thick clouds of smoke upon it, as I imagined, with disdain; but here he suddenly interrupts me, saying, with his hand outstretched, and a very hard old English word to emphasize the declaration, that if there was such a school, his own son should go to it. I am surprised at his favorable feeling until he tells me that he used to swear that no son of his should ever go to sea, but that two of them have already run away, and a third will no doubt soon follow in their wake. One of them is now second officer of a California steamer, the other—it is very long since they have heard from him. "By the way," he adds, as soon as he has secured the fire in his cigar, "you should teach the boys to swim;" and after a few puffs more, he suggests several other accomplishments which would be useful to them either as seamen or officers, but which it is difficult for one to get time or opportunity to acquire at sea.

To include these, it would be necessary considerably to extend my plan. Why not do so?

Well, then, suppose you have in connection with your school provision for the instruction of young officers in theoretical navigation, and of marine engineers and shipbuilders in the mathematics and science of their duties. Let plain lectures be given occasionally at the institution in meteorology and astronomy, with directions how to use instruments and take observations for scientific purposes. Let simple instructions be offered in medicine and surgery,* and in other sciences that are of the greatest importance to shipmasters, and a practical knowledge of which by them would be the means of saving thousands of lives. Have the means, with an instructor, for learning to swim; to construct rafts; to rig jury-sails, jury-masts, rudders, &c.; to practise with signals; to communicate with stranded wrecks, &c.

Such privileges, with a museum, library, reading-room, musical exercises, and recreative exercise-grounds, which might be added, would be greatly attractive to any intelligent seaman. Suppose, then, you have lodgings and accommodations near by, and offer a home in them as agreeable as possible consistent with decency, at prices according to the quality, for all classes of seafaring men who are willing to enjoy themselves while ashore, free from sottish and licentious temptations.

Here the young seaman who wished to rise in the service would, in the intervals which he could afford to make between his voyages, continue the studies commenced in the primary naval school, and, without denying himself the pleasures of the shore, might obtain both knowledge and skill, which, with the experience and information he acquired while at sea, would recommend him and prepare him for higher responsibilities and proportionate reward.

Does it not seem that thus might be gradually infused into our merchant marine not only a class of more trustworthy officers and reliable men, but a general spirit of morality and civilization, worthy to be associated with the energy, bravery, and skill which distinguishes the American sailor, and upon and through which more distinctly religious enterprises might reasonably hope and pray and labor for God's blessing?

If I should now be asked, whose business it is to attend to this proposal, my reply would be, that the shipowners, the shipbuilders and fitters, the importers and exporters, the merchants, are nearest to the work. Let them take hold of it at once, as an important educational measure, and as affecting the character of that class on whom, in case of war, the defense of our vast coast must in a great degree depend. It should be liberally assisted by the State. It should be directed by the Chamber of Commerce, or some other mercantile organization of the ports with which it is connected.

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* It is not an uncommon thing for shipmasters to attempt the most critical surgical operations, amputations, &c., and the most villanous use of the contents of the medicine-chest is constantly made by them.

I would urge such associations also to form rules for the provisioning of ships, and regulations for improving the circumstances and securing manly treatment to the sailor whose ship hails from their port, and to endeavor to have those who disregard these rules disgraced, and those who evade or break the laws of the nation on this subject detected and punished.

I hope my readers are ready to pardon the strong personal interest which has detained me so long on this subject. I know it is not one of the most general public interest; but the very apathy and ignorance common with regard to it, require me to make the most of every fitting opportunity of stirring up reflection and urging action upon it. I care not for any particular plan, only that public opinion be brought to bear upon the causes of the vice and misery, the cruelty and neglect which so degrade this humble but most important class of our citizens. It is a disgrace to our merchants; it is a stain upon our country; it is a blot upon the face of our claim to Christianity and civilization.

It will be thought that I have spoken too severely of the character of our shipmasters. I have not a word to take back, not an epithet to modify. I re-assert the truth of such instances of tyranny as, while writing, I have been reminded of. I know that I could bring proof to a court to-morrow of much more infamous cases than any of them, that yet wholly escape the vigilance of law, and with which public opinion does never trouble itself.

But no man more highly appreciates the many noble qualities that distinguish the great number of these men. No one is more ready to pardon them and see their excusability for that which is detestable in them. It is hardly necessary, I hope, to add also that there are many exceptions to the general character; men who have in all respects conquered and risen superior and uncontaminated from the midst of the influences I have explained. For them, no one can have a deeper respect or more sincere friendliness than I.

LAST SONG.

BY ALICE CAREY.

The beetle from the furrow goes,
The bird is on the sheltering limb,
And in the twilight's pallid close
Sits the gray evening, hushed and dim.

In the blue west the sun is down,
And soft the fountain washes o'er
Green limes and hyacinths so brown
As never fountain washed before.

I scarce can hear the curlew call,
I scarce can feel the night-wind's breath;
I only see the shadows fall,
I only feel this chill is death.

At morn the bird will leave the bough,
The beetle o'er the furrow run,
But with the darkness falling now,
The morning for my eyes is done.

Piping his ditty low and soft,
If shepherd chance to cross the wold,
Bound homeward from the flowery croft,
And the white tendance of his fold,

And find me lying fast asleep,
Be inspiration round him thrown,
That he may dig down very deep,
Where never any sunshine shone.

My life has been unbroken gloom,
No friend my dying hour will see—
Oh, wherefore should he ask for room
In consecrated ground for me!

OUR GENERAL REVIEW.

AN ABSTRACT AND BRIEF CHRONICLE OF THE TIME.

FRANCE.

Louis Napoleon is apparently of one mind with that Irish servant who, having received notice to leave from his master, said: "If you don't know when you have a good servant, *I* know when I have got a good place; and I will not go!" The Prince is resolved to be re-elected to his presidency *against* the express terms of the Constitution. He knows that if he goes down now—

> "If he falls now, he falls like Lucifer,
> Never to rise again."

A few months ago, he made a strong effort to push the Constitution out of his way—to abolish it, and get another framed of a more accommodating nature. But the National Assembly defeated his purpose. He then perceived that, ever since his election to the President's chair, he had been miscalculating his chances. During that time he had enforced the system of reaction, and allied himself with the party of "order" and conservatism. But, in so doing, he had violently offended the sense of that moderate republicanism which is powerful in France by his high-handed suppression of the liberty of the press. This republicanism includes Changarnier, Cavaignac and other leading men, as well as the Assembly; and against these Louis Napoleon found himself feebly backed by the reactionists. In this predicament, he bethinks himself of another violent resource—nothing less than the *repeal* of the law of May, 1849, by which he himself helped to abolish universal suffrage! By this law, he fancied he had broken the power of the democracy he detests, and at the same time secured the adhesion of the *bourgeoisie* and what is called the party of order. But his plans were baffled; and now, perceiving that his chance of re-election is lost, if he cannot appeal to the masses that made him President for his name's sake, he resolves, without hesitation and without a blush, to beat down a law which incommodes his ambition, and to open once more the popular flood-gates! The desperate ambition of the man is indicated by such a policy as this. Rather than not trample on the Constitution and remain in his high place, he belies and repudiates his own policy of the last two or three years, and embraces that universal suffrage monster at which he has been hacking with his sword or truncheon this many a day! And he hopes to succeed; he hopes to awaken once more the Napoleonic enthusiasm of the masses, and be borne into power by the force of their ignorant instincts. He certainly inherits his uncle's contemptuous opinion of French human nature; and history seems to declare that a good deal of that contemptuous opinion was richly merited. It was disgraceful to the Frenchmen of a bygone generation that, having done so much in the name of freedom, they should basely lie down and let a victorious little homicide trample them and their liberties into the mud, and then satisfy their souls with military bulletins. If, after the despotic manœuvres of Louis Napoleon, the people will still raise him to the President's chair or any other seat, then the judgment of the world must be reversed after all, and the Bonapartes acquitted of all blame for keeping down so worthless and miserable a people.

> "Ay, down to the dust with them, slaves as they are!"

The resignation of the Ministry, which took place towards the close of last month, seemed to embarrass the President. But his organs preserved a confident tone, and a new Ministry was announced, after several ineffectual attempts to construct one. The names of this Ministry are strange, and have no meaning to foreign ears; but it is stated that the majority of them are disposed to aid in repealing the law of May, 1849. The Committee of Permanence, which the National Assembly has left in session during its own prorogation, is keeping strict watch on the progress of events. In this committee sit Generals Cavaignac, Changarnier, Bedeau, and other influential men opposed to the policy of the President, and deeply impressed with the importance of the present crisis. The Legitimists are, in this matter, on the side of the Republicans; they hold themselves ready to thwart the ambition of Louis Napoleon in any attempt at supreme power. Such is the deplorable condition of the French nation; its Government a loose, ricketty, uncertain despotism, tottering upon the verge of insurrection, and ready to be swept away, at a week's warning, in one more tempest of blood and gunpowder. Can it be possible that the Legitimist orator, Berryer, is right, after all, when he vehemently exclaims that the French are not fit for republicanism; that monarchy is the form of government which best suits the genius of that gallant and theatrical people? Political prophets have declared that France will not be a republic in six months. The eyes of Europe are pretty steadily fixed on France just now. It is stated, on authority, that the Emperor of Austria, being rather low in funds, would reduce his army considerably, but hesitates to do so till the French crisis shall have shown itself less threatening. At the first sound of insurrection in France, the other peoples of the continent would fall to the old barricading business. And so the despots are standing to their arms.

KOSSUTH IN ENGLAND.

Kossuth, though a wandering man, has not ceased to do remarkable things. He seems to be still waging the war of Hungary, and indeed not without a considerable degree of success. For a short time, people in this country were under the impression that he had quarrelled with the officers of the ship Mississippi on the passage to Gibraltar; but the arrival of that vessel in this country has put an end to that misapprehension, the officers having declared that nothing of an unfriendly nature took place between Kossuth and themselves. These slanders, therefore, of some Austrian tool have been utterly extinguished. Having arrived at Gibraltar, and finding that the orders of the Mississippi did not permit her to go out of her course in the direction of England, Kossuth, his family, and a few of his suite embarked in the Madrid, and reached Southampton on the 23d of October.

The reception of Kossuth by the municipality and public of Southampton was very enthusiastic and even affectionate, the warmth of feeling on the occasion being naturally enhanced by the appearance of his wife and three children—two boys and a girl, the eldest about fourteen. From the moment of his landing, the Magyar patriot displayed to his gratified audiences an accomplishment for which they were not entirely prepared: he made speeches in English. During his imprisonment in Asia Minor, he was sedulously learning our language, and was fond of refreshing his studies by the perusal of Shakspeare. And so, when he first addressed the crowd at the house of the Mayor of Southampton with, "I beg you will excuse my bad English. Seven weeks back I was a prisoner in Kutayah, now I am a free man," he was cheered as much for his correct syntax and intonation as any thing else. But he continued to speak admirably. Indeed, if he spoke the speeches as they are set down, he must be a man of extraordinary powers. His victory over the *English* in this way is tantamount in arduousness to a victory over the Austrians; from which we may see that Kossuth was still a conqueror at Kutayah. But we have no doubt the reporters in his case did for him something of what reporters do for every public speaker—saving Daniel Webster or Henry Clay. Nevertheless, Kossuth's speeches at Southampton exhibited a good deal of the earnest, ardent, impassioned Governor of Hungary. The *Times* and *Morning Chronicle* (London) newspapers are foremost among the few who ridicule or denounce Kossuth; but their reporters have given him pretty fairly. The gentleman of the *Times* says that his bluish-gray eyes reminded him of O'Connell's. When "God save the Queen" had been played, Kossuth came forward bare-headed, and said: "It is a glorious sight to behold a queen on the throne representing the principle of liberty." He then called for three cheers for her. Kossuth is not that rash, uncalculating man people would have us believe. The Mayor in his robes, and surrounded by the Corporation, addressed him in a very fine strain, linking the name of the Hun with the kindred names of Sydney, Hampden and Washington. How miserably the name and character of a Louis Napoleon shrink in comparison with this immortal brotherhood! In his reply to the address, Kossuth showed how well he understood the old principle of liberty which has lived through the English Constitution for a thousand years, and which bears its "bright consummate flower" upon our own soil. He spoke of the old county and municipal *federations* of England, existing (the first, at least) in the Saxon times; recognized them as the guaranties of public liberty in both hemispheres, and contrasted them with the fatal principles of *centralization* obtaining in France and other countries. He expressed himself full of gratitude for the interference of England in his case, and full of hope for Hungary and the world from "Britannia" and the "young giant" of the other hemisphere. If England will really merit the ardent eulogy pronounced upon her by Kossuth, she would indeed be queenly and glorious among the powers of the world.

On the 24th, Kossuth was entertained at the house of Mayor Andrews at Winchester. On the way to that place, the Hungarian was an object of great interest with the English peasantry and artizans, who grasped his hand whenever they could. One honest fellow, electrified out of his English sobriety by the mere look of M. Kossuth, came forward to inform him that he (John) was a laboring man and a patriot, whereupon the Hun made him happy by bowing his homage to so praiseworthy a character. Another working-man came up courageously with a glass of ale,—doubtless real stingo,—which he presented to the ex-governor of Hungary. The latter took it, and drank to the health of the good old city of Winchester in a draught of its good ale. And so they passed along, the people every where accepting the pageant and the man as belonging to themselves alone. At the Mayor's banquet, attended by Lord Dudley Stuart and our consul, Mr. Croskey, among others, Kossuth made his great *pronunciamento*, set forth the cause and the catastrophe of Hungary, and fully succeeded in overcoming the prejudices and winning the favor of the great majority of the English people. Altogether, it was and is one of the most remarkable, and promises to be one of the most effective manifestoes of our time; and shows emphatically that the war of Hungary is not at an end. Kossuth explained, in the first place, the condition of Hungary and its relation to the house of Hapsburg, showing that the Hungarians fought for their own nation and Constitution, not for any abstract revolutionary principle. Before this fatal war, the country contained half a million of nobles—the privileged class—the rest of the people being the *adscripti glebæ*, without any political rights. For a series of years the Austrian influence was corrupting the Government of Hungary, and preparing for a union which should absorb its nationality. Under these circumstances, the Hungarian patriots had long seen the necessity of opposing to Austria a more effective force than the half million of Magyar nobles could put forth, and the emancipation of the fourteen millions of the people was discussed. But the imperial Government always contrived to obstruct this project, and it was delayed up to 1848. Kossuth was one of the most ardent emancipationists, and in the beginning of the troubles of 1848, he proposed and carried the enfranchisement of the peasantry. Throughout his speech, he showed that he acted with the Parliament of Hungary. After the Emancipation Act, he went with the Arch-duke Palatine to Vienna, bearing for the sanction of the Emperor the new laws which the Hungarian Parliament had just passed. Vienna was at this time in revolt, and when Kossuth urged the claims of Hungary and also the rights of the imperial population, the Emperor sent for him, and promised that he would sign the Hungarian Constitution if *Vienna could only be kept quiet.* The city *was* kept quiet. "It was," said Kossuth, "one of those curious examples of the vicissitudes of human life in which myself, an humble son of Hungary, was in a position to hold the destinies of the house of Hapsburg in these hands!" "Here," says the *Times*' reporter, "M. Kossuth made a powerful impression by the energy of his manner, stretching out both his hands as he finished the sentence." He certainly swayed his audience a good deal by his impassioned mode. He took the Eternal to witness that the house of Hapsburg owed its existence as a dynasty to him, and the declaration was followed by tremendous cheering. He could not fail to move his hearers, being greatly moved himself. When he spoke of his dead friend Bathyany, he was moved to tears; and also when he spoke of Hungary, assailed by Austria on one side and the Czar on the other, with not a single friend in Europe to help her! The *Times*' reporter has made the most of these tears, for the purpose of depreciating the man who shed them. Certainly the Hungarian nature is different from the Anglo-Saxon; for all the Magyars were moved to tears on the reception of Kossuth, and it must have looked odd to the colder Englishmen.

Kossuth seemed to be in his element on this occasion, as if he felt he was still working for Hungary. After his own speech, he rose for a moment to state that in Hungary there was no aristocracy of race, but simply of birth.

Mr. Cobden spoke also, and dwelt on the heartless and unbrotherly conduct of the powers who witnessed, without protest, the murder of Hungary by the Czar. Mr. Croskey, the American consul, then spoke, and assured Kossuth of an ardent and honorable reception in the United States. He said the policy of this nation was non-interference; but that the time was nearly come when the United States would be forced to take a more active interest in European politics. This brought up Kossuth again. It seemed to inspire him with new ideas of English and American influences, and he went on as if he had not spoken before. To illustrate his meaning that the English monarchy and the American republic were good Governments, and could only show which was the best by the way in which they acted, he told the apologue of the Eastern Shah and his three sons. The old man had a precious ring, which could make its owner agreeable to gods and men, and not knowing to which of his boys to leave it, he got two others made like it, and left them one apiece, telling them that each must act as if he was the possessor of the true one. Thus, with an oriental ingenuity, did Kossuth try to reconcile his partialities for the two great families of the same stock. He expressed the most fervent respect for the United States, and concluded by toasting the sovereign rights of the people and the cessation of all despotisms.

We can perceive from all this how indispensable it was to Kossuth that he should go to England in the first instance. There was another cause for his turning aside, and that was the placing his boys at an English school, and leaving his daughter, Wilhelmina, with Richard Cobden, as he had promised to do. But these reasons, though all-sufficient, were not the chief. Kossuth feels, and it is now beginning to be understood, that it was chiefly to the politic interference of England he owed his safety from the power of Austria. But for the secret backing of England, the Porte would have either sent away or surrendered the fugitive. Nothing but the influence of England could make Turkey firm against the frowning aspects of Russia and Austria. The policy of England at this moment is liberal. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Palmerston have indicated this on the part of the Ministry. The Neapolitan Prince Castelcicala sent, the other day, to Palmerston a refutation of Gladstone's pamphlet, which exposed the horrors of the state prisons of Naples. Palmerston, in reply, said he did not believe the refutation, and *did* believe the original charges—a very direct, imdiplomatic sort of reply. All these things are favorable indications of the disposition of England. Lord Palmerston said he should be happy to see and shake hands with Kossuth, which simple piece of English courtesy will certainly have the full force of a European demonstration.

As we have said, Kossuth is still carrying on the war. What it wants in intensity, it has in general diffusion. His very presence tends to awaken high and noble feelings. John Bull is seized with a fit of Orientalism and poetry in presence of this pilgrim—this Peter the Hermit of Hungarian nationality. The great conservative classes are conciliated, and consider him a very respectable sort of man—no red republican, after all; the ministry lean to the side of liberal sentiments; and the people, to be sure, are hoarse with hurraing. Kossuth has had a great triumph in England, and has been doing the work of liberty with a vast amount of energy and discretion—admirable discretion. It was a very trifling indiscretion, indeed, to denounce such a worthless and tottering adventurer as Louis Napoleon. Kossuth has declined to accept a public banquet in London, urging that he wishes to avoid any imputation of mixing himself up with any distinct class of men in England. The French socialists, and some of the English democrats also, are not quite pleased with Kossuth for this resolution, and for his professed respect for the Queen, for monarchy, and so forth. They blame him, as our friends the abolitionists blamed Father Mathew, when he refused to narrow his mission and go upon any platform. But England is not France, and Kossuth is too wise to have any thing to do there with politics which may suit the meridian of Marseilles very well. He expects much from England, who, perhaps, expects something from the Hungarian rebels in return, should the Czar come to blows with her sepoys, on account of the succession of the Khan of Herat in Persia. England was always famous for her far-seeing policy. Mazzini has published a revolutionary proclamation in London, calling on Italy to prepare for another great fight for her liberties. It was thought Kossuth would join in a general demonstration of the kind. But his decision on the matter is not yet known. He has been visited by Count Alexander Tekeli, a relative of Prince Albert, and several distinguished refugees of his own nation. Our minister, Mr. Lawrence, and Mr. Walker, late of the treasury, called also upon Kossuth. It was the intention of the latter to set out for America, after a stay of ten days in England. But he cannot stay long from Europe. His heart is in Hungary—

> “ By Buda's wall and Danube's side;”

and we doubt not that, in some unexpressed understanding with the English Government, he will wait for some chance of war to arise in Eastern Europe or Western Asia. The present state of Europe is very like that stillness which usually goes before the outbreak of a hurricane.

GERMANY AND RUSSIA.

The Austrian press expresses a vehement indignation against England for the preparations made to welcome Kossuth, the traitor. Lord Palmerston it heartily abused, and the municipalities of London and Southampton placed under the ban of the Kaisar. The Austrians cannot conceive that the English should do any thing independently of their Government. These imperial editors say, not without some show of meaning, “England has Ireland, Canada, and Australia; and the United States have more than one ‘Missisippi,’ ” meaning the ship, not the Father of Waters. It is determined that Hungary shall be, henceforward, an integral part of the Austrian empire. The Archduke Albrecht has been appointed Governor of Hungary, while to an Imperial Commission of three is delegated the duty of arranging the future political organization of the empire.

A railway treaty between Austria, Tuscany, the Papal dominions, Modena, and Parma, has been published. The railroad will run on one side from Placenza through Parma and Modena, and on the other, from Mantua to Reggia; it will be called the Central Italian Railroad.

The Austrian Government has a remonstrance to Lord Palmerston concerning Kossuth. The Germanic Diet have sent back Gladstone's pamphlet against the much-maligned King of Naples with a tart reply; and his Majesty the Czar has done the same. The amiable Borbone has very good friends in the north.

There is a report that a conspiracy to displace and murder the Czar has been discovered among the nobility at St. Petersburg. There is a chance of an English and Russian collision in the East. The Russians are moving southeast from the Caspian, and the English are moving northwest from their recent conquests in Peshawur and Cachemere. The country of the wild Affghans is between them as yet; but a few marches may bring the Don Cossaques and the Indian cavalry of England to cross their lances in the Khorassan. At this moment, the succession of Herat, vacant by the death of the late Khan, threatens to bring these great powers into collision. The Persians asked the assistance of the Russians before, and may do so again. If England and Russia go to war, not alone eastern Europe, but the whole world, will be shaken by their armaments. With one word, England could put the continent of Europe into insurrection. War is probably destined to rage in a very terrible form over the old world before these commotions and rumors will have rest.

ITALY.

Il is reported that Pope Pius is unwell, and that fears were entertained for his life. It is stated that the British and French ministers at the Court of Tuscany have orders to express the dissatisfaction of their respective Governments with the prospect of close alliance between Tuscany and Austria. A Maltese was lately searched and ill-treated by the Roman police at Civita Vecchia. The British Consul has insisted that this man shall receive prompt redress. The authorities of Rome have levied a tax upon all foreign sojourners at Rome except children. Every resident must have a license.

The Pope, finding that the English were agitating the project of a Protestant church at Rome, has put down the American chapel in that city, lest it should form an evil precedent, and favor the general introduction of heresy under the nose of the Pontificate.

ENGLAND.

The great Exposition of the Crystal Palace closed on the 15th of October. The prizes have been declared and distributed, and over a million of dollars have remained in the hands of the Royal Commissioners as the profits of the speculation, after the payment of all expenses.

Some noise was made in England by the discovery, near Gloucester, of a small balloon, attached to which was a card, intimating that, on the 3d of September in this year, the "Erebus," one of Sir John Franklin's ships, was blocked in, in 112° W. long, and 71° N. lat. The Secretary of the Admiralty denies that it could be a government balloon, such as Sir John took out with him in his expedition. The impression seems to be that it is a hoax on the part of some funereal humorist.

A great dinner was lately given in London by the American, Mr. George Peabody, to those gentlemen, Americans and others, who distinguished themselves in the business of the Exposition. Mr. Abbott Lawrence, the Earl of Granville, Sir Henry Bulwer, and several other notables were present, and the affair passed off with the pleasantest interchange of national feeling.

The Cunard steamer Africa, on her way to America, struck on a reef of rocks in Belfast Lough, by night, and was obliged to return for repairs, the Canada taking her place.

The English papers state that Alexander Von Humboldt publishes in the *Spener Gazette* an account of his discovery of the very old room in which the Boulè, or Athenian Council of Four Hundred, used to hold their deliberations. At the depth of a foot below the surface, he came upon a large number of inscriptions, statues, columns, &c. Humboldt is certain that he is not mistaken in the locality.

IRELAND.

In Ireland, the people are laboring in the only revolution which can benefit their condition—that produced by emigration and by education—running away and going to school. The emigration continues with accelerated force; the most stationary people in Europe are being pulled up by the roots and transplanted. Sir Joseph Yorke once said that, to improve Ireland, she should be put *under the Atlantic* for a little time. If he had said *over the Atlantic*, he would have been more prophetically near the mark. The statistics of Irish emigration, on both sides of the Atlantic, show tendencies which lead us to think the census of that island will be soon diminished one half. In this, and in the system of education growing up in it, lies the hope of Ireland's regeneration. In spite of the efforts of the Papal party, the Queen's Colleges are well attended, while, at the same time, the Catholic schools, that are multiplied in defense, tend also to the great end of building up *a mind* in the country. At the same time, a more independent class of persons is becoming possessed of the soil, and Englishmen and Scotchmen are moving in to take the places of the poor fellows that we have got here, on our seaboards and in the interior. The results in Ireland from all these things will be, that in less than ten years a people will live in the island who will make the English Government respect them. They will make more formidable rebels than the Irish Catholics, who never possessed the unity and force to do any thing to help themselves. The late Irish rebellions were essentially Protestant affairs, as every one who knows Irish history is aware. The next movement of Ireland will be an *educated* and largely Protestant business, and it will be successful. It is progressing now, in fact; and the Irish Committee of this city cannot do better than send their money to help the Irish schools—the *foyers* of the true and safe revolution of the country.

CALIFORNIA.

Latest accounts from California are peaceful and gratifying. A rich vein of auriferous quartz had been struck upon in the city of San Francisco itself, by some men employed in digging a well. The Committee of Vigilance has closed its labors, leaving a Special Committee to remain on the watch a little longer. In all probability, no further displays of "wild justice" will be needed in the city, which is stated to be almost free from crime, the criminals having been scattered in all directions. The city is putting on a solid brick aspect, and society is undergoing very satisfactory changes. Every steamer brings ladies and children, and the graces and amenities of life are beginning to flourish in the community. The people of South California wish for a division of the State, and have taken measures to obtain it. The capital has been removed from Vallejo to San José. and a line of railway between that city and San Francisco, fifty-one miles long, is projected, and will be commenced immediately. The accounts from the mines are only one better and more cheering than another. Quartz is worked in all directions with astonishing profits. A new vein of golden quartz has been discovered in Yuba county. Every where, the rocky surface of the country is being shattered, and yielding rich returns to the gold-seekers. Mining has now become a steady, settled business. Supplies of every thing seem to be cheap and plenty in San Francisco—about three times as dear as in the Atlantic cities. California potatoes are each as big as a man's head, and the finest in the world. All vegetables grow to a great size; and agriculture is nearly as profitable, in the neighborhoods of towns, as digging for gold. A Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance has been established at San Francisco. In all respects, that wonderful new State seems to be casting the slough of her first hasty condition, and emerging into civilization under the fairest auspices.

HOME ITEMS.

The total arrivals of foreign immigrants into New-York since the beginning of this year, amount to about 252,000, contributed by almost every country in the world.

The Des Moines River Grant has been finally confirmed to the State of Iowa.

It is stated that the Austrian ambassador, Hulsemann, will demand his passports when the traitor Kossuth shall have received welcome from the Government and people of America. It is also stated that unless the United States shall salute the Spanish flag, reinstate the Spanish Consul at New-Orleans with all tokens of the *amende honorable*, and compensate him for any loss he may have suffered at the hands of the citizens, the Spanish Minister at Washington will also demand his passports. All this is, of course, absurd.

Governor Ramsay, of Minnesota, has made a favorable treaty with the Chippeways at Pembina. The valley of the Red River of the North—a territory as large as Ireland—is acquired for ten thousand dollars a-year, payment of which shall cease at the end of twenty years. The Indians received thirty thousand dollars in hand, and then turned their vanishing faces still farther to the setting sun.

Some tumults took place at Santa Fé, in the State of New-Mexico, in which two Americans were killed by the Mexicans, during an election. A great excitement was the result, and the conduct of Governor Calhoun, who was supposed to have leant to the side of the Mexicans, was condemned in a meeting of the American citizens.

It is stated, on authority, that the ships of France and England will overhaul any American vessels that they may in future suspect of an intention to carry invaders to Cuba. If they do, it will be only what Uncle Sam himself would do, under existing treaties. But it is understood that Mr. Webster will not hear of this "right of search."

General Persifer Smith is actively engaged in putting the Texan frontiers in a state of effective defense against Indian incursions. He has received orders from Washington to use every means in his power to prevent armed Texan expeditions from crossing the Rio Grande to aid the revolutionists in Northern Mexico. Of course, the chivalrous riflemen will not go in the General's way; and certainly, between them and the red men, that officer will have much hot and hasty work on his hands.

Latest accounts say that the Snake Indians were troublesome at the Dalles States, in Oregon. They attack the immigrants wherever they can, and have killed several of them. The Indians say they will drive the white men out of the country. Rich quartz diggings had been discovered between Shasta and Scott's River. The various officers of the Coast Survey were busy at Cape Disappointment.

A convention was held in the county of Lewis, to memorialize Congress to divide the territory in two, and organize a territorial Government for the part north of the Columbia river. Judge Nelson has decided that the law prohibiting blacks from going into Oregon is valid, and has sentenced a negro to be expelled in thirty days. Immigrants go rapidly into the State, and the apparition of a "Bloomer" or two has caused as much talk as the incursion of a score of "Snakes."

Mr. Morse, who lately suffered in his interests by a verdict in favor of Mr. House, against him, has now had one in his favor against Mr. Bain. Judge Kane has decided that Mr. Morse's three patents—the Magnetic Telegraph, the Local Circuit, and the Chemical Patents—have been infringed by Mr. Bain.

Accounts from Chagres state that some dreadful fighting and loss of life have taken place there, between the black people and the Americans. The parties were boatmen, and the disagreement rose out of their professional rivalries. It is stated that the foreign boatmen were most in fault. The first affray began on the 12th of October, when some lives were lost on both sides, after severe firing. The *Panama Star*, of the 23d October, says that another violent collision had taken place, and that the natives used the cannon of the fort against the Americans. The former were composed of the people of the place, San Dominicans, Jamaicans, and Carthagenians. Latest accounts say that from twenty to thirty Americans were killed, and in all probability one hundred blacks. The Americans proposed to the Alcalde to attack the fort from which the blacks were firing, with the cannon of the place. He consented, and preparations were being made for the assault. The United States Consul, Mr. Glesson, had been shot at, but escaped uninjured.

Letters from Belize (Honduras) state that the English have taken possession of several islands along the coast—Ruatan, Barbara, Bonnican, Utilla, Ambergies, and other islands to the north. Every thing indicates that England regards with much jealousy the progress of the Americans in Central America, and will do all in her power to maintain an influence in that quarter of the world, over and by which the great trade of all nations, between both hemispheres, will be presently flowing.

In the cities of New-York and Boston, the California trade has within the last ten months declined by 546 vessels. The great fever fit of commerce is subsiding. The supplies of all the means, appliances and necessaries of life are very plenty at the Western seaboard, and henceforward the trade to that part of the world will be conducted with more steadiness and certainty. A fortnight ago, there were only eleven vessels loading for California at Boston and New-York; at the same time last year there were forty.

It is confidently rumored that Mr. Webster will resign his office of Secretary of State in a few weeks after the executive departments shall have left the Congress to enter upon the regular business of the season. It is not improbable that Mr. Webster will become a candidate for the Presidency.

A treaty has been concluded with the Indians of the southern boundary of the Oregon territory, for the purchase of a tract of land containing over two millions and a half of acres, all good farming lands, with large timber growths and many fine mill-streams. The Indians of this tract (which runs along the Pacific coast) seem to have little knowledge of the value of money. They are to receive $25,000 in annuities, composed of supplies of all kinds. Their first annuities will be nearly paid in comfortable clothing, which they need very much, and express themselves glad to get.

A peculiar demonstration of welcome awaits Lajos Kossuth, on his arrival amongst us. The ex-editor of the *Pesti Hirlop* will be entertained by the editorial fraternity of New-York, who feel that their order has been made illustrious by the glory of the late President of the Hungarian Republic. The idea is very good, and will doubtless be carried out splendidly.

P. S. The restoration of universal suffrage has been defeated in the French Assembly, by a vote of 375 to 348.

The death of the poet, James Montgomery, is announced by the last steamer. He was eighty years of age.

MEXICO AND MORE ANNEXATION.

The rebellion in Northern Mexico seems ominous of approaching changes in the condition of the Mexican republic. People are beginning to prophesy its disruption, and the annexation of more territory to the present area of our federation. The Mexican Government is bankrupt, and financial embarrassments are the usual forerunners of revolution in ill-governed States. Several thousand men, chiefly of the sharp-shooting, semi-nomade population of Texas, have gathered together to follow the fortunes of Col. Carvajal. He has hitherto beaten the Mexican troops, and latest accounts represent him as having taken the outworks of Matamoras by storm, with the loss of three killed and fifteen wounded. One hundred and fifty Mexicans are said to have fallen. Gen. Avalos, who was wounded, still held out at the head of the Government troops in a corner of the town. Their surrender was hourly expected. Should it take place, the capital will be in considerable danger. The Congress is in confusion, and

Arista, the President, with few troops and little or no money, can hardly be expected to oppose a very forcible resistance to the crowd of internal malcontents and foreign auxiliaries that would follow Carvajal in the days of his success.

Altogether, the continuance of the Mexican republic seems to be merely a matter of time. It must, sooner or later, fall to pieces. It seems to be a general belief that the Spanish race is, like the Indian, a doomed race on this continent, and many things countenance such a conclusion.

This talk of annexation reminds us of another annexation reported as not improbable. We mean the annexation of the Sandwich Islands, or the placing of them under the protection of the United States, which would be about the same thing. It is said the matter has been discussed at Washington. However this may be, the Union promises to possess enough without these islands.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

The Book of Home Beauty. By Mrs. Kirkland. Containing 12 Portraits of American Ladies, by Charles Martin, Esq., engraved on Steel by eminent Artists. New-York: Geo. P. Putnam.

The publication of this beautiful book has created no little sensation. The idea of it has been criticised by some with a good deal of severity. We do not altogether agree with these remarks; and if we did, the manner in which it has been executed is enough to disarm our criticism. Mr. Martin in his drawings has exhibited the most exquisite artistic taste and skill; and the engravers have done their part in a manner beyond any thing we thought possible to obtain in this country. Every head is a perfect study of effective and truly artistic portraiture. There has been nothing heretofore done in this country that can be compared with them. The letter-press, from the elegant pen of Mrs. Kirkland, has no especial reference to the portraits, but is a sort of Decameron wreath of sketches, in which these beauties appear as gems gleaming among the leaves. We need not further particularize, as the splendor of the book, and the interest it has excited, will make it one of the favorites of the holiday season.

The Home Book of the Picturesque; or, American Scenery, Art, and Literature: comprising a series of Essays, by Washington Irving, W. C. Bryant, Fenimore Cooper, Miss Cooper, N. P. Willis, Bayard Taylor, H. T. Tuckerman, E. L. Magoon, Dr. Bethune, A. B. Street, Miss Field, &c.; with thirteen Engravings on Steel, from Pictures by eminent Artists. New-York: Geo. P. Putnam.

This, now, is a book about which there can be no difference of opinion. The most fastidious, if a truly cultivated taste, will find here its very ideal realized. How refreshing, after the insipid annuals with which the holiday seasons have heretofore been glutted, to find instead, gracing our centre-tables, a work of such exquisite taste as this. It would appear that the perfection of art and elegance in book-making "could no farther go." The essays, it will be perceived by a glance at the title-page, are by the most eminent of our authors; and in descriptive writing, we question whether any other country can at present produce an equal array of talent. The pictures selected, too, are from our most eminent landscape painters, and are most beautifully executed; they are, besides, highly characteritics of our scenery. In short, it is truly an American book. No one can show a genuine taste better than by such a present at any season.

The Evening Book; or, Fireside Talk on Morals and Manners, with Sketches of Western Life. By Mrs. Kirkland. New-York: Charles Scribner. 1852.

These sketches and essays of Mrs. Kirkland will add much to a reputation already very high. Her style, always rich and sparkling, shines here with remarkable brilliancy. A shrewd observer of character and manners, this lady has the rare faculty of combining wit and wisdom, and thus, whilst amusing, instructing and refining us. She is, besides, one of the most characteristically national of our writers. Her first work is unrivaled in its delineations of Western life and character. In this she confesses to "an ambition to make a peculiarly American book;" "not that I think American views of manners and morals should be partial or narrow, but because the foreign literature, which furnishes most of the reading of our young people, seems to me likely to inspire them with un-American ideas of society, and even of duty; and it becomes, therefore, especially desirable to refer sometimes to ancient and universal standards—those whose excellence is beyond dispute, though portions of the world have departed from their influence, led away by the incorrect notions of life which prevail in old and corrupt communities."

Mr. Scribner has presented the work in a holiday dress, illustrated by beautiful plates from the burin of Burt, on splendid paper, and in elegant type. It will be a great favorite as a present, and will, as designed, brighten many a fireside in the coming winter evenings.

Iconographic Encyclopædia of Science, Literature and Art, systematically arranged. By J. G. Heck. Translated from the German, with additions, by Spencer F. Baird, A. M., M. D. Illustrated by 500 Steel Plates; containing upwards of 12,000 Engravings. New-York: Rudolph Carrique, 2 Barclay street.

This valuable work is now complete, by the publication of the twenty-fifth part, and the additional volume of text. In the course of the publication, we have several times taken occasion to express our opinion of the merits of the work. The publication of each number has but increased our admiration for it. Beyond all doubt, it is the most complete work of reference that has yet been published within the same compass. There is nothing of the kind, that we are acquainted with, that will compare with the plates in accuracy and beauty of execution. They seem to illustrate the whole domain of human knowledge in science and art.

"It has been designated as a library in itself, embracing fourteen distinct text-books of those subjects of human knowledge, a familiarity with which goes far towards constituting an educated man."

Philosophy of the Mechanics of Nature, and the Sources and Modes of Action of Natural Motive-power. By Z. Allen. New-York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is an elaborate and profound investigation into the source, and description of the operation, of natural motive-power. The author, in his investigations, discovers an inconsistency between the axiom of mechanical science, that "matter at rest cannot put itself in motion," and the chemical doctrines of "internal forces" and "imponderable *agents.*" He discovers, from the truth of the mechanical axiom, that matter cannot move itself, "that *all* the movements of terrestrial matter must originate from a cause external to the mass of the earth;" and is led to the conclusion, that all "internal forces" and imponderable *agencies* are resolvable into "*the propagation of mechanical action, through the medium of electric matter.*" In illustration of his principle, the author has arranged, with great skill and labor, the last results of modern scientific research, chemical, electrical, and mechanical; and the result is a work which must take its place among the standard philosophical treatises of the age.

Rural Homes; or, Sketches of Houses suited to American Country Life. With original Plans, Designs, &c. By Gervase Wheeler. New-York: Charles Scribner.

This is not only an elegantly written, but an exeedingly sensible book, upon a subject requiring the greatest possible judgment and taste. Within a short compass, Mr. Wheeler has gracefully sketched off what may be done to reconcile and realize the highest demands of taste, comfort and elegance, even with moderate means, in that matter which so peculiarly comes "home to our business and bosoms," the constructing of the family nest. It is a very gratifying evidence of the progress of our country, not only in riches, but in refinement and taste, that these works on private architecture are demanded. May this taste "grow by what it feeds upon," until the beautiful scenery of our land, instead of being marred as it so often is, shall be every where enriched by the beauty of the homes nestling among it. The work is beautifully illustrated and printed; and we would strongly recommend to every one who contemplates building a house, not to do so without seeing what this author has to say on the subject.

Florence, the Parish Orphan; and a Sketch of the Village in the Last Century. By Eliza Buckminster Lee. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

This is an admirable little book, remarkable for a purity of sentiment, and for grace, elegance, and, at the same time, simplicity of style. It will charm and instruct the young.

Ruth Churchhill; or, the True Protestant. By A Lady of Virginia. New-York: C. Shepherd & Co.

This is one of the books intended to inculcate dogmatic theology through the medium of fiction. As we object to it on the one side, so we must on the other. Our reasons will be found at large in a review of a work of more pretensions, in the present number.

Sir Roger De Coverly. By The Spectator. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

A beautiful little volume, with notes, these tasteful publishers here give us, made from these classical papers. It comes in this delightful shape almost as a fresh work of genius, illuminating our firesides with its genial rays. This exquisite conception of character, immortal in its purity and beauty, what can we say about it that every body does not feel?

Night Thoughts of Edward Young; with a Memoir of the Author, a Critical View of his Writings, and Explanatory Notes. By James Robert Boyd, Editor of "Paradise Lost," &c. New-York: Charles Scribner.

"Young's Night Thoughts" has, we fear, been rather a neglected book of late. We are sure it is not so generally appreciated now-a-days as it should be. Those who have only a *traditional* knowledge of it will be surprised, on turning to it, to find what a mine of thought and reason they have been neglecting! It is, therefore, with great satisfaction that we note the issue of this beautiful and valuable edition. We say valuable, because Professor Boyd has enriched it with copious notes, critical and illustrative, highly judicious and instructive. The volume is elegantly bound and printed, and has illustrations by Burt. It will make not only a beautiful, but a valuable present for the holidays.

The Hand-Book of Literature and Fine Arts. By GEORGE RIPLEY and BAYARD TAYLOR; and

The Hand-Book of Biography. By PARKE GODWIN. New-York: Geo. P. Putnam.

These two works form part of Mr. Putnam's "Home Cyclopædia," intended for educational purposes and the general reader. We know of no books of reference in so accessible a shape, that deserve to be so highly commended. They embrace a vast amount of information, arranged in the most convenient form for reference, and may be relied upon as generally accurate and full. There has been no greater want in literature than a cheap cyclopædia; and Mr. Putnam deserves great praise and abundant success for supplying the want with so much conscientious care in making a work of permanent value and authority.

The Woodbine; a Holiday Gift. Edited by CAROLINE MAY. With Illustrations. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston. From Rohrback & Co., Broadway, New-York.

In a late "Evening with some Female Poets," we took occasion to speak of Miss May's character as regards her original writings. Her contributions in the book before us more truly, perhaps, support the favorable opinion we then gave. Her paper on "Handel" is every way acceptable. As an editor, Miss May shows exceeding taste and appreciation. Her selections from the writers "across the water" are judicious, though we do not like to encourage the appropriation of such. Our sympathies would lead us have the book entirely of home manufacture. Yet we cannot, nor will her readers, we are sure, object to such *morceaux* as she gives.

Reveries of a Bachelor; or, A Book of the Heart. By IK MARVEL. Illustrated edition. New-York: Charles Scribner.

We understand that editions amounting to more than ten thousand copies of this admirable book have been sold; notwithstanding which, the enterprising publisher feels sufficient confidence in its worth and consequent continued success to warrant him in issuing an edition for the holiday season, most exquisitely illustrated, and superbly printed and bound. The designs are by Darley, and certainly the work could have been intrusted to no one more competent. It was a delicate task he had to perform, to embody the tender and beautiful fancies of his author, but he has done it with a grace and skill which leave nothing to be desired. He has surpassed himself, and evinced a talent for embodying sentiment beyond what seems indicated by his previous productions. The whole book is, in fact, a perfect work of art, "beautiful exceedingly."

We may here announce, for the gratification of the author's multitudinous readers, that Mr. Scribner has in press a new work from Mr. Mitchell, entitled, we believe, "Dream-Life." We may safely predict for it unbounded success.

Tallis' Library Edition of the Works of Shakspeare. Revised from the original editions, with Notes, &c. John Tallis & Co., 97 and 100 St. John street, London, and 40 John street, New-York.

A Drawing-room Table Book of Theatrical Portraits, with Memoirs and Anecdotes. Same Publisher.

We have received two or three numbers of the above works. The Shakspeare will be a magnificent edition, splendidly illustrated. The printing is remarkably clear and elegant.

A Catechism of Familiar Things; their History, and the Events which led to their Discovery; with a Short Explanation of some of the Principal Natural Phenomena. For the use of Schools and Families. By E. E. WILLEMENT. Carefully Revised by an American Teacher. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. New-York: Rohrbach & Co., Broadway. 1852.

The title explains pretty fully the purport of this useful book. Every thing in art, science, geography, history, manufactures and mineralogy is treated of and traced in a succinct manner, from a drop of dew to a granite block, a yard of bombazine to an earthquake, from Cayenne pepper to a volcano, and from the Chinese *tallow tree* to landscape painting. There are some omissions and misstatements in the part of the work concerning arts and poetry, which should be corrected in an ensuing edition. Paul Veronese, one of the most imaginative and inexhaustible of the Italian painters, famous for his grouping and breadth of light and shade, is not mentioned at all among the painters of Italy. The omission of the names of Palladio and Inigo Jones—the former the founder of a new order, and the latter a most successful professor—from the chapter in which architecture is treated of, leave a blank unaccounted for in the modern progress of that art. Barry is classed amongst the *English* painters, while every student of painting recollects his name as synonymous with Ireland. He was no more an English painter than Fuseli (Swiss), Sir Peter Lily (German), Sir Godfrey Kneller (German),—whose names, by the way, are not mentioned at all, although the Germans were two of the most famous painters at the courts of Charles I. and II., William III., and George I.,—than Rubens and Vandyke (Flemish), Benjamin West and J. S. Copley (Americans), all of whom lived a large portion of their lifetime in England, but who have their true birth-homes assigned them. Edward Smith and Samuel Forde, whom the English have respectively called the Phidias and Angelo of Ireland; among the poets of Ireland, Scotland, and England, Goldsmith, Burns, and Shelley, are not mentioned at all; and among those of our own country, the names of Bryant, Longfellow, Halleck, Hoffman, and Wallace are left out, while the only ones recognisable or discerned among the ten given are Edgar A. Poe and Ed. C. Pinckney. To say that, because all those men who are mentioned wrote verses, and are dead (with one exception), and so are poets, is doing injustice to the genius of our land, and giving our children a wrong notion of imagination, sublimity, and taste, as regards literature. It is better to make no mention than introduce mediocrity; or, if names *must* be given, then let us have those which are regarded with esteem and admiration by the *world* for their *real merits.*

Meditations in America, and Other Poems. By William Ross Wallace. New-York: Charles Scribner.

This volume of genuine poems will be widely welcomed by the numerous admirers whom they have won in our own and other pages, where most of them have appeared. It is an unpretending and beautiful volume.

FINE ARTS.

The New-York Gallery of the Fine Arts, after an interval of a few months, is again open in the rooms of the National Academy of Design. The general appearance of the exhibition is more pleasing, as the pictures hang to better advantage in the long rooms than in the large one occupied by the Gallery last year, and more interest is apparent in the addition of pictures by artists who have not heretofore been represented in the Gallery.

The catalogue embraces the names of many distinguished artists: Cole, Trumbull, Inman, Brown, Clevenger, Leutze, Durand, Mount, Ingham, Edmonds, Kensett, Hicks, Cummings, Flagg, and other American artists, to which may be added the names of Morland and Raeburn. To strangers, the Gallery must be an agreeable lounge for two or three leisure hours, and to "sight-seers" it furnishes a place of great interest. Most of the works exhibited are by artists of perhaps a greater local than a foreign reputation; but being "to the manor born," they are an integral part of New-York attractions; and no visitor to the city can be said to have seen all its various institutions without enumerating among them the New-York Gallery of the Fine Arts.

"The Course of Empire," by Cole, is the main attraction of this exhibition. Other works by him, embracing a larger number than the public have access to in any other place, contribute largely to give the Gallery a character which belongs to it alone, and which, in the course of time, will render it one of the most important institutions in the city. We allude to its being a receptacle for one or more of the works of every American artist, so that, after he shall have passed away, both students and amateurs of succeeding generations may know where to find a work of every artist, at all conspicuous in our country's history of art. The value of the Gallery in this respect is hardly appreciable as yet, but that it is beginning to be so, is apparent in the desire of young students in art to study the works of Cole.

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